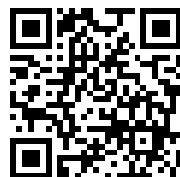

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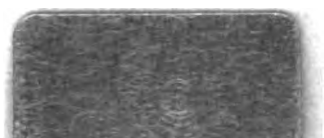
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Dominicans



Rosary

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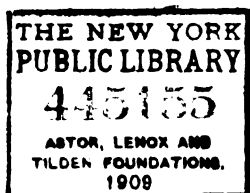
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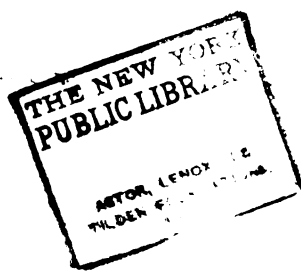


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THE INFANT SAVIOUR, HIS BLESSED MOTHER, AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

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VOL. III.

MAY, 1893.

No. 1.

THE ROSARY.

MARY IRWIN.

Most simple prayer; so full of heart for souls,
And most sublime, for it contains the Lord's
Most sweet and blessed prayer; the holy words
Of saint inspired and angel, and it holds
In all the mysteries that it enfolds
The plan of Man's Redemption, which affords
Untutored minds and those that Heaven accords
The loftiest intellect, the thought that molds
The heart, the soul, the life to higher things.
It is the coronal of vocal prayer
And highest contemplation. While the beads
Drop like to gems, and words on shining wings
Fly up to God, the mind dwells on the rare,
Grand life of Christ, for His meek spirit pleads.

CHAPLETS IN GENERAL.—THEIR ORIGIN.

REV. J. A. ROONEY, O.P.

DOMINICAN, APOSTOLIC, AND BRIGITTINE CHAPLETS AND THEIR
INDULGENCES.A FEW WORDS, TOO, ON THE SPANISH CROWN OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN, AND ON THE CROSIER BEADS.

IN ancient times there existed among the people of some of the Oriental nations the beautiful custom of presenting crowns of roses to persons who were distinguished for their merit or dignity. The early Christians soon conceived the idea that it would be highly pleasing to Jesus to thus honor Mary and the Saints. The practice soon spread everywhere to the great delight of the children of the Church.

An illustrious Doctor, St. Gregory Nazianzen, in the transport of his love for the Mother of God, felt himself inspired to substitute in place of the material crown of roses a spiritual crown of prayers, being fully persuaded that such an offering would be far more acceptable to the Blessed Mary. For this purpose he wrote a series of prayers composed of the most beautiful praises of God's Mother, and wonderfully expressive of her glorious titles and excellent prerogatives.

This happy invention suited well the educated class of Christians, and proved very beneficial to them; but it was very soon discovered that, in order to realize to its fullest extent the idea of the Saint, to make it practicable for all the faithful, and to render it truly popular, it was necessary that the spiritual crown offered to Mary should be composed of the most commonly used prayers of the Church, viz., the Lord's Prayer, the Angelic Salutation, and the Apostles' Creed.

It was St. Brigid, the glorious patroness of ever faithful Ireland, who, in the fifth century, reduced to practice this sublime idea. For the purpose of cultivating and fostering among the people this holy offering to the Blessed Virgin, and also of having exactness and the proper arrangement in the spiritual crown,

she adopted the practice of the anchorites of the East, who had the habit of employing pebbles as counters in their prayers. She wisely judged that it would be more convenient to string together in the form of a crown those very small pebbles, and to designate the different prayers to be recited by the difference in the size of the pebbles. The custom, from being inaugurated in her communities, soon spread everywhere over Ireland.¹ Such was the origin of the chaplet.

CHAPLET SIGNIFIES A CROWN.

Chaplet, considered in a material sense, is, then, as it were, a crown, for it has the form of a crown, and the stones or beads of which it is composed are strung together as flowers are disposed and intertwined in a garland; in a spiritual sense, too, it is also a crown, for it is composed of the most beautiful prayers of the Church, viz.: the Our Father and the Hail Mary, which are, without doubt, the most beautiful flowers of Catholic liturgy. Hence chaplet is called in Latin *corona* or *corona deprecatoria*. In French, the terms *chapelet* and *rosaire* mean the same thing as *corona* does; the first of these two terms comes from the old, now obsolete word *chapel* (*chapeau*), for in old French instead of saying *couronne de roses* (crown of roses), it was usual to say *chapel de roses*; the second term, *Rosaire* comes from the name of the flower which it represents to our mind. As it is with roses that the most beautiful crowns are wreathed, so the Rosary is a spiritual crown, which is composed of the most beautiful prayers of Catholic devotion.

CHAPLET OF ST. DOMINIC.

The three chaplets named at the head of this article and the Spanish crown of the Blessed Virgin have this characteristic in common, viz.: they have all been instituted for the purpose of honoring the Blessed Mary, and are composed of almost the same prayers, but they differ as to the number of prayers, the manner of reciting them, the specific object, and as to the indulgences attached to them.

There is no devotion more widespread than that of the Chaplet of St. Dominic, none more salutary, and none that has obtained

¹ L'abbé de Sambucy.—Manuel du Chapelet.

from the liberality of the Holy See more favors or more precious indulgences. Here it may be remarked that there are some pious people who have the laudable custom of reciting every day the Dominican chaplet, but who, unfortunately, do not comply with the conditions by which they could become enriched with the indulgences of the Rosary. Their case is pitiable in the extreme. Their non-compliance with the conditions prescribed by the Holy See for the gaining of the indulgences follows from one of two causes: either they are entirely ignorant of the conditions, or knowing them they are careless or indifferent about the favors so generously placed within their reach by the Holy Church. Little do they appreciate the loss they sustain, and little do they understand the helps of which they thereby deprive the holy souls in Purgatory.

Of course, the prayer of the Rosary as a prayer is just the same whether the indulgences conceded to it by the Popes and the favors granted to it by the Dominican Order are obtained by the recitation or not, but it is well to remember that there is an indescribable difference between the results or fruits in the two cases.

The Rosary of St. Dominic is a prayer to the Most Blessed Virgin, which is composed of fifteen decades of *Hail Marys*, each of which (decades) is preceded by an *Our Father*, and is accompanied by meditation on one of the fifteen principal mysteries of the life, sufferings, death, and glory of Jesus Christ, and of His Most Holy Mother. This devotion is called the Rosary or Chaplet of St. Dominic, because the holy patriarch of the Order of the Friars-Preachers was the first to teach and propagate this form of prayer which he had learned, through a special revelation, from the Most Holy Virgin herself.

CONDITIONS FOR GAINING THE INDULGENCES OF THE DOMINICAN CHAPLET.

To gain all the indulgences and other favors of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary, four conditions must be complied with:

1. One must be a member of the association, that is, he must have his name (the baptismal name is rigorously required in the case of the faithful in general; the religious name suffices in the case

of religious) and surname ¹ recorded ² in a register of a canonical Rosary Confraternity, that is, of a confraternity established by the General of the Dominicans with the consent of the Ordinary of the diocese. 2. It is necessary that the Rosary or the chaplet, which must be constituted of fifteen, ten, or five decades, according as it is a Rosary or a chaplet, be blessed by a Dominican Father, or by some other priest who has obtained from the General ³ of the Dominicans faculties to bless Rosaries and chaplets. Furthermore, the exact *formula* ⁴ of benediction as prescribed by the Holy See to the Order, together with white stole and holy water, must under penalty of nullity to the indulgences, be employed in blessing Dominican beads. It should also be carefully remembered by all priests having faculties to bless with the Dominican *formula*

¹ The surname is not rigorously required, yet it should be recorded.

² No tax is permitted for admission into the confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary, or into the association of the "Perpetual Rosary." Two Bulls of Popes positively forbid any charges whatever, or any exactions of money, under any title whatever, for registering, or enrolling persons in the confraternity. Furthermore, in no case can the confraternity be united to an association in which a money tax is imposed on members. The Rosary Confraternity, with the Perpetual Rosary association, rests upon its own basis, and is entirely free to all pious applicants for membership. Voluntary donations for the benefit of the confraternity or of the Perpetual Rosary association are highly commended and acceptable.

³ Even when a Bishop receives from the Pope a *Special Indult* to establish a Rosary Confraternity in his diocese (an Indult that relates to this particular privilege only), unless in that *Indult* it is specially expressed that the faculty of blessing Rosaries and chaplets is also conceded, the beads must be blessed by Dominican authority, in order that all the indulgences of the Rosary may be gained by the members of that confraternity.

So too, when the Pope cures or validates certain Rosary Confraternities established by Bishops in virtue of a general *Indult* (an Indult that empowers them to establish all kinds of confraternities in their dioceses with the common indulgences, or rather in the case of the Rosary, with no indulgences, for the common indulgences of the Rosary may be gained by the faithful who belong to no Rosary Confraternity whatever, provided they have beads blessed by Dominican authority), the directors of the confraternities thus cured or validated must apply, according to the decisions of the Holy See, to the Most Rev. General of the Dominicans for power to bless beads with the Dominican indulgences.

⁴ S. C. Indulg. 29 Febr., 1864.

that they cannot apply that *formula*, nor impart through it any indulgence to others than five, ten, or fifteen decade beads.' 3. Except in the case of the performance of the weekly obligation, members cannot gain any indulgence for reciting fewer than five uninterrupted decades of the Rosary.' 4. In reciting the Rosary, it is necessary to meditate during the recitation of each decade on the corresponding mystery, and to follow the mysteries in their regular order. In the case of children and all others incapable of meditation, the simple recitation of the vocal prayer suffices, by a concession of Benedict XIII., for the gaining of the indulgences. The Rosary, being a prayer that is both vocal and mental, must be recited with the lips, or the indulgences are lost. In regard to deaf-mutes, the indulgences may be gained by them by mentally reciting with devotion the prayers, and by counting the grains of the material instrument, or by giving some other external sign of devotion.

APOSTOLIC CHAPLETS.¹

Chaplets blessed by the Pope or by any priest who is authorized by him to give his blessing to beads, are called apostolic. Apostolic chaplets may be composed of five,⁴ six, or fifteen decades.

¹ Ex Libello: Facultates, &c. Confrat. SS. Rosar. Larroca, Romæ, 1885, p. 7. nota.

² Response of General; et S. C. I. 14 Dec., 1857, et 22 Maii, 1858.

³ The custom which the Popes have of blessing objects of gold, silver, or other material, and of distributing them to the faithful, is very ancient. It is certain, however, that before the 16th century there was no indulgence attached to such benedictions. Sixtus V. was the first Pope that applied indulgences to such pious objects, and under the following circumstances: During the restoration of the Basilica of St. John Lateran a great number of gold medals, on which the Cross was engraved, were discovered. The Pope blessed and indulgenced them, and distributed them to many of the faithful. Persons who received one of the objects thus blessed, could gain the indulgence attached to it, if they kept, through veneration, the object about them, and performed the works enjoined. The successors of Sixtus V. extended these indulgences to the chaplets, rosaries, crosses, crucifixes, etc., which they gave their benediction, intending that these blessed objects should be the means of intensifying the faith of the people, of moving them to make acts of adoration to God, and of stirring up their love for the Blessed Virgin and the Saints.

⁴ Hence it is plain that the apostolic blessing is never given to chaplets or crowns of fewer than five decades.

They differ from those of St. Dominic and of St. Brigit in this that the last two named have their indulgences attached to prayers said on them on certain fixed conditions, viz., to the recitation of so many decades of *Ave Marias* in the case of the Brigittine beads, and to the recitation of at least five ¹ decades with meditation on the corresponding mysteries, in the case of the Dominican Rosary. But in the case of the apostolic chaplet, the indulgence is attached to the material object itself, so that by carrying it piously, or by venerating it in one's room, one may gain all the indulgences attached to it, provided, however, the following additional condition be complied with, viz., that a chaplet of five, six, or fifteen decades be habitually recited at least once a week. The chaplet must be recited with sentiments of piety and contrition, dispositions required in every prayer, and especially in prayers to which indulgences are attached, but it is not necessary to meditate on the mysteries.

It is highly proper, and it is more secure for the indulgences, to hold the apostolic ² chaplet in one's hand whilst one is reciting the prayers, though this condition is not formally expressed in the *Raccolta*. Chaplets of the Holy Land, that is, such chaplets as have been made to touch the holy places and the relics of those places, enjoy all the indulgences that are attached to the apostolic chaplet, and are not otherwise blessed. (Innocent XI. 28 Jan., 1688; Innocent XIII. 5 Jun., 1721.

CHAPLET OF ST. BRIGIT.

The chaplet of St. Brigit, so called because it has for its author St. Brigit ³ of Sweden, was instituted to honor the sixty-three

¹ S. C. Indulg. 22. Maii, 1858.

² The Dominican indulgences are increased when the Rosary is recited on beads blessed by the Pope, or by some priest who has received the faculty to impart to them the apostolic benediction, provided, let it be well understood, the Dominican benediction has been also given to the same beads by some duly authorized priest. The same must be said when the Holy Land beads are used in the recitation of the Rosary.

³ There are some who hold that Ada, a pious English lady, the wife of Theodoric of Avesnes, had much to do with the introduction of this chaplet into the Church. She lived about the year 790, and had the custom of reciting 60 *Ave Marias* every day in honor of Mary's years in this world.—Vidé Chery, *Théologie du Saint Rosaire*, II. p. pag. 118.

years which, according to one of two grave opinions in the Church, the Most Holy Virgin lived in this world. For this reason it is composed of six decades of Hail Marys, each of which (decade) is preceded by an Our Father and followed by a *Credo*, and at the end of the decades are added a seventh Our Father and three Hail Marys. The Hail Marys of this chaplet correspond in number to the symbolic sixty-three. To gain the indulgences of the Brigittine beads, all that is required is to say the vocal prayers on a six-decade chaplet to which has been given the Brigittine blessing by a Father of the Order of St. Brigit, or of the Canons-regular of the Most Holy Saviour, to which order is exclusively reserved this benediction. Meditation is not required in the recitation of this chaplet: this is true not only in regard to Brigittine beads, but also to beads that are *brigitted*, that is, to beads to which the Brigittine indulgences have been applied by some priest who has received from the Pope the faculty to *brigit*.

The Brigittine chaplet differs in many respects from the Rosary or an ordinary chaplet. 1. As to its composition, for it is, as has been stated, composed of six decades, whereas the Rosary is composed of fifteen; and an ordinary chaplet, of five decades. 2. As to the end in view, for it was instituted to honor the years of the mortal existence of Mary, whereas the Rosary of five or fifteen decades was established for the purpose of honoring the mysteries of the birth, life, passion, death, and glory of Jesus and His incomparable Mother, Mary. 3. As to the indulgences which it possesses, for they are far less numerous than those of the Dominican Rosary.¹ 4. As to its benediction; the benediction of the Brigittine chaplet is reserved exclusively to the Fathers of the Order of St. Brigit (Clement XI. 5 Sept., 1714), and that of the Rosary to the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, and to

¹ Some people erroneously believe that they can gain all the indulgences granted by the Holy See to the members of the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary by reciting the great prayers of the Blessed Mary on beads blessed by a Dominican Father, or a director of some canonical Rosary Confraternity. The simple blessing of the beads for one not enrolled as a member of the association means only one hundred days' indulgence for each Our Father, and for each Hail Mary said on those beads, whenever at least five decades are recited.

other priests who have received the authority to *rosary* from the Most Rev. Dominican General. 5. To complete the contrast, two other differences may be assigned: the chaplet of St. Brigit obliges only to vocal prayers, and is blessed by the simple sign of the Cross with the intention, whereas the chaplet or Rosary of St. Dominic demands, besides the recitation of the decades, meditation on the corresponding mysteries, and can be blessed only with a determinate form and rite.

(*To be continued.*)

THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

ANNIE C. MINOGUE.

"And His Mother kept all these things in her heart."—St. Luke, Chap. ii.

O WONDROUS book, unread by mortal man!
Were thy white pages to us only shown,
What deeds sublime, what love for us were known!
For there is kept the record of that span
Of blessed years till His high work began—
Deep in thy heart, O Mary, thine alone!
Whose chords gave minor notes 'mid each glad tone
Since Simeon's words a sword-wound through it ran.

O holy heart, teach us thy secrets deep!
Teach us the lesson of those hidden years!
That yearning souls, so oft oppressed with fears,
Since they the higher ways may never keep,
Shall learn in thy poor home Christ did fulfil,
As in the Temple seat His Father's will.

"TRY to be happy in the very present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come: as though that time should be of another make from this, which is already come, and is ours."—*Fuller.*

CATHOLIC WOMEN IN LETTERS.

L. R. MCCABE.

I.

Journalism.

IN the absence of that distinctive Catholic literature or press, which it is fashionable to deplore without endeavoring to establish, general letters are happily being enriched by a constantly increasing corps of Catholic writers. Catholicism is used here in its fullest significance. The Catholic writer is not restricted, as many ignorant or thoughtless people are prone to believe, to Catholic subjects, dogma, or ritual. The world is and always has been thesis! And never has it offered broader, more effective outlet for the dissemination of truth, the correction of error, than does the present periodic and journalistic press of America. If our talent identified with popular letters is judiciously true to the inspiration, the teaching of our Faith, it has an apostolate that a distinctive Catholic literature would be powerless to give. The educated masses want knowledge, not argument. This fact too many of our people unhappily overlook. To impart the desired knowledge often lies within the province of Catholic writers of the popular press. True, editorial revision often mutilates the principle no less than the style of the newspaper writer. Breadwinners, they know the consequence of revolt, and their seeming tacit submission to the powers that be is too often misrepresented, too often misunderstood by the intolerant. As the scattering of the Irish race has proved a missionary exodus, may not the tardy development of Catholic letters in America be likewise a divine interposition, since it forces much of our best talent to seek a market, a hearing in the popular forum! Scarcely a leading journal of the United States is without Catholic talent on its staff. If they fail to grasp the opportunity it is their fault, rather than the intolerance of this liberal Republic. In the assimilation of much of our best talent with popular letters, however, personal identity is liable to be lost, and the masses are left to deplore the death of Catholics in the arts.

It is the purpose of THE ROSARY in these brief papers to reveal the personality and the work of leading Catholic women, now actively engaged in letters and art, trusting thereby to widen the circle of their readers in Catholic homes, quicken the interest and stimulate the energy of rising youth ambitious to venture beyond the beaten track.

It is the verdict of such editors as Charles A. Dana, Joseph Medill, Henry Watterson, and Whitelaw Reid that modern journalism has yet to develop a stronger, more brilliant journalist than Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, editorial writer of the Chicago *Herald*.

As Miss Buchanan her career began in Chicago some twenty years ago.

Born in Detroit, Michigan, her education was divided between the convents of that city, Chicago, and St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana. In Mother Angela of the latter institution, a woman of rare parts, quick to discern and develop the best in all she encountered, Miss Buchanan early found sympathy and inspiration.

Forced by circumstances to earn a livelihood, her rigorous mind, steeped in historic, philosophic, and economic lore, naturally turned to questions of the day, and sought an outlet in journalism. From the beginning she was an editorial writer. It came about in an interesting way. In the house in which Mrs. Sullivan found a home in those tentative days, lived the editorial writer of a leading Chicago journal. In discussing the questions of the hour, he awakened to the young woman's mental activity, and found much in her observations to feed his brilliant pen.

Discovering that her pen was no less incisive than her conversational powers, and that her ambition lay in that direction, he jocosely suggested that she assist him in the preparation of his editorials. The suggestion was eagerly grasped. Gradually upon "his partner," as he dubbed the young apprentice, he grew dependent for much of his matter, and hinted in the office that he had found a collaborator.

The curiosity of the staff as to the fellow's identity was roused. The editor, a man of power, but of dissolute habits, likewise fell a victim. "Bring the fellow here. Let us have a look at him," said he; "I may make use of him!" The editorial writer agreed to show "his partner" on the following day.

Miss Buchanan had never been in a newspaper office. With trepidation she accompanied the young man to the editorial sanctum. Small, plump, rosy, with short, wavy hair parted on the side of a senatorial brow, she bore at this period a striking resemblance to Rosa Bonheur.

"Well, where is your man?" demanded the editor with a volley of profanity through a cloud of smoke.

"Here he is!"

Believing himself the victim of a joke did not tend to mollify the editorial temper.

"And so you write editorials," he said, mockingly. The frightened girl confessed her guilt.

"Sit down at that desk."

The quivering aspirant obeyed.

"What do you know about politics?"

Silence.

"Humph! Give me a column on the tariff." Happily the tariff was the subject of her latest reading.

Two hours she sat at the desk, her eyes on the wall, the paper untouched. At last the spell broke. The "copy" was made. The editor recovered his self-respect. It was no joke.

"Can you turn out this kind of matter daily?"

"Yes sir."

"What money do you want?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week!"

"Too much! You're not worth it."

Although so reduced in finance that car-fare was a serious consideration, the embryo journalist maintained her price. Dismissed from the editorial presence, she was shortly recalled at her own volition, and continued with the paper until her marriage to Mr. Alexander Sullivan, a brilliant young lawyer.

Several years later she returned to the journalistic arena, and her most brilliant work has appeared in the editorial columns of the Chicago *Tribune*, from whose staff she severed her connection in 1889.

"One could sit at her feet and drink wisdom," said a member of the staff.

During the Parnell-Gladstone controversy, Mr. Medill sent

Mrs. Sullivan to London. Ten days she sat in the House of Commons absorbing the local color and the personnel preparatory to the writing of those masterly letters unsurpassed by anything sent out from London during that critical period in Irish affairs. Under contract to furnish ten cable letters at fifty dollars a column, Mrs. Sullivan was sent to the Paris Exposition by the Associate Press.

Reaching the French Capital shortly before the Exposition opening, she learned that all press favors were exhausted. Minister Reid and the United States Commissioners were unable to secure her admittance. Denied admission to the inaugural ceremony, her journey would be a failure. She had yet to fail in a journalistic enterprise. Despite the inability of the officials from whom assistance might reasonably be expected, Mrs. Sullivan now turned in despair to the French Minister.

"I am a representative of the Associate Press which furnishes the telegraphic news to the people of the United States. And it's imperative that I should be present at the opening ceremonies. Can you not provide me with a seat?"

The Frenchman saw the woman, not the journalist. He was powerless to identify them. A consultation with the authorities in charge ensued. With characteristic suavity they regretted that they were unable to serve *Madame*.

"I will thank you for paper and pen," said the now desperate representative.

Quickly two telegrams were written: one addressed to Hon. James G. Blaine, the other to the President of the Associate Press. The former stated that the French government did not wish the patronage of the United States in furthering their exposition, and advised that official to take measures that the desires of France in this matter be respected; the latter informed the Associate Press that it was the purpose of the Exposition officials to withhold from American readers all news pertaining to the Exhibition!

"Mon Dieu, Madame, you will not send them?" cried the Minister to whom Mrs. Sullivan read the telegrams.

"That is my purpose exactly; do they not state true facts?"

The telephone wires were soon vibrating with a volley of

French. Ten minutes later Madame was overwhelmed with profound apologies, and every facility was at her disposal.

"Up to this point," smiled the clever diplomat, "I have been a representative of the press; now I am a woman. I would like a seat for my escort." The minister's risible ribs were touched. Excepting President and Mrs. Carnot, few officials of France occupied more conspicuous seats at the imposing inauguration of that wonderful exposition than Margaret Sullivan and her friend.

This exceptional woman has contributed to the editorial columns of almost every New York and Western newspaper. With the exception of a few special articles her work is unsigned.

Contributor to *Catholic World*, *Review*, *Ave Maria*, and various periodicals, Mrs. Sullivan is the author of a volume,— "Mexico, Picturesque, Political and Progressive,"—written in conjunction with her devoted friend, Mrs. Mary E. Blake. Childless she lives with her husband in a charming home. Her library is in the second story. Here she does her writing, using a typewriter exclusively. The printers' devil comes daily with proof and exchanges, and rarely is Mrs. Sullivan seen in the *Herald* office. A devoted wife, an exemplary housekeeper, she is an active member of the Cathedral parish, the presiding genius of a Dante class composed of young Catholic women, besides being a member of various clubs. A keen sense of the humorous sparkles in her brown eyes. Her skin is as smooth and fresh as a girl's, while her masculine grasp of knowledge scintillates in her conversation, to which a softly modulated voice lends indescribable charm. Despite her distaste of publicity in any form, Margaret Sullivan exerts in the community, no less than in journalism, an influence broad and deep.

More significant recognition of Catholic women than the appointment of the assistant editor of *The Pilot* to chairmanship of the Women's Press Bureau of the World's Fair, could scarcely be asked by the most intolerant. A merited and fitting choice, it emphasizes eloquently the liberality of the age and its appreciation of ethical conformity. Does not Columbia owe its birth to a Catholic Queen?

Daughter of a bridge builder and railroad contractor, Miss Katherine Eleanor Conway's early inclination to letters was fos-

tered by her mother, a home keeper and a book lover. In the convent of Rochester, her native city, and in Buffalo, N. Y., this literary bent developed, leading to the publication of her first book during school days. In the conventional way her career opened by reportorial work, and the contribution of poems and sketches to the Rochester *Daily Union*, and correspondence to New York papers. Perceiving the aspiration rather than the realization of this tentative work, Bishop McQuaid of Rochester opened his library to Katherine Conway, and by practical direction and suggestion greatly influenced the scope and development of her life-work. Ten years' editorial direction of a little Catholic Magazine, the *West End Journal* and the Buffalo *Catholic Union and Times*, interrupted by several years' professorship of rhetoric and literature in the Normal School of the Nazareths, at Rochester, and varied persistent, aggressive work preceded her present position on the editorial staff of the *Pilot*. Unique and distinctive is her niche in the social and literary life of Boston. Member of the executive council of the New England Woman's Press Club, and chairman of its literary committee, Miss Conway was the first Catholic to address the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston,¹ invited by various non-sectarian societies to address them on distinctively Catholic themes. She has arrested the thoughtful attention of cultured Boston. A poet of refreshing earnestness and sincerity, as the volume, "On the Sunrise Slope," issued by the Catholic Publication Society in 1881, attests, Miss Conway edited for Miss Clara Erskine Clemens, the art writer, "Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints," published by Ticknor and Co. of Boston. Several editions of this work have been exhausted, winning warm approval from Catholic authorities, and a recognition of marked kindness from Pope Leo XIII., to whom a copy was presented at his Golden Jubilee. A life of the genius-kissed and widely-deplored John Boyle O'Reilly, is Miss Conway's latest contribution to letters—a labor of love. A ready and interesting speaker, enthusiasm, expression transforms Katherine Conway, and she is never so happy as when lost in a subject dear to her heart.

¹ Miss Conway's paper here spoken of appeared in *THE ROSARY* for April, '92.

Inexperienced, bereft of fortune, and almost blind, Mrs. Emily Verdery Battey, twenty years on the staff of the *Sun*, began shortly after the war the pioneer struggle for recognition in the newspaper world of New York. Every phase of newspaper work has been hers. Her eyesight restored by touching the relic of the holy cross at the monastery at Hoboken, N. J., led to Mrs. Battey's conversion to the Catholic faith. In the columns of the *Sun*, the dogma, the ritual, the significance of various Church festivals have found possibly their first accurate and popular presentation through Mrs. Battey's pen. Her article in *Harper's Monthly* on ecclesiastical laces is still the quoted authority.

Likewise penniless and friendless, Mrs. Isabel Mallon, "Bab," the first fashion-writer of America whose department in the *Ladies' Home Journal* is well-known, began a dozen years ago her career as a newspaper writer. Her pluck and industry are indomitable, and she prefaces the day's struggle by attending early Mass.

"Nell Nelson" is the *nom de plume* of Miss Cusack, whose work is a feature of the *N. Y. World*. Her apprenticeship was served on various Chicago papers. The *Tribune* valued her as one of its ablest reporters. Indeed, scores of Catholic women are finding an outlet and a competency for their talent in daily journalism. It is a widespreading vineyard with a crying need of earnest workers—fearless writers—writers of conviction, instead of the inconsequent horde of indifferent, merely reflective hirelings. A refreshing refutation of the popular charge that convent education is impracticable may be gleaned from the fact that, with glittering exceptions, it is the convent-bred woman who leads the van in this modern intellectual emancipation.

FATHER RYAN AND THE ROSARY.

FATHER Ryan was a poet in the most exact sense of the word, and he was all the true poet, because the religious sentiment permeated his verses. His many beautiful tributes to the Mother of God, prove that he was her devoted client, and a lover of her Rosary. In "My Beads," he shows plainly how dear to him is his Mother's chaplet.

His Rosary, he says, was his secure refuge and sweetest consolation, his constant companion and best friend. Yet, I think that a few stanzas in "Lake Como" prove, even more strikingly, his strong devotion to the Rosary. There in the midst of great intellectual delight, caused by strange and most beautiful scenes, he withdraws himself almost abruptly from all things earthly, and begins to tell his beads. During the day, they had sailed over the tranquil surface of that charming Lake Como, viewing its fine bays and headlands, the snow-capped mountains and green, flowery shores, the convents and ruined castles, the lovely villas and prosperous villages. As they return, night comes on and shuts off the beautiful scenes. Instead of passing the evening hours dreaming over the beauties of nature, as would have been congenial to the ordinary poet, the faithful servant of Mary takes his Rosary from its hiding-place, and raises his mind to Christ and His Mother.

Upon the deck we lingered,
A whisper scarce was heard;
When hearts are stirred profoundest,
Lips are without a word.

"Let's say the Chaplet," softly
A voice beside me spake.
Christ walked once in the darkness
Across an Eastern lake.

"And to-night we know the secret
That will charm Him to our side;
If we call upon His Mother,
He will meet us on the tide."

So we said the beads together,
Up and down the little bark,
And I believe that Jesus met us,
With His Mother in the dark.

"GENTLE transfusion of mind into mind is the secret of sympathy. It is never understood, but ever felt; and where it is allowed to exert its power, it fills and extends intellectual life far beyond the measure of ordinary conception."—*Jean Paul*.

DOG AND MASTER.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

WITHOUT my master I am lost,
 As a sad dog is, strayed, undone:
 That shivers in the wind and frost,
 And trembles in the sun,
 Fearing a blow from every one.

But with my Master I am glad,
 As my St. Bernard is with me,
 Confident, brave, and never sad,
 Lifting my eyes to see
 The kind eyes smiling at my glee.

Glad e'er to go when He doth lead,
 I would I were His dog indeed,
 To hear Him call me and approve,
 To feel His dear hand on my head,
 And at His feet in love
 To lie, and never ask to rove!

MANUAL OF THE LIVING ROSARY.

(Continued.)

BY A DOMINICAN PRIEST.

CHAPTER VI.

PRELIMINARY PRAYERS, * MEDITATIONS, ETC., OF THE
LIVING ROSARY.I. ADMONITION TO THE ASSOCIATE OF EACH CIRCLE FOR WHOM
THE FIRST MYSTERY OF THE ROSARY HAS BEEN DRAWN.

AS THE associate of each circle for whom the first mystery has
 been drawn, is the person who is to begin the holy supplication,

* These preliminary prayers are not essential to the devotion, nor necessary
 for the gaining of the indulgences, but they are very beneficial, and are sanc-
 tioned by a holy tradition.

it is his or her duty to recite the preliminary prayers which a pious tradition has placed and maintained at the beginning of the devotion. He recites the Creed in union with the Apostles; the Our Father in union with Jesus Christ our Master; three Hail Marys for the purpose of honoring Mary as the unique Daughter of the Eternal Father, as the Mother of the Eternal Son, and as the chosen Spouse of the Holy Ghost—as the Daughter, Mother and Spouse of the One God. He then says the *Gloria Patri*, etc., for the purpose of professing his faith in the Trinity of Persons and unity of nature and essence in the Godhead, and of giving to each of the Divine Persons the same worship. After the Creed and the Our Father are said, the following prayers may be addressed to the adorable Trinity:

“Most Holy Trinity, I adore Thee as the principle of all the grandeurs of the Blessed Virgin, and I thank Thee for all the graces, privileges, and prerogatives Thou hast conferred upon her. Eternal Father, Thou hast communicated to her Thy own fecundity; Divine Word, Thou hast shared with her Thy own wisdom; Holy Spirit, Thou hast poured out upon her the abundance of Thy gifts. August Trinity, deign to enable me to imitate her virtues, and grant me, through her merits, the grace to contemplate in eternity Thy infinite glory. Amen.”

At the first Hail Mary the associate thus salutes the Blessed Virgin: Hail, Daughter of God the Father! Be pleased to present to Him my memory, so that He may sanctify it with the continual thought of His presence.

At the second Hail Mary: Hail, Mother of God the Son! Be pleased to present to Him my understanding, in order that He may illumine it with His divine light, and that I may follow that light with fidelity.

At the third Hail Mary: Hail, Spouse of the Holy Ghost! Be pleased to present to Him my will, so that He may inflame it with His love.

Every member should strive to derive all the advantages possible from the practice of the devotion, and therefore should enter into the fulfilment of its obligations with his whole heart. The soul of the Rosary is to be found in meditating on its mysteries, in bringing Jesus and Mary vividly before the mind, in studying

their virtues, and in endeavoring to imitate them. Let every Sodalist, therefore, apply practically to himself with zeal, care, and precision, the lesson given in each mystery, and thus will sin be avoided, and the highest degree of virtue reached by each pious member.

2. MEDITATION AND VOCAL PRAYERS.

Meditation on the mysteries and the recitation of the vocal prayers ought to be simultaneous, that is, the mind ought to be occupied in contemplating the holy scenes which are proposed to it in the mysteries whilst the lips pronounce the prayers. Hence the Rosary, which is at the same time a vocal and a mental prayer, takes possession of our whole being, and directs simultaneously our heart and lips, and consequently it makes the whole man pray, the body as well as the soul, and through it God is invoked, as the Gospel wishes, in spirit and in truth; in spirit, by the meditation of the mysteries, and in truth by the recitation of the most pious prayers that have ever been taught to man.

3. VOCAL PRAYERS.

St. Dominic has selected from the treasury of Catholic piety, for the formation of his Rosary, the prayers, the most holy and acceptable to God, and consequently the most efficacious in our behalf. The first prayer is the Our Father, whose title alone is enough to reveal its excellence. It was more than a prophet, more than an angel: it was God, it was the Incarnate Word, who made known to us the Our Father, and of that prayer it can be said that it "came out from the mouth of the Most High."¹ The Saviour has placed in it all His wisdom and all His love, and has presented it to us as an abridgment of all our needs, and a summary of all the graces which He is most willing to bestow upon us.

The Angelic Salutation follows the Lord's Prayer: Mary is invoked after the petitions in the Our Father have been presented by her to God, for she is the Mediatrix of the Rosary. Certainly a well ordained prayer should never exclude her who is, after Jesus her Son, the universal and all-powerful Advocate of the human race. But is it possible to gain her over more certainly to our cause, or to dispose her better in our favor, than by reminding

¹ Ecclesiasticus xxiv. 5.

her of the titles which form her glory and her eternal joy? All these titles are enumerated and summed up in the *Ave Maria*, which contains at the same time the message of the Adorable Trinity to her, the eulogy pronounced upon her by St. Elizabeth, and the soul-stirring invocation with which the whole Church on earth so imploringly addresses her.

The *Gloria Patri*, etc., the doxology of the Holy Trinity concludes each decade. It is the song of the Angels in Heaven, the sublime acclaim which they sound before the Throne of the Triune God. The Rosary has placed it at the end of each decade in order to remind us that the glory of God ought to be our first intention, and the last end of all our prayers, as well as of all our other actions, and for the purpose of raising our souls above the earth, and of giving us, even whilst we still journey in this valley of tears, a glimpse of the joys of Heaven, and of enabling us to essay the chants of the blessed inhabitants of that home which a loving Father has so generously prepared for us.

4. CONCLUDING PRAYERS.¹

For the purpose of terminating in the name of all the associates of the Living Rosary organization the prayer of the Rosary, all those members to whom shall have fallen by lot or rotation the fifteenth mystery, are specially counselled and urged² to add to their decade the following prayers:

1. One *Our Father* for the greater glory of God.
2. Three *Hail Mary's* for the purpose of offering, through Mary, to the Eternal Father, the memory of each and every associate; to the Son, the intellects of the whole association, and to the Holy Ghost, their wills.
3. A *Gloria Patri*, etc, for the purpose of returning thanks to the adorable Trinity for all the favors and graces received by the members of the Sodality.

¹ As excellent meditations on the mysteries of the Rosary can be found in almost every prayer book, we judge it unnecessary to present the meditations of our Manual in the ROSARY MAGAZINE. The meditations of our Manual have been taken from the Manual published at Lyons, by the first Director of the Sodality, and will form by themselves a special chapter—Chapter VII.

² The concluding prayers are not essential to the devotion, and are not of obligation; they are simply recommended.

4. One *Our Father* for the sanctification of the souls of all the members.

5. A *Credo*, in communion with the whole Church.

5. THE FOLLOWING PRAYERS AND INVOCATIONS ARE RECOMMENDED
TO BE SAID AFTER THE RECITATION OF THE WHOLE
ROSARY OR OF A CHAPLET.

PRAYER.

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy benefits, Who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

LITANY OF THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN.

Lord, have mercy on us.	Virgin most venerable,	} <i>Pray for us.</i>
Christ, have mercy on us.	Virgin most renowned,	
Lord, have mercy on us.	Virgin most powerful,	
Christ, hear us.	Virgin most merciful,	
Christ, graciously hear us.	Virgin most faithful,	
God the Father of Heaven,	Mirror of justice,	
have mercy on us.	Seat of wisdom,	
God the Son, Redeemer of the	Cause of our joy,	
world, have mercy on us.	Spiritual Vessel,	
God the Holy Ghost, have mer-	Vessel of honor,	
cy on us.	Singular Vessel of devo-	
Holy Trinity, one God, have	tion,	
mercy on us.	Mystical Rose,	
Holy Mary.	Tower of David,	
Holy Mother of God,	Tower of Ivory,	
Holy Virgin of virgins,	House of Gold,	
Mother of Christ,	Ark of the Covenant,	
Mother of divine grace,	Gate of Heaven,	
Mother most pure,	Morning Star,	
Mother most chaste,	Health of the sick.	
Mother inviolate,	Refuge of sinners,	
Mother undefiled,	Comfortress of the	
Mother most amiable,	afflicted,	
Mother most admirable,	Help of Christians,	
Mother of our Creator,	Queen of Angels,	
Mother of our Redeemer,	Queen of Patriarchs,	
Virgin most prudent,	Queen of Prophets,	

Queen of Apostles,	} Pray for us.	Queen conceived without	} Pray for us.
Queen of Martyrs,		original sin,	
Queen of Confessors,		Queen of the Most Holy	
Queen of Virgins,		Rosary, ¹	
Queen of all Saints,		Queen of the Most Holy	
		Rosary, ¹ *	

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Graciously hear us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us.

We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God; despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us always from all dangers, O ever glorious and blessed Virgin.

O great St. Dominic, our father, receive us at the hour of death, and ever watch over us whilst we remain in this land of exile.

V. After child-birth thou didst remain, O Mary, an inviolate Virgin.

R. Mother of God, make intercession for us.

V. Pray for us, blessed father, St. Dominic.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto thee.

LET US PRAY.

. Mercifully hear, O Lord, the prayers of Thy supplicants, that we who are gathered together in the Sodality of the Living Ros-

¹ The Dominicans have had the habit ever since the 16th century; of employing in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the invocation, "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us." On the 13th of July, 1675, the Sacred Congregation of Rites gave official permission to the Order to have it inserted in the Litany.

* The Most Rev. Master General of the Order, Alexander Vincent Jandel, ordered the invocation to be repeated twice. *Manuel du Tiers-Ordre*, 8ve edition, pag. 554.

* This invocation was commanded by Leo XIII., on Dec. 10, 1883, to be placed in the Litany of Loretto, and to be recited by all the faithful as often as they recite the Litany.

ary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, may, through her intercession, be delivered from all dangers.

O God, who hast deigned to illumine Thy Church by the merits and knowledge of Thy blessed Confessor Dominic, our father, grant her, through his intercession both the temporal assistance she requires, and the spiritual grace of which she ever asks an increase, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Amen.

The Psalm De Profundis may then be added with the prayer, "O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful," etc.

All together recite the following invocations:

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us.

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, pray for us.

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, intercede for us.

V. May the Most Holy Virgin Mary

R. With her Divine Child, bless us.

May the blessing of the Almighty God, the ✠ Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, through the intercession of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, descend upon us,¹ and remain with us forever. Amen.

6. PRAYERS TO BE RECITED IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE HOLDING OF ROSARY MEETINGS, OR THE DRAWING OF THE MYSTERIES.

Come, O Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of thy faithful, and kindle in them the fire of Thy love; come, Thou who, by the diversity of many tongues, didst congregate the nations of the earth in the unity of faith.

Lord, have mercy on us; Christ, have mercy on us; Lord, have mercy on us.

Our Father, etc.

V. And lead us not into temptation.

R. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

V. Be mindful of Thy congregation.

R. Which Thou hast possessed from the beginning.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto Thee.

¹ If a priest presides at these prayers, he says instead of descend upon us, etc., "descend upon you and remain with you forever. Amen."

LET US PRAY.

Illumine our minds, O Lord, we beseech Thee, with the light of Thy brightness, so that we may be able to know what we ought to do, and do what is right. Through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

7. PRAYERS TO BE RECITED AT THE CLOSE OF THE ROSARY MEETINGS, OR AFTER THE DRAWING OF THE MYSTERIES.

Antiph. We fly to Thy patronage, O holy Mother of God. Despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us always from all dangers, O ever glorious and blessed Virgin!

Lord, have mercy on us; Christ, have mercy on us; Lord, have mercy on us.

Our Father, etc.

V. And lead us not into temptation.

R. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

V. Confirm, O God, that which Thou hast wrought in us.

R. From Thy holy Temple, which is in Jerusalem.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my come unto Thee.

LET US PRAY.

Grant us, O Lord, we beseech Thee, the help of Thy grace, so that we may properly fulfil with Thy co-operation what we know to be ordained by Thy will.

May the blessing of the Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, through the intercession of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary descend upon us¹ and remain with us forever. Amen.

8. ACT OF CONSECRATION TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

Permit me, O Immaculate Virgin Mary! Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, to choose thee this day as my Mother, Patroness, Asylum, and Protection. I desire with all the intensity of my being to consecrate to thee my heart, my soul, and my body, and to love thee, after God, above all things. Happy he who consecrates his love to thee. Art thou not, O Blessed Virgin! more pure than the angels, more beautiful than the moon, and more

¹ If a priest presides at these prayers, he says instead of descend upon us, etc., "descend upon you and remain with you forever. Amen."

bright than the sun? Dost thou not surpass the lily in splendor? Art thou not a garden of delights, a perfumed flower, a white dove, the well-beloved of Jesus, the cherished daughter, the stainless mother, and the spouse chosen amongst thousands? Who, then, could refuse his heart to thee? I give thee mine most freely, for thou art all-beautiful, enriched with all graces, and crowned with all perfections. But there is another most pressing reason why I should give myself fully to thee, viz.: gratitude. Holy Virgin, the world is indebted to thee for the life of grace. Thou art the new Eve; in thee the human race finds its joy, peace, reparation, salvation, consolation, and hope. In thee our race sees clearly the recall of the exiles, the return of the banished, the mother of the orphans, the light of all who are buried in darkness, and the assured haven of all who are buffeted by winds and waves. But as for myself particularly, I have contracted in regard to thee a debt of gratitude which all the ardor of the seraphim would never be able to repay thee. Thy heart hath ever been open to me; thou hast drawn me from the abyss; thou hast constantly defended me against the repeated attacks of the powers of darkness; thou hast been my strength, my courage, my guide, my support in the desert of this life, and my star amidst the dangers of the stormy sea of this world, so prolific, alas! of shipwrecks. It is then most just, O amiable Queen of the Most Holy Rosary! that I should unceasingly love, bless, and glorify thee. I, therefore, from this day forward, and forever, devote myself to thy service, and I pledge inviolable fidelity to thee. I am determined to die, yes, a thousand times, sooner than fail to keep this solemnly taken resolution. O Queen of the Most Holy Rosary! take full possession of my whole being, and as my sovereign after God command me. Banish from my soul and body all that in any way displeases thee; sanctify my heart, reform its perverse inclinations, and purify its intentions. Yes, henceforth my desire is to follow thy inspirations, to live under thy maternal care, and to labor only to please thee. Thy desires shall be mine, thy joys my joys, thy sorrows my sorrows, and thy glories mine, for thou art all mine, and I am all thine for all eternity.

O most beloved Mother! permit me now to entreat thee to grant me three special favors: 1st, a most pure heart, so that I

may fitly love Jesus, thy Son, and thee; 2d, that I may one day die in thy arms, pronouncing acts of perfect love of my God and thee; 3d, that I may be one of the privileged choir of those holy souls who will sing forever at the foot of thy throne thy praises and thy mercies. Mother, I ask for more than I give; but art thou not ineffably rich and powerful? Do not the sinners who have been converted by thee contribute in heaven to the brightness of thy crown? To save my soul will then be a new diamond added to thy incomparable diadem. Protect me, then, during life, assist me at the hour of my death, receive my soul at my last breath, and conduct it into the eternal tabernacles, where it shall, in union with the angels and the saints, love and praise thee forever and ever. Amen.¹*

OUR LADY OF THE DOME.

ARTHUR CLARE.

OFTTIMES I sit in my silent room,
Gazing out into the star-decked gloom;
Nature is weaving night's veil in her loom,
And its shadowy folds hang down.
Now o'er the scene streams a beaming light,
Flooding it all with effulgence bright,—
Beauteous Twelve of the wondering night,
Ye are lit in our Lady's crown.
Smiling she stands on her throne aloft,
Outstretched her arms, and her face is soft,
'Neath her the crescent of hope,—oh, full oft
Have I gazed on that scene with love.
Looks she afar from her shining dome,
Searching the darkness for stay or home;
Guides she our spirits, when seeking they roam,
To her haven of bliss above.

¹ Sodalists should often repeat at the Rosary altar the preceding act of consecration, but particularly on Saturdays and on the great feasts of our loving and blessed Mother.

* Now that I have finished the treatise on the Living Rosary and its Sodality, and that nothing more remains for me to present to the readers of THE

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM SPAIN TO PARIS.

THE return of St. Dominic to Toulouse was warmly welcomed by the community of St. Romain, one which, together with that of Prouille, was always specially dear to the saint as first among the foundations of his Order. Castiglio observes that besides the support of which the friars stood greatly in need at a time when the prospects of the Catholics of Languedoc were so gloomy and threatening, they were desirous of receiving from his lips more complete instructions in the rule and ceremonies of the Order, in order that the brethren who went out from the mother-house to open fresh foundations might be able to establish therein a perfect uniformity of observance. For in spite of the difficulties with which they had to contend, their ranks were daily recruited by new members, who needed to be thoroughly informed with the spirit of the founder. Some of these were men of eminent sanctity, and among them was a certain Brother Maurice, who, going to preach in the town of Albi, was given hospitality in the convent of the Friars Minors, there being as yet no house of his own Order in that place. The Franciscan community occupied a very poor residence, and suffered much from the want of water. Maurice, therefore, had recourse to prayer, and pointed out with his

ROSARY on this subject but a short and very instructive supplement, it becomes me to state for the merit of the articles already given, that the foregoing treatise has been carefully and judiciously compiled from the authentic documents of the Holy See, and those of the chief moderators of the organization, the Most Rev. Generals of the Dominican Order, and from the writings of some of the most learned and able authors of the Order on the subject, viz.: Pradel, Manuel du très—Saint Rosaire; Maria-Augustin,—La Rose Mystique effenillée; *Il Rosario di Maria Santissima*, and especially and for the most part, Leikes' *Rosa aurea*, and Girard, *Manuel du Rosare-Vivant*; id. *Etude et documents sur le Rosaire-Vivant*.

stick a spot in the enclosure where he bade them dig, and on their doing so, there sprang up a fountain of water not only sweet and delicious, but possessing powerful medicinal virtue, so that many who drank of it were healed of sundry diseases.¹ Dominic, therefore, willingly consented to spend some little time at St. Romain before continuing his journey to Paris. Unconsciously to himself it was to be his last journey to these familiar scenes, and before bidding them adieu, he had it much at heart to rouse the courage of the Catholics of Toulouse, and strengthen them in the faith. His was not a spirit to quail in the face of danger; and the very depression under which the Catholic cause then labored made it the more urgent that its champions should show a bold front to the enemy. Once more, therefore, Toulouse listened for awhile to the mighty eloquence of that voice which had before carried the Gospel of peace over the hills and villages of Languedoc. Such crowds flocked to hear him, that St. Romain could not contain them: it was in the cathedral church of St. Stephen, before the bishop and chapter, that he was obliged to deliver his sermons, and their fruit was an abundance of conversions. Here again he gave himself up without reserve to all the labors of his apostolic calling. All day long he was in the city, or in the surrounding country, preaching and instructing the people, whilst the night was devoted to prayer and sharp austerities. At the same time his care and devotion were lavished on his children, whom he strove to form to sanctity. Prouille and St. Romain were to him now what St. Sixtus and Santa Sabina had already been at Rome; and another miracle of the multiplication of the loaves is said to have taken place in the refectory of St. Romain. Some writers tell us that it was at this time, before leaving Toulouse, that the saint despatched the two brethren, Arnold, and Romeo of Livia, to Lyons, though the precise time when the brethren established themselves in that city is involved in some obscurity. Arnold was distinguished no less for his courage than his eloquence. Some prudent friends warned him that his uncompromising defence of the Catholic faith was not acceptable to all his hearers, and suggested that possibly if he did not somewhat measure his words, the alms would flow into the convent but scantily, and he and his

¹ Castiglion, part i. lib. i. c. 44.

brethren might chance to find themselves without the necessities of life. "That does not greatly concern us," was his reply, "we do not fear lest our granaries should become empty, for Our Lord Himself is our procurator. Even if the alms of men should fail, why need we be troubled? Have you not read, 'Those who fear God shall want no manner of thing that is good?'" The Blessed Romeo, as he is commonly called, was a Catalan by birth, and distinguished even among the disciples of St. Dominic for his devotion to the Mother of God. Her name was ever on his lips; every day he recited kneeling a thousand Hail Marys, which he counted on a knotted cord. He had made it a law to himself never to preach without saying some word in reference to the mystery of the Incarnation, in speaking of which his whole soul seemed to melt with love, and which he made the great means of winning souls to God. In all his labors he was wont to console himself with a verse from the 126th Psalm: *Cum dederit dilectis suis somnum, ecce hereditas Domini filii merces fructus ventris*, in which last words he saw an allusion to those of the Hail Mary, as though the reward of the servants of God was none other than the blessed "fruit of the womb, Jesus." He filled the office of Provincial of Provence for many years with great prudence and sanctity, and lived to a great age, ever increasing in the love of Jesus and Mary. His closing days were spent in almost uninterrupted prayer. As he expired angelic voices were heard singing around his bed the words which in life he had loved so dearly, *Cum dederit dilectis suis somnum, ecce hereditas Domini*. Many miracles were worked at his grave, and twenty-four years after his death his incorrupt body was translated to a more splendid tomb before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, which bore this inscription:

Hac sunt in fossa, fratris venerabilis ossa
Dicti Romei, qui fuit Arca Dei,
Hic Jesum, atque piam dilexit valde Mariam.

The convent of Lyons became the nursery of many religious, eminent both for learning and sanctity, such as William Perrault, author of the work entitled, *De Eruditione Religiosorum*, Stephen of Bourbon, and the blessed Galibert, who evangelized every part of the Burgundian Alps, "a country," says a contemporary writer, "most barren and difficult of access."

It was in company with Bertrand of Garrigua that the saint at last bade farewell to Toulouse, and set out on the road to Paris. That road passed by Cahors, in the near vicinity of a celebrated place of pilgrimage, already more than once visited by the saint, and where the memory of his visit on this occasion has been religiously preserved down to our own time. The sanctuary of Our Lady of Rocamadour was ancient even in the thirteenth century, and to trace its history we must go back to the very origin of Christianity in Gaul, for to use the words of Pope Pius II. in a Bull published by him in 1463, "this sanctuary was founded at the same time that the Church herself was first planted in the land." It was in the year 70 of the Christian era that a certain devout solitary established himself on the lofty rocks which rise above the narrow ravine dug out by the waters of the Lauzon. So gloomy and desolate was this valley that it then bore the title of the Val Tenebreux, and together with the rocks with which it was overhung was inhabited only by wild beasts. Here, however, the holy hermit fixed his dwelling; he built himself a poor cell on the very summit of one of the rocky heights, together with a little oratory which he dedicated to the Mother of God, and in which he placed her image carved by his own hands.

Who was this solitary, and whence had he come? A constant and venerable tradition declares him to have been no other than Zaccheus, the disciple of Our Lord, who landing on the coast of southern France, together with Lazarus, Martha, and Mary, travelled into this wilderness, and became the founder of a place of pilgrimage, which the author of *Notre Dame de France* hesitates not to call "the most curious and picturesque in the entire world."

The holy hermit had come hither seeking solitude, but it was not long before he became the apostle of the surrounding country. The inhabitants of the beautiful valleys of Figeac and St. Ceve sought him out, attracted by that sweet mysterious odor of sanctity which betrays itself even in the desert, and gave him the name of *Amator rupis* (the lover of the rock), which in their southern dialect was gradually changed into that of *Amadour*, under which title the saint has since been known.

Rocamadour grew in time to the proportions of a town, containing not one church alone, but a very assemblage of sanctuaries.

Even in its present ruined condition it presents a spectacle of unparalleled grandeur. On a gigantic rock, crowned by an ancient castle, stand groups of chapels and hermitages surrounding one church which rises high above the rest, whilst at its feet clusters the town composed of a single street, whence from an immense height you look down into a green and narrow valley through which rushes a mountain torrent. The eye beholds with wonder the distance that separates that smiling valley from the lofty ramparts that tower above, those rocks of strange fantastic forms and varied tints, whence on platforms that overlook giddy precipices there arise ancient buildings which seem to form a part of the very rocks to which they cling.

At the gates which lead into the town from the valley below begins the magnificent flight of steps which conducts to the chapel of our Lady perched at the very summit of the rock. These steps, formerly 278 in number, though now reduced to 216, are still, as in old times, ascended by devout pilgrims on their knees. At the 140th step a platform is reached on which stand the houses of the canons who serve the sanctuary; then at the top of a second flight of steps appears the church of St. Saviour, having at its right twelve other sanctuaries dug out of the rock and dedicated to the twelve Apostles, and on its left the chapel of our Lady in which is still preserved the ancient image brought hither by St. Amador. The chapel is not that raised by his hands, which was unfortunately destroyed in the fifteenth century by the fall of an immense rock by which it was overhung. It was replaced in 1479 by another building raised on the same spot, which again was almost entirely destroyed in 1562 by the fury of the Huguenot heretics. Certain portions of it however remain, and within the restored sanctuary are still preserved three precious relics, the image of our Lady, the altar said to have been consecrated by St. Martial, and the miraculous bell. The image is rudely carved in wood, and represents our Lady enthroned and wearing a crown, whilst seated on her knee, but resting there unsupported by her hands, appears the figure of the Holy Child. Blackened and decayed with age, this image was at a very remote period covered with a thin coating of silver in order the better to preserve it, but this also is now discolored and falling into fragments. The altar

consecrated by St. Martial consists of a rude and simple block of stone, and there is every reason for believing as authentic the tradition that attaches it to his name. From the roof of the chapel is suspended the ancient bell, believed to be the same which once hung in the hermitage of St. Amadour, and to have summoned the faithful to prayer in those remote ages whence the sanctuary dates its origin.

Its form and material certainly betoken an extraordinary antiquity, and the records of many successive centuries bear witness to the fact whence it derives its title of *miraculous*. Hanging from a rope, but without any apparatus necessary for tolling it, it has been repeatedly known to sound without being touched or moved by mortal hand; and the occasions when this has taken place have been when persons at sea in danger of shipwreck have invoked the aid of Our Lady of Rocamadour.¹

The Church of St. Saviour, spoken of above, is exclusively reserved for the use of the canons. Beneath it is a subterranean crypt, which serves as the parish church, and is dedicated to St. Amadour. Here all that remain of the relics of the saint are preserved. In 1166, more than a thousand years after his decease, his holy body was found perfectly incorrupt in the tomb where it had first been laid, and was solemnly removed thither. In the thickness of the wall an arched vault was constructed, wherein it reposed for another three centuries, its state of preservation being so well attested as to pass into a proverb. "Such a thing," men would say, "is as whole and entire as the body of St. Amadour." But in the year 1562, the Huguenot heretics, after ravaging many another holy sanctuary, arrived at Rocamadour, and after plundering it of all its treasures, they laid their sacrilegious hands on the holy body, which they first endeavored to burn; but failing in this attempt, they tore it from its niche, and tried to cut it to pieces with their halberds. Seizing a smith's hammer, the captain of this band of brigands dealt it blow after blow, exclaiming as he did so: "Since thou wilt not burn, thou shalt break." An eye-witness of this horrible scene, declared to Père Odo de Gis-

¹ *History of Rocamadour*. By P. Odo de Gissey, S. J., 1631. In this work the author, quoting from older writers, enumerates fifteen well attested instances of this prodigy.

sey that the body was at that time perfectly incorrupt, the venerable face being adorned with a long white beard; and Père Odo himself having inspected the remains, which were carefully collected by the canons on the departure of the heretics, found one arm and hand quite perfect, with marks of vermilion blood which had flowed from the broken fingers.

Besides the sanctuaries already named; a great number of other chapels have been erected in different parts of the mountain, of which we will only notice that of St. Michael, which is formed out of a kind of cavern, and is by far the most ancient edifice now remaining. It is reached by steps cut out of the solid rock, and contains within it a little cell, said to be that inhabited by St. Amador during his lifetime, and forming afterwards his first place of sepulture. Outside the chapel, suspended by a chain to the wall, hangs an enormous mass of iron, called the *Sword of Roland*. The words recall one of the most poetic legends which belong to the history of the sanctuary. When the great Paladin was crossing France in order to join his uncle, Charlemagne, then fighting against the infidels in Spain, he visited Rocamadour, and offered at our Lady's altar the most precious of all his possessions, his renowned sword, *Durendal*, but as he could not go into battle without his trusty weapon, he ransomed it, paying its weight in silver. The tragic end of the story is well known to all lovers of the tales of chivalry. In the fatal defile of Roncesvalles, Roland is betrayed and surrounded by the enemy; he and his knights perform prodigies of valor, but they were overwhelmed by numbers, and Roland is left almost alone, with his friends and comrades lying dead around him. Then he takes in his hand his good sword *Durendal*, that bright and shining weapon, sparkling with gems, and so sharp and strong that no blow dealt by human hands is powerful enough to break it: "Oh, fair and shining sword!" he exclaims, "how often have I borne thee into battle, and wielded thee against the enemies of Christ! Who now will carry thee when I am gone? Certes no caitiff Saracen or misbelieving Jew shall be thy master; rather will I break thee in pieces with my own hand." Raising the sword he strikes three mighty blows with it on a block of marble which lies before him, but though the marble is cleft in twain, *Durendal* remains uninjured. Then perceiving a

deep chasm hard by, he flings the weapon down into the abyss, and standing with his back against a tree and with his face turned towards Spain, he joins his hands in prayer and yields his gallant soul to God.

Jointes ses mains, l'a la mort entrepris.

Saynt Gabriel et bien des autres dis [anges]

L'âme de lui portent en paradis.

Durendal was recovered by Roland's brothers-in-arms and solemnly deposited at Rocamadour. There it remained till 1183, when that unhappy prince, Henry Court-Mantel, coming to Rocamadour, carried off the sword as well as all the treasures of the sanctuary, with which he paid the army of ruffians he had hired in order to make war on his father, King Henry II. of England; the mass of iron named above being afterwards placed there to represent the ancient weapon.

This was but one among many of the occasions when Rocamadour became a prey to the spoiler. It arose from the ruins to which the Huguenots had reduced it, only again to be laid desolate in 1793 by the hands of the revolutionary hordes; but though in our own day it is despoiled of the riches with which its many sanctuaries were once adorned, and though their walls are crumbling into dust, the holy rock remains a place of pilgrimage resorted to by thousands of the faithful who still, as in old time, invoke the aid of Our Lady of Rocamadour.

It was, then, at the gates of this venerable sanctuary that one midsummer's day in 1219, two wayworn pilgrims presented themselves, staff in hand, and asked for hospitality. They had travelled on foot along the *Cami Roumion*, the pilgrim's road, which led from Cahors, along which rude pyramids, surmounted at night by lighted lamps, served to guide the way. They were received no doubt into one of the hospitals, founded for the reception of pilgrims, and paid their devotions at those shrines and altars which have been above described. On those rocky heights, adorned with their battlemented ramparts and their many sanctuaries, rested the eyes of St. Dominic and the Blessed Bertrand; up those very steps they ascended on their knees, and in the subterranean church of St. Amadour they kept watch during the entire night. What passed during that vigil of silent prayer? Did Our Lady of the Rosary bestow on her servant any fresh tokens

of favor, any vision of maternal sweetness to strengthen him during the time that yet remained of his glorious warfare? So it is currently believed, and fragments of a tradition exist which hint at yet more ineffable graces as at this time bestowed on the servant of God.¹ However that may be, the passing visit of the two saints has left behind it indelible traces, and the memory of it is cherished among the glories of Rocamadour. The walls of that subterranean church are adorned with paintings of the most famous personages who have visited this spot. There may be seen the brave knight Roland offering to Our Lady his good sword Durendal and redeeming it by its weight in silver. There are his valiant comrades bringing back the wondrous weapon. There are the great apostles, St. Martial of Limoges and St. Sernin of Toulouse, and there, too, are the figures of St. Dominic and Bertrand of Garrigua, who have left behind them in this time-honored sanctuary an odor of sanctity, the memory of which seven centuries has not sufficed to banish. The two saints are represented standing, with the pilgrim's staff in their hands, and their eyes raised towards heaven. In the hall of the canons is another picture of St. Dominic kneeling before Our Lady, who is giving him a rosary. The first of these pictures is the more ancient of the two, and at the time when petitions were being presented for the beatification of Blessed Bertrand its existence was appealed to, affording evidence of cultus which had existed from time immemorial. Nor is this all; so dearly is the memory of St. Dominic cherished at Rocamadour, that in the year 1876, at the petition of the Rev. Père Rouard du Card, then Provincial of Belgium, an altar dedicated to the saint was erected in St. Saviour's church by the Bishop of Cahors.²

The morning dawned, and the two pilgrims, consoled and invigorated by their night of prayer, once more set forth, staff in

¹ Some writers represent the saint as having received the stigmata during his vigil at Rocamadour. There seems no sufficient ground for such an assertion, which may, however, be taken as expressing the general belief that spiritual favors of a very special kind were at that time granted to him.

² The Rev. Père Rouard du Card considered that there were grounds for believing in a vision of Our Lady of the Rosary having been granted to St. Dominic during his vigil at Rocamadour. He purposed to have published the result of his researches on the subject, but was prevented from doing so by his much regretted death.

hand, on their road towards Paris. An incident which befell them on the road must be told in the words of Gerard de Frachet. "The holy Father Dominic, going from Toulouse to Paris by way of Rocamadour, spent the night devoutly in Our Lady's church, having as the companion of his journey, as he was also of his holiness, Brother Bertrand, afterwards first prior of Provence. The next day as they travelled along they overtook some German pilgrims, who, hearing them singing and reciting litanies, devoutly joined, and when they came to a town invited them to eat with them, and as the manner of this nation is, regaled them sumptuously; and thus they did for four successive days. One day, therefore, the blessed Dominic said to his companion: 'Brother Bertrand, I have a conscience to be thus reaping temporal benefits from these pilgrims without sowing any spiritual seed for them in return. If you think good, let us kneel down and pray to God that He will give us to understand and speak their language, that so we may speak to them of our Lord Jesus Christ.' When they had prayed they were able, to the astonishment of the other pilgrims, to speak German quite easily; and for four days more they travelled with them and talked to them of our Lord. At last they reached Orleans, and as the Germans were going on to Chartres, they there parted company with them, humbly recommending themselves to their prayers. The next day the Holy Father said to Blessed Bertrand: "Brother, we are about to enter Paris; and if the brethren hear of the miracle which our Lord has wrought for us, they will take us to be saints, whereas we are only poor sinners, and if it come to the ears of seculars we shall be exposed to much vanity. Therefore, in virtue of holy obedience, I forbid you to reveal this to any one until after my death.' And so it was kept secret at the time; but after the death of the saint, Brother Bertrand made it known to his brethren." ¹

Thus we are able to follow the course taken by the travellers: from Toulouse to Rocamadour, from Rocamadour to Orleans, and from Orleans to Paris. They entered by that gate which was afterwards called the Gate of St. James, close to which stood the little hospital bestowed on the friars by the dean of St. Quentin, which

¹ *Vit. Frat.* part 2, ch. x.

bore the same title, and where Dominic found a loving welcome awaiting him from Matthew of France and the thirty religious whom he had gathered together since his establishment in the capital.

(To be continued.)

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.

FOURTH PAPER.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA ITS MODEL.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

THERE falls upon the eve of the Month of Mary a festival that the children of St. Dominic who dwell in the outer world, can by a pre-eminent right call their own. For she who is honored a saint upon that day, (April 30,) she whom the great Dominican Family looks upon as one of the brightest of its shining lights, she whom the Church has raised to the glorious dignity of Protectress of the Eternal City, never sought the peace, the seclusion of convent cloisters, never broke away from ties of home and kindred, never surrendered the joys of holy human friendships, but living in the world, sanctified it, and in her own upward flight, bore Heavenward the souls that nature and grace bound closely to her own.

Glorious Catherine of Siena! Thou art one of the saints of God whose life bears too little fruit in our lives, because we stand afar and gaze upon thee; we see thee soaring to the contemplative's dizzy heights of ecstatic vision, plunging to the ascetic's deepest depths of penance; we see thee standing, an angelic presence, beside the timorous pilot of Peter's bark, piercing with illumined eye the darkness of the storm of schism, guiding and cheering all about thee; we see thee throwing into the troubled sea of sinful humanity the net of Christ's fishermen, and drawing it in laden with immortal souls; or we see thee casting afar the diplomat's coil, and drawing potentates and populace out of the wild rancor of rebellion into the peace of submission to authority divine. Contemplative and ascetic, Pon-

tiff's guide and schism's overthrower, apostle, diplomat, ambassador, and saint withal: what is there in this life for imitation to-day, here, where peace and freedom reign, where the robe of the Church is rent by no schism, but, alas! where many of the great country's noblest children have never known the saving shelter of its folds? What is there, indeed, for the American Tertiary of the nineteenth century to imitate in this the first and greatest of virgins that ever wore the habit and professed the rule of the Third Order of St. Dominic in the outer world, nearly six hundred years ago?

In her lofty deeds performed upon dazzling heights, nothing perhaps. In the motive which led to their assumption,—fidelity to the interior call of God and to the exterior voice of divine authority on earth,—everything. In the manner of their accomplishment,—in its humility, prayerfulness, patience, perseverance, courage, self-forgetfulness,—in this too, everything. St. Catherine of Siena, in all her marvellous deeds that illumine the history of the Church and of nations, did as well as she could do, in every hour of each passing day, the duty allotted for that hour.

The imperfect, the indifferent Christian, does only for God what the salvation of self demands; the aspiring, but yet untempered Christian, does everything that personal desire and circumstances of life suggest and permit, for the glory of God; the perfect Christian, the saint, all that God's will decrees, nothing more, nothing less, and in doing this nothing is left undone, nor is there room for the doing of any more. A perfect human life is in the sight of God a finished mosaic. Its infinitesimal parts are constructed for their perfect fitting to each other; there are no gaps; there is no overlapping. Such will our lives be, providing we to whom the great Artist leaves their arrangement bend our free will to the will divine, submit our judgment to the minute directions of wisdom, unerring because divine; providing we in the construction of our lives work out the will of the Master who alone possesses in its entirety the design. God the designer, the soul the workman, each moment of time an infinitesimal part of eternity, and the thoughts, words, and deeds of each moment the infinitesimal portions of the one eternal design!

Important and perilous embassies, long and wearisome journeys, multitudinous and perplexing cares of Church, State and individual souls, these went to form the design that is most visible in that wonderful mosaic of God's hand, the life of St. Catherine of Siena!

One great lesson which this marvellous and public life teaches is within the reach of every American Tertiary of to-day: Do that work which is thine to do, at the Master's given hour, in the Master's appointed way. And another lesson: Midst stupendous cares and labors the soul of Catherine of Siena kept itself unfettered and still. And because of this freedom, the divine hand outstretched to lead was never left unclasped; and because of this stillness, not a directing whisper of the voice divine was unheard. But the petty cares, the ordinary labors of our lives so fetter the soul, so fill it with the tumult of agitation and anxiety, that we cannot follow the Master's leadings, we cannot hear His silent but unerring direction. What wonder, then, that there are gaps in our lives here, while there, one duty overlaps another! What wonder that while we are wearing ourselves out in self-chosen works for God, that which is in the eternal design for us lies unaccomplished! What wonder that works are begun and left unaccomplished! That lives go out in death, not before their time, but long before the departing soul, viewing its life-work can say: "All is consummated"! Surely the children of St. Dominic in the outer world here in America, where "the harvest is great and the laborers few," can learn from their glorious sister's life a beautiful lesson of spiritual freedom and silence in the midst of physical activity; can learn to watch for the guiding hand of God, to list for His directing voice, in the choosing of the greatest works, and in the doing of all, be they the greatest or the least of life's daily duties!

But let us turn awhile from the ambadress of kings, from the adviser of Pontiffs; let us look upon the daughter of a Christian home; let us turn from the summit of perfection and gaze upon the lowly steps that led thereto; let us turn from the later life that in its deeds lies far beyond that of any American Tertiary, to that earlier life which falls within the scope of all. For we are not here viewing Catherine of Siena as the greatest glory of the Third Order, but rather as its most perfect model.

It is true that God's grace won her soul from all human love in its beautiful childhood, by one of those extraordinary graces that seldom are given souls. But dare we say that had such been granted to us that we too would have yielded the life-long, the extraordinary fidelity of Catherine? Rather let us question what has been the ordinary fidelity we have yielded to the first impulses of God's wonderful, though ordinary graces.

Let us open Mother Drane's true and exquisite history, and look upon that earlier life. "Cheerfulness of soul, fear and remorse of conscience, a dread of committing sin; as she grew in years, an increase of this anxiety, a thought of what means she might take to offend God less, seeking to be alone, stealing away out of sight to pray,"—is aught of this beyond the aim of a Tertiary of to-day?

A human heart's desire of a special mode of life is not always indicative of a call thereto, yet the thwarting of that desire often leads to a cooling of ardor in God's service. Catherine's example teaches a good lesson here. Her heart led her to seek a hermit's life in a cave alone with God. She sought and found the cave. An interior light showed her that God willed not this life for her. Immediately her will was one with His, and with no abatement of ardor she again took up her abode at home, never again to leave it save for intervals, at duty's call. How does our ardor in God's service stand the test of being thwarted in a choice of the kind of life we would lead in His service?

"If she entertained so much as an idle thought, or fell into any thought which, however trifling, seemed enormous in her eyes, she lost no time in humbling herself and doing penance." When an act of pure love, an act of perfect humility and contrition, frees the soul from the lesser stains, is this trait of St. Catherine beyond imitation?

Saints have tender hearts, and the tendrils of affection though twining upwards towards God, now and then circle too closely, cling too lovingly, around those of human kind who are nearest and dearest, and they are thereby led, but a hair's breadth, may be, from the narrow way where a zealous God would have them walk with Him alone. Affection for her eldest sister led St. Catherine into girlish vanities in dress, and more especially into

that of the adornment of her hair. With her keen soul vision she knew that her heart went not out to the vanity. The fault to be bewailed lay not there, but in the too human affection. Surely she is to be imitated in her grief that creatures should have led her to pain ever so little a God of love. The cutting off of her beautiful hair at her confessor's advice, as a means of freeing herself from her family's importunities in regard to her marriage, can have no special bearing upon anyone to-day; but let us ask ourselves if her spirit is ours in regard to all that have been to us instruments of offence to God; "do we look upon them with displeasure and part with them readily, as having been the occasion of some fault profoundly regretted"? When death snatches a beloved one from us, do we let our hearts bury themselves in that loved one's grave? or, like Catherine our model, do we think "of the vanity of all earthly ties," and devote ourselves "with renewed fervor to the service of God"?

But it is when we, who love to find our incentive to humble toil in the hallowed life of Nazareth, it is when we behold the maiden of Siena, the youngest, the petted child of Giacomo Benincasa, in the fragile beauty of her fifteen summers, compelled by her family to do all the works of drudgery in the kitchen and other places in the house, that the ardor of God's love might be cooled within her, that her heart might be compelled to forsake the Heavenly for the earthly bridegroom; when we see her never repining at it, turning all to her greater merit, seeing in her father Jesus Christ, in her mother our Blessed Lady, in her brothers and sisters and other members of her family, the apostles and disciples of Jesus Christ; when we see her filled with the holy imagination that the kitchen is the innermost tabernacle of the temple where the principal sacrifices were offered to God; when we hear heaped upon her severe and cutting language, and hear no bitter word, no pleading expostulation in reply; but behold her "passing with all things so quietly, as if they had never been spoken or done to her," it is then questioning ceases and we know that imitation is within our reach, we know we have but to breathe "Come, Holy Spirit," and that the Paraclete will come and teach our hearts as He taught hers, to build a secret chamber or oratory in their depths, where we may "dwell diligently with Jesus Christ

as long as we desire, and never be plucked out whatever befall." "To open the eyes of our adversaries, not by vain arguments nor persuasion," but by "sweetness and constancy under hard trials, till they be forced to say she has conquered us, she is truly following the Holy Spirit," herein, too, is she a model within our reach. And here, where in a moment of temptation she turns her gaze in an instant to the crucifix, breathing with lips and heart: "My sweetest Lord, . . . help me in this trial; I ask not to be delivered from it, but to have strength to overcome."

The grace of entrance to the Third Order of Penance is hers, to the Third Order in the world, and yet in silence and seclusion she "walks with God," and years pass on. It is ever thus: in the hidden life souls grow in the grace and wisdom of Christ, unto the strength of the Public Life, and the courage of death in a crucifixion of love. What is our imitation of her in our preparation for the doing of God's public work?

How deeply to heart may all take these sweet words of St. Catherine, often addressed to her companions, troubled and pre-occupied by vexations: "Leave all to God. What have you to do of yourselves? For you to bestow care about these things is to take from God His care and providence, as though He could not, or would not, provide."

Meditating on the mysteries of the Incarnation, and on the Redemption, her constant study the Holy Gospels, thus feeding upon strengthening food, she became strong. May we not question here what is our mental food? Is it more often that which gives to the soul the strength, or the sentimentality of devotion?

"Much as she valued meditation she did not despise vocal prayers;" she was accustomed to the frequent use of ejaculations, one of the most frequent being: "*Peccavi, Domine, miserere mei.*" A lesson, indeed, that we sinners may learn from our glorious model, a saint! She did not care to pray much at a time, but would dwell upon each word, feeding her soul upon it. Simple and practical was her prayer. If graces were given her in heroic degree, they were nevertheless the reward of earnest, humble petition. She prayed for the virtues, for charity always, in a season of temptation for fortitude, and again in a siege of temptation for purity of heart. It was thus humbly, laboriously, she ascended

step by step the heights of the spiritual life, "till she attained the grace of an unalterable peace and tranquillity; never feeling her heart disturbed, though struck down by many sicknesses, attacked by cruel calumnies, and worn out with fatigues and responsibilities far beyond her age and sex."

"Wearing the habit of an Apostolic Order, St. Catherine was to be called to an apostolic life." All too soon came the divine, interior intimation of this. Gradually God led her from the blessed solitude of her chamber cell once more into family life. Once more, but this time through no harsh command of parental authority, "but by the sweet attraction of her soul to all that was the least of employments," we find her sweeping, dusting, washing dishes, serving in the kitchen, nursing the servant through illness,—and yet "not one of these exterior actions disturbed the interior recollection of her soul, nor withdrew her in the least from the Divine Presence."

"Circumspect in her words, never idle, nor in any way reprehensible, never disturbed, save when God was offended, always affable, kind, and full of joy, especially in time of sickness or affliction," "always to be seen with a gay and smiling countenance;" "whether making bread, or busying herself in any other household work, always on fire with the love of God." So fond of little children that she often said: "were it becoming, I should never weary of caressing them," caring for her brothers and sisters by birth or marriage; going now and then on a holy pilgrimage with her sisters of the Third Order, or her other friends; seeking out the poor whom she knew to be destitute and yet unwilling to beg, stealing to their homes in the early morning to leave them her donation of provisions while yet they slept,—such was her life; and so we might go on multiplying the lowly deeds that Catherine's "perfection of faith" and charity exalted: deeds that were God's appointed ones for her even as were her marvellous penances and apostolic labors; deeds which in themselves, and in the perfect way of their accomplishment, are indeed within the reach of the American Tertiary of to-day.

Ah, me! let us linger long and lovingly over these early days, these blessed and lowly deeds. Flesh and blood recoil when we look upon her acts of heroic penance. Souls thrill with awe when

we behold her lofty flights of contemplative prayer. The world gazes in admiration at her marvellous labors and their mighty results. But Heaven beholding all, weighing all, and meeting out reward, rejoices; and hell, seeking its own, trembles in rage at each lowly deed, each kindly, helpful word, each aspiring thought, which is stamped with a seal, upon which all may read: To God, love; to His will, fidelity. For legions of souls may be saved by the example of these, but the imitation of the heroic, the lofty, the marvellous, is in the reach of but few.

AN APOSTLE OF THE ROSARY.

B. C. J.

ALL created sanctity is but a deep and abiding participation of the spirit that animated the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Hence one of its leading developments is always a tender and practical devotion to the Mother of God. Ages ago when the Greek Church was in its glory, this sentiment found touching expression in the custom of presenting to Mary a garland of flowers, for which St. Gregory of Nazianzen substituted prayers of praise. In the Latin Church, the Abbé Brunet discovers the origin of the Rosary in the persecutions of Nero and Diocletian. Tender virgins condemned to die for their faith went to martyrdom wearing a white robe, typical of their purity, under a mantle of purple, meet symbol of their power; their long tresses they had bound back by a circlet of coral beads. These chaplets stained with the blood of the generous martyrs were gathered up as precious relics by the faithful who often recited upon them as many prayers as the crown contained beads. A slightly different application of the same idea was made by St. Brigid, patroness of Ireland, who seconded St. Patrick's successful labors to plant in the hearts of that devoted people an undying devotion to our Blessed Lady.

But all these expressions of filial love seemed too transient and fugitive. It was fitting that the Mother of Him who abides with the Church all days, should receive from all her children a more lasting form of homage; and so in the designs of Almighty God,

it came to pass that as the sun never sets upon the unbloody renewal of Calvary's redeeming sacrifice, so its morning beams and its parting rays should find Mary's spiritual children renewing in her pure heart the ecstatic thrill produced by the Angel's message. For this great work St. Dominic was the chosen instrument, and to this day his faithful disciples spread throughout the world the glory of the Incarnation, and secure to unnumbered souls the infinite treasury of its merits.

Near the close of the seventeenth century there arose in France a man who was destined to direct into a new channel the life-giving streams of the Rosary. From childhood his love for Mary had been singular, and when, after years of patient labor and prompt submission to the guidance of grace, he could no longer doubt that God called him to found a new body of religious, he hastened to place the congregation under the protection of Our Lady of Liesse. Among his personal practices of devotion was the daily recitation of the Rosary. As he passed through the house or when he went on a journey, he lovingly told his beads and found rest from the vexing cares of this life in sweet communion with Mary. He gloried in reciting these prayers publicly; he preached their surpassing excellence, for they have been extolled by the saints, indulged by the popes, and recited by all true Christians. That man was the Blessed John Baptist de la Salle, Founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. To his spiritual children he left as a most precious legacy the daily recitation of the beads, and their pupils the world over have learned from them to tell the praises of the Mother of Jesus. Deeply convinced that she "takes a singular interest in the salvation of young people, of whose weakness she is aware," he charged his followers to teach the manner of reciting the Rosary. Day after day there rose to Heaven from the class-room many a fervent Hail Mary, whose sweet fragrance attracted the choicest blessings of the Most High. With the spread of the Institute, this glorious apostolate was enlarged. In 1719, when the Blessed de la Salle with an invocation to Mary on his lips went before the face of his Judge, there were less than three hundred Brothers and ten thousand pupils; but in the lapse of not quite two centuries the work has developed so marvellously that ere the year 1919 be reached, fifty

times that number of Brothers and pupils will invoke this apostle of Christian education as Father and Founder. His disciples in religion associate with their recitation of the beads some of the intentions dearest to his heart; to the ordinary chaplet they add a sixth decade "in honor of the Immaculate Conception, for our Holy Father the Pope, for the wants of the Church, and for their Institute." From day to day they find light and strength and joy in the Rosary; and when the messenger of death whispers to each in turn: "Thy Master calleth for thee," the faithful religious with his beads in hand, the daily witness of his toils, the sole treasure that in his poverty he carries to the grave, the precious pledge of his allegiance to the Queen of Heaven, goes forth as Mary's child to the realms of unending life. But his spirit remains with his pupils to mould and guide their daily life, and safeguard their immortal souls.

How then, shall we measure the far-reaching influence of half a million young souls? Many, very many of them will soon minister at the altar and offer the redeeming sacrifice for all the world. In the confessional and in the pulpit their words touched by the Spirit of God will be powerful to root out vice and error, and foster the vigorous growth of truth and virtue. Not a few students moved by the sublimity of the Christian teacher's mission will don the robe of their former teachers and emulate their humility, zeal, and self-denial. In the professional walks of life, able men will come from the Christian schools, and by fidelity to the daily offering of the League of the Sacred Heart, and to the recitation of the Rosary, or at least a part thereof, will they draw down the blessings of Heaven when as lawyers they plead in the cause of justice, or as physicians they heal the body, or perchance by kindly offices win back to the Church souls long gone astray. In business, too, whether in the noisy marts of crowded cities or in the more modest traffic of rural towns, Mary will be their refuge in trials and difficulties, their faithful adviser, the security of their success.

It is, then, indeed, providential that the father and founder of such lasting good should be honored by the Church in the month of May, the month consecrated to her whose praises he loved to sing, and whom he delighted to call the Most Blessed Virgin.

Enlightened from on high he bids his Brothers ever have recourse to her powerful patronage, and exhorts them to hold in mind the nobility of their mission as the visible guardian angels of their pupils. How worthy of imitation and how necessary this spirit is to-day may be gathered from the almost incessant appeals of our glorious Leo to "make education Christian," and from his joy at decreeing the honors of beatification to this Apostle of Youth. Nay, more, the Church herself on the fourth of May prays in the beautiful collect of the Mass that "those who instruct Christian youth may always follow his example and advance in virtue by his intercession." Here in America, where in spite of the countless evil influences that surround both mind and sense, our Catholic youth are generous and noble, the life and work of the Blessed de la Salle may well captivate their attention and satisfy the lofty aspirations of many a chosen soul. The young are the dearest portion of Christ's flock. They are full of grand possibilities which await but the genial atmosphere of elevated minds and generous hearts to ripen into golden harvests of Christian works only less beautiful to behold than the manly character of which they are the fruit.

THE ROSARY IN TYROL.

By T.

TYROL is a very poetical little province of the great Austrian empire. Like Switzerland, by which it is bounded on the south-west, it is most mountainous and picturesque. Thousands of tourists come every summer from all the big cities of the globe to see and enjoy its beautiful little lakes, deep, narrow valleys, steep, snowy mountains, with numberless streams and water-falls dashing down their sides.

Still the greatest charm of this beautiful country is its inhabitants. They are poor and simple, but healthy, happy, and full of life—loyal and faithful subjects of their emperor. In time of peace they pray for him; in time of war they defend him most courageously.

This little paradise was never lost. In this it surpasses Switzerland. Protestantism never crossed its boundaries. It always remained true to its Creator; its children have always been faithful members of the holy Catholic Church. Tyrol is known by the name of "*Das heilige land Tyrol*"—"The holy land of Tyrol." And rightly so. There is probably no other country so fully consecrated to God.

This land is fairly dotted with sacred shrines and holy places of pilgrimage. A nice little gothic church is the principal ornament of every village; everywhere along the wayside are chapels and crucifixes. This sign of our redemption is even to be found on the walls of almost every inn, in its most public streets; it marks the stations of the cross on the way up the mountains, and is planted on the very mountain-tops. In the villages the houses are adorned with an image of the Blessed Virgin, or some other saint, with a pious inscription above the door. The stranger is cordially saluted with the significant words: "*Gruesz Gott!*"—"Adore God," or "Praised be Jesus Christ."

However, the most ordinary and expressive manifestation of their deep religious feelings, their most efficacious means to preserve the holy Catholic faith, their most powerful weapon against the enemy, unbelief, that threatens to cross the boundaries is, undoubtedly, the holy Rosary. Mary is their Mother and protectress, and the holy Rosary is their dearest devotion.

To give a faint idea of how they live and pray I will but describe what I saw in Gries, one of its little villages.

Gries is most beautifully situated, half-way up a mountain, at the foot of two glaciers, about 45,000 ft. above the level of the sea. Steep, rugged peaks, covered with ice and snow, enclose it on all sides like a wall, 50,000 ft. high. In winter the sun remains hidden behind the cliffs for two months. A narrow foot-path running along a winding stream of noisy water is its only outlet. This leads to the neat village Längenfeld, which lies 15,000 ft. below it, in the famous valley, Oetzthal.

Thus by nature separated from the rest of the world, Gries forms an ideal little kingdom of its own. It counts no more than a hundred souls, of whom it may truly be said "their best companions, innocence and health; their greatest riches, ignorance of

wealth." The richest is poor, and the poorest has enough to live on. One building, a part of which serves as a dwelling, the other as a stable, a few acres of land, two or three cows, and twice that number of sheep, are all the richest and poorest can claim as their own. Nor do they desire more. This supplies them with all they need, and makes them most independent. They indeed remind us of the words of Pope:

"Happy the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound.

Content to breathe his native air

In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire."

In the midst of the village is a little gothic church, poor, but very neat, and nicely decorated. This is their greatest, their only treasure. Solomon's great temple never was to the Jews what this little stone building is to them. Nor did God Almighty, with all His threats and punishments, ever so fully control His selected people, as Christ rules the hearts of this His faithful flock from His throne of Love.

Each and every one of them is a good, practical Catholic. The church is their only place of meeting. There they come together to adore God, to venerate the Blessed Virgin, to ask for help and consolation, to express their joy and gratitude. And for all this they have but one prayer, the holy Rosary. To take away from them the holy Rosary were to change the village, to make it unhappy. The Rosary is the only prayer they like, almost the only prayer they know. But this powerful prayer they do like, and recite with a most edifying devotion.

Whenever they are together in church, be it at Mass or at any other service, they pray the holy Rosary. ¹ Every Sunday afternoon they form a procession, sometimes with, sometimes without the Blessed Sacrament, praying the holy Rosary. The holy Rosary is the night prayer of every family. Once I even noticed a

¹ Their way of reciting it is somewhat peculiar. The men begin the Hail Mary, at the end of which all join in to repeat the mystery, e. g., "Whom thou conceived," etc., and then the women continue the "Holy Mary, Mother of God," etc.

few of them out in the fields, at more than a mile's distance from the church, praying the Rosary while Mass was celebrating.

Whenever they are in need of special help, whenever great danger threatens them, they take their refuge to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and implore her intercession by reciting the holy Rosary. I had an occasion to see a few touching instances of this their childlike and unquestioning devotion.

One morning toward the end of August, these poor peasants saw their green little fields and gardens white, covered with snow. In the village itself the snow was about seven inches deep, while further up on the mountains, where their sheep grazed, it was still deeper. Were this snow to remain for any length of time, they would be not only deprived of their chief support for the long, cold winter, but also their sheep would be starved, for nobody would dare to look after these, for fear of the awful avalanches. What did they do? With countenances as cheerful as ever, these true children of Mary came to the pastor's door, and asked him to expose the Blessed Sacrament, and to allow them to recite the holy Rosary before it. While they prayed the sun appeared, melted the snow, their crops were saved, and not a sheep was lost.

A still greater trial these simple souls experienced in the death of their pastor. Without him they were like a flock without a shepherd. Their distress increased when the bishop refused them a successor, declaring that their parish was too small. "If the bishop refuses," said one of the leading men, "we'll ask our Mother Mary until she answers 'yes.'" They agreed to remain in church for an hour, every Sunday afternoon after ordinary devotion, to pray the holy Rosary. This they did, and soon they had a successor.

More wonderful still is the following incident, which took place on the 18th Sept., 1882. The person to whom it happened, as well as a number of eye-witnesses, vouch for the fact. The parish priest related it in about the following words:

In Längenfeld, a town near by, a pious young lady had been sick for a number of years. All natural means were tried in vain. Her condition grew worse and worse. She was obliged to keep her bed day and night. In her distress she had recourse to the

Blessed Virgin Mary. She prayed to her with confidence. One night the door of her chamber was opened, Mary entered, looked at her, and said: Come to Gries and I shall cure you. Great was the joy of the suffering patient, but still greater her disappointment, when on the following morning, nobody believed her; even her own brothers refused to take her to Gries. She, however, was not discouraged, but continued to pray. And when soon after, Mary repeated her promise in a similar way, she called her confessor, explained her vision, and asked him for help. He no longer doubted her words, and at his advice all prepared themselves for the difficult and dangerous pilgrimage. Her feeble body, covered with bed sores, was placed in a little wagon. This was drawn by two of her brothers, while the rest of the family, and a number of friends accompanied her, reciting the holy Rosary. Behind the wagon walked the priest, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, for he feared that, overcome with fatigue, she should die on the way. Happily they arrived at Gries, and entered the church with wagon and all. While the rest knelt down to pray the Rosary for the fulfilment of the promise, she arose, walked up to the altar, and thanked God. Mary had fulfilled her promise. She was cured, perfectly cured.

The first four weeks of her restored health she entirely consecrated to God. She remained in Gries to thank God and the Blessed Virgin Mary. And even now at every anniversary of that happy day she may be seen kneeling at the altar with the beads in her hands to continue her thanksgiving.

Thus truly happy is the family, happy the village, happy the country that knows how to venerate Mary, the Queen of the most holy Rosary.

"OPEN evil, at all events, does this good: it keeps good on the alert. When there is no likelihood of an enemy's approaching, the garrison slumber on their post."—*Anon.*

"MAN is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?"
—*Greville.*

SANDA MUHUNA'S PALACE.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

CHAPTER XII.

THE KING'S GREETING.

THE palace was not far away. Soon they reached the gates. Within the enclosure there were three great courts, one beyond the other; and each of these courts was bright with a soft light, shed from hundreds of golden lamps. Tall archers guarded the entrances of the three courts. The air was filled with the sound of gay music that floated out from the balconies above the gateways. At last they reached the main building. The eunuch led them through a spacious hall, and through many rooms, splendidly decorated, and finally halted, saying: "The king's chamber!"

And when Abinissa and Thomas had entered the room, the Apostle could not but admire the beauteous couch of carven ivory, whose coverings were whiter than the moon at the full; and the glittering walls, faced with plates of gold. And, ranged along the room, at the bases of the shining walls, were golden jars, filled with scented waters; and the air was heavy with sweet odors. And, at the end of the room, a curtained doorway faced the one by which they had entered. There stood a crowd of old men, white-haired and white-bearded, carrying wooden staves with sharp metal points. These guarded the Zenana.

The king, who had been reclining on his couch, arose, and received the visitors graciously. To Abinissa he showed much favor; and he listened attentively to his agent's report about Thomas, and about their journey by sea and land, and about their experience during and after the wedding procession. Then the king called aside the chief eunuch and conversed with him; and from him learned of the scenes in the hostelry, and of the crown that Thomas had worn, and of the testimony of those in the hall as to what had happened there. Now Thomas had removed the crown, though he still carried the reed in his hand. And the king bade the slaves bring water; and Thomas cleansed

the blood from his brow, and refreshed himself. Then the eunuch went out, and speedily returned, and with him was the king's brother. He too received Abinissa with much show of affection; and thereafter the king presented Thomas to his brother, and recited to him the story of the bleeding hand. Then calling to him a slave, the king ordered him to serve the guests with wine of honey, and with sweet cakes. And, after they had partaken of one and of the other, the king turned to Thomas, saying: "To-night I shall not further detain you. I would that the keeper of the beasts had not been killed; though, indeed, he deserved punishment for his inhospitality. You were gifted by some god with a more than human power. This I plainly see. To-morrow, come to me, early in the morning, so that I may question you and learn more of your wonderful endowment. And now, give me your word, that, through your divinities, no ill shall come to my beloved daughter."

They had been seated, but, as if by agreement, they all rose up, and Thomas, answering the king, said: "I come, O mighty king! bringing tidings of great joy, and words of peace to you and yours, and to all men. The blessing of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you, and with your daughter, and with your new son, this night and forever." Then, lifting his right hand, he made the sign of the cross over them; and the king, and all present, bowed their heads reverently. And, when they lifted their heads, they looked at one another, wondering; for they had bowed without knowing why. The king was the first to smile. Then he said to the apostle: "This night you shall lodge with me." And calling the chief eunuch, the king ordered him to see that Thomas and Abinissa were well cared for; and, with much ceremony, they were dismissed, and forthwith sought their apartments.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONTRACT.

On the following morning Thomas awoke early. Having prayed long and fervently, he went out on the balcony and looked down upon the garden. The high walls of stone were enriched with precious jewels. Nigh unto the palace there was a vast basin, or tank, which, though artificial, seemed to be a nat-

ural lake. The waters thereof were crystal clear, and on the surface floated island after island of milk-white lotus-flowers. How delightful the trees and the flower-beds—red and yellow blossomed mallows; flowering laurel, pink and white; green-leaved myrtles amid clusters of snowy flowers and luscious rose-apples; madders, with the tall red roots, giant lilies, orchids of indescribable color and most graceful, most fanciful forms; acacias, proud in their flaming plumes! A hundred feet in the air shot up black-trunked Palmyra palms, and elegant bamboos, grouped in rod-like clusters. The tree-ferns and cocoa-palms rivalled the bamboo in height; and others there were, taller still, with straight white trunks, and with spreading, fan-like leaves, thirty feet in diameter. Half a hundred feet above the broad fans, among the smaller, finer leaves, thousands of cream-colored blossoms fought silently for light and for life. Vain peacocks strutted along the white paths. The air was vital with the color, the song, the motion of parroquets, starlings, golden orioles, quaint wagtails, iridescent pigeons, honey-birds, and of butterflies hued like the rainbow.

Thomas could not tire of the beauty of the work of God's hand. Again and again, raising his eyes to heaven, he thanked the Lord for His goodness to men, and again and again besought Him to prosper the preaching of the Gospel among the unhappy people of the blest land of Tambrâparni. When Abinissa came to bring him before the king, the Apostle lingered, so much was he moved by the reflex of heavenly beauty that everywhere appealed to him.

Not in the royal chamber did they enter to-day. The chief eunuch, who met them at the foot of the stairway, brought Thomas and Abinissa to the hall of audience, where the king sat, under a silken canopy, on a throne draped with rich stuff, embossed with gold and silver lotus-flowers. The pillars that supported the ceiling, and even the beams of the ceiling, were of gold, silver, and ivory; and the wall-spaces between were painted with figures of strange beings, flying; and with wreaths of flowers; and with the semblance of a river, and of fish and shells and boats, and of the sky at night, with the moon half covered with ambered clouds. Thomas was invited to seat himself on a mat made of a tiger's

skin; and to him and Abinissa the slaves served a refection of rice and bananas, tamarinds and honey. When the guests had eaten, having conversed meanwhile with the king's brother and with the nobles, the king raised his voice and said: "O Hebrew! tell me whence comes the power that you so fatally wielded yesternight?" And Thomas rising, answered: "From Christ, who was crucified through weakness, and yet liveth through the power of God." "Who is this Christ?" asked the king. "The Father of the prodigal," said the Apostle; "the God of the living; the Word that was in the beginning; the Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world; the bread of life; the long expected One, who came only because He was sent; the Good Shepherd who gave His life for His sheep. He it is who giveth life everlasting. He it is that hath power over all flesh." "Was this Christ a man in the flesh?" asked the king. "Verily," said Thomas, "true man and true God." "You saw him?" was the doubting inquiry of Maha Nama, the king's brother. "Aye, many a time," the Apostle answered; "ate and drank with Him, walked with Him, talked with Him, saw Him die, and again when He had risen from the dead." "Risen from the dead!" exclaimed the king, amazed; "what mean you?" "I mean," replied Thomas, "that Christ died upon a cross, and was buried in a grave; there He lay for three days, and at the end of that time, by His own power, and the power of the Father, He rose from the grave." "Where did He go then?" the king's brother grimly asked. "To the Father, who is in Heaven," was the Apostle's calm, undoubting answer. "How do you know where this Christ went?" queried the king. "From Christ Himself I know," said Thomas. "From the dead man?" Sanda Muhuna inquired. "Aye," replied the Apostle, "from the dead God-Man come to life. For after He rose from the dead, He showed Himself to many; and I, *the Doubter*,"—here the tears forced themselves adown the good man's cheeks—"put this very hand into the wound in His side, and knew Him. And thereafter I conversed with Him, and fished with Him, and ate with Him, praise be to Him for His loving kindness!" "Where does He now live?" asked Maha Nama. "In Heaven, at the right hand of the Father," Thomas answered, raising his eyes meanwhile, and looking steadfastly above, as

though he saw the Lord Himself on high. "Then Christ is both dead and alive?" the king said. "With my own eyes I saw Him ascending into Heaven," replied the Apostle; "so too shall He come!" "What say you—shall He come again?" cried out several of the listeners. "Yes," answered Thomas, "in His own good time; at the right hand of the Father; in power and in majesty will He come to judge the living and the dead." "Who will see Him?" the king's brother asked. "You and your brother, the great king," replied Thomas, "and Abinissa here, and I, and all men from the beginning." "Why came He among men in the first place?" said the king. "That, like the hen that gathereth her chickens under her wings, He might gather all the children of men together," the Apostle made answer. "This indeed is a very beautiful idea," exclaimed the king. "Have you a bit of a bone of this Christ, or a splinter from His tooth-pick, or a hair from His head?" "No," said Thomas; "I have what is better than all these—the outpouring of the Spirit, and the inextinguishable light of the Gospel, and the water of salvation. Of all else connected with my beloved Lord and Master, I have only the loving memory—excepting these valued relics." And thereupon Thomas brought out from his garments a few bits of wood stained red with blood. "These," he said, "are from the standard of the heavenly King. To you, great majesty, and to your brother, I reverently commit a sprig of the evergreen tree. Have faith and you will do better things than the good Asoka ever dreamed of!"

They took the relics, reverently, and wondered much, looking at them. Then the king said: "It is strange indeed. Know that the good King Asoka brought us the sign of a cross, and that we hold it as a sacred and mysterious symbol! As you travel over the roads of my kingdom, you will see the many virtuous inscriptions that he set up for the instruction of the people; and at the beginning and the end of each sacred inscription, you will see that he placed the sign of a cross. He, indeed, was skilled in the mysteries, and learned in the lore of Hoang-Ti, the third of the sons of men, whose lore was brought to India by the priests of China long, long ago. And some men say that the sign of the cross hath a meaning, and that the meaning thereof is 'Saviour.'" "That you revered the sign of the cross, as a

mysterious symbol, I did not know," answered Thomas, "but I am not surprised by what you tell me. For though the first man, whom we call Adam, ungratefully broke the law of God, He mercifully revealed to him the mystery of the coming of a Redeemer who would die on a cross for man's sake. And the tradition of the Fall, and of the Redemption, and of the mystery of the cross, has been handed down among men, though the meaning of the sacred sign has been lost."

The king was silent for a moment. Suddenly, he exclaimed: "How learned you the science and art of the builder?" "I learned both science and art from Him to whom I owe all things," replied the Apostle. "Have you seen the great works I have done, and the greater works of my ancestors; and can you surpass them all?" asked the king. "You shall be the judge, O king!" Thomas answered. "I have confidence in you," the king said. "To-morrow I leave the city to make the whole round of my kingdom. Six months will I journey, that my people may see and know my beloved only daughter, and her husband, and that all my people may learn my power, and that I may also learn the needs of my people. Forthwith I shall bring you to a great square, where I would have you build a palace more beautiful than the eye of man has thus far seen. You shall be bounden to no one. Do as you will! Spend as you please! My brother, Maha Nama, will rule in my absence, and he will give you money as you ask it. Only surpass the best!" "Your majesty speaks like a king," said Thomas. "The house I will build for you will be a most beautiful house, and, I promise you, it shall last for eternity."

Then the king descended from his throne, well pleased, and went out through the garden, and led them to a charming site on rising ground, outside the walls. "Here," said he, "build the palace, unless you find a more desirable place!" Now Thomas had brought with him the very same reed he had carried the night before. And he went over the ground, measuring to the right and to the left, and covering a great length and breadth. "How high will you make it?" asked the king. "I will build into and above the skies," answered Thomas. Whereupon they all smiled; but the Apostle was serious. "I shall face it to the

East," he added, "and nothing shall enter into its walls that is not precious. I will say no more." The king was much delighted, and ordered that Thomas should be cared for, in the palace, as long as he pleased to remain there. And they parted; the king returning to the palace to prepare for his journey. As for Thomas, he began, that very day, the work of his Master.

(To be continued.)

DOMINICAN SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

J. D. F.

ST. PIUS, POPE.—5th.

THE illustrious and holy Pope, Pius V., was born at Bosco, a town in northern Italy. Early in life, his parents, though poor and sore in need of his assistance, willingly gave him up to God when they saw his unwavering desire to enter the Order of St. Dominic. His advancement in the way of perfection was truly marvellous, and it served well the purpose of preparing him for the terrible conflicts that were afterwards to mark his career and to make of him a true follower of his suffering Lord. At the age of twenty-five he was ordained, and after sixteen years spent in the schools, he was elected Inquisitor in Cosmo for the Province of Lombardy, in which office he labored unceasingly to suppress the terrible heresy of Calvin that found an entrance into Italy as well as elsewhere. In 1557 he was made Cardinal, and some years afterwards was chosen for the high office of Supreme Pontiff. His reign was full of important events, and in all that he said and did, while displaying the wisdom and acuteness of the philosopher and sage, he rendered himself still more illustrious by the sincere and humble piety of his conduct. He died on the 3d of April, 1572.

ST. ANTONINUS.—10th.

St Antoninus, a native of Florence, Italy, was born amidst all the comforts and luxuries of a home presided over by parents of rich and noble ancestry. All, nevertheless, that the world could give him was unable to satisfy his heart. He seemed to be con-

stantly straining upwards to a higher horizon, to God and to heaven. At the age of sixteen, the desire of his heart was fulfilled when he was admitted to the Dominican Order. His prayers, his fastings, his austerities, his love for the poor, and his unceasing efforts for the salvation of souls marked him out amongst men as a saint of God. Honors and dignities could never in the least lessen his dignity; on the contrary it seemed only the more to impress him with the thought of his own unworthiness, as was evident by his conduct, when the Holy Father sought to elevate him to the dignity of Archbishop of Florence. It was only after a peremptory command on the part of the Pope that Antoninus consented to assume the high dignity conferred upon him. Great indeed was the influence he wielded over his native citizens, not more, however, by the efficacy of his words than by the powerful stimulus of his example. This holy saint and archbishop died in the year 1459, while singing, in concert with his brethren in religion, the praises of God.

BLESSED JANE OF LUCITANIA.—12th.

The world indeed marvels that anyone can be found who will not only be indifferent to its charms and allurements, but even go so far as actually to despise them. The life of Blessed Jane of Lucitania affords us a most beautiful example of all that is most contrary to the world's ideas and maxims. She was born of royal parents, and surrounded by all that could win her soul from God. But nothing was able to entice her to give her thoughts to transitory things while her soul yearned for those of eternity. Her high birth served but to make her more humble, more self-sacrificing, more devoted to the cause of God and humanity. God had marked her out as His own disciple, and therefore, to render herself the more worthy, she exercised herself continually in the severest penances. No hour of the day she allowed to pass without offering up to her divine Lord some special token of her love, either in prayer, in suffering, or in charity. She died at the age of thirty-nine, and the many miracles wrought at her tomb fully attested the high degree of sanctity she attained before death.

BLESSED ALBERT OF VILLANONEA.—13th.

The life of Blessed Albert affords an illustrious example to

what a degree of sanctity one can reach in the humbler walks of life. Born of poor parents, he was constrained to devote his years to agricultural pursuits. In everything that he did, he labored only for the glory of God, so that his whole life might be called a continual prayer. Like our Lord, he cherished an unbounded love for the poor, and so great were his charitable offerings, that he was subjected to all kinds of abuse and railleries from his not over-pious or charitably disposed wife. But God wished to give an open testimony of the great sanctity of His servant, and so, when one day there was nothing to eat in the house, suddenly there appeared on the table a copious supply of all kinds of splendidly prepared food. It is related, too, that at the very moment of his death, the bells in the church where he was accustomed to pray, rang out as if in joyous testimony that one more was added to the calendar of God's saints.

BLESSED ÆGIDIUS.—14th.

Blessed Ægidius was a son of the governor of Coinbra. He possessed such extraordinary talents that it was commonly imagined that he was sold to the devil. His extensive knowledge of the sciences, which was far ahead of the times, could only be supposed to have emanated from the evil one. His evil and licentious manner of living might seem to give some ground for this wild suspicion, for no indulgence was too gross or too sensual for his depraved tastes. Yet, withal, God saw in him another St. Paul, and accordingly He sent His angel to him, to warn him of the consequence of his evil doings. Certainly this warning had its effect, for in a short time we find the prodigal seeking admission to the Dominican Order, then mounting up step by step to a high order of perfection, persevering then in spite of the relentless attacks of the devil, until finally he died, leaving behind him a reputation for the most exalted piety and virtue.

BLESSED COLUMBA.—20th.

This holy virgin was born in Umbria, Italy. Her name Columba (meaning a dove), was given to her at Baptism on account of a wonderful miracle God was pleased to work in her behalf as an earnest of the future sanctity that was to characterize her life. While she was being baptized a miraculous dove appeared above

her head and hovered about her as if to signify the watchful care with which the Holy Spirit would guard her baptismal innocence. It is again related of her that while an infant she never sought nourishment from her mother on Friday, but once during the whole day. As she grew up her only desire and ambition was to serve God, and accordingly each day seemed to bring new graces to her. She became so pleasing in the sight of Almighty God that each time she went to holy communion a light was visible about her head. God likewise gifted her with the spirit of prophecy, and after death as a still greater testimony of her holiness, many miracles were wrought at her tomb.

BLESSED M. BARTHOLOMEA.—28th.

This holy virgin descended from a noble ancestry, but her station in life never made her proud or ambitious, except in one respect, and that was to serve her Lord and Master in heaven. Deprived early of her mother's care, she nevertheless could in no way be tempted to take advantage of the freedom allotted her in devoting herself otherwise than to the service of God. God was pleased with her conduct, and day after day added new graces to the rich store she had already acquired by her own merits. Her father knowing how eagerly her hand was sought by the richest nobles of the times, strove to make her enter an alliance with one whom he selected. At that moment God intervened to save her. She became a cripple, suffering from the worst forms of disease, and thus while He saved her from an ordeal that would be more distasteful than death, gave an opportunity to resemble Him more in the terrible sufferings she had to undergo. At last she became a member of the Dominican Order. During her religious life she received many new favors from God, and when death came she hailed it with joyous gladness in the consciousness that soon she was to be united in endless bliss with the blessed object of her love.

BLESSED JAMES SOLOMON.—31st.

Blessed James Solomon of Venetia was born of a noble family. He was bereft of his parents at a very early age. He was, however, left in possession of immense riches, which he distributed amongst the poor in order that he might the more steadily and

surely follow in the footsteps of our divine Lord. He was gifted with an extraordinary piety, even from his tenderest years, and that he might have better opportunities to give himself unreservedly to the service of God, he applied for permission to enter the Order of St. Dominic. His fervor each day increased for the sixty-six years he spent in religion. And long before his death he made known the precise time in which it was to occur. His sufferings were extraordinary, so that he became so helpless he could not walk; finally, after having borne the cross for many long years, he died the death of the elect in the year 1314.

EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER.

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

SIXTH PETITION.—*And lead us not into temptation.* There are some, who, having committed sins, desire to be forgiven, and therefore they confess and do penance for them, but still they do not do *all* that is required of them to avoid committing the same sins again. It is by no means agreeable to be, on the one hand, deploring one's sins and doing penance for them, and on the other to be adding to the reason why we should deplore them by committing fresh ones. Hence, Isaias says: "*Wash yourselves, be clean, take away the evil of your devices from my eyes; cease to do perversely.*"—i. 16. Therefore, as in the preceding petition Christ taught us to ask forgiveness for our sins, so in this one He teaches us that if we would avoid sin, to ask that we be not led into temptation through which we fall into sin.

There are three points to be considered in this petition. The first is about temptation; the second, how man is tempted and by whom; the third, how he is freed from temptation. With regard to the first it is to be borne in mind that to *tempt* means to try, or test, or prove. To tempt a man therefore means to prove his virtue, fidelity; and as this virtue is made up of two things, the proving will be twofold. A virtuous man is first, one who acts well; secondly, one who shuns evil, according to the testimony of the Psalmist: "*Turn away from evil and do good.*"—xxxiii. 15. Some-

times a trial is made in one of these, and sometimes in the other. Man is tried in the first by discovering if he is *prompt* to execute what is good. God sometimes tries man in this way, not that He is ignorant of the extent and degree of man's willingness and promptness, but that others may know, and have an example. Thus God tempted Abraham and Job. And He often sends tribulations to the just, so that while they patiently endure them their constancy is apparent, and they make progress in virtue. "*The Lord your God tries you, so that it may be made known whether you love Him or not.*"—Deut. xiii. Thus God tempts by exciting to good. (If we were not put to the test we would have no occasion to exercise our virtues.)

"IF."

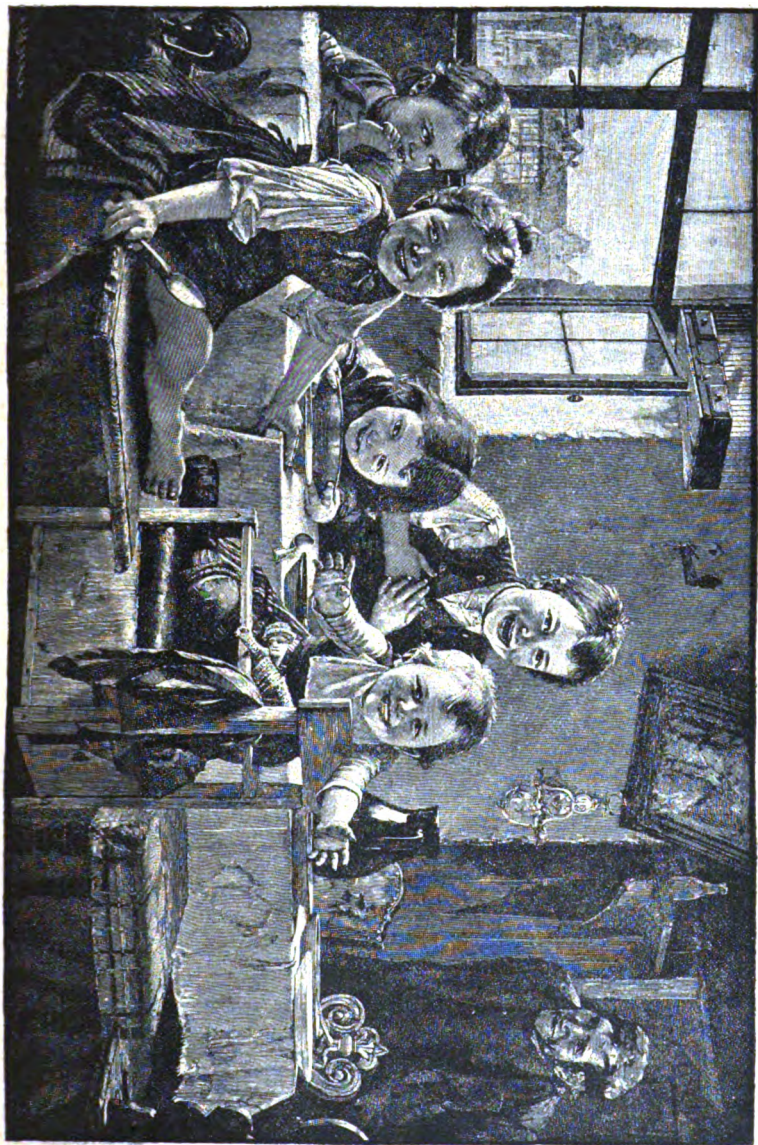
If any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter;
God help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another;
God give me love and care and strength
 To help my toiling brother.

—*The Catholic Youth.*

The Children of the Rosary.

HERE'S A GREETING TO YOU ALL!



A CHAT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

WE were, indeed, pleased to notice how promptly and with what great care the Little Ones of THE ROSARY responded to our suggestion about the World's Fair letter. No doubt the boy from the pine-tree State, who first called our attention to this matter, would be as proud as ourselves if he could get only a peep at all of the letters which came to us. And such nice letters, every one of them! There are too many to print them all! They would fill several magazines. So we have arranged them in classes: first, according to the *neatness*, *legibility*, and *composition*, which are the best recommendations for any letter, and secondly, according to the places from which they hail. The prize-letter, by the decision of the judges whom we selected, was written by a Chicago little girl. There were other letters longer and shorter, but there were none so neat and to the point and correct in spelling. Thomas J. Riley's letter from Walnut Hill, Mass., was perhaps the most accurate, and James Greenwood's from Kansas City, Mo., was the most poetical, whilst Jennie R. Morris's from Philadelphia was the most artistic. Josie McAuliffe's from Valparaiso, Ind., had the most figures. Marguerite Linehan, Cambridge, Mass.; Nellie M. Conroy, Philadelphia; Jennie Hayden, Waterbury, Conn.; Katie Dolan, New York City, and a great many more, wrote good letters.

Here is the prize letter:

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 25, 1893.

Dear Editor of the Rosary:

I read your kind invitation to the boys and girls of THE ROSARY to write a description of the World's Fair. Although I have not visited it yet, I know a few things that perhaps other little boys and girls do not know, since they do not live in this great city, and for whose benefit you invite us to write.

The Fair is to be held in Jackson and Washington Parks, which are beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, about seven miles south of the business part of the city.

It is said that the Fair will last only six months, but I think it will last longer, because in that short time many people who are interested in this great exposition will not be able to visit it as often as they should like.

This Fair will do a great deal of good. It will enable people who thirst for knowledge, and who have not time nor means to do so, an opportunity of gratifying this desire. Each country of the world will be represented there by its people, products, art exhibit, and educational exhibit. Even its architecture will be shown in miniature villages. The people find employment more readily, for many buildings of various and beautiful architecture are being erected, not only in the Fair Grounds, but also in different parts of the city. It would be a benefit too in developing talent which would perhaps otherwise never give to the world the beautiful and varied productions of intellect which has been given by the good God to man, the work of His hand. Even in our own classroom we have found, by trying, that we can do very pretty and good work which will be placed for exhibit in the "Educational Building."

I hope, dear Father, that I have not made my letter too long, and that I have answered satisfactorily the three questions proposed in the last edition of *THE ROSARY*.

With much respect, I am a child of Mary,
MARY DRISCOLL,
Age 12 years.

And here is a letter from a little South Boston boy which would surely have captured the prize, the judges say, had it been as nicely prepared as May Driscoll's. May be little boys are not as neat and tidy as little girls, and that may account for the awarding of first honors to the little Miss in Chicago. However, we will not stop to discuss that matter just now; you are waiting for the letter:

SO. BOSTON, MARCH 20, 1893.

To the Editor of the Rosary.

DEAR SIR:—I am eleven years old, and read your paper every month. I like the "Children's Department" very much, and seeing that you offered a prize for the best description of the "World's Fair," I will try my best to win it.

The World's Columbian Exposition, which will take place at Chicago, was authorized by Act of Congress, and approved April 25, 1890, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

The grounds and buildings were dedicated on the 12th of October, 1892, the anniversary of the discovery.

The gates will be opened to visitors on the 1st of May, 1893, and the Exhibition will close on the 30th of October following.

It will surpass any of the previous Exhibitions held, and the cost for preparation will exceed \$25,000,000.

All nations have been invited by the Government of the United States to take part, fifty-nine of which have accepted. Each nation will represent the industries and customs of its people. Fifty of the States and Territories of the Union will also take part.

The grounds will admit about thirty-five millions of people.

The Fair will show the great inventions of man for his protection and comfort,—machinery, (which saves so much time and labor) works of art, products of the different countries, etc., etc.

It will give people a knowledge of what is going on in the world around them, make a friendly feeling among the different nations, (therefore making peace) elevate the minds of all that visit it, and circulate a large sum of money in that city.

Hoping that you will kindly take notice of my composition, I remain,
Yours Very Truly,

E. VINCENT FORD.

P. S. I will pray to Saint Thomas Aquinas for to win the prize.

Now, Little Ones, no doubt there are many of you who will not see the World's Fair, but you can and will all thank God for the blessings that we enjoy in this most beautiful country under the sun. Surely the words of the poet are not applicable to any of THE ROSARY children:

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
‘This is my own, my native land!’”

Bless God that you are Americans, and resolve always to reflect honor and credit on the name,

* * * * *

Write to THE ROSARY again, children; send puzzles, conundrums, etc., and their solutions. If they are very good you will see them published and hear how the little ones in all quarters have answered them.

* * * * *

This is the month of our Mother—the beautiful month of May,—the children's month—the month of promise, of buds, of hope! The children of THE ROSARY will lift their hearts in prayer in unison with the devout of every land, to the gracious Queen of Heaven, during this joyous month.

“Gather the rose-buds while you may.” Turn the moments to advantage. Foster a tender devotion to your Queen now, and it will bear fruit for you in God's good time, when the spring-time of your lives will be only a picture for memory to gaze upon! “They that in the early morning watch for me shall find me. They that find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the the Lord.” This is the assurance of your heavenly Mother.



POLLY'S LOVE-LETTER.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

I'm writing a letter to Papa,
He's out in a ship on the sea;
In all his nice letters to Mamma,
He sends lots of kisses to me.

My Mamma she says they are kisses,
And she ought to know, I think;
But Bennie, he says: "it is foolish—
They're spatters and blots of ink!"

Ben stands at his desk when he's writing,
My Mamma she writes on her knee;
I never could find her "lap-tablet;"
Ben's desk is too tall for me.

I'll take his pen, ink, and paper,—
Of course he never will care;—
And when I'm done with it for climbing
I'll just make a desk of his chair.

* * * *

She wrote for a whole long minute,
Then paused and began to think:
"I wonder," she said, a-musing,
"How papa makes kisses of ink."

Now kitty-cat thought she could help her,
Though she couldn't quite see how,
But she sprang to the chair in a twinkle,
With never a warning *meow*.

* * * *

Alas! dear Polly may ponder
O'er making love-kisses no more,
For that mischievous, helpful Kitty
Spilled the ink in one kiss on the floor!

THE ROSARY AT THE THEATRE.

WITHOUT making devotion a specialty, Napoleon I. had nevertheless very clear ideas on religious matters, which ideas were implanted in his mind during his early years. One day, at the period of his highest prosperity, this monarch went to the theatre, attended by a young page for whom he had a lively affection, and whom he was desirous of attaching to his person. The emperor, however, paid but little attention to the drama, and spent his time in examining the assistance. The conduct of his young attendant seemed greatly to astonish him; this young man appeared to be rapt in thought and to take very little interest in the representation. Besides, he obstinately kept his hands hidden under a fur overcoat spread across his knees. Suddenly Napoleon, leaving his seat, bent over the young duke's shoulder, and, thrusting his hand into the fur overcoat, brought forth a pair of beads. At that period, and with the majority of those present, the beads were not in great honor, and the blushing page stood waiting a severe reprimand. "Ah, Augustus, I caught you!" said Napoleon. "Well," continued he, "I am proud of you; you are above the nonsense of the theatre; you are a noble youth, and you will one day be a man. Continue," said he, returning the beads, "I will trouble you no more." Those who witnessed the scene and heard the words of the monarch dared not laugh at the devotion of the page. He who thus said his beads at the theatre did indeed become a man: he died Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon, leaving numberless proofs of eminent holiness.—*Selected.*

DAVE HARLOWE'S TIN BOX.

EDWIN ANGELOE.

It was midnight.

Dave Harlowe knelt at the bedside of his dying father, listening to the latter's parting words.

"Dave, be brave in all the misfortunes you may have to face when I am gone, and never let anything tempt you to do what is wrong. Take this tin box. In it you will find one hundred dollars, all the money I have in the world to leave you. Here is the key also. Keep the box always, Dave, and remember me."

Dave took the box and key from his father's trembling hand, and replaced them in the old wooden chest from which he had taken them a few minutes before at Mr. Harlowe's bidding.

Dave was but little interested in his father's gift. The boy's heart was filled with deep, still grief, for he knew that he would soon be an orphan.

An hour later Ambrose Harlowe died.

Two days later his funeral took place.

There was only one other attendant besides Dave. It was Mrs. Miller, the woman with whom Mr. Harlowe had boarded.

"What are your plans for the future, Dave?" she asked on their arrival home from the cemetery.

"I think I shall remain here with you, Mrs. Miller, until I get some kind of a situation. My father left me some money—a hundred dollars."

"Oh, he did? He entrusted me with a sum of money last week to meet his funeral expenses. I have ten dollars of it left. I did not think he had much more than a few dollars besides what he gave me. Here, you had better have the remainder."

Mrs. Miller took out her pocket-book and offered our hero the money.

"Is there nothing due you for board or anything, Mrs. Miller?"

"Nothing. Your father was particular to clear up everything."

Dave took the money, while Mrs. Miller asked:

"How can you afford to pay me full board, Dave? A hundred dollars will last a little while, but not long. I prefer to let you

pay me just half-rate until you find something to do. That will be three dollars per week. I suppose you cannot go back to your old place?"

"I'm afraid not. When the firm saw that I was compelled to remain home to nurse father, they were unjust and told me I need never come back. It was in the midst of their busy season, and they did not like my going."

"How very unreasonable!"

"However, I think I will visit them to-morrow and see if there is any chance of my being taken back."

"What is the firm's name?"

"Bruce & Walker. They are wholesale stationers. Their office is on William Street."

"I hope you will succeed with them, Dave."

Accordingly, Dave called on his late employers next day. He asked to see Mr. Bruce, the senior partner of the firm, and was ushered into the latter's private office. Dave explained the object of his visit, while the stationer listened disinterestedly.

"Your position here was that of clerk, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was your salary?"

"Six dollars a week."

Mr. Bruce stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Your old position is now occupied by another," said he, at length. "We shall need a boy after this week to run errands, etc. Phil is going to leave, Saturday night. Your wages will be only half what you did receive. You may come here Monday and begin your duties if you choose. That is the best I can do for you."

"Very well, sir, I will come. Thank you. Good-morning."

"Good-morning."

Though the result of Dave's visit was somewhat beneficial, he was in a great measure disappointed.

"Three dollars a week," he reflected. "I don't see how I'm going to get along on that money. It will have to do, though, till something better turns up."

After Dave left the office he took a stroll down to the East River wharves to look at the ships.

As he was standing on Pier 9, looking at a body of workmen

engaged in loading a brig called the *Setting Sun*, he was suddenly startled by some one from behind who touched him on the shoulder.

He turned and beheld a rather rough looking man of apparently thirty years, who smiled cordially at him.

The stranger's face was covered with a beard of a week's growth, and altogether he made a very unfavorable appearance.

"My young friend, is your name Harlowe?"

"It is," replied Dave, wondering who the man could be.

"I thought so. I used to know your father some years ago. Wasn't he at one time aboard the *Mary Temple*?"

"He was an officer on that ship at one time."

"Did you ever hear him mention me? My name is Jim Sparks."

"Yes. He told me once how you had a desperate fight with a shark out at sea."

"That I did, and nearly lost my life, too. Tell me something about your father. Is he living yet?"

"No. He died a few days since, and was buried yesterday," said Dave, in a low tone.

"You don't say! I'm sorry to hear it. I suppose he left you well fixed?"

"My father died a poor man. He was only a book-keeper for a flour merchant. He got sick of consumption, and had to give up his position. It took nearly all he had saved to pay his expenses."

"You're the very image of your father. That was why I came up to you a minute ago. You're quite a grown fellow. How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Your mother died when you were an infant, so I heard your father say."

"Yes. I have no recollection of her whatever, but I have a little picture of her at home."

"You live alone, I suppose?"

"I board with a woman named Mrs. Miller."

"I'm captain of that lighter alongside the brig," said Jim Sparks, indicating the direction with his finger. "The *Opal* is her name. She's going to deliver five hundred barrels of meal to

the brig this afternoon. I'm going aboard my boat now. Would you like to come?"

"Yes," said Dave, rather pleased at the invitation. "I like to explore boats."

"We'll have to climb over the brig to get to her."

"So I see. Only her mast is visible from here."

Sparks and Dave stepped aboard the vessel, and thence onto the lighter.

Jim Sparks spoke to his mate who was at the pump, and then, with our hero, went below into the rather small place which might be called a forecabin.

"You haven't told me your first name yet," said Sparks, when they were seated.

"Dave."

"I like it. I once had a brother by that name."

Though Dave had been unfavorably impressed with Jim Sparks at first, he was now beginning to think better of him.

"I did not like his looks at first," said he to himself. "I think I was a little too severe in judging him. It is his work that gives him that repelling look. Besides, father knew him, and I never heard him say anything against Jim Sparks."

Dave stood aboard the *Opal* until noon, when he started to leave for home.

Jim Sparks offered to share his lunch with Dave, but the latter declined with warm thanks.

"What is the street and number where you live, Dave?"

Dave told him.

"You wouldn't mind if I'd give you a call some evening, would you? I'd like to keep up the acquaintance of my old friend's son."

"I should be glad to have you come up," said Dave, in a cordial tone.

"All right. You'll see me some night before long. Good-bye."

Dave left the *Opal* and took his way homeward:

That very night he received a call from Jim Sparks, who had a companion with him.

Dave's good impressions went back to his previous opinion when he saw that Sparks had been drinking.

The lighter captain came into Dave's room in a jolly, familiar manner that Dave did not like.

"I'm glad to see you, lad," said Sparks in a loud voice. "Didn't I tell you I'd give you a call soon? This is my frien', Bill Hayes."

Dave bowed to the other man, who also seemed to be a trifle under the influence of liquor.

"I wish they had not come," said Dave to himself. "I don't like their company. My first impressions of Jim Sparks were correct, I believe."

"Dave's father and I were as thick as brothers," said Sparks with enthusiasm.

This remark was distasteful to Dave, who believed it was uttered without sufficient ground.

Mr. Harlow had at times referred to Jim Sparks in his narrations of sea-life, but never in such a way as to lead one to imagine they had been special friends.

Suddenly Jim Sparks' eye lighted on the wooden chest in the corner

"Your father's old chest!" he exclaimed. "I remember it well. It brings back old times."

Dave felt rather uneasy. The tin box of money was secreted there. The chest was always unlocked, the key having long been lost. Dave did not wish to misjudge the lighter captain, but he was uncertain of his honesty.

"Let's have a look at the inside, lad. Your father once gave me some tobacco out of that chest, and, somehow, the thing has a charm for me."

It was not easy for Dave to refuse the request, so he advanced and raised the heavy lid.

"The tin box is well hidden under an old coat," he said to himself. "I'll be careful not to let it be seen."

When Jim Sparks saw the old coat, he recognized that also as an old sea garment of Mr. Harlowe's.

"I remember that, too," he said, picking it up rather freely, and uncovering the box. "Hello! what's that, a cash box?"

"Yes," answered Dave.

"You have a fortune in there, I suppose," said Sparks, with a grin.

"Not a fortune," said Dave, evasively, his uneasiness increasing.

"How much have you got?" asked Sparks.

"I don't like his inquisitiveness," thought Dave. "A hundred dollars," he said aloud.

"You're rich. I've been working steadily for a year and haven't got a hundred cents, except what's coming to me Saturday night. I spend every dollar I earn, and even then tumble into debt before the week is over."

Sparks' curiosity having been satisfied, Dave lowered the lid. Ten minutes later the lighter captain and his companion took their departure, much to Dave's relief.

"I can't tell why, but I have a strange feeling over me concerning Jim Sparks. I am sorry that I met him."

Dave spent the next day in trying to get a position better than the one he expected to hold at Bruce and Walker's. As fate would have it, he succeeded in getting an engagement in a lighter-age office on Beaver Street. He was to take the place of a clerk who had left that very day. The salary was quite a liberal one, and Dave was much elated to think that it would afford him a chance to support himself generously. Dave began his duties at once, and stayed in the office until five o'clock. Mr. Pixley, his new employer, was most satisfactorily pleased with him, and told him so after hours.

"You are a clever, able fellow, Dave, and about the best clerk I have ever had. I tell you this because I think you deserve it."

"Thank you, Mr. Pixley. I am much pleased to know that you are satisfied with me."

(To be continued.)

"A PROPER secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones."—*Chesterfield*.

"We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation."—*Seneca*.

"It is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upward when most burdened."—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by LOUISA MORRISON.

Dol:ful and slow.

1st Sop.

2d Sop.

1. Be-hold for us the Sav-iour dies, For us the Lamb of God is slain;
2. His mourning Mother standing near Looks on His ag - o - niz - ing face,
3. O ho - ly Cross! Love's symbol blest, Faith's sign supreme, Heav'n's only key,

ALTO.

On Cal-v'ry's cross is lift - ed up The per-fect Vic - tim with-out stain.
And by His will di-vine be-comes The Mother of the hu - man race.
Be on our hearts for aye impressed, And from earth's bondage set us free.

Chorus.

List - en, O Moth-er, while we pray,..... We show thee

while we pray,

all..... our cares and needs,..... As pleading for thy aid we

We show thee all

our cares and needs,

say..... The A-ves on..... thy blessed beads.....

thy aid we say,

The A - ves on

blessed beads.

Notes.

Now is the time to renew your subscription! You will find a blank for this purpose on the last page of advertisements.

With this number we begin the third volume of THE ROSARY.

The Dominican missionaries who during Holy Week and Easter Week availed themselves of an opportunity to take a much-needed rest, began the second week of April with a mission in Richmond, Va. Two bands in the East and one in the West will be constantly at work for a long time to come.

The month of May! the month of Mary; the seed time; the time of prayer and supplication!

"Hitherto you have not asked the Father anything in My name," said Jesus to His disciples on one occasion. Yes; ask the Father in the name of Jesus, through the gracious intercession of His Mother, for whatsoever you need, and your prayers will not go unheard. This month, with its clustering associations, invites you to prayer.

Very Rev. L. F. Kearney, O. P., S. T. L., prior of St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, Ohio, has been selected by the Very Rev. Father Provincial to deliver a lecture before the Summer School at Plattsburg, N. Y.

This selection was made in compliance with the request of the committee on lectures, of which the Rev. T. McMillan, C. P., is the honored chairman.

The subject of Father Kearney's lecture is, "What we owe to the Summa of St. Thomas;" a subject with which the learned young Dominican is thoroughly familiar, but which in justice, both to the matter and the speaker, should not be confined to the limits of a single lecture. We hope to be able to give the readers of THE ROSARY the benefit of this lecture, which no doubt will be both interesting and erudite, as it will be prepared by one to the manner born.

It is our purpose furthermore to follow up this lecture on the *Summa* with a series of popular papers on this same subject. The Prince of theologians whose writings the followers of all schools revere and bow down before, is practically unknown to the people. They have

heard it said that he is the greatest theologian, the best Christian philosopher, but how he wrote and what he wrote are not known to them.

Nor will the treatment of such a subject be dry and unattractive. It will be put forward in a plain, popular style, readily within the popular grasp, something that has not yet been done. It remained for the non-Catholics of England to put out a translation of the Fathers, and now we are credibly informed they are at work on a translation of the *Summa* of St. Thomas.

We must once more remark that any articles whatsoever sent to THE ROSARY must bear the name and address of the sender.

Several of our readers have notified us that they will be unable to continue any longer as subscribers for the reason that they are about to enter the convent to make a trial of their vocations.

Whilst we regret that these readers are leaving us, we are rejoiced to note that in the pursuit of true happiness they are advancing in the right direction. We offer them our prayerful wishes for the success of their undertaking.

On the other hand we could not help smiling at the excuse that others gave for discontinuing: "I am married now, and cannot afford to subscribe."

We beg to remind those who send us beads to be indulged that it would be well to have the name and address of the sender on the box or package. We have had to delay returning several packages of beads for the reason that we did not know to whom they belonged.

Our correspondent who some time ago asked us for the meaning of the word "chaplet," is referred to page 3 of this number.

The beautiful engraving with which we present our readers this month is a reproduction of one of Raphael's masterpieces, that bearing the title "The Virgin of the House of Alba." It takes its name from a man cruel and ferocious, the Duke of Alba, Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, who was viceroy of Flanders. After having been more than two hundred years in the family of the Duke of Alba, the picture was carried to England, where it figured

in the celebrated collection of Lord Cowley; from thence it was borne to 'St. Petersburg to the gallery of L'Ermitage.

Mr. John J. McGinnis of Brooklyn is the author of "A New Song for Ireland." It was received with great favor, and its merits brought out to the best advantage on St. Patrick's night in Brooklyn by Miss Humphry.

Only the genuine is counterfeited.—Henry Coyle, whose writings are well-known to the readers of THE ROSARY, has the distinction of hearing that some fraud is palming himself off on the good people of Boston, as we see by the subjoined clipping from the Boston *Evening Transcript* of March 25.

"A man assuming the name of Henry Coyle, and claiming to have written the articles in 'The Orphan's Bouquet,' really contributed by that author, has been soliciting subscriptions for the paper in Boston and its vicinity, and making no returns. He is an impostor.

Any information that will lead to his apprehension will be gratefully received at the House of the Angel Guardian."

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

May 1. Feast of SS. Philip and James. Plenary Indulgence, C.C.

May 5. Feast of St. Pius. Plenary Indulgence, C.C.

May 7. First Sunday of the month. Three Plenary Indulgences.

a) C.C. Visit Rosary chapel.

b) C.C. Assist at procession.

c) C.C. Visit Rosary chapel; prayer.

May 10. Feast of St. Antoninus. Plenary Indulgence C.C.

May 11. Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord. Three Plenary Indulgences.

a) C.C. Visit Rosary chapel.

b) C.C. Stations.

c) C.C. Visit any church; prayer.

May 21. Feast of Pentecost. Two Plenary Indulgences.

a) C.C. Visit Rosary chapel.

b) C.C. Visit any church; prayer.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. *Does a Crucifix blessed with indulgences for a happy death lose that efficacy if kissed or worn by a person to whom it does not belong.*

Ans. Your question involves several points that must be brought out so that you may understand the reason of the answer to be given.

The Church grants the indulgences attached to articles, *e. g.*, to beads, crucifixes, medals, etc., *only* to the first person using them, or for whom they were blessed. The indulgence for a happy death is affixed to crucifixes in such a way that the first person holding a crucifix so indulgenced in his hand, or looking upon it and piously pronouncing the holy name of Jesus, either orally or mentally, receives a full remission of the temporal punishment due to his sins, provided, of course, that all the other conditions for the fruitful reception of the plenary indulgence

have been fulfilled. After a crucifix of this kind has *once* been used in *articulo mortis*—at the time of death,—it is necessary to have it indulgenced anew.

So you perceive there is no indulgence granted for the pious carrying of, or for prayers before the crucifix blessed as you mention. The indulgence of such a crucifix is applied only *in articulo*, and to the first person using it. I would not have you conclude that no other indulgences may be attached to this crucifix; because it is true that different indulgences may be affixed to one and the same object.

2. *In saying the Hail Mary, is it correct to say "Our Lord is with thee"? If not, how did that form originate?*

Ans. It is not only incorrect; it has also been condemned. We do not know how the custom originated. See the Racolta.

BOOK NOTICES.

MARY, THE MOTHER OF CHRIST, in Prophecy and its fulfilment, by Richard F. Quigley, LL.B., etc. Second Edition revised and enlarged. Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati.

This compilation of a very animated controversy that took place a few years ago shows plainly that Mr. Quigley is thoroughly conversant with the subject which he defends against what must

appear as the maliciously ignorant diatribes of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kingdon, coadjutor bishop of Fredericton, N. B., and his vicar, the Rev. J. M. Davenport. When Mr. Quigley's book was first published, its title would lead one to suppose at first sight that it was a learned and exhaustive disquisition on the Latin pronoun "*Ipse, Ipsa, Ipsum.*"

As a matter of fact these pronouns

figure most prominently in the discussion, as they are supposed to have been the occasion for the controversy, of which even non-Catholic writers declare Mr. Quigley has had the best. In spite of the rancorous epithets and other minor defects, of which perhaps much repetition and redundancy are the ones that meet the reader oftenest, the book is deserving of a place in every learned man's library. From an exegetical standpoint the text of Genesis iii. 15 is exhaustively treated.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM THE SCRIPTURES. From the French. Edited by Rev. John J. Bell. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati & Chicago. Price, cloth, net, \$1.25.

This is a grouping under four different heads of the moral truths found in the sapiential books of Scripture.

The four general heads (viz. 1. Duties of Man to God; 2. to himself; 3. toward his neighbor; 4. social duties, which last might more logically, we imagine, be included with the third head) are again subdivided into particular branches of thought, all taken from the Scriptures, and constituting a truly admirable book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OBERAMMERGAU, by Rev. M. J. Lochemes. Geo. A. Pflaum, Dayton, Ohio, Publisher. Price, 30 cents.

This little book the publisher tremblingly declares is his first effort at book publishing. We are glad to be able to assure him that we think his initial book will make a decidedly favorable impression, and that he will be encouraged to continue on the same line, and achieve a well merited success.

Father Lochemes writes his "Recollections" with a devout and fervent pen, tipped with enough of the poetical to lend a rich color to his descriptions. His name may be a new one to English readers, but those who like *Pennsylvania*

Dutch have undoubtedly often laughed at his funny sayings in that 'alf and 'alf dialect.

A GENTLEMAN, by M. F. Egan, LL.D. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati & Chicago. Price, 16mo, gilt top, 75 cents.

Just the kind of a book to place in the hands of the young. It is written in Mr. Egan's best vein. It is instructive and humorous, and witty and very readable. Nor is the book, as one might suspect from the title, a mere compilation of the rules of etiquette and external behavior. It is full of a good-natured, thoughtful, sensible, advice, regulating conscience first, and the external conduct as a result. Listen to this: "A nation without reverence has begun to die; its feet are cold, though it may still grin. A nation whose youth are without enthusiasm has no future beyond the piling up of dollars. It is not so with our country yet; but the fact remains, enthusiasm is dying, and hero-worship needs revival.

FLOWERS OF THE PASSION. Thoughts from St. Paul of the Cross.

These "flowers" were culled from letters of the saint by one of his own spiritual children. The translation is admirably rendered by Ella A. Mulligan. Benziger Brothers are the publishers.

HERMIGILD, OR THE TWO CROWNS; a tragedy in five acts (for male characters) by the Rev. John Oechtering. Price per copy, 25 cents; per dozen, \$2.50.

PRIMARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati & Chicago. Price, 40 cents.

We are much pleased to notice that the publishers have issued a primary edition of their "School History of the United States." This Primary History, we feel certain, is much needed, and will be eagerly sought for the children of the parochial schools.

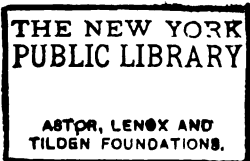
MAY ROSARY.

INTENTIONS FOR MAY.

The prayers of Rosarians are asked for the welfare of our Holy Mother, the Church; for the needs of His Holiness, the Pope; also for several other intentions, viz.: for the success of an undertaking, and the means to pursue a religious vocation; for a brother in distress; for the wherewith to pay a debt; restoration of a father's health; for a retentive memory; the means to educate two children; that a young person may know her vocation; for a family in distress; for a young man grown reckless;

for Miss Gillespie who died in Mexico on March 9th; for Mrs. Cavanagh who died Dec. 19, '92, in West Newton, Mass.; for a young girl out of work and sick; for a brother neglecting his religious duties; for the safe return home of a husband; for success in getting employment; for the family of a drinking father; for the conversion of a young man; for a sick mother; for funds for a parish school; for a mother's conversion.

Thanks are returned for a brother's recovery from a long spell of sickness; for restored eyesight to a poor girl; for the success of a work.





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No. 2

THE SACRED HEART.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

DEEP red the altar blossoms, and deep red
The lamp which glows before the shrinèd Guest.
Red was the blood that from His wounded breast
Burst mightily in love when life had fled
His Sacred Heart, whose latest pulses sped
With love's own swiftness to the final test,
And gave,—and gave their all at love's behest,
Until the grave and Death himself were fed.
Oh, blossomed sweets! Oh, fragrant, slender flame!
By day, by night, make fair this holy place,
And tell the world why it is set apart.
Tell o'er and o'er the story that shall shame
The loved unloving. For a little space
Speak ye for Him: "Behold—behold my Heart!"

THE STORY OF THE EARLY DOMINICAN MISSIONS IN AMERICA.

MARY M. MELINE.

ON the second voyage of Columbus to his new-found land, there was in his company a Dominican monk, the Rev. Bernardo Boil, who bore the Pope's commission as Vicar-Apostolic of the Indies. On the feast of the Epiphany, 1494, Vicar-General Boil consecrated a church in Hispaniola, the first church of the more southern portion of America, for it must not be forgotten that several years before, explorers and missionaries from Iceland and Ireland had discovered and evangelized the northern portion, having Greenland for their Cathedral site, and had ventured as far south as the Narragansett Bay of to-day. Father Boil remained in the new country some two years and then returned to Spain. For seven years the islands were left without any ecclesiastical superior. At length in 1501, Bishop de Espinal, "a venerable and pious man," with twelve Franciscans, was sent to conduct the missions. In the next year Bartolòmeo Las Casas entered upon the work of saving the Indians.

Irving, in his *Life of Columbus*, speaks thus of this holy man: "The whole of his future life, a space exceeding sixty years, was devoted to vindicating the cause, and endeavoring to ameliorate the sufferings of the natives. As a missionary he traversed the wilderness of the new world in various directions, seeking to convert and civilize them; as a protector and champion he made several voyages to Spain, vindicated their wrongs before courts and monarchs, wrote volumes in their behalf, exhibited a zeal, a constancy and intrepidity worthy of an apostle." "Never," says the late Dr. Shea in his "Missions," "did men more nobly deserve a niche in the temple of benevolence than the early and later Spanish missionaries. The impetuous Las Casas, so far from standing alone, is really one of the least conspicuous, even in the missionary annals of his own order."

And Robertson, in his history of America, writes: "From the time that ecclesiastics were sent as instructors into America, they

perceived that the vigor with which their countrymen treated the natives rendered their ministry altogether fruitless. The missionaries, in conformity with the mild spirit of that religion which they were employed to publish, soon remonstrated against the maxims of the planters with respect to the Americans, and condemned the repartimientos, or distributions, in which they were given up as slaves to their conquerors, as no less contrary to natural justice and the precepts of Christianity than to sound policy. The Dominicans to whom the instruction of the Americans was originally committed, were the most vehement in attacking the repartimientos. In 1511, Motesino, one of their most eminent preachers, inveighed against this practise in the great church, St. Domingo, with all the impetuosity of his natural eloquence. Don Diego Columbus, the principal officers of the colony, and all the laymen who had been his hearers, complained of the monk to his superiors; but they, instead of condemning, applauded his doctrine as equally pious and reasonable. The Dominicans refused to absolve such as continued to hold the natives in servitude.... The violent operations of Albuquerque revived the zeal of the Dominicans against the repartimientos, and called forth an advocate for that oppressed people who possessed all the courage, the talents, and the activity requisite in supporting such a desperate cause. This was Bartolomeo de las Casas, a native of Seville. He early adopted the opinion prevalent among ecclesiastics with respect to the unlawfulness of reducing the natives to servitude; and that he might demonstrate the sincerity of his conviction, he relinquished all the Indians who had fallen to his share, declaring that he should ever bewail his misfortune and guilt in having exercised for a moment this dominion over his fellow creatures. From that time he became the avowed patron of the Indians; and by his bold interpositions in their behalf, as well as by the respect due to his abilities and character, he had often the merit of setting some bounds to the excesses of his countrymen."

This is valuable testimony, since this historian can seldom see anything to admire in Catholicity or Catholics.

And thus we see, that if with Columbus came the sword and the arquebus, there also came the Cross and the Rosary. Civilization brought with it then, as it does now, the vices of men who had

thrown off the restraints of religion, and by their loose lives covered the name of the Faith of their baptism with obloquy. Then, as now, we find lust of power, of gold, of land,—cruelty and bloodshed. But with these, as some exquisite flowers bloom amid the noxious miasma of tropic swamps, came love of God, and its twin virtue, love of man for God's sake, zeal and self-devotion, self-sacrifice and holiness of living. Narvarez, de Soto, de Leon, Coronado, Alvarado—all these, following the spirit of greed and vain-glory, won as their guerdon the reproach of nations and the hatred of their helpless victims, while Fathers Las Casas, Cancer, Montesnio, de Fena, Mark, de Padilla, Serra, Segura, Jogues—the list is too long,—are names at which to-day the veriest scoffer at all high and holy things lifts his hat and pauses, if not in benediction, at least for a thought of veneration. The most fanatical of Protestants, unless he would make himself a laughing-stock to the world, will find but one reply to the question as to the most efficient and earnest, the best and first missionaries among the redmen.

Here the Catholic priesthood, Dominicans, Franciscans, Recollects, Jesuits, and seculars, stand forth with their sisters in religion in a glorious pre-eminence which cannot be overlooked. From the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, long ere the Puritans sang psalms on Plymouth Rock, or Cavaliers settled Jamestown, these devoted men had formed a *cordon* of missionary stations through the densest forests, and this might well be called a *cordon rouge*, for their blood dyed alike the northern waters and the southwestern plains in testimony of their earnestness and zeal.

Las Casas, the first missionary among the Dominicans, was the first priest ordained in Hispaniola. In the beginning his work was confined entirely to the islands of Hispaniola and Cuba. Thence he proceeded to Spain to endeavor to obtain protection for his poor natives. He succeeded and was appointed to accompany the committee of Hieronimite friars who were sent out by Ximenes to examine into the suffering condition of the savages, with the title of *Protector to the Indians*. In 1518, several monks, Franciscans as well as Dominicans, founded two monasteries on the Pearl coast, one called Santa Fé de Chiribichi, and the other Cumana, upon the Terra Firma. They were very successful in attracting

the Indians until a Spainard, Ojeda, a pearl-fisher, living in the neighboring island of Cubagna, being in want of slaves, treacherously carried off some of the Indians living in their neighborhood. As he had previously visited the Dominicans, it is thought that the Indians imagined that they were in some way connected with this outrage, and resolved upon revenge. A few Sundays after, as Mass was being celebrated, the Indians rushed in and murdered all. When Las Casas arrived at Porto Rico, he found an expedition about to sail to revenge this outbreak, and of course, to enslave the natives. His attempts to prevent the sailing of this expedition were fruitless. At this time died Pedro de Cordova, the Prelate of the Dominicans, as Helps calls him, at the early age of thirty-seven, and in him Las Casas lost a friend and supporter.

It was in 1522 that Las Casas became a Dominican. He then spent eight years in the monastery of Hispaniola in study and prayer. During this time the world had made great progress. Discovery had followed discovery. Cortez had completed his conquest of New Spain, Alvarado had conquered Guatemala, Pizarro had commenced the conquest of Peru. The biographer of Las Casas says that for five years, from 1522 to 1527, he was not allowed to preach,—why, Helps¹ does not pretend to say. It seems that he went to Spain in 1530 in order to obtain a decree from the king, prohibiting Pizarro and Almagro from making slaves of the Indians. It is further said that he carried this order to Peru himself.

Next we find him in Mexico, at the Dominican monastery there. The prior of this monastery having died, his successor, Francisco de San Miguel, took Las Casas with him from San Domingo. Next we find Las Casas starting upon a mission to Peru, accompanied by two Dominicans—Bernardino de Minaya and Pedro de Angulo. But he did not get farther than Nicaragua. In 1534 he attempted a second voyage to Peru, but was driven back by a storm, and did not renew the enterprise. Again we find him in Guatemala occupying the Dominican monastery built by Domingo de Betanoz, vacant now for six years. His companions were Luis Cancer, Pedro de Angulo, and Rodrigo de Ladrada. It were too long a story to tell of his work in "the Land of War," as a district

¹ Life of Las Casas. By Arthur Helps, Phila., J. B. Lippincott.

of the country was called from the fierceness of the inhabitants, and of his success at first and the final forced abandonment of the country. Next we find him in Spain, detained there by the Council of the Indies that they might profit by his advice. And now he is to return to his field of labor with the mitre of Chiapa upon his brow. And he finds, as many had done before him and since, that the mitre, jewelled though it be, is but a crown of thorns. He was consecrated in 1544, and resigned his see in 1547. He returned to Spain and spent his last years in the Dominican College of St. Gregory at Valladolid, but continued to the end to interest himself in the fate so pitiful of his poor Indians. He died, after a short illness, in July, 1566, at Madrid.

I have dwelt thus long, in this paper upon Las Casas, because in early American history he is the principal figure. Very few have been enabled to take an active part in public affairs for nearly seventy years. He has been justly styled *the great Apostle of the Indies*.

But let us now retrace our steps a little. It was at the Monastery of St. Stephen in Salamanca that Columbus was entertained so hospitably. Here it was that he made the acquaintance and secured the friendship of Diego de Deza, professor of dogmatic theology at the university. The untiring energy and support of this Dominican was a strong factor in the success of the wonderful undertaking. Later Dominic de Mendoza, the sub-prior of the same monastery, with three of his conferes—Pedro de Cordone, Antonio de Monbesinos, and Bernardo de St. Dominic, obtained permission from the Superior-General at Rome to devote themselves to the unknown labors of missionaries in the new country. Fra Mendoza was obliged at the last moment to remain in Europe by an unlooked-for occurrence. But his three friends embarked for St. Domingo, the youngest of them, de Cordone, being chosen as superior of the band. In September, 1510, they landed on the island and were received hospitably by a pious Spaniard, Pedro de Lumberas. Needless to say that the purity of their lives and their strict observance of their rule excited the admiration of all whom they met,—not only Spaniards, but Indians. In consequence they found more work to be done than they were able for. Happily Fra Dominic de Mendosa did not long delay to follow

them with a large company, among whom was the celebrated historian Herrera.

The missionaries understood from the first the difficulties of the work they had undertaken. They had not only to convert the Indian, but above all, abuses to repress, injustices to repair, and chains to break. For in spite of royal ordinances, the conquerors had reduced the people of the country to slavery on the plea of thus the better to convert them! To this labor the sons of St. Dominic courageously devoted themselves. We may not follow them closely in these efforts of tongue and pen, nor in their battle with the Spaniards referred to in the extract already given from Robertson. These appealed to Spain, but Montesinos, the Dominican mentioned by Rolakon, followed the envoy to the home government and won Ferdinand through the assistance of Ximenes, to his side. Fra Cordone followed Montesinos to Spain, and when they returned they brought fourteen religious from the monastery of Salamanca, among whom is to be found Fra Dominic de Batanzas, the future founder of the province of Mexico.

The first monastery erected by the Dominicans at Hispaniola was built in 1512, and given the name of Holy Cross. This was a necessary work, but did not obliterate, in the mind of its founder, Cordone, the desire he had long entertained of sending missionaries to the mainland, where the Spaniards had not as yet penetrated. Not being able to go himself, he chose for this expedition two priests and a lay brother: Fra Antoine de Montesinos, Fra Francisco de Cordone and Brother Jean Garces. Several writers assert that the latter was also a priest and a relation of Las Casas, but Herrera gives a different story. This was the first mission to Venezuela, or "little Venice." But Montesinos having been taken ill, the captain of the vessel left him at Porto Rico, and thus he became the apostle of that island. At first the missionaries to Venezuela were kindly received, but the arrival of a ship, the crew of which attempted to ply their detestable trade of slavers excited the natives to fury, and they turned upon their treacherous guests, and including the missionaries with them, put them to death. These were the first Dominicans to enrich with their blood the soil of the New World. This was in 1514. But this did not deter six others from taking up the work. They too succeeded for a

time, but their promises and hopes for the future were all destroyed by an occurrence almost similar to the one mentioned above, and again the soil was crimsoned by the martyrs' blood. This was the massacre alluded to in the sketch of Las Casas.

CHAPLETS IN GENERAL.

REV. J. A. ROONEY, O.P.

(*Conclusion.*)

TO BRIGIT CHAPLETS AND ROSARIES.

It should be carefully remembered that to give the brigittine indulgences to brigittine beads and to *brigit* beads are two distinct powers, or faculties; the former belongs exclusively to the Canons-Regular of the Order of the Most Holy Saviour, and the latter is most willingly conferred by the Supreme Pontiff on priests who ask for it, or for whom their bishops seek it. The defect of discriminating between these two very distinct faculties has caused in certain places the loss of many indulgences.

It is with the faculty of *brigitting* beads that we in this country have to deal: the Fathers of the Order of St. Brigit have to deal with the brigittine proper, in blessing their six decade beads. But, in regard to *brigitting* beads, that is, applying to ordinary chaplets or rosaries the brigittine indulgences, it must be remembered that the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Relics has declared in general that the indulgences of St. Brigit cannot be attached to a simple chaplet of five decades nor to a rosary of fifteen decades *unless by the special authority of the Holy See*¹ (15 Jan., 1839); and when the same Congregation was asked if the conduct of certain priests who, having the power to bless chaplets with the Brigittine indulgence, claimed that they validly applied that benediction and those indulgences to chaplets of five decades, could be sanctioned, it answered no, unless those priests had furthermore obtained from the Holy See special faculties for that purpose (Oct. 2, 1840). The same response was repeated

¹ Abbé Girard—Le Chapelet de Six dizaines; Leikes' *Rosa aurea*, pag. 241

on the 25th of September, 1841, and twice more reiterated, viz., on the 24th and 28th of January, 1842.

But what is meant by these special faculties? Are they sufficiently and validly expressed in these words which are usually to be found in Papal rescripts on the case and in the faculties of the various dioceses of the United States,—“ Et etiam applicandi indulgentias Sanctæ Birgittæ nuncupatas....or....Cum applicatione indulgentiarum divæ Birgittæ nuncupatarum”? The Sacred Congregation has answered yes to the question proposed (Jan. 24, 1842; Mart. 22, 1839).

But if the power to bless chaplets of six decades (the real brigittine beads) does not *eo ipso* confer that of *brigitting* those of five or fifteen decades, reciprocally, the special faculty of *brigitting* and indulgencing chaplets of five or fifteen decades does not *eo ipso* give the power to bless brigittine beads, that is, six decade beads—“ Per ista enim verba aut similia non datur facultas benedicendi coronas brigittinas quæ sex decadibus constant, sed traditur potestas benedicendi coronas communes, id est, quinque vel quindecim decadum cum indulgentiis quoque quæ propriæ sunt coronarum divæ Birgittæ.” (28 Jan., 1842.)

Again we declare that the faculty of blessing brigittine beads, or beads of six decades is altogether distinct from that of *brigitting* chaplets of five or fifteen decades, that is, of applying to them the indulgences of the Brigittine chaplet as far as they are capable of receiving that privilege. The former faculty belongs exclusively to the Fathers of the Order of St. Brigit, and even if we possessed it, it would be practically of no use to us, since so little is known in this country of the Brigittine beads. The latter faculty is certainly in existence in the United States. One of these faculties does not include the other, and faculties can be used only according to the terms of the concession, or grant. It is evident enough, too, that the two faculties are by no means incompatible, and that both can be exercised by the same priest, if he has obtained both from the proper sources and with the proper authorizations; for instance, a Father of the Order of St. Brigit who is exercising the ministry in this country can readily use both faculties.

In fine, it must be borne in mind that the special faculty of

brigitting chaplets of five decades confers the power of applying only those indulgences of St. Brigit of which they are susceptible or capable, and consequently they remain after, just the same as before the benediction, incapable of receiving the indulgence of one hundred days for each grain or bead in the chaplet, until they are *rosaried*,¹ that is, blessed by a Dominican Father or some other priest who has received from the General of the Dominicans the faculty to *rosary* them,—give them the Dominican indulgences.

THE SPANISH CROWN OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The Spanish crown of the Blessed Virgin is a chaplet which is composed of a number of grains or beads corresponding to the number of years the August Mother of God passed in this vale of tears. As there are two grave opinions in regard to the number of Mary's years in this world, so there are two crowns of the Blessed Virgin, viz., that of St. Brigit which has been fully described, and that of Spain. The second crown, according to Wadding,² was taught by the Blessed Mother herself to a pious novice of the Order of St. Francis. She instructed him to recite every day a crown of seven decades in honor of her "Seven Joys." Afterwards two *Hail Marys* were added for the purpose of honoring at the same time the seventy-two years the Holy Mary spent on earth, and a third Hail Mary was superadded for the intentions of the Pope. The common opinion of the learned is that the Blessed Virgin lived here seventy-two years. The crown of Spain³ was instituted to honor those years. Leo X., on the 19th of January, 1517, granted a plenary indulgence for each and every recitation of the Spanish crown of the Blessed Mother. All members of the Rosary Confraternity may gain this indulgence⁴ as often as they recite without interruption the full Ros-

¹ Dominicans never exercise or use the faculty of *brigitting* in regard to beads, for their own special faculty contains all the former signifies and more.

² Annal Ord. Min. tom. 10 anno 1422, pag. 61.

³ Vide Chéry, tom. ii., pag. 119. Théologie du Saint Rosaire.

⁴ The indulgence of the Crown of Spain was revoked by Paul V., in 1606, in regard to the Friars-Minors, but it exists in all its vigor for the members of the Rosary Confraternity, and is to be found in all the Summaries of the Rosary.—Vide Chéry, Théologie du Saint Rosaire, tom. ii., pag. 118-119.

ary (15 decades). The Dominican indulgences include the Brigittine and those of the crown of Spain (Benedict XIII., 13th of April, 1726; Paul III., 3d of June, 1542; Clement IX., 22d of Febr. 1668; Innocent XI., in Summar. *Nuper pro parte*).

BEADS BLESSED BY THE FATHERS OF THE HOLY CROSS.

The Fathers of the Order of the Holy Cross possess the faculty to impart by their blessing an indulgence of five hundred days to each stone or bead of the common rosaries. This privilege was granted, August 20, 1516, by Leo X., to the Master-General of the Order and to his successors. On account of the troubled times, the Order could not choose a Master-General from 1796–1853, and during all that time, his place had to be supplied by a Commissary-General. Pope Gregory XVI. granted the latter, September 15, 1842, the privilege which his predecessor, Leo X., had granted in 1516 to the Generals of the Order. He gave him besides, July 13, 1845, the power to delegate the above-mentioned faculty to one of his priests in each house of the Order, and made the indulgence applicable to the souls in purgatory. On the 9th of January, 1848, Pius IX. allowed the Commissary-General to confer the faculty on every priest of the Order. Finally, on the 15th of March, 1884, His Holiness Leo XIII., happily reigning, by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, recognized the indulgence as authentic, and declared the above-described faculty as belonging exclusively to the Order of the Holy Cross. Hence no priest outside of the Order can obtain or exercise this faculty. The Order has only four houses in the world, two in Holland and two in Belgium, and hence should any of the faithful desire to procure beads possessing the above-stated precious indulgences, it will be necessary for them to manifest the desire to some Father of any one of those four houses, or to some representative of the Order.

1. The rosaries blessed by the Holy Cross Fathers are the ordinary ones, viz., those of five or fifteen decades. 2. Their benediction is not given to the rosaries themselves, but to each stone or bead on the chaplet. Wherefore to gain the indulgence it is not necessary to say the Rosary, nor even a decade of it, nor to make any meditation. As often therefore as the possessor of one of

those chaplets says an Our Father or a Hail Mary, touching at the same time the stones or beads, so many times does he gain an indulgence of five hundred days. 3. In using these beads there is need of a separate intention and recitation.

Now let us briefly compare the respective indulgences of the Holy Cross and the Dominican Chaplet. The Crosier beads have no other indulgence, either plenary or partial, than the five hundred days for each grain or stone, and this indulgence cannot be gained by persons reciting the Rosary on them, for it was not granted in view of the Rosary, but for Our Fathers and Hail Marys as distinct from the Rosary devotion. This indulgence, however, will prove very valuable ¹ to persons who desire to say every day a certain number of Our Fathers and Hail Marys out of the Rosary or apart from it, and also to persons who do not feel like meditating on the Mysteries of the Rosary, but find great pleasure in repeating the wonderful *Ave Maria* or the incomparable *Pater Noster*.

Whereas, the members of the Rosary Confraternity who, with contrite hearts, carry their Rosary about them, have every day an indulgence of one hundred ² years and one hundred quarantines, or 40,500 days. 2. For each Hail Mary of the Rosary, by reason of the adorable name of Jesus, members may gain an indulgence of five ² years and five quarantines, or 2,025 days, that is, 101,250 for a chaplet. This indulgence is *toties quoties*. (Summary ix. 3.—Congregat. Indulg. 29 Mart. 1886.) 3. 60,000 ² years and as many quarantines for each and every chaplet. (Innocent VIII. *Splendor*; Innocent XI. *Nuper pro parte*; Benedict XIII. *Pretiosus*.) 4. Seven years and seven quarantines for each chaplet recited. 5. One hundred days for each Our Father and for each Hail Mary in a chaplet or rosary. 6. Fifty years once a day, if the chaplet is recited in a Confraternity church, or when that cannot be done, in any other church. 7. Ten years and ten quarantines, once a day, if the chaplet is recited with others, etc., etc. Furthermore, the Dominican Rosary is marked with plenary indulgences, not one of which the Holy Cross beads possess, and many of which, even the faithful not enrolled in the Confraternity may gain.

¹ Vide Leikes' *Rosa aurea*, page 255.

² We keep profound silence in regard to the duplication of these indulgences by Alexander VI.

THE CHURCH GUARDS WITH SINGULAR WATCHFULNESS THE
DOMINICAN ROSARY.

For some time a certain class of people extravagantly extolled and lauded the very pious devotion of the Brigittine chaplet and its indulgences to the great depreciation and neglect of the genuine and authentic Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, which has been so frequently and solemnly approved by the Church of God, and so highly enriched by her with the most precious indulgences. Undoubtedly the class of people referred to, led by the rage for novelty¹ rather than governed by the spirit of the Church, "looked for more, and behold, it became less."² Those people ought to have known that, in the words of the Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, "the Dominican Rosary³ must ever, for special reasons, hold the first place," etc., for the Rosary of St. Dominic induces the faithful to practise frequent and pious meditation on the mysteries of the life, Passion, death, and glory of Our Lord Jesus Christ and of His Most Blessed Mother, and it is well known that this meditation singularly promotes among the faithful all Christian virtues. Even if the Rosary had not a single indulgence attached to it, it should still hold the first place among the devotions of the Church.

But even in regard to the indulgences of the Dominican Rosary, it can be truthfully said that they are immense, and that they have merited for the prayer itself the title of "the queen of all the indulgenced devotions." It is more than clear from the summaries approved by the Church that the Rosary is possessed of far greater riches and treasures, even in regard to those who are not members of the Confraternity, than any or all the other chaplets or crowns of the Blessed Virgin.

The very same spirit that Benedict XIII. found fault with and sought to check, is to-day abroad among some thoughtless people in respect to the indulgence of beads blessed by the Fathers of the Order of the Holy Cross. These people are most quickly moved by the mention of five hundred days' indulgence for each

¹ Vide Leikes' *Rosa aurea*, pag. 242.

² Aggeus, chap. i. 8.—Fossaeus, *de Rosario*, Friburg, 1640, p. 312; Leikes, pag. 240.

³ Vide Leikes' *Rosa aurea*, pp. 242 et 255.

grain or bead of the rosaries just named, and seem to be actually carried away with its imaginary immensity, whilst, strange to say, they lose sight entirely of the almost infinitely greater indulgences of the Dominican Rosary. They are looking for the more, and beyond all question they get the less.

Benedict XIII., moved by his great love for the true Rosary, and desiring to put a quietus on the rage after novelties on the part of the class of people referred to in his time, but especially of those who gave up the practise of the true Rosary and turned to the Brigittine, or six decades' devotion, annexed all the indulgences proper to the Brigittine crown to the Dominican Rosary, "provided the beads were blessed by Fathers of the Dominican Order."¹ In acting thus Benedict XIII. only imitated Clement IX., who conceded to the members of the Confraternity all the indulgences that had been until then granted to the various crowns² of the Blessed Virgin.

No pope has done more to show the grandeur and power of the prayer of the Rosary than Leo XIII., the present Vicar of Christ, and none has labored more zealously to restore it to its ancient dignity and splendor. From the beginning of his pontificate to the present hour he has been untiring in praising and commending it to the people, in admonishing the bishops to labor for its propagation, in urging the Dominican Order to establish everywhere Mary's favorite Confraternity, and in advising the preachers of the Order to proclaim to the faithful the immense indulgences, graces, miracles, and wonders of the devotion.

Pius IX. manifested all through his long and glorious pontificate an unflagging spirit of zeal for the propagation of the Rosary. The number of documents, allocutions, and decrees that he gave in favor of the Rosary is something really amazing. These two pontiffs have unceasingly not only commended the devotion of the Rosary and the glorious Confraternity itself, and lavished indulgences and favors on both, but they have also generously extended

¹ Some writers held, from the words above quoted, that no priest out of the Order, even when delegated by the Dominican General, could impart the requisite benediction. This opinion was rejected by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences on 2d February, 1878.

² Bullar. Ord. Prædicat., tom. vi., pag. 586.

the same favors to all the kindred devotions of the Rosary, that is to all the devotions that grew out of the Rosary, viz., the Perpetual and the Living Rosary, the Fifteen Saturdays, Fifteen Tuesdays, the Feasts of the Fifteen Mysteries, the October devotions, Rosary Sunday, Rosary Mass, Seven Fridays of St. Vincent Ferrer, Six Sundays of St. Thomas, the Retreat of two hours a day for forty days, the Novenas before and after Christmas to the Divine Child, etc., etc.

The Church has at all times used every effort to prevent any interference with the great Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, and has urged by every means the faithful to cling to it with all their heart. If it should be found necessary to give up some devotion or religious practice, common sense, as well as one's own spiritual interest, surely ought to dictate that not the greatest, richest, most divine and salutary of all devotions is to be sacrificed, but rather some one that has not been so thoroughly approved, that has been less tried, and that is acknowledged by all authorities to be, in every sense, less fruitful and important. But according to all religious authorities, Popes, Doctors, Saints, and writers on religious practices, the Rosary is, after the Holy Mass, the greatest, richest, and most salutary of all devotions.

"CONSCIENCE is a most precious gift of God, but like every other faculty in the soul of man, unless it be exercised, it dies out. The conscience of man must be a living tribunal within him, and he must bring his own soul and his own life before that tribunal."
—*V. Rev. Thos. N. Burke, O.P.*

"ONE sign of excessive worldliness is great anxiety of mind in our worldly pursuits."

¹ S. Carol. Barrom. *Acta Eccles. Mediolan.*, Vol. II., p. 495.

REMARK.—Priests who desire to possess the faculty of blessing chaplets or rosaries (five, ten, or fifteen decade beads) with the Dominican indulgences, can most readily receive this faculty by applying to the Very Rev. Provincial of the Dominican Province in which they are exercising the divine ministry, or to any other Father of that province. There is only one restriction mentioned in the "Personal Faculties,"—they cannot be used or exercised by their possessor in places in which there is a convent or house of Dominican Fathers.

"ONLY ONE."

LAURA GREY.

KIND Master, if I may
Make one pale flower
Bloom brighter for Thy sake
Through one short hour;

If I in harvest fields
Where strong ones reap,
May bind *one* golden sheaf
For Love to keep;

May speak one quiet word
When all is still,
Helping some fainting heart
To bear Thy will;

Or sing one high, clear song,
On which may soar
Some glad soul heavenward—
I ask no more.

MATER DEI, MEMENTO MEI!

On the eleventh of December, 1882, a good young priest belonging to the Order of Mercy attached to the French church in —, called at the Home for the Aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor in the same city, and asked for the Mother Superior, who although engaged, went, accompanied by a Sister, to the parlor to see him. He at once made known the object of his visit, saying: "*Ma Mère*, can you receive at once into the home an aged couple? It is a matter of saving one if not two souls; *Il ne faut pas refuser*."

The Mother hesitated, for she knew too well that her answer must be a refusal, as in all the houses of the Little Sisters in large cities a vacancy is rare, and then there are so many waiting. Sorrowfully

she told the priest that she could not receive those for whom he sought admission.

The priest, nothing daunted, asked her if she would not at least go and see the unfortunates, adding: "I am sure if you see the state of filth and neglect they are in, your heart will not be able to say no; and worst of all, the man is a freemason, and I fear that he will be taken away by this society." Good Mother (such is the title by which the superioress of the Little Sisters is known) asked him how it was, then, if a freemason, he had gone to see him.

"Last night," answered Father Humbert (such was the young priest's name), "a person came to see me and told that the man desired a priest, and was dying in South Fifth avenue. I went at once and beheld a sad sight. An old man 79 years of age, with his wife, two years older, was in a most pitiable state. I did all I could to cheer him, and as he begged of me to find a home for himself and his wife, I promised that you would receive them. You say you cannot, *Ma Mère*. Well, promise me to go and see them. Mary will come to our relief." The Good Mother promised to go and see them, but assured Father Humbert that she could not receive them.

This was on a Friday. Saturday passed; Sunday and Monday went by without Good Mother fulfilling her promise. On Tuesday, however, calling the sister who had accompanied her to the parlor on the Friday previous, she said: "I don't know how it is, but I feel that I must go and see the couple Father Humbert came to see me about; so as you know the story, come with me and we shall be done with this matter.

Not so, however, for God's ways are not our ways.

Arrived at the address given by Father Humbert, the Sisters found an old tumble-down frame house, not fit for a human dwelling-place. After repeated knocking at the old door, receiving no answer, they concluded to try elsewhere, thinking there must be a mistake in the number given. Upon inquiring at a neighboring store for Mr. Massabo, they were told that it was in the wretched old house he lived. "But," continued the woman who gave this information, "for God's sake, Sisters, don't go there, for he is a queer man, and a very wicked one!"

The Sisters returned, and this time gained admission by dint of

pounding on the door. Which, when at last opened, presented a sorry sight.

An old man, apparently dying from asthma and dropsy and heart disease, lay on a wretched, fetid bed, though around the room could be seen relics of the past, denoting refinement and better days; an old woman, hardly able to move from age and exhaustion, advanced towards the Sisters, and almost savagely asked what they wanted there, adding: "Is it not enough that one of those wily priests have come here, and persuaded my husband to be reconciled with his worst enemy? I don't want any more of this. Let us die in peace." The old man, however, unable to speak above a whisper, motioned to the Sisters to approach, which they did, and he said with much difficulty: "*Ma Sœur Je suis ne Catholique et Je veux mourir enfant de la Sainte Eglise Catholique Apostolique et Romaine.*"¹ "Oh, take me from here," he continued, otherwise the freemasons to whom I belonged will send me to their house of retreat. I will not go there. When I was in need they did nothing for me, and now they have found out that I have sent for a priest to become reconciled with the religion which I have basely betrayed, they sent here on Saturday and offered me money and a home if I would retract what I have done. But no, *Ma Sœur*, I will not; I desire to repair my past life in your home. Father Humbert has promised to have me received there. He told me you were coming to see me; and now I implore you, do not refuse; take me and my wife and care for us; *ne refusez pas de sauver nos âmes!*"²

The Mother was dumbfounded at what she saw and heard, the dirt, the misery of that place; no fire, although a bitter cold morning, and to all appearances nothing to eat. What could she do? She had no room, but as she remarked to the Sister who was with her: "I cannot let the poor old people die here; but where shall we put them?" After reflecting some time, the Good Mother asked the man if his wife would be willing to come to the home; for she would not deign to speak to the Mother herself. At this question the trembling old woman answered that she never would

¹ "Sister, I was born a Catholic, and I wish to die a child of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church."

² "Do not refuse to save our souls!"

go to the "*Canaille de Sœurs*," and would rather die where she was. Her husband, however, told the Sisters that if he went he was sure his wife would not stay long away from him, so it was agreed that Mother would take him the following day. After consoling and encouraging them, the Sisters took leave.

At the door they met Father Humbert, who was delighted to think Mother's heart was touched, and promised to send them to the home next day; for he said: "I must try and get the old man to renounce freemasonry, and give me his freemason documents, for as I have not the faculty to give him absolution if he consents to go to confession, I must see the Archbishop, and that will take some time; but never fear, *Ma Mère, Je vous les ammerais demain*."

On reaching home, Mother related the story, and all the Little Sisters were delighted to think that Mother would make provision for these unfortunates.

As he promised, Father Humbert brought them next day,—the old man delighted, the old woman swearing as hard as she could against priests and Sisters.

Massabo was very tired, and had to be put to bed at once in the infirmary; and there cleaned and cared for by Sister E——, who in taking away his clothes let a small ordinary rosary fall from one of his pockets. Seeing it fall, he cried out to the Sister: "Do not take that away; it belongs to me; give it to me, please." The Sister was very much surprised at seeing our Mother's beads in such hands, and though, as she said afterwards, she was greatly inclined to ask Massabo why *he* kept them, being a *freemason*, she thought it best to wait and question him later on.

For, about a week after his admission to our home he seemed to improve in health, and was extremely grateful for all that was done for him. Not so his wife. Nothing could satisfy her, and she would not let anyone speak to her about God; she believed in nothing, being also a freemason, and in nowise disposed to give up her theories.

Father Humbert came every day to see them, and prepare the old man for confession and a retraction of his errors. One thing alone the poor fellow seemed to be held by: he did not want to forfeit his title of founder of two Italian lodges in the city, and the Father repeated in vain that he must renounce all. Massabo

had given all his papers, etc., except this one to Father Humbert, and he seemed to have the same tenacity in keeping it under his pillow as he had care to have his beads in the same place. Strange comparisons—a chaplet and freemason certificate of the thirty-third degree! All seemed in vain—prayers, the holy Sacrifice, and rosaries offered every day, both in and out of the home for him!

One evening about three weeks after he came to the home, he became suddenly worse, and began failing very rapidly. The doctor said he would not live through the night, and told him so. Father Humbert was sent for, and came about five o'clock. On seeing the priest he seemed to get better, and declared that he wished to make his confession, a thing ardently wished for by all the Sisters. His wife, who was with him, on hearing this, actually howled with rage, and stormed like a fury; it was with great difficulty she was induced to leave the room.

Father Humbert remained until nine o'clock with the penitent, hearing his confession, and fearing that every moment would be his last; but God, who gives all strength, gave it to the sick man and brought him back to the true fold. Seeing him so very weak, Father Humbert decided to give him the last Sacraments, though Massabo protested his unworthiness. When Our divine Lord in the Sacrament of His love was brought to the room, the poor man tried to rise and throw himself on his knees, but was prevented by the Sisters. When he saw the Sacred Host in the hands of the priest, he began of himself to make the most touching acts of faith in the real presence, saying amongst other things: "*Oui, Seigneur Je crois que vous êtes là! Quoique Je vous ai renié devant les hommes! Venez Seigneur Jésus me pardonnez,*" and other like sentiments came from his heart. All the Sisters who assisted at this touching scene could only reproach themselves with their coldness and indifference, compared to the lively faith, of contrition, of the suffering though happy man. After receiving Extreme Unction, Father Humbert asked him if he would not like to receive the scapular, telling him that those who had confidence in Mary were never lost. "O Father," he answered, "give it to me; *J'ai toujours aimé la Madonna.*"

Every moment was thought to be the last. Toward midnight the Father was still with him, as he had promised to assist him in

his last agony; seeing him a little easier, he said: "My dear Massabo, you have a great deal to be thankful for; the mercy of God in your behalf is wonderful, and though you fell away from the practice of your faith, did you not nevertheless practise some little devotion or other?"

"Father," answered the dying man, "I never practised any devotion; I had none; as you know, I denied and renounced and blasphemed God on every occasion. I did all I could to efface His image from my own soul and from the souls of those with whom I came into contact. That was my devotion!"

"But," replied Father Humbert, "it seems very strange; think again; did you not say a prayer sometimes to the Mother of God? and then that rosary you have seems to me to have been quite out of place in the hands of a freemason?"

"Well," said Massabo, "it may seem strange to you, but there is a story attached to this rosary;" and taking the beads, he almost shouted: "Yes; years ago I promised some one to say every day '*Mater Dei, Memento Mei!*'"

"Now I understand," said Father Humbert, "the mercy of God in your behalf; but I must go home; so courage, confidence, and perseverance in God's love and mercy! If God so wills it, I will see you to-morrow early." In leaving the house Father Humbert said to Mother: "He will not be alive in the morning, but thank God with me for this great grace, and if in heaven there is joy upon one sinner doing penance, surely there is joy there to-night."

All through the night Massabo continued to suffer very much; his entire body was swollen from his painful malady—the head alone retained its normal size. From time to time he made acts of faith and contrition, though most frequently he repeated again and again: "*Miserere Mei Deus!*" He did not die, however, much to the astonishment of all, but continued suffering, and fearing lest the absolution he had received from Father Humbert was not sufficient, knowing, as he said, the enormity of his sins, he implored Good Mother to ask the Archbishop to come and see him, to forgive him his scandal! Good Mother tried to reason with him by saying the Archbishop could not spare the time, etc., but there was no peace; every time Mother went into his room the same cry rang in her ears: "Please ask *Monseigneur* to come to see me!"

At last, Mother, fearing that perhaps his conscience troubled him, wrote and told His Grace the desire Massabo had to speak with him. It was late in the afternoon when she posted the letter, but at nine the next morning His Grace was with Massabo. He remained quite a long time with him, and seemed quite consoled and touched at the contrition manifested by the poor man. In going away His Grace asked to see the wife, but she would not go near him, any more than she would go near her husband since the night of his reconciliation.

The same afternoon, calling the Sisters who were in the room near him, Massabo said: "Before I die I should like to tell you how and why I have these beads," holding them in his hands, "for it is our Lady's rosary that has saved me."

It is a long story, but it may prove useful to others to know the power there is in Mary's beads. "I was born on the 20th of June, 1803, at Port-Maurice, near Nice, in the Alpes Maritimes. My parents were pious, well-to-do people, respected by all who knew them. I was destined for the priesthood, but after several years of study, I felt it was not my vocation, or rather, dear Sisters, I was unfaithful to grace! I had received Minor Orders, and was on the verge of subdeaconship when I threw aside the *soutane*; I was then about 23 years old, and returned home to my parents, who were greatly grieved at the step I had taken. My mother died in less than a month after my return, and my father quickly followed, so that in less than three months I was deprived of those I loved best. Not listening to council, I sold all the property they owned, and then I left Port-Maurice. For nearly three years I wandered around, neglecting my religious duties, little by little, seldom or never going even to Mass on Sundays. One day a young man whom I had known for some time announced to me his intention of going to the American gold-fields, and, being very impulsive, I at once determined to join him. There remained but a few days before he intended sailing for America, so he advised me to profit by the interval and take leave of my friends. Alas, I had no friends! I was in the city of Marseilles, when all at once I remembered that a sister of my mother was a religious in one of the Dominican convents of that city. But which? I asked a passer-by if he could direct me to one; he did so, and on inquiring

there I found that my aunt was prioress. I had not seen her for eighteen years, and though she had received news of me often during my mother's life, she thought me dead since then. I told her that I was going to America, and in her solicitude she inquired if I was faithful to my duties, but she soon perceived that this annoyed me, and talked of indifferent things. I returned again to the convent the day I left Marseilles for America, and my aunt, taking leave of me, knelt down and asked me to promise her to say every day of my life these four words:— '*Mater Dei, Memento Mei.*' I promised her I would, more through a desire to get rid of her importunity than with the intention of fulfilling my promise. However, Sisters," he continued, "never a day has passed since that I have not repeated these words, though oftentimes in mockery and derision! Arrived in America, I made my way west, to California, where in a short time I amassed quite an amount of money; I gave freely, and on two different occasions I gave \$10,000 dollars to priests, though I hated them, to build their churches.

"I returned to N———, where shortly afterwards I married my wife, and went into business with a man whom I thought honest. But he robbed me, and with the loss he caused me and the money I had loaned and could not collect, I became more and more enraged against God. About the same time the man to whom I had loaned \$50,000 died suddenly, and as I supposed him to possess enough real estate to cover his debts, I hastened to claim what he owed me. On arriving at his house, the day after his burial, I found his wife desolate, and she assured me that even the house in which she lived was heavily mortgaged, but that all the furniture, pictures, plate, etc., were hers, and that I might take them. I was enraged, and in turning to leave the house I caught sight of *this wooden rosary*, and taking it in my hand, with derision I exclaimed: 'Give me this beggarly thing, and all your debts will be cancelled; it is all I desire as a remembrance of one of the men who deceived me greatly.' The poor woman did not answer, but I put the rosary in my pocket; arrived home, I dashed it on the floor, blaspheming God and His Mother, when something came over me, I cannot tell what, but I uttered the words: *Mater Dei*, etc., and put the rosary again in my pocket, and from that day it has remained there, and it is to this rosary that I attribute my

many escapes from crimes that I was on the point of committing: Shortly after this incident a number of freemasons asked me to join them; I did so, and threw myself into all their infamies, and when the question was raised to found an Italian lodge in the city, I was chosen to be the founder; and later on I founded another, always animated by the same spirit of hatred to the holy Church and its ministers. I prospered in all my undertakings; I arrived at the thirty-third degree of masonry; I did an immense harm, and drew many after me, and for years and years was the devil's advocate, even to bringing my wife to join the sect. But let me tell you that through all these years and at all the meetings I attended, the rosary I had scorned was my faithful companion, and oftentimes when I have changed my clothes, and even set out to the lodge, if I put my hand in my pocket and did not find it there, I always returned for it. There was a something irresistible in it for me; it seemed a talisman between me and all danger.

"Time wore on, and getting old and feeble I was no more looked upon as before. Younger men replaced me, and I was almost forgotten; losses followed losses, and I fell into the utter misery you found me in, and now, thanks be to God! I am reconciled to Him. I did not make a confession for 58 years, but, oh! Sisters, you can imagine how much I have to answer for. Pray for me; ask God to forgive and punish me as I deserve in this world, so that He may spare me in the world to come. And now one more request: I beg of you do not let any one near me. The freemasons will come to inquire after me. I know too many of their diabolical practices, and they will be afraid I shall divulge them. I have confidence in the mercy of God, through the intercession of the Queen of the Rosary, whose beads I shall count every day now in a spirit of reparation."

Nearly every day after the visit of the archbishop, many gentlemen called to see him, but, as he desired, they were not admitted. They tried very hard to gain access "if only for five minutes," as one of them said, "for a *very, very* important affair," but as the doctor had ordered seclusion on account of the many different diseases that troubled Massabo, the Sister Portress managed to keep all away, in stating the doctor's orders.

Massabo lingered on until the 14th of February, 1883, and as he

desired and prayed to God to punish him in this world, it would really seem as though his prayer was heard; for from head to foot he became one living mass of corruption, unable to move, and whenever he was touched, even with gentleness, his flesh would fall off in flakes. He was as a true leper; his face alone remained intact; his sufferings the doctors said were untold; his breathing was always painful as though in his agony; his throat was so swollen that for days and days he could not even swallow a drop of water. His speech and other faculties remained unimpaired, and if any one pitied him he always answered: "What are my sufferings to what I deserve! May God have mercy on my soul! Ah! when I think of the souls lost through my example, I wish to suffer even more to repair the injury that I have done!"

That which caused him the most pain was to see himself abandoned by his wife. Nothing could prevail on her to go near him, but he was resigned; he asked Our Lord every day to let him die on a Friday; and he was heard, for he breathed his soul into the hands of his Creator on the second Friday of February, 1883, exactly at three o'clock in the afternoon. And the Sisters were greatly surprised when preparing his body for burial to find that his flesh was quite firm, and the stench that was so sickening before his death had entirely disappeared.

Two days before his death he dictated the following to one of the Sisters, addressed to the Italian freemasons:

I, Atillio Massabo, founder of the masonic lodge in 15th Street, do declare that on the 15th of December, 1882, the society of freemasons sent to my house a member of the committee to take me to their house of retreat; I refused freely and firmly, saying that I would not go, that I preferred to go to a Catholic institution. And I am perfectly satisfied, happy and content, to have come with my wife to the Little Sisters of the Poor, where I have had the happiness of being reconciled to God, and receiving the last Sacraments of the Catholic Church. And I wish all the members of the lodge to know that I desire to die in the holy Roman Catholic Church, that I am very sorry to have abandoned it, for I love this Church, and I hope to be forgiven all my sins; yes, I am very sorry, and I would willingly give my life a hundred times to re-

pair all the evil I have done, and I denounce the masonic society as diabolical.

To the members of the Lodge——, W. 15th Street.

ATILLIO MASSABO,

Sur son lit de mort.

All the Little Sisters of the Poor were touched by this edifying conversion, no doubt due to our Mother's Rosary, and feel most grateful to her for having given this proof of her love and mercy to sinners, to one of the suffering members of her Divine Son confided to their care, and repeat with love and joy:

Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii, Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro nobis!

TO MY SISTER IN HER CONVENT HOME

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C.P.

'Tis even so, sweet sister of my heart—

E'en as I knew it would be. We are more,

Not less, to each other: dearer than before;

And nearer—tho' a hundred leagues apart.

The seeming separation leaves no smart

Because it is but seeming. What the pain,

If loss has brought incomparable gain?

So death brings truer life. And where thou art

Is peace like that of Heaven: the blessed sense

Of having done God's will; of dwelling safe

Under the shadow of His brooding love.

How, then, should I, with worldlings, fret and chafe

To see my sister cloister'd? I must prove

Recreant to faith before I wish her thence.

"GIVE me the practical Catholic, the intellectual man! Give me the man of faith! Give me the man of human power and intelligence and the higher power, divine principle and divine love! with that man, as with the lever of Archimedes, I will move the world."—*V. Rev. Thos. N. Burke, O.P.*

LIBERALISM.

BY CONDÉ B. PALLEN.

Few have the moral courage to endure without indignation the charge of bigotry. Yet no consistent Catholic can escape that charge. The world is not apt to distinguish in the use of its terms. The crowd applies its epithets superficially. It neither seeks nor cares for their inner meaning. If the term seems to measure the object of its opprobrium, at least on the surface, it is fitted on like a ready-made garment. Many things are so tarred and feathered by this word-plastering that their real nature is disguised. If words could kill the truth, Catholicity would have perished out of the hearts of men long ago. See how our hostile friends have labelled us—Romanists, Papists, Idolaters, Priest-ridden, Popish, Superstitious, Intolerant, Narrow, Bigoted, Ignorant, and a thousand other jaundiced epithets out of the category of abuse. But none is so pernicious as that most insulting of all terms, *illiberal*. To be illiberal implies such a host of contemptible shortcomings; it is to be prejudiced, stubborn, fanatical, warped in disposition, stunted in intellect, self-willed, ungenerous, ignorant, and worst of all, uncharitable. Who has such firm possession of his soul as not to feel indignant under the crushing reproach of such a charge?

Yet this is the contemptuous title daily flung at a consistent Catholic. I say consistent Catholic, because there are Catholics who, either through weakness of will or infirmity of intellect, are afraid, or do not know how to be consistent. These are the kind of Catholics who avoid the epithet *illiberal* as if it were a pest. These are the kind of Catholics who rejoice in being known as *liberal Catholics*, little understanding that a liberal Catholic is an absolute contradiction in terms. They confound liberal with charitable, tolerant with liberal, and charitable with tolerant. This confusion of terms rises from a lack of understanding, and the lack of understanding either from a failure to comprehend the truth, or a desire to misapprehend it for fear of incurring the reproach of illiberalism.

What then, is Liberalism—that bugbear of weak souls and shallow intellects? It is the Devil's most familiar mask, his most successful disguise in hiding the hideousness of his own countenance. Liberalism is his closest ally, his warmest friend in iniquity, his most alluring bait for unwary souls. Yet strange to say, Liberalism candidly denies the Devil's existence, and even calls a belief in it superstition. "There is no Devil," says the Liberalist. What better assistance in his diabolical warfare against souls could Satan desire than to have his own existence called into doubt, and even flatly denied? An unseen and unknown enemy has an inestimable advantage. Not to believe in the Devil is to be the unconscious victim of his malice. He is most deceived who is deceived without knowing it; he is the greatest dupe who imagines he is least duped. Such is the bountiful aid which modern Liberalism renders to the archenemy of mankind. Has not Satan reason to be thankful to the Liberal school for its tremendous co-operation in his infernal warfare? Let us see why Liberalism denies the Devil's existence.

To deny God is to deny truth; to deny Satan is to affirm falsehood. Logically enough the denial of truth leads to the affirmation of falsehood; but strange to say, the denial of truth leads to the denial of the father of lies. A paradox, but observe how it comes about. To deny God is to deny all truth in denying the first and highest truth. Now Satan is a reality, a truth in the order of existence. But to deny God's existence is to deny all real existence, and logically Satan's. Now Satan in the moral order is the source of all falsehood; he is the source of all the denials of truth. From him came the first denial of God; through him came the second denial of God by our First Parents. Prompted by him Liberalism also denies God's existence. But Satan exists, as the Devil, only because he has denied God; therefore to deny God is to deny the Devil. Hence, says Liberalism, there is no Devil. This is the logic of its denial. It is because Liberalism has denied God that it has denied the Devil.

But Liberalism has not denied God defiantly. It has not the perverse courage of the demon. It has not so much denied God, as it has ignored Him. It has not sought to usurp the throne of the Most High as Satan did; it has not stormed heaven;

it has not even so much as lifted its eyes in that direction. But it seeks the dominion of the earth without so much as acknowledging God's supreme title. It seeks the dominion of the earth, not by virtue of any right to rule, but in virtue of its toleration of all wrongs. Its rule is based upon no power of its own, but upon the weakness of all others. It claims supremacy because it tolerates all; it claims victory because it opposes none. It asserts nothing and denies nothing; asserts everything, denies everything. It is because it asserts everything that it denies everything, for the affirmation of things contradictory is the denial of these contradictory things, since contradictories mutually destroy one another. It is because it denies nothing that it asserts everything, for not to deny contradictory things is to admit them. Liberalism is the doctrine of contradictions. It is the affirmation of the denial of the principle of contradiction—the first principle of reason. *The same thing cannot be and be at one and the same time* is the first self-evident axiom of all thought. This is what Liberalism denies, for Liberalism affirms that all systems, all creeds, all beliefs may be true, or, at least, are to be tolerated as true; the system which says that God is, and the system which says that God is not; the creed that affirms the divinity of Christ, and the infidelity which denies it; Catholicity which declares the necessary unity of faith, and Protestantism which divides it. These are flat contradictions; yet Liberalism says that all are or may be true; that one is as good as another; that any one of them may be held without blame. Liberalism decides for none, but condones all. But this is the attitude of imbecility; therefore is Liberalism imbecility. Let us prove it:

Intellectual imbecility is a weakness of mind, a lack or a loss of faculty, which hinders its subject from grasping the object presented to it. The intellect (*intus legere*) is the faculty, which sees into the object and grasps (*apprehendere*) its truth. Liberalism fails utterly to do this. It does not see into, does not grasp truth. Is this not evident when Liberalism affirms that contradictories may be true at the same time? Is this not a failure to grasp the truth, the first and fundamental truth of the mind? Is this not intellectual imbecility? Such is Liberalism a cardinal infirmity of mind, a mental paralysis, so benumbing the faculties as to deprive them of the vigor of apprehension.

Truth is the natural object of the intellect, as light is the natural object of the eye. Without light the eye sees not; without truth the intellect knows not. The eye which cannot apprehend light is physically imbecile; the intellect which cannot apprehend truth is intellectually imbecile. Folly then is it to say, as is often ignorantly said, that it is an indication of intellectual strength and vigor to affirm the equal validity of two contradictory propositions. Yet this is the daily sermon of Liberalism. When then we see the open avowal of the possible truth of two things, which cannot under any possibility both be true, there is no escape from the conviction that this mental confusion arises from weakness of mind—from intellectual imbecility. This is the reason why Liberalism condones, under the guise of liberality, all the nonsense ever born of the follies and passions of men. It calls itself liberal, meaning that it is generous in admitting the validity of conflicting systems. It calls itself liberal, meaning that it imposes no norm of true or false upon the human intellect. Yet its very proclamation of liberty is the institution of mental slavery. See how it contradicts the first principle of freedom—"the *truth* shall make you free." The toleration of error is the cardinal doctrine of Liberalism. Thus is its first rule the denial of the very possibility of freedom. Who can know the truth who admits the validity of error? Who can be free who knows not the truth? To proclaim the impossibility of seeing is to plunge at once into darkness. Who knows no truth and declares that no truth is to be known is a slave to error. Freedom is never blind.

What an incongruity then is a liberal Catholic! What a ludicrous and yet painful contradiction is a Catholic who would be liberal! First of all a Catholic knows the truth; he dwells in the full light of the Sun of all truth—the Incarnate Word of God, the Divine Reason of all things. How then can a Catholic be a liberal, who knows no truth and ingores that Incarnate Truth dwelling in our very midst? A Catholic knowing the truth cannot tolerate error, for truth and falsehood are irreconcilable. Where truth is, there can be no falsity; where falsity is, there can be no truth. How then can a liberal, who seeks to reconcile in one the true and the false, be a Catholic? The essence of Liberalism is to tolerate the false; the essence of Catholicity is to exclude the false.

The essence of liberalism is to proclaim the validity of error; the essence of Catholicity is to affirm the inviolability of truth. The essence of Liberalism is the assertion of fallibility; the essence of Catholicity is the declaration of infallibility. Liberalism is emphatically neutral; Catholicity is absolutely positive. The neutrality of Liberalism arises from its imbecility; the positiveness of Catholicity springs from its strength. The imbecility of Liberalism has its source in its toleration of error; the positiveness of Catholicity takes root in its apprehension of truth. Between Catholicity and Liberalism then how can there be any harmony?

Catholicity means universality, for there is no truth that is not catholic; therefore, Catholicity can never be narrow. Liberalism excludes truth; therefore, Liberalism must be narrow. Catholicity implies the knowledge of truth in its fulness; therefore, it cannot be ignorant. Liberalism is the failure to apprehend the truth at all; therefore it must be ignorant. Catholicity is the knowledge of the truth; hence the knowledge of the good for the true and good are one. Charity is the love of all good; therefore does Catholicity include charity. Liberalism is the denial of the truth; hence the denial of the good; therefore Liberalism excludes charity. To tolerate the false is to exclude charity, since where the false is, the good cannot be, and where the true is not, the good cannot be. Therefore is Liberalism uncharitable. In truth Liberalism is the absolute repudiation of charity, for does it not reject God, and refuse to Him, Who is Supreme Good, that supreme love which is justly due to Him? Catholicity manifests that supreme love for God, and jealously guards that divine right. Therefore is Catholicity most charitable in rendering unto Him, Who is all good, that unstinted love with which He consumes His beloved. Therefore is the Catholic Church intolerant of error, for to tolerate error is to admit that God, Who is Supreme Truth and Love, is not to be loved supremely.

This is why a consistent Catholic cannot be a liberal, and why a liberal Catholic is not consistent. Therefore is it a contradiction in terms to call a consistent Catholic narrow; therefore, is it a contradiction in terms for a liberal not to be narrow, not to be ignorant, not to be uncharitable. Hence can no Catholic be a Liberal and no Liberal a Catholic. You will never find a consistent Catholic a Liberal, nor a real Liberal a Catholic.

SANDA MUHUNA'S PALACE.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

THE WORKING OF THE SPIRIT.

THE departure of King Sanda Muhuna was celebrated with much pomp, and with many signs of devotion. From an early hour the temples were filled with people. The sellers of incense and of flowers were as busy and noisy as honey-bees. Crowds lined the well-watered roads to admire the gay chariots and the pretty palanquins. The huzzas were loud and long; more than all when the great drove of elephants, painted like unto tigers, came in sight. Many followed the pageant for a long distance beyond the walls. In the city the whole day was given up to pleasure. By the king's orders, food was supplied to whomsoever would eat. From morning till night the musicians piped and twanged. Word had gone abroad of the king's favor to Thomas, and of his magical powers, and of the great palace that was to be. The news passed from mouth to mouth, and all the people were curious about the wonderful stranger. Many lingered around the palace hoping to catch a glimpse of him. He was not there, however. Having gone out by the gate, with the crowd, and having turned aside into the country, he spent the day studying the surroundings, and the people, and questioning them, and comforting them with gracious words.

And as he was returning to the city, towards sundown, Paul cast himself at the feet of Thomas, saying: "Was I not right in attributing to thee a divine power? All men are talking of thee, and of the bleeding hand, and of him who was bitten by the snake; but I have said nought of what I have seen and can testify to." Thomas answered him: "The power which I have is not mine. It comes from the Father, who is the source of all power. From this day you may open your mouth, telling whatever you know and spreading the truth; but be discreet, and bring to me, at a fitting time, all those who would be washed clean with the

water of life. What says he who was healed of the poisonous bite of the snake?" And Paul replied: "At first the people avoided him as one whom Sessa Naga had cursed; but the man himself looks upon thee as a deliverer, and, with his wife he will come to thank thee in good time; for now many have ceased to fear him, since they have heard of the lion and the dog." "Praise be to the Lord!" the Apostle exclaimed; "for His mercy and love are boundless. Bear yourself modestly; and love all men; and be active in good works; and remember that God is all-powerful. And be chaste and patient and hopeful, if you would keep the dove in your heart." And having appointed to meet Paul at another time, Thomas made his way into the city.

Now at night-fall the king's brother sent for Thomas; and Abinissa was already with Maha Nama; and, together, they conversed about the Buddha, and about the gods of the people of India and of China; and about the Lord Jesus Christ. The Apostle told them, with much loving detail, the history of Our Lord's life on earth, and of His many miracles, and of His especial love for the poor and the afflicted. And drawing out the book that was saved from the sea, the Apostle read them the Sermon on the Mount, whose beauty of language and high morality touched them exceedingly. They showed a rare interest in the promised spiritual regeneration of man by means of water, and in the promised forgiveness of sin through penance, and in the promised resurrection of the body; and, before parting, they asked the Apostle many questions.

On the following morning, as Thomas was walking on a road outside of the city walls, he was stopped by a woman. And looking at her, he perceived her to be the one who had shown a good heart at the inn—the dancing girl. She had sought Thomas everywhere, for she was troubled in spirit, and hoped that he would bring peace to her weary soul. And he learned that her name was Rachel, and that she was but a child when she came to Ceylon with her parents, who were traders. And they were dead many years. From them she had heard of the promised Messiah; but she had never heard of Jesus. The Apostle told her who He was, and disclosed to her the great mystery of the Incarnation, and how the prophecies had been fulfilled in the person of Christ.

And, on the next day, meeting her again, he told her of Christ's death, and of the wondrous miracle of the resurrection. And she believed, and Thomas, going into the fields, gathered water in the shell of a cocoa-nut, and baptized her by the wayside, and called her Magdalen, saying to her: "Love the Lord even as your namesake loved!" And thereafter she was earnest and active in spreading the word, and gathered many of her sex into the fold.

Thus day after day Thomas went about in the rice-fields, and the orchards, and among the workers of all sorts, preaching Christ and Him crucified; comforting the poor, healing the sick, bringing to life the dead. His disciples grew in number, and, as they were confirmed in the faith, he sent out one and another to preach and teach and baptize in more distant places. And Paul was ceaseless in well doing; and next to him was the man who had been saved from the serpent. But the most useful of the converts was Abinissa, who, on account of his wealth and of his standing with the king, had great influence among the people.

Soon there were fewer lamps burning before the idols, and the incense-sellers complained of a falling-off in trade, and the monks felt a pinch at their pockets. At night, from time to time, a snake-idol was pulled down; and, unheard-of sacrilege! some wicked man went so far as to kill a sacred cobra. Complaints came to the ears of the king's brother; but he could do no more than promise redress when the king returned. Meantime he remonstrated quietly with Thomas Didymus, suggesting to him that he was remiss in doing the king's work; for there was no sign of the new palace. One day Maha Nama pressed Thomas, and he answered: "Trust me! I give you my word that I have designed a palace for your brother. Nay more, it shall be finished on the day that King Sanda Muhuna returns. And you are he," whispered the Apostle, earnestly, "that shall glorify my work before the king and before all men." Now Maha Nama knew not the meaning of these words.

CHAPTER XV.

BORN AGAIN.

Within five months after the king's departure, the Gospel had been preached far and wide; the new teachers, full of zeal, fol-

lowing close in the king's wake. Abinissa was tireless in doing good. Through messengers, Thomas and he advised, one with another, almost daily. Now it happened that, about this time, Maha Nama was taken ill with a fever. Day by day he grew more and more feeble. Physicians availed him not, nor the prayers of the monks, nor the added lights in the temples, and at the shrine of the Bo-tree, and before the many-headed Sesha Naga.

Maha Nama longed for a sight of Thomas. And when he came not and Maha Nama was losing hope, he bethought himself of the bit of wood of Christ's cross. It was brought to him, and opening his mouth, he placed the sacred wood on his parched tongue, and then again he pressed the holy relic against his burning temples. Thereupon he fell asleep, and when he awoke the fever had gone. Within a week he was able to go out into the garden, there to refresh himself with the sight of the glorious flowers and with the song of the joyful birds. And he chose from among his treasures a case of pure gold, set with rubies and with amethysts and corals; and in the case he fixed the piece of blood-red wood. And by a golden chain he hung the jewelled case about his neck; for he looked upon the bit of wood as a charm.

At length, one evening, after the sun had gone down, Thomas came; and, according to custom, he sought Maha Nama and found him ailing. Having comforted him and encouraged him, and having bade him trust in God, Maha Nama said: "Thomas, are you certain that there is no God but yours?" "Absolutely certain," replied the Apostle. "There cannot be two gods. If there were two gods there would be no God." "Your meaning I see," Maha Nama answered. "Now solve me this difficulty. You tell me that your God died for men—why should a God die for men? That is not godlike." "Think you it is manlike?" asked Thomas. "Scarce for a just man will one die; yet, perhaps for a good man some one would venture to die. But Christ died for us because we were sinners. And as by the disobedience of one man—the first man, Adam—many were made sinners, so also by the obedience of one many shall be made just. As sin hath reigned unto death, so also grace now reigneth by justice

unto everlasting life, through Jesus Christ Our Lord." Maha Nama listened intently, and was silent and thoughtful. Then after a time he lifted up his head and spoke: "With water can you make a man so that he shall be happy forever?" To this question Thomas answered: "Faith, and the baptism of water, and grace, and penance, and perseverance, will assure a man joyous life, everlasting." Again Maha Nama was silent. Thomas waited awhile, and then said: "The transmigrations of Sakya Muni are vain and ignoble; indeed his doctrine is false, wholly false. Lifeless, it cannot give life." "He taught us to love one another," Maha Nama said, hesitatingly. "Aye," retorted the Apostle, "but he could not show you the way. Only he who loves the One, true God, can love his brother like unto himself. Pray, pray for light! Pray to the One God! and cherish the wood of the cross, whose virtue is greater than that of all other precious things." Maha Nama spoke no word, and seemed as though he slept. So Thomas withdrew quietly.

Early in the morning of the next day, before the sun had come out of the sea, a slave awakened Thomas, and, whispering, hastened his rising; and, when he had risen, led him to the bed-chamber of the king's brother. There Thomas found Abinissa. The three spoke not, but joyously embraced one another. Then, with one accord, they knelt and prayed silently. The first to speak was Maha Nama. His voice trembled with emotion, as he said, tenderly: "My brother! I would be born again, of water." And Thomas, rising, found that Abinissa had prepared all things; and taking the jar of clear water, the Apostle baptized Maha Nama. And the king's brother wept for joy; but Thomas glorified God. Then, having comforted the sick man, the Apostle returned to his apartment.

(To be continued.)

"THE world is in our own hearts, and there must be one victory over it. We cannot escape from it by running away from it; wherever we go we take it with us. Refinement will not save us from worldliness."

"ONE sign of excessive worldliness is great anxiety of mind in our worldly pursuits."

MOTHER.

HELEN GRACE SMITH.

My Mother! Oh what sweetness in the name!
Thou art my Mother, and my gracious Queen;
And, all unworthy, as I blush with shame,
My hot brow seems to feel thy touch serene.

Wilt thou not take my tired hand in thine
And lead me to the footstool of the King?
Alone I lose the way, for no stars shine,
And heavy is the burden that I bring.

Take this free hand; the other clasps the cross,
Or else I fain would stretch them both to thee.
I need thee so. O heavy were the loss!
Should thine aid fail, thy smile not beam for me.

Holding thy hand, and sheltered by thy love
The way seems short, the burden, too, is light.
At times I almost see the realm above,
The many mansions, and the spirits bright.

And then, dear Mother, all thy inmost heart
Is filled with longing just to see His face—
When thou dost whisper, "Wait and bear thy part—
Rejoice and suffer, He will give the grace."

And then I know, I know 'twill not be long
When at His footstool, radiant I'll stand.
No pain, no sorrow, only light and song,
And then forever hold thy gracious hand.

"HE that can enjoy the intimacy of the great, and on no occasion disgust them by familiarity, or disgrace himself by sevility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by nature as his companions are by rank."—*Colton*.

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

PARIS UNIVERSITY.

1219.

It was with feelings of singular joy that Dominic greeted his tried and faithful follower the abbot Matthew, and beheld the group of young disciples who stood around him. Among them were some, the very *elite* of the university, men who had before them a noble career, and who bore on their brows the impress of their future greatness. Vincent of Beauvais,¹ Andrew de Longjumeau, Gueric of Metz, the Englishmen, Robert Kilwarby, Clement and Simon Taylor; Stephen of Bourbon, and the German, Henry of Marburg, these are the names of men, each one of whom has a place in the history of the Order. They had been gathered from the ranks of a society unequalled in Christendom for its brilliant renown. It is difficult for us in the present day to form any adequate idea of the position occupied by Paris university at the opening of the thirteenth century. To understand it aright, we must realize the passionate enthusiasm which had seized men's hearts as they emerged from the semi-barbarous ages during which the sword alone had held sway, and began to recognize the new dominion of the intellect. Those young and ardent spirits who in previous centuries would have dreamt of no other distinction than such as was to be

¹ Vincent of Beauvais, afterwards chaplain and librarian to St. Louis IX., Andrew de Longjumeau, who accompanied him to the Crusade and was his ambassador to the Mussulman chiefs of Egypt and Palestine; Gueric, founder of the convent of Metz; Kilwarby, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Cardinal of St. Ruffina; Clement and Simon Taylor, first founders of the Order in Scotland; Stephen of Bourbon, author of the *Tractatus de septem donis Spiritus Sancti*, in which occur many valuable historical anecdotes; and Henry of Marburgh, one of the greatest preachers of his time, whose sermons are said to have stirred the whole city of Paris.

gained on the battlefield or in the tournament, were now crowding into the lists of learning and seeking for the novel honors of the schools. No matter what career he intended to follow, it was the first object of every young man's ambition to have studied at Paris. She was the capital as of pleasure, so also of science, the *Car-iath-sepher*, the home of letters, and amid her thirty thousand students she numbered the *jeunesse dorée* of every civilized nation. "All the sons of nobles nowadays," says an English chronicler, "are sent to Paris to be made doctors." That among a throng so large and varied there should have been found many grave disorders, cannot be subject of surprise. The scholars of Paris were subject to no collegiate discipline: they lodged in the houses of the citizens and lived as their own masters; and thus they were exposed to a thousand dangers, the existence of which was fully recognized by all wise and good men. If writers abound to extol in florid language the charms of their favorite city, which they declare to possess whatever is most precious on earth, "lessons of wisdom, the glory of letters, refinement of manners, and nobility of thought," others are to be found who discerned another aspect of the brilliant picture and failed not to raise the warning voice. "Oh, Paris," exclaims Peter of the Cells, writing to one of his monks who had gone thither to study, "resort of every vice, source of every disorder; thou dart of hell! how dost thou pierce the heart of the unwary!" But without attempting to dissimulate evils so great and notorious, or to represent the world as at all less worldly and corrupt in the age of St. Dominic than it is in our own, there was one great difference in the principles which then ruled society, as contrasted with those which govern it in the present day. We have said all when we speak of these times as belonging to the *ages of faith*. Scandals were as numerous then as now, perhaps even of a more shocking character than those which meet the eye in the midst of our own more polished civilization. But there had not yet come about that divorce between society and faith which we now have to deplore. Whatever license men allowed themselves, they never ceased to believe. They might violate the commands of God, but they did not ignore His right to impose them. The eternal truths were never banished from their memory. The belief in God, the sense of sin, the hope of heaven, and the fear

of hell—these things abode ever, as it were, on the threshold of their hearts; and together with them, as is evident by a thousand examples, a true and keen estimate of time and eternity. Hence it needed but a word to awaken in the most profligate soul thoughts which faith had clothed with so intense a reality, that when once aroused they could neither be forgotten nor disobeyed. Moreover, human respect, the tyrant of modern society, had not yet assumed the upper hand, and the comparative simplicity of manners then existing left men free to act on any impulse that moved within them without greatly caring what the world might say. Thus we find the records of the time, crowded though they may be with examples of violence and lawlessness, rich also with tales of conversions as sincere as they were sudden, and exhibiting to us those who were one day, as it seemed, votaries of the world, and the next cut to the heart by some passing word, and flying to the cloister.

Thus we come on a history, like that of Gueric of Metz, one of Matthew's disciples, who had already gained a great name in the university, and who was sitting in his chamber at a late hour preparing for a scholastic disputation on the morrow. At last, weary and exhausted, he rose, and opening his casement, looked out into the night. From the street below there came the voice of some midnight reveller who, as he made his way homewards, was carelessly singing the refrain of a popular song:

Le temps s'en vaît
Et rien n'ai fait ;
Le temps s'en vient
Et ne fais rien.¹

As he listened to the words they seemed to place before him a picture of his own state. "Alas," he said to himself, "it is even so; life is passing and judgment approaching; time is flying fast and I am flinging it away in vanities; but I will free myself from their bondage, and that at once," and the next morning hasten-

¹ The time flies day by day
And I fling my life away ;
The hours, how fast they run !
And still I've nothing done.

The story of Gueric is related by Stephen de Bourbon.

ing to the the convent of St. James, he asked and received the holy habit.

Another scholar of the same name, Guerric of St. Quentin, was called into the Order in a manner somewhat similar. He had applied himself chiefly to natural science, and taught mathematics at Paris with great success. One day he entered a church almost by accident at the moment when a Lesson was being read aloud from the book of Genesis, and these words fell on his ears: "Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years, and he died," and so of the other patriarchs, the Sacred Text always concluding with the same expression, "he died,"—*mortuus fuit*. "Ah, Lord!" exclaimed Guerric, "all the world then dies; no matter how many years he lives, a man must die at last. What then is there worth living for, except to prepare for death?" and with this thought in his heart he repaired to the convent of the friars and asked admission amongst them.

A few years passed away and Guerric found himself established at Bologna, where he filled the chair of theology. A young Frenchman was then studying in the university whom Guerric loved, and whom he tried by various means to win from a life of worldliness. The youth felt the attraction of grace, but was reluctant to yield to it. When Good Friday came, therefore, desiring to assist at the Divine Office, he was, nevertheless, careful not to go to the Church of the Friars Preachers, lest on that day of tears and compunction they might exhort him to embrace their way of life, and he might not have the strength to resist. But as he opened the psalter which he held in his hand, his eyes fell on the following verse, "Except you be converted, the Lord will brandish His sword; He hath bent His bow, and made it ready."¹ The words pierced his heart, and he understood them as a warning to himself. He closed the psalter, and at once ran to seek Brother Guerric, crying out to him without any sort of preamble, "Brother Guerric, why do you delay?" and as the other stood astonished, not understanding his meaning, he continued, "Ring at once for Chapter." Then Guerric, perceiving with joy what was passing in his soul, gave the signal, and the community being assembled, the young man received the habit, whilst the brethren praised

¹ Psalm vii. 13.

God for so admirable a conversion, for he who now entered their ranks had delayed neither a day nor an hour, and had not even given himself time to return to his lodgings. Another anecdote shall be given, though it belongs to a later date, and the scene is also placed not at Paris, but Bologna. A certain Brother received in prayer a divine intimation regarding one of the masters of the university, named Recaldo, whom he understood to be called by God to better things, though he habitually turned a deaf ear to the call. As the subprior of the convent happened to be a fellow-countryman of Recaldo, the Brother entreated him to call on him, and see what he could do with him. Recaldo consented to receive the subprior's visit, stipulating only that he would not speak to him about God. They met accordingly, and conversed on indifferent subjects. When the subprior rose to depart, he glanced around him and took notice of the rich profusion that was everywhere apparent. The clothes of the young master were of the finest texture, and the couches in his chamber were soft and luxurious. "I bid you farewell for to-day," said the subprior, "but I should like to say two words before I go." "Very well, say them," said the other, "only take care you say no more." "Well then," said the subprior, "have you ever thought on what sort of bed those will lie through all eternity, who refuse to do penance during this life?" "I know nothing about it," replied Recaldo, carelessly. "Listen then," said the subprior, "and the prophet Isaias shall tell you, 'Rottenness shall be thy bed, and worms thy covering,'"¹ and so saying, he left him. But his words remained in the memory of Recaldo and left him no ease by day or by night. In vain he sought to drive away the terrible image by laughter and revelry; it remained ever before him, and would not be banished. A few days later he came to the convent, and begged to be received among the friars, choosing rather to endure a hard life in this world, and then to be carried by the angels into heaven, than to enjoy the delights of the flesh for a few short years, and then to be buried in hell.

Other narratives breathe the sweetness of those liturgical associations, so characteristic of a time when the Office of the Church

¹ Isaias xiv. 11. The Douay version runs thus, "Under thee shall the moth be strewed, and worms shall be thy covering."

was by no means restricted to the use of priests and religious, but when its sacred language was familiar to all the faithful. It is thus that Humbert de Romanis relates the story of his own vocation to religion. He had already attained the degree of Master of Arts, and by the grace of God had preserved his innocence unstained, practised many works of penance, and daily assisted at the Divine Office in the church of Notre Dame. One day he had gone, in company with some others, to hear Vespers in St. Pierre des Bœufs, and when his companions had departed he stayed behind to assist at the Office of the Dead. They had reached the second Nocturn, and whilst the Lessons were being read the chaplain of the church came up to him and said, "Dear friend, you are one of my parishioners, are you not? Suffer me then to ask you some questions that concern your soul. Do you remember what you promised at your baptism?" "Assuredly I do," replied Humbert; "but why do you ask?" "You promised," continued the chaplain, "to renounce Satan and all his pomps, but alas, how many scholars of Paris spend their days in follies and vanities, which are nothing else but his pomps. They say to themselves, 'When you have mastered such a branch of learning, and have taken such a degree, you will become a great clerk, and will obtain a rich benefice;' and what is all that but the pomps of Satan? Ah, dear sir, beware of such things. They do better who quit the world, and enter among the friars of St. James; for all that the world can give is only part of the pomps of the devil." As he finished speaking, the Lesson that was being read ended, and the voice of a young cleric intoned the response, *Heu mihi Domine, quia peccavi nimis in vita mea; quid faciam miser, ubi fugiam nisi ad te, Deus meus?*¹—"Alas, O Lord, I have sinned greatly in my life past; what shall I do, miserable man that I am, and where shall I fly for refuge save to Thee, O Lord?" The words so plaintively chanted sank into his heart; and when he left the church they came back to him again and again. "What shall I do? Whither shall I fly?" And a voice seemed to answer within him: "There is no other refuge for thee save the convent of St. James." Before yielding to the interior voice, however, he sought his friend, and the master of his studies, Hugh de St. Cher

¹ Offic. Defunc. Resp. v.

(afterwards the first Cardinal of the Order), and opened to him his whole heart. "Fear nothing," said Hugh; "go at once and accomplish what you propose. So soon as I have settled certain worldly affairs, it is my intention to do the same thing;" and in fact, both of them shortly after entered the Order, which they adorned by their learning and virtue.

The pages of Gerard de Frachet abound with similar examples of the persuasive power which in the ages of faith often made itself felt in the language of the Divine Office. Two students of Paris were accustomed to recite together the Office of the Blessed Virgin. One of them cherished the desire of entering among the friars, and often urged his companion to do the same. As they were one day saying Vespers together, the latter felt all his hesitation give way. "I can resist no longer," he said. "Where you go I will go; and as a beginning let us both go to the convent to-night and hear Matins." It was the second Sunday in Advent, and when the Office was over, at which they had assisted with great devotion, they asked one another what portion of it had most touched them. One said it was St. Gregory's exposition of the Gospel, "There shall be signs in the sun and moon." "As for me," said the other, "what went to my heart was that eighth Responsory, *Docebit nos Dominus vias suas*—'The Lord will teach us His ways;' and then those other words, *Venite, ascendamus ad montem Domini, et ad domum Dei Jacob*—'Come and let us go up to the mount of the Lord, and the house of the God of Jacob.' It seemed to me as if our Lord were Himself inviting us to enter into the convent of St. James, the true house of God, standing on the mountain."

So too we read of another scholar, who had long debated within himself whether or no to obey the call of God. As he recited Compline of our Lady he came on this verse, "How long, O Lord, wilt Thou forget me, and how long shall I take counsels in my soul and sorrow in my heart all the day?"¹ Seized with sudden emotion, he melted into tears, exclaiming again and again, "How long indeed, O Lord, how long—how long shall I halt between

¹ The full force of the application of the text will be seen if we remember that the convent of St. James (*Jacobus*) was situated on *Mount St. Genevieve*.

² Psalm xii. 1, 2.

two opinions—how long shall my enemy triumph over me? O Lord, enlighten my eyes that I sleep not in death!” Unable to finish Compline, he spent the night in tears and prayers, and no long time passed ere he put an end to his mental struggle and yielded to the impulse of grace.

We will add the story of one more vocation which, though differing in character from those given above, is equally redolent of the spirit of faith. It is that of Henry of Marburgh, who has been already named as one of the disciples of Abbot Matthew whom Dominic found awaiting him in Paris. He had been sent to study at the university by an uncle who stood to him in the place of a father, and passing through his course of studies with blameless reputation, he returned to his own country to teach what he had thus acquired. While thus engaged, his uncle died, and appearing to him in a vision of the night, besought him to do somewhat for the expiation of his sins and the relief of his soul then suffering in purgatory. “What would you have me do?” inquired Henry. “Take the Cross and pass over the sea,” was the reply, “and after you have borne arms for awhile against the enemies of Christ, return to Paris, where you will find the brethren of a new Order serving God by the ministry of preaching. Enter among them, and you will deliver my soul and find for yourself the way of salvation.” Awaking from sleep, Henry delayed not a day in obeying what he deemed an intimation of the Divine will. Abandoning all things, he took the Cross and joined the holy war, and returned to Paris just at the time when the first followers of St. Dominic were establishing themselves in the city. He at once entered the community, and became in due time one of the most renowned preachers in Paris.

Further illustrations of this subject will present themselves in the course of our narrative, but enough has been said to explain how it was that an Order which bore the stamp of a poverty and austerity so severe and appalling, was able to recruit itself from the most brilliant society in Europe. To hearts powerfully touched by the grace of compunction, its severity was its attraction. A novice entered among the friars who had been used to every kind of luxury and delicate living. “How can you expect to persevere in such a life?” said one of his friends who sought to

recall him to the world; "you who have lived a life of ease and indulgence, amid good fare, and soft couches, and rich clothing, and all the delights of the flesh—how will you be able to endure the life of these friars?" "The thoughts you put before me are just those which move me to persevere," replied the other, "for I ask myself if I cannot endure the hardships of religion, how shall I bear the fire of hell?"

Possibly, however, the severity of the Rule would not alone have attracted disciples had not the friars from the very first taken a foremost place among the scholars of the university. This had entered into the mind of St. Dominic as one of the primary ideas of his Order. They were to study and to preach. In their cells only three occupations were allowed them: they were to study, to write, and to pray—*legere, scribere, et orare*. The character of the Order was perfectly seized by the Cardinal James de Vitry when he described it as "a congregation of the scholars of Christ"—*Sancta et honesta Christi scholarium congregatio*.¹ "Every day," he says, "they listen to a lecture on the Holy Scriptures, delivered by one of their own number, and as soon as they have made any progress in these studies they are sent abroad to teach to others what they have learnt."

Scarcely had they established themselves at Paris when their reputation as scholars seems to have been fully recognized. At first they had no schools of their own, but as at Toulouse, attended those of the Cathedral Chapter. Within their own convent, however, they pursued their studies, and to excellent purpose. When William de Montferrat arrived from Rome, he came furnished with letters of recommendation from the Pope, who, addressing the prior and brethren of St. James, prays them to receive the bearer of these despatches with all charity. "We took great pleasure in his society," writes Honorius, "but he preferred to join you at Paris. Wherefore we earnestly recommend him to you, and beg of you to give him every facility of study which is permitted by your Constitutions." The holy Pontiff need have had no misgivings on this point. The facilities for study (*opportunitatem studendi*) of which he here speaks, were freely afforded to all who joined the Friars-Preachers. They did not abandon the pursuit

¹ Echard, t. i. p. 24.

of learning when they assumed the religious habit, they only added to it the work of preaching, thus uniting these two means of extending the Kingdom of Him among Whose titles is that of "the Lord of knowledge."¹ Their studies were of course chiefly, but not exclusively, theological. We may gather some idea of their breadth and extent from the words of Vincent de Beauvais, who, in his *Triple Mirror*, proposed nothing less than to present an epitome of all human knowledge, whether in the domains of art, science, history, or philosophy. And he did this not as though these branches of secular learning were to be cultivated apart from sacred science, but rather in connection with it. "All the arts," he says, "stand grouped around theology, as servants round their queen, and those which we call liberal can be used to good purpose for the demonstration of Catholic truth." Humbert de Romans, afterwards fifth General of the Order, has much to say, in his *Commentary on the Rule of St. Augustine*, on the subject of study, and evidently does but expound the views generally received in the Order. He takes it for granted that study forms a necessary part of the life of the brethren, and quotes the words of St. Jerome, that "Reading should succeed to prayer, and prayer to reading." "If," he says, "religious perfection is one good, and the study of sacred letters is another, the union of both will result in a yet greater good. The Cherubim, whose name signifies the plenitude of science, are not only enlightened by the splendor of the Divine Majesty, but communicate it by an act proper to them. And so those religious Orders which unite to sanctify the light of science, are preferable to those which offer sanctity only; and are so to be esteemed." This is entirely in accordance with those words of St. Thomas, that it is greater to give light than merely to have light: to communicate to others the fruit of contemplation than only ourselves to contemplate. And after enumerating all the advantages that are to be found in sacred study, Humbert names, as the last and principal one, that it helps to the increase of charity. "For the knowledge of God, which is increased by sacred studies, helps us to advance in love; for the more we know God, the more we love Him." This doc-

¹ "Deus scientiarum Dominus est" (1 Kings ii. 3). *Les Dominicains dans l'université de Paris*, p. 127.

trine has been introduced into the very Constitutions of the Order, wherein it is declared that "the pursuit of sacred learning is most congruous to the design of the Order," both because the brethren profess the contemplative life, and the study of sacred things is useful to that end, and also because it is designed for teaching to others that Divine knowledge which its members have acquired by learning.¹

The Friars-Preachers, then, were students not by indulgence or permission, but by the very necessity of their state. The pursuit of sacred learning was the main object for which they were founded. But the charm, the beauty of their lives, consisted in this, that they were not *only* students and preachers. St. Dominic did not fear to cast his children into the very midst of a society steeped through and through with every element that could seduce the heart, because he had provided them with two safeguards, to the strength of which he trusted—they were prayer and poverty. If during the day they studied and preached, by night they watched, and prayed and sang God's praises. One night a certain rich citizen, who lived in a house in the near neighborhood of St. James's, heard as he lay awake the voices of the friars as they were singing Matins. "Ah, wretch that I am!" he thought to himself, "who spend my days in ease and pleasure, and at night rest here on a bed of feathers, when the servants of God, after toiling all day in His service, spend the night in singing His praises!" and obeying the grace which stirred in his heart, he next day entered among them.

St. Dominic, who was now observing with a master's eye this newly-developed phase of the Order, as it shaped itself to the requirements of a life of study in the midst of a busy capital, relaxed nothing at all of the rigor with which he required that his children should hold fast to the duties of the choir and the obligations of poverty. The men who drew crowds to the pulpits of the university were to live on alms, and from day to day to beg their bread. Often suffering actual want, they were as often relieved in ways that revealed the watchfulness of a tender Providence.

(To be continued.)

¹ Const. FF. Præd. dist. 2. n. a.

DOMINICAN SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

J. D. F.

BLESSED SADOC AND COMPANIONS (MARTYRS).—2d.

BLESSED Sadoc entered the Dominican Order during the lifetime of St. Dominic. From the very beginning he seemed to enter into the spirit of the rule which had been devised by the Holy Founder as the wisest and best to further his idea of combining the active with the contemplative life. Though yet young, St. Dominic saw in him the qualities of a great apostle. So when he sent his sons forth to spread the Gospel, he assigned to Blessed Sadoc the mission of Pannonia, an ancient town of Hungary. The inhabitants were for the most part given up to the most criminal vices, but so successful was the young apostle in bringing this benighted people to a sense of their duty that not unfrequently did the devil appear to him and display with raging fury his terrible chagrin at the loss of so many souls that once he ruled with undisputed sway. This only served to stimulate this servant of God and his companions to greater zeal and effort, so that in a short time they had travelled all over Hungary and thence to Poland, spreading everywhere the seeds of the Gospel which were destined to bring forth the harvest of such plenty that scarcely a trace of the wanton infidelity that once overspread these countries remained visible. But the time was approaching when these heroes were to receive the crown of their labors in holy martyrdom. This was miraculously made known to them before, but it only served to make them strive still more to add new souls to the list of those they had already won for their Divine Master. They passed over into Tartary, and there while engaged in spreading the light of truth were inhumanly taken and put to death by the savage inhabitants while they filled the air with the pious canticle, "Salve Regina." They are honored to-day amongst the martyrs of the Church under the title of Blessed Sadoc and his companions.

FEAST OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE BODY OF SAINT PETER

MARTYR.—4th.

After the death of Blessed Peter Martyr, who had been cruelly martyred by the Manicheans at Mediolana, his body was taken by some pious Christians and buried near the church of St. Eustorgius. It frequently happened that many who approached the tomb of the martyr went away completely cured of whatever ailment they had. Soon the fame of the wonderful miracles wrought there spread abroad, and people from all quarters flocked thither to be cured of their ills. So wonderful and so numerous were the cures that were effected through the intercession of this holy martyr, that Pope Innocent the IV. did not hesitate to place him in the number of the saints. Nearly a hundred years elapsed when the citizens of Mediolana erected a most costly and beautiful tomb to the saint's honor. His body during the translation was found to be in a most perfect state of preservation, while his head, which had been severed from his body and placed in a golden case, bore not a single trace of decomposition. What is still more wonderful to relate that so late as the seventeenth century, when his body was again translated to a new resting-place under a beautiful altar constructed in his memory, there seemed to be the same evidence of perfect preservation. This marvellous fact inspired Pope Benedict the XIV. to appoint the 4th day of June as the day on which the translation of the saint should be celebrated throughout the world by the sons of St. Dominic.

BLESSED STEPHEN BANDELLI.—7th.

Blessed Stephen was born in a province near Milan, and from his earliest years, taught and inspired by the example of pious parents, began to lead a life of wonderful piety. Whatever other thoughts or occupations engaged his attentions, the one central predominating idea of his life was to unite himself more closely to God. It was for this he lived and for this he seemed to grow and develop into the maturity of manhood. It was not surprising that at an early age he gave up all that he held dear in order to consecrate himself to God's service. The desire of his heart was fulfilled when as a priest he was commissioned to enter the missionary field. For if the saint had one passion stronger than others, it was that of the salvation of souls. Is it any wonder then

that from the moment that marked the beginning of his missionary career, until his last breath, he strove with an almost superhuman persistency to bring back to Christ's fold the stray, wandering sheep, who had been all but lost in the entanglements of vicious habits and influence? Never, however, in the midst of his labors in behalf of others did he forget himself; his whole life was one of penance and prayer, so that his words received additional strength by the never-failing example he gave of mortification and prayer. He is venerated to this day by the inhabitants of Salutia as their Protector and Deliverer. At one time when that city was in a state of siege, the saint, accompanied by the Queen of heaven, appeared and saved the inhabitants from inevitable slaughter. After death many miracles attested the genuineness of his sanctity and the high place he held in His esteem who views the secrets of men's hearts.

BLESSED JOHN DOMINIC.—10th.

Blessed John Dominic was born in Florence, Italy, of poor parents, yet withal most devoted to the service of God. Their simple piety was well rewarded in the possession of a son who was not only a faithful imitator of their virtues, but such a marvel of sanctity that even at an early age he was looked upon as a saint amongst men. At the age of fourteen he entered the Dominican Order, and while his parents could ill afford to lose his services, they never hesitated to make a sacrifice they knew would be so pleasing to God. God blessed the young novice with wonderful talents, which he devoted with unflagging zeal to the acquisition of a knowledge that afterwards made him one of the most famous scholars of his time. By his wonderful power of eloquence he succeeded not only in affecting a reform in his own order, but likewise in all the religious orders spread through Italy. After his burning words of exhortation, no one could but feel that a religious life is something more than a mere routine of pious exercises, and when he had made his hearers conscious of this by the force of powerful reasoning, he could then with very little effort bring them to the conviction that in order to reap the benefits of such a life they must be joined to the strict observance of the rule, an ever increasing desire to sacrifice every human consideration for the higher one of serving God. His labors were not alone con-

fined to Italy, for we read that he travelled through Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, and other countries, everywhere establishing the doctrines of the Church, pleading, exhorting, encouraging sinners to turn from their evil ways and serve God. A fever contracted while engaged in his missionary labors carried him off in the prime of life. He is venerated to this day as one of the great apostles of Italy and the surrounding countries.

BLESSED OSANNA.—18th.

The life of Blessed Osanna affords us an interesting spectacle of a soul richly endowed with divine grace almost from birth. Her parents were noble and wealthy. Their highest ambition was to see their young, beautiful daughter rise to an eminence in the social world that while commanding the respect and admiration of her compeers, might at the same time add new lustre to a name that had been handed down for generations as one of the most noble in the land. But how different were the thoughts and aspirations of her who was destined to gain, not the ephemeral applause of men, but the love and admiration of the angels of heaven. Truly her life may be called angelic; we read of her solemnly vowing her virginity to God at the age of seven years, and instead of becoming a votary of the world's pleasures, she on the contrary sought day and night for new mortifications to prove the sincerity of her love for her Divine Model. At the age of fourteen she became a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic. In this capacity she was able to give herself up unreservedly to the service of God. Frequently she was found rapt in ecstasy, and perfectly oblivious of everything about her. Her zeal displayed itself in a very marked degree in relieving suffering amongst the poor and sick. It was her custom to beg God to let her suffer the pains of the unfortunates she was wont to visit and console. She was gifted with the power of performing miracles and of foretelling future events. Once by holding up her crucifix over the raging waters of the sea, she calmed the storm that threatened to wreck the vessel she had embarked on. In the year 1505 God took her to Himself, and three years after, when her body was taken out of the tomb in order to place it in one of greater value, it was found to be perfectly preserved. It now rests in the church of St. Dominic at Mantua.

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.

WITH TERTIARIES FROM FAR AND NEAR.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

THE Feast of St. Catherine of Siena is a day of special devotion with tertiaries everywhere. For those who meet in St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, New York City, it is one of two marked days that each passing year brings. Upon that day, as upon St. Dominic's feast, the members are privileged to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion, wearing the full habit of the Order. The feast falling this year upon Sunday, this special feature of its celebration was deferred till Monday. Mass was offered by Rev. R. H. Goggin, O. P., spiritual director, at 9 A. M. in the basement Chapel. The brilliantly-lighted altar and the hymns devotionally rendered added to the solemnity of the festive occasion. After Mass the Rev. Director spoke for some time effectively upon the life of St. Catherine of Siena, and all that it furnishes of solid piety for our imitation, in midst of much else that in its sublimity is beyond us, and was God's call to her alone. With reception and profession of members the services of the feast closed.

* * *

Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., writes that the existence of the Third Order of St. Dominic in Louisville, Ky., dates from the establishment of the parish of St. Louis Bertrand, twenty-eight years ago. It counts now one hundred and twenty-five members. Meetings are held quarterly, on the third Sunday of March, June, September, and December. They are conducted by Rev. J. C. O'Mahoney, O. P., spiritual director. During the years that have passed since its beginning in Louisville, Ky., the Third Order has been called upon many times to exercise the last offices of fraternal charity in praying for the departed. The members are buried in the religious habit, but in life they never wear it. The Third Order as a body is not devoted to any special good work, but the members give themselves generously to the general devotions and works of the parish.

* * *

A tertiary who has tried hard to draw "good people" into the Third Order fears that she may have been imprudent, the fear growing out of her interpretation of the paragraph in the March ROSARY, where mention is made of the prudence Dominican Fathers exercise in receiving members. In some cases such a fear may be well grounded. We do not say it is so in this case. It is possible to be over-zealous in any good cause. By an over-zealous tertiary some may be drawn into the Third Order who will look upon it as no more than a sodality, or a confraternity; and yet others, of the class who appear to believe that great merit comes from belonging to a multiplicity of associations, while they ignore the duties of every one of them. In the former case the Third Order's spiritual benefits would not be understood nor appreciated; in the latter they would be forfeited; from neither would arise any tribute of gratitude to God. There are other cases where momentary fervor might lead persons to be easily influenced by a friend who could talk expansively of the glory to God and the benefit to self to be secured by membership in a great religious Order. In such cases there is danger of the abuse of God's gifts. We know of one tertiary who has influenced many to enter the Order, and always with good results. We know of another who has never yet asked a person to enter this Institution, though she has its expansion deeply to heart. Her plan has been to loan her *Tertiaries' Guide*, or to give a little pamphlet concerning the Third Order to such men or women as she felt would find a soul-want filled thereby, or to such as by their virtue or talent would advance the Third Order. She did nothing more after this but pray. In nearly every case the result was a new member.

Zeal is always good when accompanied by discretion. Discreet zeal in a tertiary will no doubt draw many into the Third Order, but it will never rush a single soul into it. One thing is certain. Entrance into the Third Order of St. Dominic is a matter of sufficient importance to be preceded by a period of fervent prayer, careful, but not scrupulous, self-examination, and earnest resolution for the future. Tertiaries who realize this may be zealous, but will rarely be imprudent.

* * *

A much tried soul has gone through the year of novitiate, but

cannot get courage to go beyond it, afraid of not being worthy of membership in an Order of Saints, so great are the Canonized and Beatified of the Third Order. The Calendar in the *Tertiaries' Guide* "presents such an array of heroic souls!" True enough! sanctity is arrayed there, and our lives appear so petty in contrast! But courage! The Saints were human. *They* did not compile that Calendar. If they had done so, each furnishing his or her record, we would see revealed the weakness, not the heroism. Do you think any of those blessed ones entered the Third Order because they thought they were worthy of entering an Order of Saints? Not a bit of it. They entered either because God especially revealed His will in the matter, or because, desiring to become more faithful to God, they did not refuse the help He held out to them of participating in the merits of those who had triumphed over human frailty, and in those of the many still battling like themselves. Fear and timidity draft few, and train poor soldiers for the "militia of Jesus Christ." Love and courage are far better recruiting officers and drill masters. Let love and courage, then, do their work in all, and lead them fearlessly and faithfully on, from reception to profession, as soldiers in the holy militia of Christ and St. Dominic!

* * *

"It seems to me," writes one of the tertiaries, "that the sanctity of the Third Order is monopolized by the women. Perhaps, though, I should not say so, for a perusal of the Calendar of the *Tertiaries' Guide* shows that the palm of martyrdom was won, and won gloriously, by men who were Dominican tertiaries. In the seventeenth century in England, Ireland, China, and Japan our brothers in St. Dominic bravely endured cruellest deaths for the faith. In our own century, in 1838, we find native Chinese penning the profession which martyrdom was soon to seal. I say nothing here on the vexed question of Chinese emigration, but will just remark here that a fervent prayer to these Christian heroes of a heathen race who died for the faith would win help for us American tertiaries to live for it more nobly. Let us be sons of St. Dominic in the truest sense of the word.

Would it be possible to learn anything of the life of B. Jerome Mira, of whom the Calendar says he was "truly admirable and

saintly in the midst of the world?" The life of Father Olier, founder of the Sulpicians, who was a Dominican tertiary, is deeply interesting. The Calendar also gives us men-folks, the name of V. Jerome of St. Irene, telling us that he was "honored with the five wounds, on account of his love for the cross." It would be interesting to know more about him.

Surrounded by fellow-workmen not of the faith, I find myself frequently drawn into religious conversations. It is then I appreciate the bond of union which exists between my soul and that of so many members of the Order of Truth. That the right word rises to my lips I feel is due to the prayers of the brothers and sisters of St. Dominic's Order for each other. I felt this especially on one occasion. I had a carefully-prepared speech on my lips for a rank opponent of mine with whom I had had a controversy the day before. Just as I was about to deliver it, a question concerning his belief flashed upon me; I let him have it, and it set him thinking, and he's been thinking and borrowing books ever since. He does not say much, but he is in the search for Truth. He needs prayers. The Militia of Jesus Christ, founded for the protection and propagation of the Faith, has a big mission in America in prayer alone. I am sure that all my arguments couldn't possibly have effected the good that that question did, which I didn't think of at all, but which was flashed upon me.

* * *

The testimony of converts proves that judicious questioning has "set them thinking," where argument has produced no effect whatever. Plaintively a convert said one day: "If those who have had the true faith from birth only knew what those who have had it not suffer in the search for it, they would pray for them more fervently, more frequently than they do."

A servant of God, beatified not long ago, was a devoted member of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Though in the priesthood he appeals strongly to his brothers of the Third Order in the world through the peculiar devotion to the Blessed Virgin which he taught by voice and pen. This was Blessed Grignon de Montfort. Earnest endeavors will be made to give some notes concerning B. Jerome Mira and V. Jerome of St. Irene.

"The first Third Order paper," writes a tertiary, "set me think-

ing by the remark it contained about Amelie Lautard, who 'believed that more good would be done in this world if we did not ignore the tools God puts in our reach, seeking instead ones of our own choosing.' Do you know, that brief as that sentence was it has done me good, and I see how many times I have let humble tools near at hand lie idle, and frittered time away regretting that I couldn't be doing some of the great big things for God that I see other people doing for Him. I read it one evening when I couldn't go to the sewing-circle that meets to make garments for the poor. The thought came 'can I not do as much here as there, and have the sacrifice of the pleasant company to offer to God? It will not be much of itself, but the good intention will make it powerful to win some grace from Him for myself and others.' Fearing that I'd fall again into some of my moody dreams, I put the magazine down, hunted up some sewing materials, and the next day gladdened a tired mother by the gift of a new gown for one of her poor little ones. For the spare moments of the next day easily completed that evening's work. And a happy evening it had been. The needle flew, so did time, and humming a familiar hymn to the Sacred Heart, I kept the work uplifted so that every stitch was, I knew, a prayer of love. It was a simple little thing, scarcely worth mentioning, and yet I do mention it just to show what happiness one can give one's self and others, and what glory to God, by just making use of the humble tools we have at hand. But more than all I mention it as a proof of what a few good words of a holy person like Amelie Lautard can do when they are put before us in print. Did Amelie Lautard live in the world during her entire life?"

Yes, Amelie lived in the world excepting for a brief period about her sixteenth year. She then entered the Carmelite Novitiate, withdrawing, however, soon after. She was her father's only child and he was a widower. He couldn't live without her. We cannot say that she yielded to nature in leaving her beloved cloister, but rather that in the pleadings of her only parent she read God's will for her. Her life was a very busy one; but she was a contemplative in the midst of activity. It was she who helped the great Lacordaire to restore the pilgrimage to the grotto of Mt. St. Baume where Mary Magdalen dwelt for thirty years. In

1866 she offered her life that Pius Ninth's life might be prolonged; offered it, too, for the Church and for Rome. The offering was accepted: her death illness seized her the moment it was made. On the third day of suffering she died. She may be considered as one of the most devoted Daughters of St. Dominic of later times.

It is indeed true that the printed word has had oftentimes the power of working wonders in human hearts and souls. And this power is not by any means monopolized by lengthy treatises. Perhaps brief passages do the most effective work. Who does not recall having heard of the power of the written word—printing presses were not invented then—over the life of St. Augustine? And who does not know that a sentence upon which his eye fell changed Ignatius the soldier to Ignatius the saint?

* * *

A tertiary who has always felt drawn to St. Catherine of Siena specially because she sanctified herself to the world, is disappointed to find in "Dominican Saints of the Month," April ROSARY, a sentence from which one might infer that she was a nun. The deepest student of St. Catherine's life and times is certainly Rev. Mother Augusta Theodosia Drane, of the Dominican Sisters of the Third Order, England. Every available document she made use of in compiling her valuable "History of St. Catherine of Siena and her Companions," published in 1880, on the occasion of the fifth centenary of her death. So soon after death did those who loved the dear saint begin to pay her homage, that much of value concerning her was preserved in the libraries of Italy, though we have too little of it in the English language. Unending thanks to Mother Drane for giving us the precious store that we now have in this history.

Speaking in her preface of St. Catherine's state of life, she says: "The position occupied by St. Catherine was altogether an exceptional one. She was never the member of a religious community, yet neither was she a secular, nor a recluse. She appears before us surrounded by a group of disciples bound to her by no other ties than those of personal affection, and numbering among them men and women of every variety of age, station, and character." She lived a convent life in her father's house,

where for three years in silence, contemplation, and penance she went beyond, perhaps, in these things many a saint of the most deeply cloistered and penitential order. She lived a convent life—in the world, now in one city, again in another, in the intervals at home in her father's house, with a passing visit to the home of some cherished friend; when away from Siena, dwelling now in some private house, again in some inn for travellers; in active charity going beyond, perhaps, the most zealous nun that ever gained sanctity in an active order in the Church. As Mother Drane says, "she was surrounded by a group of disciples," and these called her reverently, familiarly, and affectionately, "Mother," yet this group had no general dwelling-place, but *after her death*, many of the women among them took up their abode together, forming a conventual house of the Third Order.

* * *

A tertiary would like to know if St. Catherine of Siena had charge in her time of the tertiaries living in the world, that body of them, at least, who belonged to Siena. We do not really find any proof that she ever held the office of prioress. This title is applied to the superior of the Sisters in the world when a congregation is canonically erected, as well as to her who governs a convent.

It is probable that such an office was held by one of mature age, though assuredly none ever surpassed St. Catherine in maturity of judgment and virtue. It must be remembered that St. Catherine was *the first unmarried young person ever admitted* to the Third Order of St. Dominic, and that her admittance was looked upon, no doubt, by some as an innovation. The most exquisite torture God can ever use in refining a soul is the persecution inflicted by good people, and by those upon whom the persecuted one has heaped favors. God permits the devil of distrust to dwell for a while in hearts, and when it speaks, its voice utters calumny, of the blackest dye oftentimes. St. Catherine's soul was put through this refining process. An aged member of the Third Order named Andrea, afflicted with a cancer, one whom St. Catherine was heroically serving, made terrible accusations against the purity of the saint. We read that "the matter was too grave to be passed over without examination, and the Sisters,

with their Prioress at their head, after questioning Andrea, summoned Catherine before them to answer to the charge." It is needless to say that Christ proved the virtue of His faithful spouse, and that none after gave more striking testimony to it than this same Andrea. St. Catherine was then about ten years in the Third Order, and we see that she was not then Prioress. We know, too, that four years later she surely did not hold the office, for we find her writing from Florence, during the terrible days of the interdict, to Alexia, her dearest friend in the Third Order: "Ask our Prioress to make all her daughters pray for peace, *for I shall not come back till that is gained*. Ask her also to pray for me, her poor daughter, that God may teach me to love Him, and that I may always be ready to speak the truth, and to die for it." This was in 1378. The name of the Prioress was Sister Nera de Gano. St. Catherine wrote from Rocca to her personally. It will thus be seen that St. Catherine was not officially in charge of the whole body of tertiaries in Siena, but that within the whole body a specially enlightened few discerned her marvellous sanctity, and looked upon her as their guide and Mother, while yet with her they paid faithful allegiance to the Prioress by general election.

* * *

A rosarian, not a tertiary, is not familiar with the Life of St. Catherine, but is familiar with her name from reading of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic, *Congregation of St. Catherine of Siena*, and questions why she is taken as the patroness of so many Dominican Convents, if she was never a religious herself. We would say: *St. Catherine is a Dominican* and one of the greatest of Dominicans, and the glory of one branch of the Order is the glory of all. No one can wonder at any of the Daughters of St. Dominic loving to bear the name of one whom God so loved and honored. But when one has once studied that other Catherine's life, the glory of the conventual Third Order, the rival, if one may so speak, of the saint of Siena in everything but worldly renown, one cannot but question why we do not hear more often the name of St. Catherine de Ricci as patroness of Dominican Sisterhoods and Dominican works. She is really to the Third Order of St. Dominic in the convent that which St.

Catherine of Siena is to those in the world: its most perfect model, its star of the greatest magnitude.

* * *

The month of June brings to us always the most tender reflections upon the Sacred Heart. Though the apostolic mission of this great devotion was reserved for Blessed Margaret Mary, yet she had many precursors, whose exquisite words upon the love of the Sacred Heart are sweet indeed; and among these precursors may well be numbered the Patroness of the Third Order, St. Catherine of Siena. Visions of the Sacred Heart were granted to her. Earnest was her prayer that her heart and will might be taken from her completely, that all might be God's. It seemed one day as though the prayer was literally answered; and in offering herself ever after to Him she would say not: "My God, I give Thee *my* heart," but "My God, I give Thee *Thy* heart."

Speaking of Christ crucified she says: "His nailed feet are a step whereby thou mayest reach the side which shall reveal to thee *the secret of His heart*. . . . In His wounded side thou wilt discover the love of His heart, for all that Christ did for us He did out of the love of His heart. . . . Let us go to the great refuge of His charity, which we shall find in the wound of His side, where He will unveil to us the secret of His heart, showing us that the sufferings of His passion, having a limit, were insufficient to manifest His infinite love, as He desired to manifest it, and to give us all that He desired to give." Later on, recalling these favors, and perhaps gratefully contemplating their effects, shown to her in such wonderful measure she exclaims: "Place your lips to the wounded side of the Son of God: from that opening comes forth the fire of charity, and the blood which washes away all our sins. The soul that hides itself there and gazes on that heart opened by love becomes like to Him, because seeing itself so loved, it cannot refrain from loving."

The month of June will pass not only in tender reflection upon the love of the Sacred Heart, but in practical correspondence to all that this love demands if tertiaries follow the example of the saints and beatified of their Holy Order.

"ALL great men are in some degree inspired."—*Cicero*.

EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER.

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

SIXTH PETITION, CONTINUED. With regard to the second consideration (how man is tempted, and by whom), man's fidelity is proved by contact with evil: if he strenuously resists and does not consent, his virtue is great; if, however, he yields to the temptation, then his virtue is of no account. It is to be observed that God tempts no one in this way, because, says St. James: "*God is not a tempter of evils.*" (i. 13.) The source of temptation is threefold: *the flesh, the devil, and the world.*

Man is tempted by the flesh in two ways: First, the flesh incites to evil, seeking its own sensuous pleasures, in which sin is often found. He who is partial to carnal enjoyments will neglect the spiritual ones. "*Every one is tempted by his own concupiscence.*" (St. James i. 14.) Secondly, the flesh tempts by withdrawing us from good. For the spirit by its very nature always would find delight in spiritual goods were it not that the flesh, by its slow and gross burden, impedes it from rising to its proper sphere. "*For a corruptible body is a load upon the soul, and the earthly habitation presseth down the mind that museth upon many things.*" (Wisdom ix. 15.) "*I am delighted with the law of God, according to the inward man. But I see another law in my members fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin that is in my members.*" (Rom. vii. 22, 23.) This temptation is so much the greater than any other by reason of the fact that the source of it is intimately and always present to us. It is part and parcel of ourselves! And as Boetius says that there is no pest so destructive as a household enemy, so we must be on our guard against this one. "*Watch ye and pray that ye enter not into temptation.*" (St. Matt. 25.)

The devil is also a most cunning tempter. For even after the flesh has been brought under restraint there arises another, namely, the devil, against whom we must declare war: "*For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers,*" etc. (Ephesians vi. 12.) Wherefore he is in a most pronounced sense *the tempter*. And a sly tempter he is. Like the command-

er of a besieging army, he finds out the weak parts in the defender's ramparts, and then directs his attack on them. The proud will be attacked in the object of his overweening ambition; the hasty and impulsive man in his anger; the intemperate in his gluttonous cravings, and so on through all the vices. "*Your adversary, the devil, goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.*" (1 Pet. 5.) When the devil tempts, his plan is twofold. He knows better than to propose the evil in all its naked heinousness at the outset, but very adroitly he conceals it under the appearances of something good, as a bait to draw men after him, and drive them finally to the full deliberate commission of sin. "*Satan himself transformeth himself into an angel of light.*" (2 Cor. xi. 14.) Finally, after he has induced a person to commit sin, he so fetters him as to make it almost impossible for the poor, trapped victim to rise again. This, then, is the devil's way: he first deceives, and then holds his dupe in fetters of sin that are stronger than bands of steel.

The Children of the Rosary.

A CHAT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I know that you are all looking forward anxiously to your happy vacation days, when you will not be bothered with tasks in arithmetic, and catechism, and history; nor will you have to stay in-doors, listening to lectures and coming forward in your turn to read and recite your lessons and take imaginary trips to China and the Mountains of the moon, or other out-of-the-way places on the map. Nor will you have to find the "greatest common divisor" of this, that, and the other. Some of you will perhaps readily admit that you never were good in doing detective work in arithmetic; but I suppose that none of you would commit himself or herself as did the school janitor, who on seeing written on the blackboard: "Find the greatest common divisor," exclaimed: "Well, well! I declare! is that blame thing lost again?"

Yes, yes; commencement days are at hand, and the "piece that you are going to speak," and the songs that you will sing, and the instrumental selections that you will play are already well memorized, and the appropriate gestures and intonations have been carefully practised, and you have made up your minds that you will reflect credit on your teachers, give joy to your good parents, and keep up the high standard of your school.

That's right, dear children; and then vacation! when the bell will not interrupt Johnny and Willie from stealing second base or making a home run, and Nellie and Sadie and all the other talkative little Misses will have time to give elaborate tea-parties to all the demure little dolls in the neighborhood.

Enjoy yourselves during vacation, but manage to spend a short time every day with your books. You are scholars, still, remember; so keep up the spirit of your occupation. If you do so, you will be able to resume your studies next September with little or no difficulty. Above all, endeavor to strengthen yourselves in those particular branches in which your own consciences as well as your reports tell you that you are weak.

May your free days be many and enjoyable! Write and tell THE ROSARY where you have been, and what you have done and seen.

A CHILD'S INVITATION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

MARY THERESE WEST.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
For another day is born;
Come from Thy mansion in the skies,
To dwell with us this morn,
And from Thy Heavenly Home
O let one ray of light
Steal through the gates of Paradise,
To make this world more bright.
Not to the opening flowers
That with sweetness fill the air,
Sweet Spirit, linger not with these,
But unto us repair ;

They have not souls like ours,
And never go astray,
Thou who art called the Dove of Peace,
Linger with us to-day.
Not with the gentle birds
Whose glad music charms the ear,
Thou comest not with such to dwell,
For unto Thee more dear
Are children's thoughts and words
When they ascend in prayer,
And such can move and please Thee well,
Spirit of God most fair!
Reign over hearts that love,
And to those oppressed with grief,
Thou who art called the Comforter,
Cans't Thou not bring relief?
Come, then, from Heaven above,
Fountain of living Light,
Thy glory on the earth confer,
And make this world more bright.

THE DIAMOND RING.

HENRY COYLE.

"OH, how pretty it is! I wish it were mine," said little Mary Stevens to her aunt, as she stood by the dressing-table of the latter, who was preparing to go out. Mary had taken up a ring, and the jewel seemed to fascinate her; she held it up to the light a dozen times, and finally put it down, and went away from the table to look out of the window.

When her aunt left the room, Mary forgot the ring, and perhaps it would not have entered her thoughts again, had she not been in the room when her aunt returned from her walk; again she saw the ring, took it up, and admired it.

"Do you think, aunty," she said, "that I shall ever have such a beautiful ring as this?"

"Why, yes, dear, when you are a young lady," her aunt replied; "when that time comes, if you still admire it so much, I may perhaps give it to you."

"How I wish I was grown up!" said the child, with a sigh, and put the ring on her fat little thumb.

Miss Johnson, Mary's aunt, was just then called out of the room; the child ran up to the window with the ring and held it up to the light.

"Oh, I wish it were mine!" she said; "why should not little girls have pretty things as well as big people!"

Suddenly she heard a carriage stop at the door, and looking out of the window she saw it was her father; he had come to take her home; she had been spending the day with her aunt in the city, and her father promised to call for her in the evening. Very soon she heard them calling her from below, to make haste, as her father was in a hurry.

She looked once more at the ring. "Oh, I will keep it; no one will know it, and I shall be so happy!" The thought was sudden; with hurried hand she slipped the ring into her pocket, and ran down-stairs. Her first impulse was not to go into the parlor; she feared if her aunt but looked at her, she would know she had taken her ring. Just as she was about to open the front door, her aunt came out into the hall.

"Why, Mary, dear, you are not going without saying good-bye, surely? Why, what is the matter?" she said, putting her hand kindly on the child's shoulder.

Mary was almost ready to cry; in a moment the wrong she was doing came into her mind; conscience whispered in its soft, low accents, and she turned blushing and confused, away.

She put her hand into her pocket to give the ring to her aunt, when the thought flashed into her mind, "But what will she think of me! I shall always be like a little thief to her, and she will never trust me again! I will just run up-stairs and put it back on the table."

Alas! she had no sooner reached the stairs, when her father called from the carriage impatiently, and said that if she was not ready, he could not wait any longer for her.

Mary ran out to the porch, jumped into the carriage, and was

soon on her way home. She was usually a great chatterbox, and it required some patience to answer all her questions; nothing could escape her, and it seemed as if she talked for the very pleasure of hearing her own voice; but now she was silent and thoughtful.

Her father told her of some little girls he had seen in a great institution in the city; they were blind, and many of them dumb, and talked with their fingers. This on usual occasions would have been quite enough to have set Mary's tongue in full motion, but it had no effect now, and she remained quite silent.

"Why, Mary, you must have been doing something wrong to-day," said her father, who had been watching her for some time. "I hardly know my little girl, she is so different from what she generally is. I thought you would be very much interested in these little blind children. Now, what is wrong?"

"Oh, nothing, papa, only I am very tired," and as if determined to atone for her previous silence, she began a string of questions; but it was evidently a great effort, and she soon again relapsed into silence. She kept her hand in her pocket, turning the ring over and over.

She was very glad when they reached home, and her mother's cheerful face appeared at the door. With a pleasant greeting, she kissed her little daughter, and began to take off her hat and sack.

"Thank you, mamma, I will put them away," and she hastily slipped away, and went up to her own little room. She hastened to the window and again examined the ring, but alas! it had no longer any charm for her.

"What shall I do with it? oh, why did I take it!" and she burst into tears; but afraid of being found and questioned, she dried her eyes, and then hid the ring in the very bottom of her little clothes-box.

When she was a little more composed, she went down-stairs, but no such thing as peace would come to her; she was constantly tormented with the thought that some one would go to her box, and at last she went up to her room, took the ring, and concealed it once more in her pocket.

She walked out into the garden; she climbed over moss-covered rocks, looked at the flowers, watched the birds, but all in vain

—she could not forget the ring, the hateful ring, and she longed to get rid of it. Finally she made up her mind to throw it away, and then she should not have it—it could not torment her.

But where could she put it—where could she throw it? She thought of the well, but she shrank from that. Thus disturbed, she walked till she came to the orchard, some distance from the house, where there was a sand-bank. She looked fearfully about her, so as to be sure that she was alone, and then, not trusting herself to even look at it, she threw the ring from her.

After this, she felt greatly relieved; she had sacrificed the ring; it could no longer torment her, and she felt happier. She had not stolen it now, she reasoned, and returned to the house.

She was glad when it was time to retire, but her slumbers were disturbed. She dreamed that she went into a jeweller's in the city, with her aunt, and that she took a handful of rings, and ran down the street; but she was pursued, and "Stop thief! stop thief!" rang in her ears, but she was captured, and they were going to put her in prison, when an angel, in the form of her aunt, appeared and rescued her.

In the morning she awoke quite tranquil; she walked to the place where she had thrown the ring, but could not find it. The day was passing away pleasantly, and she felt almost happy. In the afternoon she was looking out of the window, when she saw, coming up the long avenue, her aunt.

A panic seized her; she felt that her aunt had discovered her loss, and was coming to accuse her. She ran out of the side door, and hid in a corner of the garden. Here she cowered down trembling, her little heart beating almost audibly. In a few moments she heard her mother's voice, calling, "Mary! Mary!"

Still she hid in the corner, and did not utter a sound.

The voice grew more decided and stern. "Mary, where are you? Why do you not come to me?"

She heard footsteps crunching the gravel, and her mother came suddenly upon her.

"Why, Mary, what are you doing here?" she said, gently putting her arm around her; "why did you not come when I called? You have been doing something wrong, I fear."

Poor Mary! she was trembling in every limb, and she would have fallen but for her mother's arm.

"Mary, tell me, do you know anything about your aunt's ring?"

"I have not got it, mamma?" faltered Mary; but the consciousness that she was deceiving her kind mother was too much for her, and she burst into tears.

"Now, Mary," said her mother, gently but very firmly, "tell me the truth. You had your aunt's ring yesterday, and what did you do with it? She values the ring very much, and if you know where it is, speak quickly, and we will both forgive you."

With scorching cheeks and downcast eyes, Mary told her mother all, and when she had finished, they went together to look for it; after a close search the ring was found.

What a load was taken from poor Mary's heart! How kindly did that mother deal with the penitent child, and represent to her how great a sin she had been guilty of; how earnestly did she pray her never to forget this lesson—to beware how she yielded to temptation of coveting what belonged to someone else, and how rigidly she should refrain from taking anything, however small, that belonged to another. Nor was the lesson lost. Mary never forgot the ring, and the agony it had cost her.

DAVE HARLOWE'S TIN BOX.

(Concluded.)

EDWIN ANGELOE.

WITH a happy heart Dave took his way home to Mrs. Miller's, feeling that Heaven had been generous to him that day. Dave was rather surprised to learn that Jim Sparks had called again that afternoon.

"Was he up in my room?" asked Dave, anxiously.

"Yes," said Mrs. Miller. "It was Jane who let him in. He said you promised to meet him here to-day, and went up there to wait for you."

Dave was amazed.

"I never promised to meet him anywhere! He has been up to some trickery."

"You see Jane thought it was all right to let him in, having seen him here last night. I was out when he came. I left the key in her possession, thinking you might come in at any moment."

It was the custom of Mrs. Miller to take charge of the key.

"Did he wait long?"

"Jane says about five minutes. He said he would return, but he didn't.

"Will you let me have the key, please, Mrs. Miller?"

"Here it is," said she, producing it from her pocket.

Dave hurried up to his room, hastily unlocked the door, went in, and opened the old chest.

The tin box was gone.

"Just what I feared!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "He has left the key behind him. I suppose he did not know it was in the bottom of the chest."

"What is the trouble?" inquired Mrs. Miller, appearing in the doorway.

"That man has robbed me of the money my father left me."

Mrs. Miller was shocked.

"Oh, Dave, what on earth will you do?"

"Follow him and recover it," said Dave, resolutely. "He shall not steal from me so easily."

"How will you be able to trace him?"

"He is captain of a transportation boat named the *Opal*. I'll follow her. She's always about the harbor."

At supper Dave told Mrs. Miller of his new engagement.

"Do you think the *Opal* belongs to Mr. Pixley, Dave?"

"I don't know. I am to be given a list of the boats to-morrow. Mr. Pixley said there are twelve. I know the names of only two—the *Columbus* and the *Fearless*. It would be odd if the *Opal* belonged to Mr. Pixley. I'll ask him about her in the morning, anyway."

"I am sorry that Jane did not let the man wait in the parlor instead of admitting him to your room. Jane is a country girl, and has only been with me two weeks. She is very innocent and is not up to the tricks of the people."

"He would not have waited there, anyway, for he really did not wish to see me."

"That's so; but he would have left the house, which would have been better still."

That night Dave mailed a postal card to Bruce and Walker's office, informing them of his new situation.

The next day when he obtained the list of boats from Mr. Pixley, he searched quietly for the *Opal*.

"She is not here."

He had scarcely uttered the words when the door opened and in came a collector, who presented a bill for towing the *Opal* to Pier 9, East River.

Mr. Pixley examined the bill and then paid it.

"The *Opal* is not on the list you gave me, Mr. Pixley," said Dave, when the collector was gone.

"I know it. She is not ours. We have only chartered her for a month. We are quite busy now and need an extra boat. Her captain is a man named Jim Sparks. The lighter is owned by his cousin, who keeps a boarding house for boatmen somewhere in South Brooklyn."

After some moments of thought, Dave decided to tell Mr. Pixley of the tin box.

Mr. Pixley listened attentively to every detail.

"I am not surprised at Jim Sparks' doings," said he. "I heard that he stole a barrel of oil from a scow a short time since."

"What would be a good way to recover the money?" asked Dave.

"We'll visit the *Opal* now and see what we can do."

"Where is she lying?"

"At the Atlas Line, Pier 55, North River."

The office was left in charge of Mr. Pixley's foreman, and Dave and his employer took the Ninth Avenue elevated-cars for uptown. They got off at Twenty-Third Street, and, after descending to the pavement, walked westward through Twenty-Fifth Street.

"There's the *Opal*," said Mr. Pixley, when they reached the pier. "She is delivering some drums of fish to the steamship *Athos*."

"I see her."

"When we go aboard, act as if you were not aware that your box was stolen."

"Won't he wonder why I am with you?"

"Talk with him as if nothing happened. Then bring about in an off-hand manner how you came to be engaged by me in the office, an incident with which the theft had nothing to do."

When Jim Sparks saw Mr. Pixley coming aboard the *Opal*, he was certainly surprised and startled to see our hero with him.

"They're onto me!" he ejaculated; "but I've got any number of lies to face them with."

"How are you getting along, Jim?" asked Mr. Pixley, pleasantly.

He wished to study Jim carefully before making a direct accusation.

Mr. Pixley's manner seemed to lift a ton off the lighter captain's heart.

"First-rate, sir," he replied. "They're taking the fish from us rapidly."

"My new clerk here, Dave Harlowe, tells me that you and he are acquainted."

Jim Sparks looked sharply at Dave.

A pleasant, friendly smile was all that he saw.

"He does not know yet," thought Sparks. "If he does, it is not me that he suspects."

"Yes, sir. I used to know his father."

"When you get through delivering your load, Jim, I want you to take your lighter over to Jersey for some meal."

"All right, sir," replied Sparks, who believed that this was the object of Mr. Pixley's visit.

Dave eventually drifted into close conversation with Jim, and succeeded in leading him from all suspicion.

"You were up to see me yesterday afternoon, I heard," said Dave.

"Me!" exclaimed Sparks.

"Mrs. Miller told me you were there."

"She was mistaken. I wasn't off the lighter yesterday afternoon. It must have been some one else," said Sparks, innocently.

Dave was puzzled. Could Mrs. Miller's girl have been mistaken? Hardly. She had admitted Jim Sparks the night previous, and ought to have known him next day.

"Maybe it was some one else," said Dave, off-handedly. I suppose you will be up again before long?" he added.

"I'll try to be up there some night next week," replied Sparks, utterly misled, and quite pleased.

After a while, Dave left him and sauntered over to Mr. Pixley, who was standing near the bow, watching the men at work.

Jim Sparks was keeping tally as each drum of fish was put into the ship. Every now and then his eye wandered to the other two uneasily.

"I hope they don't go below," he said to himself, nervously. "I wish they'd hurry up and leave."

"Jim," said Mr. Pixley, approaching; "do you know how the *Columbus* is getting on at the French Pier?"

"I heard this morning that they wouldn't take her load until to-morrow."

"You go over there now and tell her captain to see if he can hurry the stevedore to take her load sometime to-day. I want that boat badly to-morrow morning for a load of iron at Staten Island."

"Who'll keep tally while I'm gone."

"I will."

Jim Sparks controlled his reluctance, and did as he was bid.

"I guess they won't find out anything," he murmured to himself. "I feel all rattled, though."

"You go down below, Dave," said Mr. Pixley, when Sparks was gone, pointing to the forward hatchway, "and see if you can find any clew. Look around sharply. If you do not succeed, I will speak to Jim Sparks of our suspicion, not when he comes back, but to-night when he reports at the office, as it is his regular duty to do."

"Very well, Mr. Pixley."

Dave went below and searched about carefully.

He was about giving up when his eye caught sight of a bundle of canvas stored away among some stones used as ballast in the bow.

Dave crept in under the bowsprit, drew the bundle out, and unrolled it.

A low, joyous cry escaped his lips.

"The box!" he exclaimed. "I am in luck."

Jim Sparks had not stolen the key, and the lock was broken. Dave counted the money and found there were ten dollars gone.

"That isn't so very bad. I thought he had spent more than that. What will Mr. Pixley say?"

Dave ascended to the deck and told his employer of his success.

"I am very glad, Dave. We'll have a little understanding with Jim Sparks when he gets back. Of course you understand that I sent him on that errand so as to get rid of him?"

"That's what I thought."

"The errand is a necessary one, anyway. At another time I would have chosen his mate instead of him."

"Is Jim Sparks under your authority, Mr. Pixley?"

"He and his mate are while the *Opal* is in our service. His wages are paid him by me during that length of time."

Mr. Pixley had a habit of saying "our," though he had no associate partner in his business. He merely used the pronoun in reference to himself and his foreman.

In due time Jim Sparks returned.

He was quite taken back when confronted with the discovery of his theft.

At first he would not acknowledge his guilt, though he saw the box of cash under Dave's arm.

"There is no use of you denying it, Jim," said Mr. Pixley. "We have every evidence against you."

Finally the lighter captain gave in.

"I was drunk," he said, by way of excuse, "and did not know what I was doing when I took the money."

"Drunk or not drunk, you would have done it. I know you of old."

"I'll pay him back what I spent."

"That's what I insist you shall do."

"I will give him the money Saturday night when I'm paid. Will that do?" asked Jim Sparks, turning to Dave.

"I am satisfied."

"You can be handed over to the law for what you have done," said Mr. Pixley, sharply. "It rests with Dave to decide whether to do it or not."

"I have no wish to punish him, Mr. Pixley. I have recovered what I lost, and am fully satisfied."

Dave's manner and tone were very cool, and Jim Sparks easily saw that no familiar relations could continue between them.

Dave and Mr. Pixley left the lighter and returned down-town to the office. Dave placed his hundred dollars in a savings-bank and added to the sum from time to time.

When the *Opal's* month was up, Jim Sparks asked Mr. Pixley to take him into his employ.

Mr. Pixley would not do so, because he believed the lighter captain would be guilty of the same offence again if tempted. Besides this, there was no place on the lighters for another man.

"Can't you stay aboard the *Opal*?" asked Mr. Pixley.

"No. Olsen has sold her, I heard this morning; and the fellow that's bought her is going to be captain himself."

Then Jim Sparks went away. Dave never heard of him again until he learned of his imprisonment for robbing a flour mill.

Dave stayed with Mr. Pixley for some years, and later on was offered a very lucrative position in a large steamship office, where the company was rated as being worth millions.

He has the tin box yet, and often looks back with pleasant memory to the day he found it on the *Opal*.

END.

"HE that negotiates between God and man,
As God's Ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart."

—Cowper.

"MEN are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say."—Colton.

MARY GARVEY'S CROWN.

M. A. O'REILLY.

FIFTEEN miles from New York City, on the shore of the world-renowned Hudson River, stands the Academy of Mount St. Vincent. It is one of the most beautiful places between New York and Albany.

As you alight from the train the first object that meets your gaze is the "Castle," a beautiful building constructed of granite, in a very quaint style of architecture. It was in time gone by known as "Forrest Castle," because the great tragedian, Edwin Forrest, lived there.

You walk on a little farther, and just as you turn the corner you come in full sight of the Academy, where, at the time of my story, about one hundred and thirty girls are scholars.

On that Autumn afternoon as I walked through the play-room, one of the girls called to me: "May, come here, please; we wish to consult you about the play we were speaking about this morning." I turned as I heard my name mentioned, and met my bosom friend, Mary Garvey, who, I thought, was the most amiable, pretty, and noble girl I had ever had the good fortune to know.

She was from a little town in C——, and a prime favorite among the girls, as well as among the Sisters. She had a pretty face, with large, expressive brown eyes, a rosebud mouth, and her lips, when parted, displayed pearl rows of teeth. Her raven black hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders, and she was as sweet as any queen, as she stood before me, leaning beside the piano.

"You know, May, it is almost time for tea, and poor Kittie will not be able to take the part of our Spanish queen, as she is in the infirmary, very ill. What shall we do? There is no time now to give the part to any one else, as the performance takes place immediately after the Angelus. I am the only one left for the part, and my costume will hardly suit. Come, May, tell me, shall I take the part?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, "you are just the person. Come to the music-hall and ask Sister to let us practice."

We started up-stairs, and at the hall found Sister only too willing to allow us the use of a music-room.

* * *

I was never so surprised as that evening when the curtain was rolled back, to see Mary sitting on the throne as the queen, as if she had been preparing the part for some time. She won the hearts of her audience; and from that time on was the "leading lady" in all the entertainments. She sang like a bird, and her singing was until that time unknown to her friends.

"Why, Mary, you must try for our medal at distribution. You have an excellent opportunity; promise me, now, will you?" Sister said one day soon after. Mary promised and went to work practising, sometimes five hours a day, and it was not long before she had the name of the "Prima donna of the Mount."

Mary spent all her free time in the chapel praying to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He it was to whom she would run in all her troubles, tell them to Him, and He always helped her.

It was at His feet Sister found her one night, long past the time the children were supposed to have retired. Kneeling there on the altar-step, her lips moving, but Sister noticed that her eyes were closed. Gently she called: "Mary, Mary," but receiving no answer, she walked over to the child, laid her hand upon her, when Mary uttered a piercing cry, and fell to the floor in a deep faint.

Sister carried her to her bed, and called the doctor. He said that Mary was a—a somnambulist; that she had gone to the altar in her sleep. He said the child had been badly frightened, but would come around in a few days.

The next morning when Mary opened her great, brown eyes, she looked very ill, but asked to be allowed to take her place in class that day. The nurse shook her head, and big tears chased one another down Mary's cheeks, to the snow-white pillow.

At eleven o'clock, recreation time, I climbed the great stairway, and wound my way to my favorite's bed.

There she lay as quiet as death, looking like a little angel, her eyelids closed, and she was very pale. She was raving, so I was told by the nurse, so I quickly withdrew.

At four o'clock I returned. Mary was sinking, the doctor said, but he gave me permission to speak to her. "May," she said,

"I have had a vision, and I saw the Sacred Heart. He said He would take me to Him, so I am ready to go; kiss me good-bye."

Mary's condition remained the same as the month rolled by. Distribution-day was near at hand, but what cared the poor sick child; she had expected to be crowned with the Saint Cecelia's Gold Medal for vocal music, but now she had given up all hopes, owing to her illness.

The twenty-third of June was at hand—it was distribution-day; the exercises were to begin at two o'clock. Mary begged to be carried to the hall to hear the results of the year. "Her wish cannot be refused," said Sister; "perhaps it is her last commencement-day with us."

So Mary was brought down to a little room adjoining the hall, where she could see and hear all that took place.

Sister was among those in the audience, but when the distribution of the medals came, Sister went to the little room. As she reached it, the announcement of "Saint Cecelia's Gold Medal for singing is awarded to"——

"Mary, Mary, are you listening? Hear who will get it!"

Mary did not move. Sister went closer; she put her hand upon the child's head; she listened to hear her breathe, but Mary did not hear; she did not see. Saint Cecelia had called her to crown her herself.

FORGIVENESS.

A RED rose, dropping to the ground,
With delicate beauty flushed,
By a careless foot, at eventide,
Was trampled on, and crushed.

Christlike, the injured flower returned
No thorn-prick for the blow;
But gave instead a sweet perfume
To him who laid it low.

—F. F. Clyde.

"You cannot give an instance of any man who is permitted to lay out his own time, contriving not to have tedious hours."

—Johnson.

THE RESURRECTION.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.
1ST SOP. *Moderato.*

Music by LOUISA MORRISON.



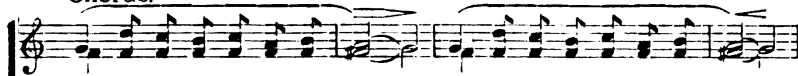
1. Sing the Sav-iour's glo-rious tri-umph, Love has vanquish'd death for aye ;
2. Oh, what joy and love o'er - flow - ing Fills His Vir - gin Moth-er's heart,
3. Hers a faith, strong and un - fail - ing, In His prom-is - es di-vine,



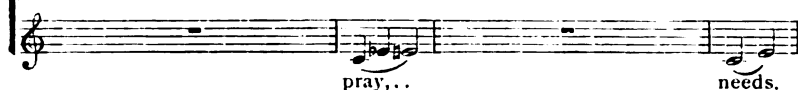
Christ has op-en'd the dark pris - on, Where the patriarchs waiting lay.
In His joy as in His sor - row, Hers is still a great-er part.
May her faith in Je - sus Sav - iour, Ev - er in our bo-soms shine.



Chorus.

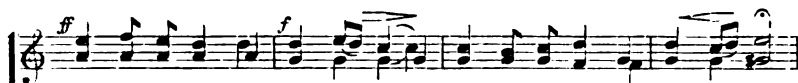


Lis - ten, O Moth-er, while we pray. We show thee all our cares and needs,

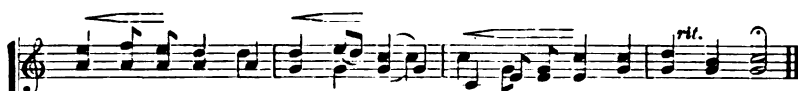
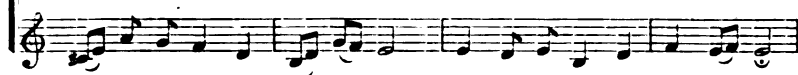


pray...

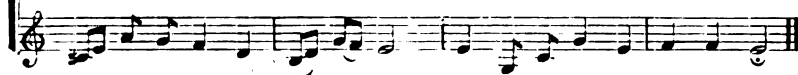
needs.



As pleading for thy aid we say The A-ves on thy bless-ed beads ;



As pleading for thy aid we say The A-ves on thy bless-ed beads.



Notes.

Renew your subscription to THE ROSARY by filling in the blank on the last page and sending it to THE ROSARY, 871 Lexington Ave., New York City.

The venerable old Convent of St. Sixtus in Rome, fraught with the best traditions of the Dominican Order—once abandoned, deserted—is now in the possession of a community of Dominican Nuns. The Very Rev. Master-General lately celebrated Mass there.

Those of our subscribers who will spend the summer months in the mountains or by the sea-side, ought to select such places as will enable them to hear Mass on Sundays and holy-days of obligation.

Don't blame THE ROSARY for not being able to guess at the directions of your summer address. Parties who give word may have their ROSARY forwarded to their summer quarters.

Very Rev. Joseph A. Labore, O.P., Provincial of the province of Lyons, France, and Rev. Bertrand Cothonay, O. P., until quite recently rector of the Cathedral of Port of Spain, Trinidad, spent a pleasant week with their brethren at St. Vincent Ferrer's Convent, this city. They embarked for *la belle France* on the *Bretagne* on Saturday, May 5.

Father Cothonay has spent ten years as a missionary on the Island of Trinidad, where the Dominicans have one convent and several flourishing vicariates.

During his missionary career he found it necessary to be able to converse in English, Spanish, French, and the *patois* of the creoles. He speaks English very well. The enervating climate of the tropics rendered it necessary for him to return to his beloved France to regain

his health, now weakened by the ravages of malaria. During his sojourn in Trinidad, he sent back to the novices of his province many interesting letters detailing his experiences as a missionary in the West Indies, and on the Island of Trinidad, which lies off the coast of Venezuela. These letters have been collected and published under the title of "*Journal dun Missionnaire Dominicain des Antilles Anglaises.*"

"We remember that after the death of most Rev. Father Joseph Larroca, who deserved well of our Order, the Very Rev. Father Vicar, Joseph A. Labore, exhorted all the Brothers and Sisters of the Order to beseech God in both public and private prayers to give them a Master-General 'after His own heart.' Accordingly at the close of the General Chapter* we set out on a pilgrimage to the Chapel of the Sisters of the Visitation to repeat the act of Consecration of the entire Order to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, first made by our predecessor, Father Alexander Vincent Jandel.—*From the Encyclical Letter of Very Rev. A. Fruewirth, O.P.*

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

Corpus Christi, June 1st. One Plenary Indulgence.

C.C. Visit chapel, prayers.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. One Plenary Indulgence.

C.C. Visit chapel, prayers.

Most Pure Heart of the Blessed Virgin. One Plenary Indulgence.

C.C. Visit chapel, prayers.

Sts. Peter and Paul. One Plenary Indulgence.

C.C. Visit chapel, prayers.

JUNE ROSARY.

INTENTIONS FOR JUNE.

The prayers of our Rosarians are asked for our Holy Mother, the Church, our Holy Father the Pope, also for several special intentions: for a young girl who has not yet made her first confession and Holy Communion; for a person suffering with a lingering disease; the means to pay off a debt, and that a church may soon be built in a place at present sparsely settled with Catholics; for a good situation; restoration to health; conversion of a father; a re-

ligious vocation; conversion of two families; of forty-four persons; for thirty-three special intentions; for Miss Ellie Long, who died on Good Friday, '93; she was a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic; for Elizabeth Moran, who died in New York, on the 29th of March, '93; for Sister Helene Lafontaine, in religion Mother Mary of the Annunciation, who died April 15, 1893, in the 43d year of her age, and the 23d year of her religious profession; for Edward Kenny, who died in Boston, Feb. 12th, '93.

* Sept. 1891.



BLESSED BERNARD, O. P., AND HIS COMPANIONS—PATRONS OF FIRST COMMUNICANTS.

(See page 214.)



VOL. III.

JULY, 1893.

No. 3

THE HYMN "AVE MARIS STELLA" AND ITS ARRANGEMENT.

VERY REV. JOSEPH RAINER.

ONE of the most beautiful and devotion-inspiring sacred hymns in honor of the Queen of heaven is the one usually recited or sung on her feasts in the Vesper-service, commencing with the words: Ave Maris Stella. It is very simple in language and construction, and still sublime and touching by its very simplicity. Prostrate before her throne of mercy, her devout servants raise their eyes and hearts to their beloved mother, and send their "Ave" up to her who was once greeted by the "Ave" of the archangel. That first Ave informed her of her new dignity; our Ave assures her of the reverential affection with which her dignity inspires us.

But few, perhaps, of those who recite or sing this beautiful hymn have ever been aware of the wise and masterly arrangement of its strophes. The simple stanzas are by no means a series of loose, disconnected ideas or pious invocations. If we consider them attentively we find that they are a paraphrase or explanation of the first stanza, intended to explain and develop the titles addressed there to the Mother of God.

The Church prescribes in her rubrics for the public recita-

tion or singing of this hymn, that priest and people should kneel during the first strophe, but stand during the rest of the hymn. I never found a certain reason for this ceremony, but perhaps I may not be mistaken if I find the reason for it in the very arrangement of the hymn. First we kneel down, and, on our knees, in profound humility, we raise our cry for mercy and grace to the "Mother of divine grace." Then we rise and meditate on the meaning of the titles which from the depth of our misery and weakness we have addressed to the glorious Queen of heaven. In order to facilitate the understanding of this short exposition, we will first give the whole text with the English translation of the "Raccolta":

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Ave maris stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix cœli porta. | 1. Hail, thou star of ocean !
Portal of the sky,
Ever Virgin Mother,
Of the Lord most High. |
| 2. Sumens illud <i>Ave</i> *
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Hevæ nomen. | 2. Oh ! by Gabriel's <i>Ave</i> , *
Uttered long ago,
Eva's name reversing,
'Stablish peace below. |
| 3. Solve vincla reis,
Profer <i>lumen</i> cæcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce. | 3. Break the captive's fetters,
<i>Light</i> on blindness pour,
All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore. |
| 4. Menstra te esse <i>matrem</i> ,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus,
Tulit esse tuus. | 4. Show thyself a <i>mother</i> ,
Offer Him our sighs,
Who for us Incarnate,
Did not thee despise. |
| 5. <i>Virgo</i> singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos,
Mites fac et castos. | 5. <i>Virgin</i> of all virgins !
To thy shelter take us;
Gentlest of the gentle !
Chaste and gentle make us. |
| 6. Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut <i>videntes Jesum</i> ,
Semper collætémur. | 6. Still as on we journey
Help our weak endeavor;
Till with thee and Jesus
We rejoice forever. |

* The italics are intended to recall the leading idea in each stanza as explained below.

7. Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritus Sancto,
Tribus honor unus.
Amen.

7. Through the highest heaven,
To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
One same glory be.
Amen.

It is to be regretted that the English translator in his rendering of the first stanza did not retain the order of ideas expressed in the original, and so we are obliged to refer the reader to the original text in order to show its beautiful arrangement.

The following aims at a literal translation of the first stanza: Hail, star of the sea—Benign mother of God—and ever Virgin—blessed gate of heaven.

The first word of the first stanza is a word of greeting, the same that was addressed to the Virgin of Nazareth by the angel of the Annunciation: Ave! Hail!

Now the second stanza returns to this salutation (once more) and explains it, while reminding us at the same time that by the "Ave" of Gabriel, the name of the first woman—Eve—was reversed, since Mary is the second Eve, the true "mother of the living."

The "Ave" is followed by the invocation: maris stella—star of the sea. The third stanza explains and develops this title, and shows how Mary as the bright star of the sea pours light on our blindness, and shows us the way through the stormy sea of life to the safe harbor of salvation.

The next title addressed to Mary in the first strophe is: Dei Mater alma—Benign Mother of God.

Referring to this sweet name of mother, we beseech her in the fourth strophe that as she is the Mother of God, she may also show herself a mother to us, and, as our powerful mediatrix, present our humble petitions to Him who "for us incarnate" did not despise to be called her Son.

Atque semper Virgo—ever Virgin—is the next invocation in the first stanza. Consequently the fifth stanza celebrates Mary's spotless Virginity and the transcendent beauty of her virtues, among which her meekness and chastity are particularly extolled.

Felix cœli porta—blessed gate of heaven—this is the concluding line of the first strophe.

This glorious privilege of Mary by which she leads her devoted client to the joyful possession of heavenly bliss is beautifully explained in the concluding stanza, in which we pray to her, that helping and supporting our weak endeavor, she may lead us to Jesus to rejoice with Him forever.

Like all other hymns in the sacred liturgy, this one closes with the doxology or invocation of the adorable Trinity.

May this short and unpretending exposition of a beautiful and touching hymn induce the pious servants of Mary to say it with greater devotion, and may their pious fervor be increased by the reflection on the great wisdom which our holy Church displays in the selection and arrangement of her prayers! Is not this a new argument to show that the Spirit of God sent from on high to teach Christ's Church, has also taught her to give due honor and praise to the glorious Queen of the heavenly court, to the spotless Spouse of the Holy Ghost?

THE STORY OF THE EARLY DOMINICAN MISSIONS IN AMERICA.

MARY M. MELINE.

(*Conclusion.*)

THE attempt of Spain to conquer the island of St. Margaret, ten miles north of Cumana, or Venezuela-land, resulted in the third massacre of the missionaries, Fra Petro de Cordone and a companion only escaping by a singular interposition of Providence.

It were impossible to follow each missionary's bloody footsteps; only a sketch can be accomplished of the general work.

Cortez arrived in Mexico in 1519. He landed where Vera Cruz now stands, which city he founded on Good Friday, April 21st. The Dominican Father Olenda accompanied this expedition. On the 16th of August Cortez began his famous

march to the city of Mexico, and it is to the able seconding the Commander received from Olenda that the capital was reached so peacefully.

Fra Thomas Ortiz was assigned to conduct a band of Dominicans into this field. He was one who had escaped the massacre at "little Venice." He never reached Mexico, being obliged by ill-health to return to Spain. His place was taken by de Betanzas, accompanied by Gonzalez Lucero and the novice Las Casas. Betanzas was made bishop of Guatemala. At his death there were three large monasteries in the cities of Mexico, of Puebla, of Oaxaca; two less in size, the one at Vera Cruz, the other in the island of St. John de Ulloa, and a college under the name of St. Louis of the Preachers in the new city of Los Angeles near Tlascala. In all they counted twenty-two in the province of Mexico, seventeen in that of Misbeca, and twenty-one in Zapoteca.

The honor of being the first martyr of the province of St. Iago in Mexico was reserved for Fra Antonio de Valduresio.

On the 26th September, 1513, several Spanish soldiers having dared to venture across the Isthmus of Panama, were rewarded by the first sight of the Pacific Ocean. At once their chief, Vasco Nunez de Balboa, took possession of the watery main for his master, the king of Spain. Three years later was founded on this spot the city of Panama. At the same time a colony of the Friars Preachers established themselves in the place under the leadership of Fra Reginald de Pedrazza. When, in 1524, Pizarro made his appearance in Panama, he at once interested the Dominicans in his project of invading the southern lands lying beyond the isthmus in all the tropic grandeur and beauty of their original condition. Pedrazza was Pizarro's constant friend and companion, and when the latter returned to Spain to lay the plan of the proposed conquest before the king, accompanied him. He was commissioned to return with Pizarro, accompanied by six Dominicans devoted to the work of evangelizing the natives. Even Prescott bears testimony to the zeal of these friars, and their courage in withstanding the cruelties of the conqueror.

The companions of Pedrazza were: Fra Thomas de St. Martin, Fra Vincento de Valverde, Martin de Esquibel, Pedro de Ulloa, Alphonsode Montenegro, and Dominic de St. Thomas. Early in 1530, they, with Pizarro, set sail for Panama, and in 1532 they started from that city upon the famous expedition to Peru. Naturally the imagination revels in the gorgeous beauty of that tropic clime as described by the first historians; at the same time the thought of all that these men were braving makes us pause even to-day. Pizarro and his lay companions would have been veritable heroes had their motives been purer.

Reaching the valley of the Puira, Pizarro constructed a fort as a protection to his possible retreat; he also laid the foundations of a city, calling it St. Michael de Puira. It was here in 1532 the first church in the territory of Peru was built. When Pizarro continued his journey, Fra Valverde accompanied him, being treasurer or paymaster of the army, but the others remained to begin the work of evangelizing the natives. The 3d of May, 1533, was the date of the first encounter of Pizarro with the Inca Atahualpa, and soon after was fought the terrible battle in which that prince was taken prisoner and the conquest of Peru assured.

The first stone of the city of Lima was laid on the 6th of January, 1535. As soon as he had established the foundation of the city, Pizarro built a church which he dedicated to Our Lady under the title of her Assumption. Later this the metropolitan church was dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The Dominicans had charge of this church at first;—afterwards they erected one for themselves under the title of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. This church was a magnificent building, but I may not describe it in detail. It is the centre of several confraternities, and each one has charge of its own chapel. First that of the Rosary of the Spaniards; second, the Rosary of the Indians; third, that of the Negroes, and fourth, that of Mulattos.

In 1540 the Friars Preachers obtained permission from the Holy See to erect a confraternity of the Holy Sacrament

in this city on the same lines as that founded in Rome at the Church of the Minerva, and which, by his Bull of November 30th, 1539, Pope Paul III. had enriched with numerous indulgences. At first this confraternity belonged to the metropolitan church, but when the Dominicans moved into their own convent and church, they transferred it there.

Thomas de St. Martin had received the appointment of Provincial of his Order in Peru, and later was made archbishop of Lima; but he died before he could return to his beloved people. All writers unite in pronouncing this man one precious to the Church, the state, and his Order. But generally they forget to mention the greatest of his titles to the gratitude of the Peruvians—his interest in and the efforts he made to obtain for them their university. It was the last public act of his life, this obtaining the charter in 1553. After existing for twenty-four years, 1553–77, beneath the cloisters of the monastery of the Rosary, the university was transferred to the place it now occupies in the city of Lima, under the name of Saint Mark. But although the faculty of the Institution is no longer composed of Dominicans, in recognition of their labors for its foundation that corps assembled on the 5th of November, 1577, and decreed that: The Prior of the monastery of the Rosary should always be a member of the council, having an active voice, and that in the assemblies his chair should always be placed to the right of the Rector. That the lecturers on theology and philosophy at the monastery should have an active voice in the council, and their seats should be immediately after the doctors of the said university.

Under the administration of St. Martin, the province of St. John Baptist of Peru had developed greatly. At the opening of the third provincial chapter, early in 1553, they could count eighteen organized monasteries, besides half a score of establishments not yet raised to that dignity.

Let us now take a glance at Bogota, conquered in 1537. When Gonzalvo Ximenes de Guesada started on this expedition, two Dominicans accompanied him. These were the great Las Casas and Pedro de Zembrano. As soon as the city of Santa Fé de

Bogota was founded, the former demanded permission and space for the erection of a church and monastery. These being granted, the zealous missionary set to work and in a very short time, with the help of Indians and Christians, had erected a building every way suitable for the celebration of Divine Service. On the 6th of August, 1538, the feast of the Transfiguration, the church was dedicated, and on this occasion Las Casas preached. He reproached the Spaniards for their cruelty, and reminded them that the natives were their brothers, and that if God had given them power it was to the end that they serve these helpless ones to their elevation, not to their destruction. Out of this conquest grew the mission of New Granada, and here we find the names of Fra Gregoire Bebeta and St. Louis Bertrand.

In 1532 Pizarro sent one of his captains, Sebastiano Belalcázar, to conquer Quito. Fra Alphonso de Montenegro accompanied this expedition. He entered the city of Quito with the conquerors, the first apostle of the country. He was soon joined by other Dominicans, and immediately set about building a church and a monastery under the patronage of St. Peter, the church being dedicated to St. Dominic. Other foundations followed.

Chili, one of the most civilized and prosperous of the South American states to-day, at all times tempted the cupidity of men. The beauty of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the richness of its mines had seduced the neighboring Incas long before the advent of the Spaniards. In 1537 Diego de Almagro, the friend and rival of Pizarro, having received from Charles V. the title of governor-general of a territory south of Peru, set out to subjugate his new possessions. But he was unsuccessful. The honor of conquering Chili belongs to Pedro de Valdurá.

Two Dominicans were sent to the newly acquired regions. These were Fra Gilles Gonzales and Luis Chavez. On the 3rd of March, 1550, the city of Santiago de Chili was founded, and in 1552 Fra Gilles Gonzales erected a church and monastery on the spot where stands to-day the Dominican monastery

of the Rosary of Santiago. The Friars can count two martyrs among their confrères of this mission, Dominic Buirox and Diego Pezoa. Persecutions from others than the Indians were also to be their guerdon. Fra Reginald de Lizarraga came to Chili about 1560. As the superior of the monastery of the Rosary at Lima he had gained great renown by his virtues, and this led to his transfer to Chili as Provincial. Later he was raised to the See of Villa-Imperiale.

During the first quarter of the 18th century the province of St. Augustin or Buenos Ayres was established independently of Chili or St. Laurent, through the efforts of Fra Dominic Neyra. But this foundation carries this paper too far into modern times; the object of it is to tell the story of the first missionaries, not to follow the order through its successes and defeats further than the end of the 16th century.

Such, in an outline as full as the limits of a magazine article will allow, is the story I proposed telling: but the field is well worth a more elaborate exploration; the acts of individual Dominicans in those days of struggle, of suffering, and of martyrdom, are well worth exploitation. What is the story of to-day?

To-day sees the most of the work of these devoted friars undone or paralyzed. The countries they had civilized by their precepts and examples, the peoples they had converted by the sacrifice of their lives, are now in the clutches of a so-called Liberalism. Religion is mocked, piety a reproach. The Mother-province of St. Domingo—St. Croix—no longer exists. The three Mexican missions have been stricken by the same impious government that expelled the Sisters of Charity from the hospitals, and destroyed all the religious congregations of that vast empire. In Guatemala the Dominicans have been driven out of their monasteries and the country, spite of the protestations of the Christian population. In New Granada and Venezuela nothing remains. A few yet there are unmolested in Ecuador and Peru, while only in Chili and the Argentine have they preserved their property. Thus the Order of St. Dominic has shared the fate of all the other orders of the Church, and has received little else but stripes and dishonor from the

peoples of this America—this land which they have civilized, which they have fertilized by their labor and watered with their blood, and to which they have given such superb examples of holiness and devotion.

BLESSED HUMBERT DE ROMANIS, FIFTH MASTER GENERAL OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.

VERY REV. D. J. KENNEDY, O.P., S.T.L.

NOTE.—In attributing to Humbert the title of "Blessed," we merely follow common usage, and wish it to be understood conformably to decree of Urban VIII.

THE subject of this sketch was one of the most illustrious members of the Order of St. Dominic. His name should be in everlasting benediction with all the members and friends of that order which, in the words of the breviary, has given to the Church "so many examples of all sanctity and learning." (Lesson v., feast of B. Jane of Aza, mother of St. Dominic.)

He was General at a time when the order, then young and possessing all the vigor of youth, counted amongst its active workers such men as St. Thomas Aquinas, B. Albertus Magnus, St. Raymond of Pennafort, who has been called the father of Canon Law, Vincent of Beauvais, Peter of Tarentasia, afterwards Pope under the name of Innocent V., Hugo di Sancto Charo, author of the first Concordance of the Bible, &c., &c., and it was during his term of office that the legislation of the Friars-Preachers received the finishing touches and final organization. He presided over the order from 1254 to 1263, and to him it was granted to complete the work begun by St. Dominic, and continued by B. Jordan, St. Raymond of Pennafort, and John the Teutonic, his predecessors in the office of Master-General.

In the general chapter held at Valeniennes, in 1259, St. Thomas, B. Albertus Magnus, and Peter of Tarentasia took leading parts in drawing up the rules concerning studies, students, and professors; and Humbert had the happiness of see-

ing the fruits of the wise legislation that we might expect from a deliberation in which such men took part.

These facts are here mentioned, not in a spirit of vain boasting, but in order to explain our motives for presenting to our readers this notice of one who has not yet been placed by the Church amongst the number of her saints, but who nevertheless deserves to be known and imitated, as all acknowledge that he was a man of marked ability, singular sanctity, and wonderful learning and prudence. He was, in our estimation, a typical religious superior, learned, holy, zealous, prudent, active, kind, and generous, understanding well the needs of his own times, and clear-sighted in preparing a vigorous race of worthy apostles to continue the work of the Order which was instituted principally "in order to procure the salvation of souls by preaching and teaching."

This notice—which will only be a short sketch—is taken in great part from the Preface to the works of B. Humbert that treat of the "Regular Life," published at Rome in 1888 by Father Joachim J. Berthier, O.P., at present professor of dogmatic theology in the University of Fribourg, Switzerland.

Blessed Humbert was called "*de Romanis*" from the place of his birth, *Romans*, a little town in *Allobroges* not far from the celebrated "*Grande Chartreuse*." The exact date of his birth cannot be assigned, but we may safely assert that he first saw the light sometime between 1190 and 1194. For we know that he entered the Order of St. Dominic in the year 1224. We know also that before entering the order he studied at Paris under Hugo di Sancto Charo, had been made Master of Arts and had taught in the schools. All this supposes that he had reached his thirtieth year, as the Faculty of the Paris university did not, as a general rule, grant the title of Master except to those who had reached the age of thirty.

There is an old tradition in the order that his parents were noble and wealthy. This tradition is confirmed by the fact that they were able to send their son to study at Paris, and that they often gave hospitality to the Carthusians—it being very probable that only a wealthy, noble, and pious family

could claim that honor in a town that was not far from their monastery. We learn from the "*Vitæ Fratrum*" that Humbert, in his youth, often prayed that God might grant him the grace to die either in the Carthusian order or in the Order of St. Dominic. His first acquaintance with the Dominicans was made at Paris. In the year 1224 Blessed Jordan of Saxony, second Master-General of the order, came to Paris, and the effect of his preaching, together with the fame of the new order, attracted many scholars and professors to its ranks. It is said that Blessed Jordan alone gave the habit to at least a thousand novices. Humbert was perhaps one of these, although we cannot affirm with certainty that he was clothed by Blessed Jordan. The latter wrote from Paris in the year 1224 to his spiritual daughter, Blessed Diana, Superioress of the Dominican sisters at Bologna: "Beloved Daughter: With the help of God's grace and the assistance of your prayers and the prayers of the other sisters . . . I arrived at Paris safe and in good health . . . Pray for me; salute the sisters, my beloved daughters in the Lord, and tell them to pray for the school-men of Paris, that God may open their hearts, that they may be easy to convert, and that those who have good will may be found efficacious in work and may persevere unto everlasting life."¹ A few months later he wrote to the same person: "Know that after coming to Paris I continued to enjoy good health, except that in the middle of Lent I had a slight fever. . . . With regard to the school-men, thanks to God's grace, I have been quite successful; for from Advent to Easter about forty novices entered the order, some of whom were Masters, and others sufficiently learned; and we have good hopes of receiving many others. Give thanks to God for those that have been received, and pray for the others that God's grace may work in them both to will and to accomplish."² It was at this time that Blessed Humbert received the habit. The following interesting account of his entry into the order, together with some edifying details concerning his early life and character, are found in the

¹ "*Lettres du B. Jourdain de Saxe*," edition Bayonne, Letter No. vii.

² *Ibid.* Letter No. viii.

"*Vitæ Fratrum*," a book that was written by Gerard de Frachet at the command and under the supervision of Humbert himself. "A certain brother, who held a high position in the order, was sent in his youth to study at Paris. Seeing there the new order of Friars-Preachers rising up and flourishing, and being mindful of the Carthusian order, members of which were often received in his father's house, he prayed to God for the grace to die either in the Carthusian order or in the order of Friars-Preachers. Although with the help of God's grace he avoided sin, and, in the hope of salvation, sometimes secretly wore a hair shirt, and gave alms, and assisted at the Divine Office on festival days, and came every day to pray in the church of our Lady, and was assiduous in assisting at the sermons, yet neither the preaching of Master Jordan, who at that time moved many hearts, nor the words of any other had caused him to think of entering the order. When, after teaching his own classes (in the arts) he was studying Canon Law, he sometimes went in the morning, without the knowledge of his companions, to assist at the lectures on Theology. On a certain festival he assisted with some companions at Vespers in the parish church of St. Peter de Bobus. Vespers being over the other scholars departed, but he remained to hear the Office of the Dead.

"When the time came for the lessons, the chaplain of that church, who seems to have been a very simple but good man, said to Humbert: "My dear friend, are you one of my parishioners?" He answered: "I live in such a house." "Ah, very well," said the priest, "then you belong to my parish; hence I wish to have my conscience at ease in your regard. Do you know what you promised to God in baptism?" "What did I promise?" "You promised to renounce Satan and all his pomps. At your baptism when the priest asked: 'Do you renounce Satan and all his pomps?' your sponsor answered for you: 'I do renounce them.'"

Then Humbert said: "Why do you ask these questions?" The priest answered: "Because, dearly beloved, there are in Paris many scholars who spend much time over their lamps,

and take great pains and bear with many inconveniences in studying, and yet the end of all their studying is the pomp of Satan. For they say to themselves: If you study at Paris, and become Master in this science and in that science, you shall be famous when you return to your own country. You will be considered a great cleric; you will be honored by everybody; you will get benefits and dignities, &c., &c. What is all this but the pomps of Satan? Dearly beloved, beware of having such an intention in your studies. See how many masters and clerics leave the world and enter St. James' convent,¹ because they remarked that nearly all that men now seek after pertain to the pomps of Satan."

Just as the priest finished these words, one of the lessons of the Office of the Dead was terminated, and a cleric began the responsory: "Woe is me, O Lord! because I have sinned exceedingly in my life: What shall I do in my misery? Whither shall I flee, but to Thee, my God?" And thus the words of the priest on the one hand and the chant of the cleric on the other, as the sound of two trumpets, entered into his heart, and moved him to an unusual compunction and abundance of tears. Leaving the church, wherever he went these words continually returned to his mind, especially the words of the responsory: "What shall I do in my misery? Whither shall I flee?" And whilst he was continually thinking them over in his heart, a voice within him seemed to answer: "You have no place to flee to but to St. James, to the Friars-Preachers."

(To be continued.)

¹ The convent of St. James (S. Jacobus) was established (about 1217) by B. Mannes, brother of S. Dominic. From the name of that convent the Dominicans were often called "Jacobins."

NILS STENSEN.

JOSEPH ALEXANDER.

I.

THE Danish king, Christian IV. (1588–1648), known abroad chiefly as an unsuccessful competitor for Protestant laurels in the Thirty Years' War, earned considerable popularity at home by his unceasing endeavors to raise the material and intellectual level of his people. Doubtless he attempted too much at a time, and consequently his schemes failed more than once, but in several instances enduring reforms were effected, and among other important institutions, the university of Copenhagen honors him as its restorer—it having been founded with the sanction and encouragement of the Pope by Christian I., in 1479.

As was to be expected, the prejudices of the age thwarted the efforts of the fourth Christian quite often. Thus a professor who began lecturing on anatomy and making experiments on dead animals, had to stop this because no honest citizen of Copenhagen would sit down at the same table with a man that flayed beasts and dissected carcasses. Nevertheless a persistent German, Simon Paulli, finally succeeded where others had failed, and when young Nils Stensen matriculated at the university, regular anatomical lectures had been for several years established.

Nils Stensen—more widely known by his Latin name, Nicolaus Stene—was born in 1638. His father was a goldsmith and wine-dealer in Copenhagen. Of Nils' early days but little has been recorded. He tells us himself that already then he took more delight in listening to the conversation of his elders than in children's games. A disease, contracted at the age of three, and not entirely cured until some years later, and the ill fortune of his far older brother, who happened to slay a man in a quarrel, still more contributed to develop in the boy's mind an inclination toward serious thinking, although neither then nor later in life was his a fretful or gloomy cast of mind.

At the university Stensen studied the natural sciences, and

especially anatomy and botany. He had not been long at the studies when King Charles Gustavus of Sweden appeared before Copenhagen and began a regular siege. All the inhabitants of the city, men and women, soldiers and students, clergy and children, vied with one another in the defence of "the nest," as the king had prettily called the capital. Stensen was among the defenders, and no doubt did his duty; it must, however, have been with a feeling of relief, that, when Copenhagen was saved, he left Denmark for Amsterdam, early in 1660.

At the time the Dutch capital ranked with Europe's most flourishing cities. Its commerce embraced both hemispheres; its art, headed by a Rembrandt, was second to that of no other European country; its academy, the *Atheneum*, on the Burgwal (a street), numbered some eminent scholars among its teachers. The intolerance which under the house of Orange had led to such atrocities as the execution for heresy of the aged Olden van Barneweldt, a great patriot, was now relaxing. Some thirty years earlier the philosopher Spinoza had been born of Jewish parents on the Burgwal, and again in the same street was a pawn-shop where the old Vondel still made his living as a bookkeeper—Vondel, the greatest Dutch poet and a convert to Catholicism!

Shortly after Stensen's arrival in Amsterdam, professor Blasius, of the Atheneum, delivered a lecture on the anatomy of the brain, experimenting upon a calf's head. Stensen obtained permission to perform kindred experiments, and on the 7th of April he was in the museum, cutting eagerly in the skull and flesh of a sheep's head. It occurred to him to examine the vessels that run through the face, and having cut them asunder, he pushed the probe in several directions, until suddenly he heard it strike the teeth. He soon satisfied himself that he had hit upon a natural passage which he had never before heard of. He asked Blasius' opinion, but Blasius thought the opening merely accidental, and referred the young Dane to a recently published work on the glands, by Wharton. In this book nothing concerning the passage could be found, and subsequent investigations beyond a doubt proved it to be an entirely new

discovery, and that one of no slight importance. Heretofore it had been universally assumed that the spittle, which plays such a prominent part in the digestion, was produced exclusively by the glands at the root of the tongue. Now it was proven that the great gland of the ear (*parotis*), the function of which an expert like Wharton had been unable to decide, also furnished a considerable part of this fluid through the passage discovered by Stensen, and in the way he had demonstrated. Hence science has linked Stensen's name to this discovery (*ductus Stenonianus*).

From Amsterdam Stensen went to the university of Leyden, where at the time Cartesianism was all prevailing, the French philosopher's system being applied to anatomy, physiology, and other sciences, where as a matter of fact it was altogether out of place.

In 1661-62 appeared (in Latin, like all his writings) two works by Stensen on anatomical subjects, setting forth his discoveries and ideas chiefly concerning the glands and other parts of the human face. Among other things, Stensen here for the first time exhibits the origin and true function of the tears, and as usual with him, boldness of conception and faithfulness of observation go hand in hand. He often insists how silly those act who neglect minute investigation, indulging without restraint in unfounded assumptions and air-drawn hypotheses.

II.

With the publication of his books on the glands, a load had been removed from Stensen's soul. His restless mind, however, yearning after fuller and wider knowledge, immediately threw itself into the study of geometry and philosophy. These sciences, it should be remembered, were at the time all but synonymous. Besides founding a new philosophy, Descartes had discovered the analytical geometry; Pascal's penetrating intelligence was absorbed equally by the science of triangles and the science of God; Spinoza imagined himself capable of laying down and demonstrating the laws of ethics geometrically (*more geometrico*).

The last mentioned thinker, with whom Stene for awhile was on quite intimate terms, had built up a system, baptized pantheism a century later, but in his own times designated as mere atheism. This is not the place for a Christian of Spinoza's system, suffice it to point out one of its fundamental blunders. According to him, God is the only substance in existence; he comprises all and everything; he is impersonal and unconscious, because personality and consciousness imply individuality and determination, and this cannot be as God is a being, absolutely indeterminate and indeterminable—" *Ens absolute indeterminatum*." Man is no substance; his mind is only a *modus*, i. e., a link in that measureless chain, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere—a billow on that boundless sea: God. But now Spinoza claims to have comprehended God. "When you ask me," so writes he in a letter, "if I have as clear an idea of God as I have of a triangle, my answer is yes."

Now this is what we would like to see explained, how any human intellect may manage to comprehend God. How does the *absolutely indeterminable substance* get *within the compass* of one of its own *modi*? The absurdity of such a notion becomes manifest at once when hinted at. The *modus* can as easily become a philosopher as the triangle a mathematician.

Stene became aware of this and other self-contradictions in Spinozism, though not at once. For awhile he suffered himself to be fascinated by its seeming stringency, and, although now carried away into downright infidelity, his religious notions were somehow shattered. He tells us afterwards: "Philosophy first taught me to examine everything that I hold to be true, if a mistake might not lie hidden somewhere. Hence a doubt arose as to which was right of the many systems that, starting from the same point (namely, the Bible as the sole source of faith), attain at discordant results. Finally, the more learned men sapped even that very foundation of the Christian faith, and but for God's special providence, by destroying forever my religious sense, they would have debarred me entirely from the way of truth."

III.

Early in 1664 Stensen was called home by the death of his step-father, whom his mother survived but a few months. About this time he published simultaneously in Copenhagen and in Amsterdam, a new book: "Observations on Muscles and Glands," in which is to be found a new theory of the heart. Hitherto this organ had been represented by the philosophers as "the throne of the soul, the birthplace of the vital spirits (those mythical conceptions of old-fashioned science)," nay, some writers professed to see in it "the soul itself." "On the other hand," so Stene declared, "the glands were despised and slighted, although the well-being of the body depends to a considerable extent on their movements remaining undisturbed." Stensen further demonstrates the fallacy of the time-honored distinction between muscle and flesh, proving that these two terms are nothing but so many names for one and the same thing. "The heart, then, is neither a peculiar element nor the seat of any such element, as for instance, fire, natural heat, or the soul, nor is it the originator of . . . vital spirits."

This exposition, to us so obvious, was at that time a scientific heresy. Professor Bartholin, the most eminent professor in Copenhagen, regarded it with suspicion.

In Copenhagen it had been believed universally that Stensen was to get the chair of anatomy, just now vacant. But Bartholin and his family, omnipotent with the king, had the professorship conferred upon one of their relations, and Stene only received a small sum wherewith to go abroad again. This was a hard blow to the young anatomist, who saw himself thus deprived of the hope of getting an appointment in his own country in any near future. He returned to Amsterdam and shortly after went to Paris. Here the brilliant circles where he was introduced somehow compensated him for his loss at home. In the house of Melchisedech Thévenat, a wealthy man who spent almost all his fortune and time in the interests of science, assembled the eminent mathematicians and scientists of the day. Stensen had been recommended to Thévenat, and, with his singular talent for languages, soon mastered

French so as to be able to deliver in his house a French lecture on the anatomy of the brain, which proved a great success, and was afterwards several times published.

From Paris Stene set out for Italy, and on *Corpus Christi* (June 4th, 1665) went ashore in Livorno. From Livorno he proceeded to Florence, the capital of Tuscany, the residence of the Medici, the seat of art, of learning, and of poetry. The poor Danish scholar lived in a room, as had done before him so many of his countrymen, and, like them, notwithstanding his poverty and Protestant faith, he was sure of being well received by all and everyone in the beautiful city on the Arno, from the grand duke down to the humble priest or monk. Only a few years ago, Bartholin had dedicated a scientific work to the grand duke, the dedication teeming with expressions of gratitude for the hospitality always evinced towards Danish travellers by the Mediceans.

Foremost among the many lights in science and arts, gathered about the ducal throne at the time of Stensen's arrival, shone Vicenzo Viviani, Galilei's able pupil and biographer. He became a fervent admirer and friend of Stensen's. The grand duke soon gave the Dane that opportunity for undisturbed scientific work which his own country had withheld from him. Stensen received the title of grand ducal physician, and the position as anatomist at the hospital of St. Mary.

In 1666 was published in Florence a work by Stene, dedicated to the grand duke, and containing studies in myology (the science of the muscles) and anatomy. Some observations about the anatomy of the shark are of particular interest in that here for the first time are foreshadowed the greatest discoveries he was to make—those pertaining to the science of geology, then not yet founded.

Meanwhile in Stensen's mind was being wrought, slowly and surely, a revolution of the highest import. Exactly at the time that upon his mind dawned the insight how our earth has assumed gradually its present form, still another knowledge was taking definite shape before the eyes of his soul.

In the Annalena Convent in Florence, before the statue of the

Blessed Virgin, stood up to the close of the last century a beautiful pair of silver candlesticks with the inscription : *Di Niccolò Stenone*. This was the offering of Stensen brought thither on the day after his conversion. Let us try to trace, step by step, the path that led this master of worldly wisdom finally to the feet of the Mother of Mercy.

(*To be continued.*)

WHO IS HAPPY?

MRS. J. NEWMAN.

WHO is happy? Who that wanders
In this sorrow-shaded vale,
Feels not that he bears a burden
Which he vainly must bewail?
Where's the bosom that conceals not
Each its own peculiar care,
Though the faithful life reveals not
What the heart must ever bear?

In each bosom is a chamber,
Deeply hid from outward sight,
Where we treasure those emotions
That no mortal pen can write ;
And there echoes through its portals,
Music of a mournful tone,
That, vibrating o'er the heart-strings,
Make sweet music all its own.

And when sadness casts her mantle
Like dim twilight o'er the soul,
And tears from memory's fountain
Brook no longer our control ;
Then 'tis sweet to hold communion
With those shadowy forms that lie
Deep down in the soul's dark chamber,
Hid from cold and curious eye.

Then rise up, like dim phantoms,
Flitting by the mental eye,
Spectre forms of Hope and Pleasure,
That to grasp we vainly try ;
And the soul in seeking treasures,
Sickens in the vain pursuit,
For the joys she quickly snatches,
Wither like the Dead Sea fruit.

Who, oh who, then, can be happy,
In a world where nought but Woe,
With its bitter fruit and flowers,
On the Tree of Life can grow ?
Where the smile precedes the tear-drop,
And the flowers bloom but to fade,
And the brightest ray of sunshine
But foretells the gloomiest shade.

Are none happy ? Yes, the Christian,
Humbly trusting in his God,
Kissing with devout submission
His mysterious, chastening rod,
Bears a talisman within him,
Bringing peace and holy joy,
That a world of death and sorrow
Has no power to destroy.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

BY REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

DURING the latter part of the Middle Age, and indeed as late as the sixteenth century, no book, after the Bible, was so much studied as the "Golden Legend," or Lives of the Saints, by James de Voragine. In the age of faith no book could appeal so strongly to the affections, aspirations, and even interests of men,

as did one which laid bare the foundations of that faith which was their very life, and another which taught them how thousands of their fellows had built upon those foundations the edifice of their own salvation. The name of James de Voragine was a household word in Christendom for many centuries, and nevertheless the very name of his family is ignored, for the term "de Voragine" is variously derived from the village of Vorago, near Savona in Italy, from our author's reputation as a devourer of literature, and from his extraordinary facility in Scriptural citation, as though he ever had at hand an inexhaustible reservoir of quotations.

He informs us that he joined the Order of Preachers at Genoa in 1244, when he was fifteen years of age.¹ According to the conscientious and critical work of Echard,² he was an able theologian, a zealous and pathetic orator, an accurate interpreter of Scripture, and an edifying religious. It was James de Voragine who, realizing that the then fully developed Italian language had finally supplanted the mother Latin in general use among his countrymen, first translated the entire Bible into the new idiom, half a century before Dante, by means of his immortal poem, gave to that idiom precision.³ Sixtus of Siena (d. 1569), regarded as the founder of the historico-critical method of Biblical study, greatly praises this translation for exactness—a fact worthy of note when we remember that the Dominican Passavanti, one of the best prose writers of the fourteenth century, found the opposite fault, and worse ones, in every translation that had yet appeared, whether Italian, French, Provençal, English, German, or Hungarian.⁴ Spondanus says that no author was more imbued with the principles of St. Augustine, and that he had learned this doctor's works almost by heart.⁵

¹ "Chronicon Genuense," in Muratori's "Rer. Ital. Scept." vol. ix.

² "Scriptores Ordinis Prædicatorum," vol. i., p. 454. Paris, 1719.

³ "That Dante created the Italian language off-handed can be asserted only by one who, through convenience or ignorance, repeats the sayings of others. To say nothing of other persons, his friend Guido Cavalcanti spoke Italian like a modern. Dante directed Italian to sublime flights; he did not arrange, but determined it." Cantú, "Storia," b. XIII, ch. 28.

⁴ "Specchio di Penitenza."

⁵ At year 1292, no 8.

In 1267, although only twenty-three years of age, James de Voragine was chosen provincial of his Order in Lombardy, and as he filled this office during twenty years, his brethren must have been persuaded of his talents, piety, and wisdom, for we must remember that the sons of St. Dominic were yet glowing with their primitive fervor. In 1292 the Cathedral chapter of Genoa elected him as their archbishop. For more than fifty years Genoa had suffered intensely from the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and one of the prelate's first tasks was to put an end to the civil strife, and to efface its cruel traces from his diocese. His four immediate predecessors had struggled in vain to this end, and Pope Innocent IV. had personally endeavored, during a visit to Genoa, to restore tranquillity. But nothing discouraged James de Voragine, and in 1295 success crowned his efforts.¹

It has been said that our author was a Ghibelline, and that on an Ash-Wednesday, when Pope Boniface VIII. perceived him kneeling to receive the ashes, the Pontiff dashed a quantity into the prelate's eyes, saying: "Remember, man, that thou art a Ghibelline, and that with thy fellow Ghibellines thou shalt return to dust!" But there is no foundation for a story so unworthy of the grand character of Boniface VIII. and of the archbishop, although Sismondi adduces a passage of Stellas' "Genoese Annals," and under the presumed authority of a greater name, Muratori, to show that Pope Boniface committed the violence in question toward Porchetto Spinola, the Ghibelline successor of de Voragine.² But Muratori does not sanction even this latter tale, as Sismondi would have us believe that he does. He declares that "it smacks of the fabulous—*fabulam sapit*."

Touron, an excellent annalist of the Dominican Order,³ well describes the life of de Voragine as devoted entirely to study and religion, but the Jansenist Baillet, one of the most bitter contemners of the "Golden Legend," shows superfluous grief because of a fancied beatification of the archbishop on the part

¹ Ughelli, "Italia Sacra," vol. IV, col. 888, Venice, 1717-22.

² *Loc. cit.*

³ "Histoire des Hommes Illustres de l'Ordre de St. Dominique," Paris, 1743.

of the Genoese and the Dominican Order.¹ "We do not know," replies Tournon, "whether the people or the Church of Genoa have ever given the title of Blessed to the pastor, but we do know that M. Baillet attributes to the Dominicans pretensions which they do not entertain."

The principal work of de Voragine is undoubtedly that to which he gave the name of "*Legenda Sanctorum*—Stories of the Saints," but which came to be called, in time, the "*Legenda Aurea*—Golden Legend," and also "*Historia Longobardica*—History of Lombardy," because it finished with an abridged history of that country. There now exist more than a hundred editions of the work, and in every civilized language. Here we must remark at once that the title of the book is apt to mislead a modern reader. When moderns use the word "Legend," it is in the sense of something uncertain, perhaps fanciful in the main, and often fabulous, but in the days of James de Voragine, the word signified "something to be read," without any implication of doubt as to its foundation in the world of fact. Therefore we must beware of supposing that our author presented his Lives as mere legends; such a theory would be too favorable to the school which, as Catholics, we must combat.

The entire work is an explanation of the Office as it is recited, day by day, during the ecclesiastical year. Naturally, therefore, the Lives of the Saints received prominent attention, for the feast of some canonized servant of God occurs every day. "The principal object of the author," remarks an erudite writer, "is to teach the faithful the meaning of every solemnity recognized by the official calendar of the Catholic world. Since each ceremony has its own significance, he explains that meaning by means of certain traditions—sometimes very extraordinary ones, and as in his time it was not so easy as it is to-day to lay one's hand on the life of a saint as the feast comes around, James de Voragine conceived the idea of gathering in one great work, in a form more diffuse than that furnished by the Lessons of the Breviary, all the particular Lives of the

¹ "Discours sur l'Histoire des Vies des Saints," § 33.

blessed ones proposed by the Church for the veneration and imitation of her children.”¹ He reproduces, as nearly as possible, the style of every author whom he cites, and the dialectic form of his moralizations which so greatly charmed his contemporaries, shows, well observes Barthélemy, that the people of the Middle Age were much better informed than our age generally supposes.

The value of the Golden Legend was first impugned by James Lacopius, an unfrocked friar who apostatized in 1566. He not only rejected all that sound criticism justly blames in the Legend, but denied the credibility of many of its histories which are incontestibly true. However, having returned to the fold of the Church, he sealed his devotion to the faith with his blood, being martyred by the Calvinists at Gorcum in the Netherlands, on July 9th, 1572, together with eighteen other ecclesiastics, secular and regular.² At the last moment of his terrible agonies he threw his famous book, the “Refutation of the Golden Legend,” into the flames. Launoy, the “unnicher of the saints,” as his extravagant scepticism in all hagiographical matters caused him to be styled,³ narrates that Despençe, a celebrated doctor of Paris in the College of Navarre, fiercely declaimed, one day while preaching (y. 1543), against the Golden Legend as being a tissue of lies, but the critic adds that the doctor afterwards publicly retracted, on the demand of the Faculty of Paris.⁴ This proves that as yet, in the sixteenth century, the famous collection found champions among the learned.

Melchior Canus, a great light of the Dominican Order, and one of the first among Catholic theologians, is adduced by Elias Dupin, a most erudite scholar of the seventeenth century, as denunciatory of the Legend.⁵ Dupin says that de Voragine

¹ The abbé Rose, in the “Revue de l’Art Chrétien,” 1867, p. 39.

² Echard, loc. cit., p. 456.—“Breviarium Romanum,” in Suppl., July 9.

³ Whenever the parish priest of St. Roch at Paris met this hypercritic, he invariably made an extraordinary deferential salutation, “for fear,” he would say, “lest some day M. Launoy may rob me of my dear St. Roch.”

⁴ “Regii Navarræ Gymnasii Parisiensis Historia,” vol. I, p. 297.

⁵ “Histoire des Controverses Traitées dans le XIII. me Siècle,” Paris, 1701.

amassed, "without any critical discernment, a quantity of narratives mostly fabulous. This is the opinion of Melchior Canus on this writer: 'The legend was compiled by a man who had an iron tongue and a leaden heart, and whose judgment was neither correct nor prudent; he gives us monstrosities rather than miracles.' But if this archbishop is not to be admired for his writings, he is to be esteemed for his piety. He was very devout, and very charitable to the poor, to whom he gave nearly all his revenue." Now the great Dominican never pronounced this opinion on de Voragine. The words cited by Dupin are those of Louis Vives, a famous Spanish Humanist. Canus does not even mention the Legend or its author, in his vigorous onslaught against false Lives of the Saints. The Jansenist Baillet finds fault with Bollandus for trying to mollify the extravagantly strong censure of Vives. Bollandus says: "I have always esteemed Louis Vives most highly.... but I wonder when so grave and moderate a man styles so wise and holy a person one of iron tongue and leaden heart.... James de Voragine, like all his contemporaries, did not possess a cultivated style, but he was learned and pious, and was a man of singular prudence and judgment; so much so, that he was more capable than Vives or Erasmus of judging as to the probability of his narratives."¹ Bollandus insists against Wicellius,² that James de Voragine consulted ancient authorities of reliability: "I cannot doubt it; I even find that the majority of his narratives agree with the original documents."³

Undoubtedly the Golden Legend has many grave faults. In the first place, grievous and even absurd errors are frequently committed in the etymological and other derivations of names. Thus, for example, we read that the name of St. Denis, "Diony-

¹ The text has: "*Erat non modo doctus et pius, sed prudentia judicioque singulari, ut quam probabilia essent quæ scriberet, Vive Erasmoque melius potuerit judicare.*" Vol. I, p. xx.

² Speaking of that critic's "*Hagiologium, seu Historia de Sanctis*," Metz, 1541.

³ If the reader desires to know how far James de Voragine carried his investigations, he may consult the abbé Roze, *loc. cit.*, who arranged all these authorities in chronological order.

sus," is derived "from Diana, i. e., Venus, the goddess of beauty, and 'syos', i. e., God, as though the bearer were beautiful before God." Again, the compiler is too prone to credit every story of heavenly visions, ecstasies, diabolical possessions, etc. But it is to be noted, remarks Fleury, that de Voragine never invented any of the stories which a more advanced critical science has relegated to the realms of the fabulous; they, and similar ones, are found in Vincent of Beauvais and other preceding writers; our author "merely added some embellishments, discourses, and probable circumstances, which he deemed of edification to the reader, and he did so with good judgment." Again, whenever the Legend has recourse to mere tradition or to apocryphal or unreliable sources, the reader receives ample warning.

In conclusion we would say with Ozanam, whose very name is a guarantee of the depth and accuracy of his judgments, that "whenever we take up the Golden Legend, we find therein some truth, either positive or symbolical; we never find what some have qualified with the insulting epithet of mythological. The great evil of mythology is to stifle the soul under the senses, the mind under matter. The Legend, on the contrary, makes the mind reign over matter, prayer over nature, eternity over time. We may tire of all these visions; the people of the Middle Age did not, for they never wearied of hearing of a life better than this present one."

A MISSION'S CLOSE IN IRELAND.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

IT was a Sunday evening in late August, in a mountainous Ulster parish, with a blue, cloudless sky overhead, and not a breeze stirring. From the conical hill there was a splendid view of open country—of valleys and slopes where the corn lay, as Wordsworth sings, "like golden shields as cast down before the sun," or where amid the yet uncut grain the scarlet

poppies and blue corn flowers were blooming—to be obtained. It almost seemed a second Spring. The oak, and elm, and slender ash had put forth fresh shoots, and the hedge-rows where the white convolvulus were running riotously along, were greener than they had been in the scorching days of July. Here and there a late cluster of the white flowers that adorn the common chervel were to be seen, and the bristly field scabious was in full bloom. The honeysuckle gave forth its fragrant perfume, and from the meadows where the aftermath was green and verdant there came the scent of new mown hay. By the riverside the bulrushes and reeds rose proudly in their full strength, and the delicate blossoms of the arrowhead seemed to watch the dying lilies. There was a delicious mellowness over all the land as group after group of country folk entered the field by a narrow gate, paying a modest toll as they did so, for that evening the mission that had been given by three Dominican Fathers was “to close” in that green field. The little chapel and graveyard of the parish were deemed of far too small dimensions for the crowds that were expected to attend. And as that bright afternoon wore away that surmise was proved to be correct. Maids and matrons, old men and young men, grandmothers in their blue cloaks and bright kerchiefs, and babies toddling along came in of that narrow gate and dispersed over the wide field. A small platform had been erected in the centre of the field, and the Father who recited the Rosary surveyed a dense mass of humanity. The lark chanting the vesper hymn paused surely at the “Holy Mary” of many voices, joined as one, rising fervently up to heaven. And here I may remark that no people have such fervor, such simple, boundless faith as the Irish. Many of those there had travelled from far away by mountain ways and tortuous paths to receive the final benediction and benefit by the indulgences. Once the Rosary was ended, an impressive sermon was preached, short, yet long enough to bring the sunset and all its glories, and then came the renewal of the baptismal vows. It was a scene to be remembered. The white-robed follower of St. Dominic pronounced the solemn

renunciation that some one had made for us on the day on which we became children of the Church, and loud and strong the voices rose in answer. The unflickering myriad lights were held aloft, and there was a deep, deep calm over the earth. For away in the west the sun was sinking amid

“—parted clouds, as if asunder riven

By some great angel,—”

clouds that were of amethyst and amber, and rose and pearl, scattered over a golden billowy sweep of sky-like “treasures of the lost Hesperides,” as Adelaide Procter sweetly sings. Redder and redder the sky became, and the people knelt on the green hillside to receive the Papal Benediction, and the mission was ended. There was an Autumnal freshness in the air as friends sought each other for their homeward journey, and the file of candles by the little gate grew bigger and bigger as each one left his or her candle there. “Musha, but ’tis Irish he’s talkin’,” an old woman cried, as one of the missionaries addressed a remark to his companion in French. Again and again did the Father give his blessing to the people he passed, and the stars peeped out of the blue ere the last group left the field where the mission was “closed.”

OUR LADY'S FAVORITES.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

THEY know thee but in part, sweet Mother Mary,
Whose lives untroubled flow adown the years,
Whose placid currents storm-winds never vary,
Nor cloud-bursts quicken with a flood of tears.

They know thee but in part, O gracious Virgin,
Who have not sunk beneath the weight of care,
Nor seen hope's glowing sunshine fade and merge in
The cheerless gloom of life's dread night, despair.

Not joy the tutor, Martyr-Queen of sorrows,
 That aids us best to see thee as thou art ;
 'Tis grief, the semblance of thine own that borrows,
 Gains clearest vision of thy loving heart.

We know thee best and love thee most, dear Mother,
 Whose anguished souls, in thy compassion sweet,
 Thou oft hast guided to our Elder Brother,
 To leave us, solaced, at His blessed feet.

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

CHAPTER XXIII.

(*Concluded.*)

PARIS UNIVERSITY.

AN incident given by Gerard de Frachet, as related to him by Henry of Marburg, evidently belongs to this time, for he speaks of it as happening "about the beginning of the Order." Two brethren who were journeying towards Paris, found themselves still fasting when the hour of None arrived, and knew not where or how to procure a meal. As they debated between themselves what to do, a tall man in the garb of a pilgrim suddenly stood before them. "Oh, ye of little faith!" he said; "of what do you discourse together? Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all things shall be added to you. You have left all things for God; do you now fear that He will leave you unfed? But this shall be a sign to you. When you have crossed the field, you will reach a little village in the next valley, and going to the church, the priest will come and invite you to dine with him, and even while he is speaking a soldier will pass by, and try to take you from him by violence to make you his guests. Whilst they are disputing the lord of the district will arrive, and will provide amply for all of you. Al-

ways, therefore, trust in the Lord, and bid your brethren confide in Him also." Having said this the pilgrim disappeared, and everything happened as he had said. And the brethren returning to Paris, related these things to Brother Henry and the other brethren, who were at that time living there in great poverty.¹

St. Dominic spent an entire month in Paris, during which time he busied himself in adapting the hospice occupied by the brethren to necessities of conventual life. Nothing could exceed the poverty of their first dwelling. They had no cloisters; for the chapter-house they used a kind of wooden shed, and the chapel itself was small and incommodious. Though well content that his brethren should practise poverty in its severe reality, the saint, nevertheless, was well aware that the maintenance of regular observance often depends on exterior conditions, and what was needed for this purpose he carefully provided. He also made himself thoroughly acquainted with the inconveniences to which they were exposed owing to the jealousy of the royal, ecclesiastical, and university authorities. The friars were indeed surrounded by a very network of opposing interests. The king, the municipality, the university, the bishop, the cathedral chapter, and the parish of St. Benedict, all possessed their rights and privileges, which they showed no disposition to abandon. In consequence, the brethren of St. James found themselves unable to say Mass or celebrate the Divine Office in their own chapel. For these purposes they had to frequent the parish church of St. Benedict, or sometimes the neighboring Benedictine monastery of Notre Dame des Vignes. The abbot Matthew, familiar from his youth with the ways of the university, perfectly understood the tenaciousness of these various bodies, which he endeavored to conquer by patience and conciliation. Nevertheless, he strongly represented to Dominic the necessity of obtaining from the Holy See permission for them to celebrate their own Offices within their own precincts, and on his return to Rome the saint did not fail to plead the cause of his children. Honor-

¹ *Vit. Frat.* 1, c. v.

ius promptly despatched a Brief addressed to Father Matthew, granting him and his brethren the desired privilege, but both the parish and the chapter opposed its execution, unless on the condition of the payment of certain dues to the dean, which dues they took care to fix at a sum utterly beyond the means of the friars. On hearing this, Honorius appointed a Commission to inquire into and arrange the affair, expressing his astonishment that, instead of opposing the execution of his orders, the chapter should not rather have hastened to forward the just petition of the servants of God ; and at the same time addressing a letter of warm encouragement to the friars. By the January of the following year they succeeded in getting leave to use the Pontifical privilege, but the vexatious conflict with the chapter continued for some time longer. In the end, however, the prudence and patience of Father Matthew were amply rewarded. Not only did the university espouse the side of the friars, but they found a powerful protectress in Queen Blanche of Castile, and by the August of the year 1220 the community were left free to worship God in peace within their own walls, and to live in harmony with their neighbors. It seems certain that the support which the friars received on this occasion from Queen Blanche was in no small degree owing to the personal interest she felt in their founder, and the intimate relations which had long existed between them. It is a very general tradition in the Order that the birth of her son, afterwards St. Louis IX., was a grace obtained by her through the devotion of the Holy Rosary, which had been taught to her by St. Dominic himself. As the birth of the holy king took place in the year 1215, this will carry us back to a period before which we find no notice of any meeting between the saint and the illustrious princess, who was his countrywoman. But bearing in mind the very meagre records of his earlier history, and their most imperfect chronology, this need not be regarded as any reason for rejecting the tradition. Certain it is that Blanche always showed a special favor to the Order of Preachers. Out of their ranks she chose the tutors of her son ; and, as we have seen, it was owing to her f — d reso-

lute government that measures were at last taken for the extinction of that malignant heresy to which they opposed themselves as invincible champions.

Important to the community as was the settlement of the dispute above mentioned, it by no means engaged the whole of Dominic's attention. True to his principle that the grain must be scattered and not hoarded up, he saw in the brethren gathered around him at Paris fit instruments for extending God's work by the formation of fresh foundations. No fewer than six such undertakings were decided on, though all were not begun at once. Limoges was chosen to receive the first colony, and the religious whom Dominic selected to be the leader of the little community was Peter Cellani, his first disciple at Toulouse. Peter hesitated, not from any want of obedience, but from an honest diffidence in his own powers, for he possessed little or no learning, and had entered the Order too late in life to supply for his deficiencies. He therefore exposed his fears and weakness to the saint, and begged him to choose some one more suitable for Superior. But Dominic knew the character with whom he had to deal, and was well convinced that Peter possessed other qualities which would amply compensate for his want of letters. "Go, my son," he replied, "and fear nothing; twice a day I will think of you before God. He will be with you, and will make you to increase and multiply. You will gain many souls, and your labors will be abundantly fruitful." Peter bowed his head in obedience, and the result proved that the holy Father had indeed been led by the Spirit of God. •

At Limoges they received an affectionate and hospitable welcome from the bishop and clergy, and a site was given to them near the bridge of St. Martial. When the building of the convent was begun, one of the citizens named John Botis declared that, having no children, he should adopt the friars in their place; and taking on himself the direction of the works, at his own expense brought into the cloister the waters of a fountain, still called at the beginning of this century by the name "the fountain of Preachers." Few convents pro-

duced more illustrious members than Limoges, and among those who received the habit from the hands of Prior Peter were Stephen de Salanhac, Bernard Guidonis, and Gerard de Frachet, all of whom became eminent in the Order, and to whom we are indebted for much valuable history regarding the early period of its existence. Gerard de Frachet, the author of those charming *Lives of the Brethren* which have furnished so many of the anecdotes given in the foregoing pages, succeeded Peter in the government of the convent at a time when the rapid increase of the community, and the inconvenient distance from the city of the site they at first occupied, rendered it necessary for them to move to a more suitable position. He chose a house situated in one of the faubourgs, on ground where it was said a procession of religious clad in white had twice been seen in a dream or vision, and agreed with the owner to purchase it for the sum of six thousand *sols tournois*.¹ The bargain was concluded, and the friars took possession of their new abode; but when it came to producing the purchase-money, difficulties made themselves felt. The brethren were sent out to gather alms, but without success; day after day those who had gone on the quest returned home with empty hands to report their disappointment to the prior. At last his patience and confidence began to fail him, and he fell into despondency. One day one of the Fathers came to visit him in his chamber, and found him very sad and pensive. The community were just then singing the *Salve Regina*, and as they came to the words, *Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium ostende*, Prior Gerard heaved a deep sigh. "Ah, Lord!" he exclaimed, "whatever are we to do!" "Dear Father," said the other, "do not afflict yourself thus. Listen to the brethren, who are invoking the Blessed Virgin and asking her, not for temporal things, but that she would show them her Divine Son." "True enough," replied the prior. "I am in the wrong, I know. Whilst my brethren are asking our Lady to show them her Son, I am breaking my head to know where to find six thousand *sols tournois*."

¹ A sum equal to about three hundred livres.

From that moment he renewed his confidence in God and our Lady, and the next morning being Saturday, as the brethren were singing our Lady's Mass, a certain Sieur Aymeric, canon of the church of Daurat, called at the convent, and hearing of their trouble, begged the prior to summon them all to chapter, as he had a word to say to them. The brethren being assembled, the canon addressed them as follows: "I know, dear Fathers, that you have bought this place, and can find no one to advance you the purchase money. But the Blessed Virgin, whom you love so dearly, and who is the special Mother of your Order, will certainly not fail to provide, and I think it must have been she who moved me to come here to-day; for last night, after singing Matins with the other canons, I felt such an inspiration to do so without knowing why, that I could not rest till I had saddled my horse and set out: and now I promise to send you the money without delay." He was as good as his word, and next morning very early the six thousand *sols tournois* were brought to the prior. Not only so, but the brother of Sieur Aymeric, also a canon, gave sufficient alms to build part of the convent, as well as the church, in which both of them were afterwards buried as signal benefactors.

Limoges became in time the fruitful mother of other convents, among them that of Brives, which was begun in great poverty, the brethren for a time having no other shelter than tents. Better days came at last, and they were able to lay the first stone of a humble convent. Bernard Guidonis has described the ceremony, and the joyful gathering of clergy and people who awaited the coming of the friars at the site chosen for the new building. They came walking in procession and carrying the cross whilst the air was filled with their chants of joy, when a singular circumstance occurred which all the bystanders interpreted as a token of Divine favor. It was the month of April, before the time when bees commonly swarm; but as the brethren advanced, a swarm of these little creatures appeared and settled on all those who stood around. They neither stung or annoyed any one, but showed themselves friendly and

sociable, selecting as their chief resting-place the processional cross, whence they removed to the foundation stone, on which they settled in the form of a crown. What are we to understand by such a sign, asks the old writer, given at this moment, unless it were to show that these spiritual bees of Jesus Christ were about to build their cells, and thence to distil the honey of the Divine Word?

We cannot take leave of Limoges without noticing the closing career of its founder, Peter Cellani. What kind of spirit he infused into his community may be gathered from the fact that within the first century of its existence it produced more than two hundred religious who died in the odor of sanctity. Throughout the length and breadth of the diocese, says Stephen of Salanhac, he was regarded as a kind of prophet. But he was not allowed to end his days therein. By desire of Pope Gregory IX., he was recalled to Toulouse to labor once more, in concert with the Blessed William Arnald in conflict with the Albigensian heretics, who under the protection of Raymond VII., were as busy and as formidable as ever. For Blessed William was reserved the crown of martyrdom, which he received at Avignonet in 1242. In nowise intimidated by his cruel fate, Peter only showed the greater zeal in preaching the faith. Constantly exposed to every kind of danger, he continued his apostolic labors until the year 1257, when he died full of years and of merits, in the city where forty years before he had received into his house the blessed Dominic and his first six companions.

Among the foundations of 1219 must be named that of Dinan, in Brittany, which owed its origin to the piety of Alan Lanvalley, a Breton knight who had fought in the wars of the Albigenes, and had at that time formed an intimate friendship with St. Dominic, from whom he learnt the devotion of the Holy Rosary, which he afterwards preached in many parts of France. Being admitted into the Order by the saint himself (as the ancient register of Dinan declares), he gave his own lands for the foundation of a convent, which claimed to be reckoned among the most ancient of the Order, though it did not actually re-

ceive a colony till the year 1219. After Alan's death a rose-tree is said to have sprung up out of his grave, bearing a profusion of flowers which bore on their petals the *Ave Maria*, the words of which had been so constantly on his lips. In this convent, moreover, is said to have been preserved until the seventeenth century an autograph letter from St. Dominic, which having been borrowed by a certain Augustin du Pas, who was drawing up a history of Brittany, was lost by him among his papers, and never recovered.¹

The other foundations which St. Dominic decided on making besides that of Limoges, were Metz, Rheims, Poitiers, Orleans, and Scotland. It was in response to the earnest entreaties of the Scottish king, Alexander II., that the saint promised to send brethren to establish the Order in his dominions. Alexander was present in Paris at the time of St. Dominic's visit to the capital, having come for the purpose of renewing the ancient alliance of his crown with the royal house of France. At his request eight religious were named for this distant mission, and among them were Simon Taylor and Clement, who is described as a man of great learning, and singularly skilled in languages. In 1233 he became bishop of Dunblane,² but always regretted the retirement of his religious cell, and at the Chapter held at London in 1250, obtained a promise that he should still share in all the suffrages of the Order.

While thus engaged, Dominic did not neglect the work of preaching. On the feast of St. John Baptist he was invited to preach in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and according to his invariable custom prepared himself previously by an hour of mental prayer. Whilst he was uncertain what subject to choose for his discourse, our Lady is said to have appeared to him and shown him a book wherein was written the text on which she desired him to speak. The saint raised his eyes and read the

¹ Réchac, 138, 338. This Alan is not to be confused with Alan de la Roche, the restorer of the Rosary, also a Breton, and commonly, though incorrectly, given the title of *Blessed*, for he has never been beatified.

² Not Dublin, as erroneously stated by several writers. (See Dempst. i. 3, *Hist. Scot.* n. 308.)

words, *Ave, gratia plena*.¹ Entering the pulpit, he explained them with a devout simplicity which disappointed some of his hearers, who had gathered together expecting to hear something very profound from the lips of so renowned a preacher, and who were a little disconcerted on having to listen to nothing more than an exposition of the Hail Mary. The preacher, they complained, was giving them a child's lesson. The murmurers were chiefly four learned doctors, who did not enjoy a very spotless reputation; but so great was the power and sweetness which our Lady infused into the words of her faithful servant, that the rest of the immense audience who had gathered to hear him were moved as one man with sentiments of admiration and devotion, and during the rest of his stay in Paris the churches in which he preached could not contain the crowds who flocked to hear him.

Père Croiset tells us that it was with him the custom first arose among preachers of introducing the *Ave Maria* at the opening of their sermons, and that before beginning a discourse he always knelt and repeated the versicle, *Dignare me, laudare te, Virgo sacrata*. The historians of the Rosary represent him as doing much to propagate that devotion at Paris, where he is said to have admitted great numbers into the Confraternity.

Before he left he had the happiness of giving the habit to his old and dear friend, William de Montferrat. The circumstances of their first acquaintance at Rome two years previously will not have been forgotten by the reader. William had at that time engaged to enter the Order as soon as he should have completed his course of theology at the university of Paris. He now joyfully redeemed his pledge, and thenceforth became the constant companion of the saint, and was one of those who gave their evidence at his canonization. He lived to carry into execution the design over which they had conferred together in the first days of their friendship, and departing to the East about the year 1235, consecrated the rest of his life to labors for the conversion of the Saracens and Eastern schismatics.

But there was yet another of the scholars of Paris with whom

¹ Millin, *Antiq. Nat.* t. iv. c. 39.

Dominic at this time became acquainted, and who was destined to do a greater work in the Order than any of those who have yet been named. No more winning character greets us from the pages of Dominican history than that of Jordan of Saxony, destined to become the successor of him whom he called the master of his soul, and to give to the Order a greater extension than it obtained even in the days of its founder. Noble in birth, for he was a member of the family of the counts of Eberstein, he had from his earliest years shown a disposition to virtue and a love of letters. Coming to Paris as a youth of twenty, he had passed ten years in the schools, applying himself with success to the study of philosophy, mathematics, and rhetoric. He even composed two little treatises on geometry, and a volume of his notes on Priscian, the standard grammarian of the middle ages, was long preserved. But whilst thus cultivating his rich intellectual gifts, the innocence and simplicity of his heart remained unchanged. He had bound himself by vow to give an alms every day to the first poor person whom he might happen to meet, and his fidelity in accomplishing this obligation deserved to receive a token of the Divine approval. It was the custom at that time for seculars, and among them the more pious of the university scholars, to be present at Matins, then commonly recited at midnight, not merely in religious choirs, but even in most parish churches. One night Jordan rose, intending to assist at the Office in Notre Dame, and believing himself to be late, he hastily threw on his mantle, girding himself with a belt richly ornamented with silver clasps. As he left the house a poor beggar accosted him and asked an alms, and Jordan, not having his purse with him, stripped off his belt, as the only valuable article he had about him, and gave it to the beggar. When he reached the church he found to his surprise that it was still early and that the doors were closed; he therefore waited patiently outside until they were opened, and as he entered, went, according to his wont, to say a prayer at the foot of the great crucifix. What was not his astonishment as he looked at the sacred figure to see it girt with the very same girdle which he had parted with but an hour before for the

love of Christ, recalling to his mind those words of his Master, "What you did to one of the least of these My brethren, you did it to Me."

Jordan had taken his degree as bachelor, and had received the subdiaconate when St. Dominic came to Paris. He was present at some of the saint's sermons, and felt his very soul captivated by the power of that inspired word. Seeking his presence, he placed the direction of his conscience in the hands of one who from the first moment of their acquaintance had gained his entire confidence. "I went frequently to Confession to him," he says, "and by his desire received the diaconate."

So intimate as was the friendship established between them, the saint, guided by the Spirit of God, did not press what he clearly discerned to be the vocation of his penitent. He was content to cast the seed, leaving it to another hand to bring it to maturity.

The month of Dominic's stay in Paris passed swiftly away, and he prepared to set out on his return journey to Italy. We are told that both at Toulouse and also in the capital he was strongly urged to remain in France and there fix the centre of government for the whole Order. To the arguments brought in support of this proposal, however, he turned a deaf ear. The decisions of those to whom God commits the foundation of great works are guided by other considerations than those of human prudence; and having fully weighed the question in the balance of the sanctuary, the saint adhered to his resolution with that invincible constancy which was a part of his character. Despatching Bertrand of Garrigua, therefore, to Toulouse, to resume the government of St. Romain, Dominic took as his companions William de Montferrat and a lay-brother named John, whom he had brought from Spain, and left the capital about the middle of July, this time passing through Burgundy, and bending his steps southwards by the way of Avignon.

(To be continued.)

JOINING EARTH TO HEAVEN'S GATE.

M. E. K.

JOINING ages—binding nations—
Close uniting heart to heart,
Shielding souls, in times unguarded,
From temptation's poisonous dart.

Weaving mystic threads of gladness
O'er life's dark and rugged way,
Barring pathways dark and devious,
Lest we there unheeding stray.

Interwined the "Paters,"—"Aves,"
In this chain of jewels rare,
"Gloria Patri,"—priceless treasure,
Decade binds the garland fair.

This, the chain we cling to firmly,
When life's tempests loudly roar;
This, thro' storms our life-barque safely
Guides to heaven's eternal shore.

This, the chain binds passion captive,
Crushes vice beneath its weight;
This, safeguards the rugged pathway,
Joining earth to heaven's gate.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MANUAL OF THE LIVING
ROSARY. *

BY A DOMINICAN PRIEST.

I.

THE new summary of the indulgences of the Living Rosary, which is the only one that is now official, was, when submitted to the high authority of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgen-

* The Manual of the Living Rosary was commenced in the January ROSARY, '92.

ces, accompanied with several important annotations on certain points that had been down to that time somewhat obscure. The Holy Congregation approved, by a rescript dated 2d February, 1878, the summary with its annex, and permitted it to be printed.

ANNOTATIONS ON CERTAIN POINTS OF THE SUMMARY.

1. By the minor ¹ feasts of the Blessed Virgin, mentioned in chap. 4, § III., No. 2, are to be understood only those minor feasts that are celebrated by the whole Church, and by no means those that are celebrated only by some Religious Order or by some particular diocese.

2. In chap. 4, § II., No. 4, it is plainly stated that the associates of the Living Rosary do not gain,—as some have affirmed, *all the indulgences* which have been accorded to the Confraternity of the Rosary—nor even, as some others have wrongly inferred from the words of Gregory XVI., *all the indulgences* attached to the recital of the Rosary,—but only those which the faithful who did not belong to the Confraternity could gain down to the period when the Brief appeared (1832) by the recitation of the Rosary. But these indulgences, according to the two most approved authors (P. Pallard, *Recueil de prières*,

¹ When a plenary indulgence is conceded *in festis, in omnibus festis, or in omnibus et singulis festis* of the Blessed Virgin Mary, only the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, Nativity, Annunciation, Purification, and Assumption are to be understood as enjoying the favor. But when a partial indulgence is conceded to all the other feasts of the same Blessed Mary, we are to understand that the partial indulgence is conceded to all the feasts of the Blessed Mother that are celebrated by the whole Church, but not to those that are observed only by some Religious Order or diocese (S. C. I., Sept. 10, 1862). In annotation No. 1 it is clearly declared that a plenary indulgence is conceded not only to each of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin (that is, to each of her great feasts), but also to each of those called minor (that is, to each of all her other feasts which are observed by the whole Church). Leo XII. gives, in a rescript dated 12 Jan., 1827, the names of the major and of the minor feasts of the Blessed Mother of God: the Purification, Annunciation, Compassion, Our Lady of Help, Visitation, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Our Lady of the Snow, Assumption, Nativity, Holy Name of Mary, Our Lady of Seven Sorrows, Our Lady of Mercy, Presentation, and the Immaculate Conception.

&c., 7^{me} edition, pag. 209; et le P. Maurel, S. J., *Le Chretien éclairé*, No. 68) are no other than those accorded by Benedict XIII. on 13 of April, 1726, viz., one hundred days for each grain or bead, and a plenary indulgence once a year, *provided the Chaplet used in the recitation was blessed by a Dominican Father*, or by some other priest who has received from the Master-General of the Dominicans the faculty to bless rosaries.

But whilst the faithful who do not belong to the Confraternity must, in order to reap advantage from the concession of Benedict XIII., recite at least a chaplet of the Rosary (five decades) without interruption, the associates of the Living Rosary may, by reason of the privilege conferred upon them by Gregory XVI., and confirmed in the new summary, gain one hundred days for each grain or bead when they recite their daily decade.

3. It is in place to remark here that the Living Rosary, being but a simple association, and by no means a Confraternity, all the indulgences enumerated in the preceding summary are *personal*, and not *local*, and hence the visits required for the gaining of the plenary indulgences specified in Nos. 1, 2, and 3, § iii., chap. 4, may be made in any church whatsoever.

4. Any one can readily see that the Confraternity of the Rosary is incomparably richer in indulgences than the Sodality, by comparing the summary of the latter with the catalogue of the former.

We shall now add, says the learned Abbé Gerard, a few words, for the purpose of making still more clear some of the points particularily visæd in the preceding annotations.

1. The indulgences mentioned in Nos. 1, 2, and 3, § ii., chap. 4, may be gained with a blessed or an unblessed chaplet, and even without any chaplet, for the Brief of concession requires for the gaining of those indulgences only the recitation of the daily decade and meditation on the mystery drawn.

2. But to gain the indulgences in No. 4, § ii., chap. 4, a chaplet blessed by a Dominican Father or by some other priest who has received from the General of the Dominicans the faculty to bless or to *rosary* beads must be used—chaplets which have

been *brigit*ed or blessed in virtue of apostolic faculties cannot be used, and never could be used for the gaining of indulgences which, from their origin, have been attributed and exclusively reserved to rosaries or chaplets which have received their benediction from a Dominican source.

3. If analogous indulgences be granted to chaplets which are only *brigit*ed, they cannot be gained by the recitation of a single decade. In order to gain any indulgence on a chaplet or rosary that is only *brigit*ed, ¹ * it is necessary to recite the entire chaplet and to do so without interruption. (S. C. I., 22 Jan., 1858.)

The only chaplet that can communicate indulgences by grains or single decades is one that has been *rosaried*, ² that is blessed by a Dominican Father or by some other priest who has received from the General of the Dominicans the faculty to bless or *rosary* beads.

4. Under the old regime of the Living Rosary association, several ecclesiastical directors of the sodality had, in virtue of their appointment, the power to attach the *brigitine* ³ and the apostolic indulgences to chaplets, rosaries, etc. (Gregor. XVI., 7 Dec., 1835.) But it must be remembered that when those directors exercised the faculties named, they never pretended to give to the associates the power to gain the *brigitine* or the apostolic indulgences on any other conditions than those specified above, namely, the integral and the uninterrupted recitation of a chaplet or of the fifteen decades of the Rosary.

¹ The indulgence of one hundred days for each grain or bead cannot be gained on a chaplet of five decades that has been only *brigit*ed: in order to gain this indulgence it is necessary to use a chaplet of six or fifteen decades (Summar. 9 Feb., 1743), and it must be not simply *brigit*ed but *brigit*ined. Voyez notre opuscule: "Le Chapelet de six dizaines ou de Sainte Brigitte," pp. 34, etc.,—Girard.

* To *brigit* beads or rosaries is to extend to them, as far as they are capable of it, some of the indulgences of the *Brigitine* beads. This extension can only be made by the use of special apostolic faculties.

² To *rosary* chaplets or beads is to impart to them by apostolic authority the Dominican indulgences.

• ³ To *brigitine* beads, is to give by apostolic authority six decade beads all the *brigitine* indulgences.

II.

SOME QUESTIONS, THE ANSWERS TO WHICH WILL IMPART MUCH LIGHT ON CERTAIN POINTS OFTEN DISCUSSED.

FIRST QUESTION.—Do local directors of the Living Rosary, who have been appointed since November 15, 1877, by diocesan directors who were themselves appointed since that time by the Bishop of the diocese (this was the old way of making appointments), validly exercise the powers of the office to which they have been thus promoted, in case they have no knowledge whatever about the Brief of Pius IX., *Quod jure hæreditario*, nor of the regulations since made by the supreme moderators of the sodality?

RESPONSE.—All appointments of directors, whether diocesan or local, made since the time specified by any one but the Master-General of the Dominican Order, or by his delegates, the Provincials, are null and void. Hence prefects appointed by those directors, as also the associates admitted or received as members by those prefects, form no part of the organization, and have no share in its indulgences. In such cases if the supposed sodality exists outside of a district in which there is a convent of Dominican Fathers, or a Confraternity of the Rosary, recourse must be had to the Dominican Provincial or Vicar of that region for the purpose of obtaining the proper cure. But if the organization exists in a place in which there is a convent of Dominican Fathers or a canonically-established Confraternity of the Rosary, recourse must be had to the General of the Dominicans for the remedy. This answer follows directly from the Brief of Pius IX., and from the statutes of the supreme Moderators of the sodality.

SECOND QUESTION.—How are we to know for a certainty whether an association of the Living Rosary is validly established or not, and whether it entitles its officers and members to the indulgences specified in the Summary of the 2d of February, 1878?

RESPONSE.—From the Brief of Pius IX., and from the principles, statutes, and decisions given in the body of the foregoing

manual, the answer to the question just put, spontaneously offers itself. But by enumerating the titles of institution the answer will be made still more plain, and there will be no room left for doubt on the subject. In a city or place in which there is a convent of Dominican Fathers, Living Rosary associations which are not directly under the moderatorship of the Prior of that convent, may validly and lawfully exist under the following titles: 1. If the sodality had under the old regime valid existence there down to Nov. 15, 1877, and if it now strictly observes the essential statutes enjoined by the supreme Moderators. 2. If the supreme Moderator, in the plenitude of his power, and as a special privilege to some church, grants patents for the existence of that association. 3. If the same General Director allows as a special privilege to a city a second Confraternity of the Rosary to exist there; for by the very fact of authorizing the existence of a second Confraternity in any place he concedes to its director the right to form or institute the Living Rosary Sodality, and to preside over it. 4. Though, as a rule, only one director should be instituted in each city or place, yet if, for some special reason or reasons, two or more are needed there, permission to institute them can be obtained by having recourse to the General of the Dominicans. 5. Although in places in which the Confraternity of the great Rosary exists, there ought to be no other director of the Living Rosary than he who is the director of the Confraternity, nevertheless, the Master-General of the Dominicans can permit *ex gratia speciali* superiors of religious Congregations, as well those of men as of women, to institute independently of the Provincials of the Order and of the directors of the Confraternities circles among the *alumni* or *alumnæ* of their respective Communities, and to perform other functions of director.¹

In case there should exist in a city or locality as many Living Rosary associations as the titles of institution just enumerated warrant, each director may freely and independently of the others institute presidents and prefects, and organize cir-

¹ Leo XIII., Ex decreto S. C. Indulg. 18 Maii, 1889.

cles. It is plain from the decree of the Sacred Congregation, approved by Leo XIII., that the directors mentioned in No. 5 must confine their zeal to their own communities. 6. The General of the Order acknowledges only one more title for a valid and lawful institution of the Rosary Sodality, viz., a special Indult of the Holy See.

THIRD QUESTION.—Should the associations of the Living Rosary be, as a rule, placed under the government of the directors of the Confraternity; in other words, is it the spirit or wish of the Church that these pious associations be as much as possible united to the Confraternity, and only for special reasons be allowed to exist apart from it?

RESPONSE.—Judging from the Brief *Quod jure hæreditario* of Pius IX., from the statutes and declarations of the supreme Moderators of the sodality, and from the very object of the sodality itself, the answer must be yes. The “Acta Sanctæ Sedis”¹ answers the question in this manner: “Although associations of the Living Rosary *may sometimes be tolerated* outside of Confraternities of the Most Holy Rosary, namely, whenever necessity requires such an existence, nevertheless, *as a rule*, they should exist only within Confraternities and only in places in which Confraternities are established, and they should, under the government of the directors of the Confraternities, be utilized to train children²—boys and girls—in the exact manner of reciting the Rosary, and for the benefit of persons who are weak in piety, or weighed down with infirmity or occupation.”³

It is evident that the great Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, as given by her to St. Dominic, and as preached by him and his Order to the world, is the favorite form with the Church and the faithful, and that the Confraternity established by the great patriarch himself, is regarded by all as the *ne plus ultra*

¹ I. vol. pag. 174, No. 369.

² See the reasons assigned by the “Acta Sanctæ Sedis” in our Manual, chap. ii., No. 19, pag. 668, ROSARY Mag., Jan.

³ See in Manual—for whom the Living Rosary is intended, chap. iii., pag. 755, No. vi., ROSARY Mag., Feb.

—the very perfection of pious associations, the very storehouse of the riches and treasures conceded by heaven and the Church to the children by predilection of the ever blessed Mary.

(To be continued.)

SANDA MUHUNA'S PALACE.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEATH AND A PRISON.

WITHIN an hour after Maha Nama's baptism, Abinissa came unto Thomas and reported to him that messengers had arrived from the king, announcing his return on the morrow. Still more important was the news they brought that Sanda Muhuna was enraged against his brother, and against Abinissa and Thomas, because he had learned from the monks that a new religion was spreading everywhere, and that the shrines of the Buddha were neglected, and that no work had been done on the new palace, by which he hoped to make his name famous for all time. The Apostle bade Abinissa be of good cheer; and they sought out Maha Nama, who being weak in body, had taken to bed; for he was deeply moved, not through fear but through affection, loving the king, his brother, deeply, and being pained at the thought of his displeasure. Thomas and Abinissa watched over Maha Nama, tenderly, yet did he not rally.

In due time, on the following day, the king arrived, and though he was received with every outward sign of joy, he was sad; for he had heard of his brother's illness. No sooner had he entered the palace than he hastened to the sick man's room. Maha Nama was still conscious. The king and he embraced one another affectionately, and their tears were mingled together. When, however, the sick man would speak, he

could not. His voice had left him. The king had given orders that Thomas and Abinissa should be put in prison. Their absence from his side troubled Maha Nama; and no one understood the meaning of the motions he made with his hands and with his lips. From time to time he took hold of the little jewel-case, clasping it tightly between his worn fingers, and kissing it with a show of real love. Frequently he raised it up to his forehead and signed himself with the sign of the Cross. And once he drew the king towards him, and bent down the king's head, and tried to speak, and then he made signs which they misunderstood; and, finally, he blessed the king. Soon thereafter he closed his eyes, and smiled sweetly, and gasped twice or thrice. And when they took his moist hand they knew he was dead.

The king wept, and moaned, and lost control of himself. When most he was moved, he hastened to the throne room, ordering that Thomas and Abinissa should be brought before him. He had determined that they also should die. In his madness he held them guilty of his brother's death. When they appeared in chains, he rebuked them, accusing them of disloyalty, and of falsehood, and of blasphemy against the holy one, and, last of all, of murder. Against Thomas he was the more angered; for he looked upon Abinissa as a victim of witchcraft and of magical charms. And when Sanda Muhuna had fully vented his rage, he dismissed them both, saying: "You, Abinissa, shall lie in jail until the blessed Buddha hath brought you to a right mind; but as for you, accursed Hebrew, magician and wicked man that you are, you shall die on the day after my beloved brother has been buried, and at the very same hour that he breathed his last breath. Take them out of my sight!"

Now, neither the Apostle nor his faithful convert had said a word in self-defence. Silently they retired; and, without murmuring, were chained to the wall of the prison cell. Thus Thomas passed the happiest night he had known since he came to Ceylon. And he slept peaceably, and dreamed sweetly of a cross and of a crown.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PALACE BUILT NOT WITH HUMAN HANDS.

During three days there was mourning throughout the city. Christians and Buddhists competed one with another in outward show of sorrow. To the former, word was given of Maha Nama's baptism, and they gathered in their meeting places in private houses. The latter flocked to the temples and dagobas and to the sacred Bo-tree. All rejoicing ceased. The streets were alive with only a solemn, whispering life. Even the pretty children played sadly. Bands of monks chaunted solemn hymns in the palace courts. On the third day, the body of Maha Nama was borne away on a garlanded bier, and buried, with a pompous display of reverence, in the royal tomb.

Towards evening, when the king returned from the grave, he went forthwith to his chamber, where he gave himself up to grieving and to tears, refusing to be comforted. Nor would he take any nourishment. Worn out with excitement and with piercing pain of loss, and with regret and passion, he threw himself on his couch, and at length fell into a restless sleep. As the morn drew near, his mind was awakened by a startling vision. Before him stood his dead brother, fresher, younger, more beautiful than in life. He was clad in a shining white garment, unlike any dress of man. And, opening his mouth, he spoke with a clear, sweet voice; and these are the words he uttered: "Brother! I come to you out of love, sent by Love. Strangethings have I to tell you of. Know then, that when I put off the vesture of my body, my spirit was received by the angels, messengers of the One, true God, whose baptism Thomas gave me before I died, believing in Christ Jesus who suffered for man on the Cross. And the angels bore my soul aloft to the upper realms of light, and of joy. Of many things that I have seen and heard may I not speak to you, but of one thing only. Mansions unnumbered did I see, and one more than all delighted the eyes of my spirit. Nor could I tell why. Of an angel I asked: "Whose palace is this?"

But he answered: "Not of any being now in the new Jerusalem. This was built according to the design, and, indeed, by the labors, of a certain Judas Thomas, called Didymus, the faithful one; he who put a hand in His side. It is thy brother's mansion," said the angel. "Oh, my beloved brother! would thou couldst see the glorious beauty of the heavenly mansion! The walls thereof are of jasper stone, adorned with all manner of precious things—sapphires and emeralds and beryls; topaz and hyacinth, and amethyst. The doors are of pearl, each several gate a single pearl; and the street before the mansion is of pure gold, as, indeed, are the ceilings and the roof of the palace. Brother! such wondrous beauty no earthly mind can even conceive. Could you but see it under the light of the one light that lighteth it and that shall enlighten it forever! The heavenly city needeth not sun nor moon to shine therein: for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof. Wherefore, brother mine, lay not a hand on Thomas in thy anger, for he hath well kept his promise. But do thou give him credit and honor before men for the great things he hath done for me and for thee. Be thou too washed with the water of regeneration, so that thou may'st enjoy the glorious mansion forever! There shall not enter into it anything defiled. Only the water that floweth from the river of the tree of life cleanseth a man. Neither the water of the tank, nor the wood of the Bo-tree, avail to happiness eternal." Then the king saw the figure of a blood-red Cross standing above his brother's head. From the Cross, rays of white light shone so that they dazzled the king's eyes; and when the king looked again, his brother was not there; nor was the Cross to be seen.

(To be continued.)

THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF FAVORS OBTAINED.

May 16th, 1893.

Editor of "The Rosary."

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—Will you be so kind as to publish the following in THE ROSARY in fulfilment of a promise made to the Sacred Heart, in honor of our seraphic mother, St. Catherine of Siena?

A domestic in my family has been afflicted for years with a complication of varicose veins and rheumatism, in both limbs. For the last three months her sufferings have been pitiable, compelling her at one time to take to her bed, while the various medicines and applications tried were all equally futile. The girl is a Protestant, but recourse was had to prayer in her behalf. This was followed on the 28th–30th of April by a triduum to St. Catherine, whose feast falls on the latter date. Mass was offered each day, a special Mass procured on the feast, Holy Communion offered (all in honor of the saint), and the limb itself was bathed with Easter water. An appeal was also made to our Blessed Lady to aid by her intercession.

Some slight improvement was apparent from the first, and on the morning of the feast the pain which had hitherto embraced nearly the whole of both limbs, sometimes in one, sometimes in the other, was found on this morning to be concentrated into one small spot on the side of the right knee, on which you could lay your finger. The pain at that point, however, was excruciating, and the girl was much discouraged. Holy water was again applied immediately after Mass, and the writer felt an unaccountable conviction that a cure was at hand. So it proved. Next day the girl declared herself almost entirely free from pain, and ever since has been practically cured. The use of her limbs is restored, and she has been quite free from pain in the limb to which attention was chiefly directed, while in the other only a slight temporary stiffness shows itself after any unusual exertion, which disappears as soon as she is rested.

Thanks forever be to God and the blessed intercessors whom we invoked!

As the triduum was offered with the proviso that this publication should be, if possible, obtained, in order to manifest the power of St. Catherine's intercession, I earnestly trust that you will find space for it.

A PRIVATE TERTIARY.

BLESSED BERNARD OF MORLAAS AND HIS TWO DISCIPLES.

PATRONS OF FIRST COMMUNICANTS.

THE readers of the "Dominican Year" are familiar with the beautiful legend of Blessed Bernard de Morlaas, and his two young disciples, who died at the Dominican Monastery at Santarem, in Portugal, in 1277.

They know how Blessed Bernard was admitted into the order by Blessed Giles, and there became a saint; how he had under his care two young children, who served him at the altar, at Mass, and whom he labored to make both saintly and learned. They know too, as the legend goes on to tell, how one evening, when the two little acolytes were taking their collation in the Convent Chapter-room, the image of the Infant Jesus suddenly vanished from the clasping hands of the Madonna-Mother, whose statue adorned the altar of the Chapter-room, and a beautiful Child appeared before the two young scholars, and advancing, placed Himself beside them, addressed them in friendly tone, and smilingly accepted the frugal repast of bread and fruit which they proffered Him, sharing and eating it with them.

They will remember too, how the good Father Bernard doubted, at first, of the wonderful story related by his two young servers, and how, finally convinced of its truth, he counselled them in their turn to beg an invitation from the Divine Child.

How the Infant Jesus appeared again in their midst, and

upon the request which His two little friends presented in accordance with the direction they had received, He invited them with the good Father Bernard, who had desired to be included in the invitation, to dine with Him, on Ascension Day, in His Father's house.

The day of the Feast drew near; the good father said his Mass, served by his faithful acolytes, who also, for the first time, received from his hands the Bread of Life, were nourished with the Divine Flesh of that same little Child who had made Himself the humble companion of their frugal meal.

Then all three knelt low at the Altar-step to make their thanksgiving, and so doing fell asleep—into the blessed sleep of the friends of the good God.

Some day, when the Church shall have spoken more fully respecting this delicious episode of six centuries ago, we will relate it at greater length.

It is not surprising that this marvellous incident should have made a deep impression upon the pious imagination of an age of religious faith, and that, from the first, popular devotion should have hastened to venerate the shrine of the three blessed ones. In Portugal the veneration to them still flourishes. At Morlaas, in the parish church, a chapel has been dedicated to them. The examination of the question of their beatification has just been completed. The sentence of the judge delegated by H. Em., Patriarch of Lisbon, was taken to Santarem the 7th of last July, and established the authenticity and antiquity of the cult.

The authorized copy of the documents necessary to be sent to Rome is almost completed. Already art has begun to offer to lend her assistance to perpetuate the memory of the blessed ones. The house of "Monna," in Toulouse, has just produced a beautiful statue in honor of the three saints. The "Maison Mayaud" of Paris has engraved a medal which is a veritable work of art, and which recalls for first communicants the touching scene of the death of Father Bernard and his two young disciples, appropriate patrons of children, receiving for the first time the Bread of Angels.

We cannot close our little sketch more fitly than by repeating here the "Prose of the Child Jesus of Santarem, of Blessed Bernard de Morlaas and his holy Disciples," just as it is sung during the Novena which precedes the Ascension, in the patriarchal church of the Seminary of Santarem, and just, let us hope, as it may shortly be sung throughout the Order.

Quam bonus Deus omnibus
Sed præcipue cordibus Rec-
tis et innocentibus.

* *

Miré patuit in illis, Scala-
bitanis ' Parvulis, Morlacensis
Discipulis.

* *

O, suave spectaculum ! Invi-
taverunt Jesulum Ad propri-
um jentaculum.

* *

Et puer Jesus descendens
Visus est cum eis sedens Et
gratiasè comedens.

* *

Sed istius convivii, Jam dul-
cis pleni gaudii, Quid dabitur
stipendii ?

* *

" Divi Patris in ædibus, De-
liciis cœlestibus, Diebus perac-
tis tribus."

* *

" Alebo vos et magister, Ber-
nardus etiam, vester nobiscum
erit jugiter."

How good is God to all !
Above all to the pure and in-
nocent of heart.

* *

How wondrously shone
forth this goodness towards
the children of Santarem, dis-
ciple of the blessed one of
Morlaas.

* *

O sweet spectacle ! The
Child Jesus, they invite to
dine with them.

* *

And, behold, how gracious-
ly the Holy Child descends to
share their meal !

* *

What requital shall be made
for this festival of joy ?

* *

" Within three days, shalt
thou feast with Me, on heaven-
ly dainties in the palace of
My Father."

* *

" I will feed both you and
Bernard ; You shall dwell
with us forever."

' This is the primitive name of Santarem, still used in literature and history.

Ita, Jesus ephebulis, Illos
pro suis jentaculis, Aeternis
ditans epulis.

* *
* *

Triduanoque spatio, Hos
duxit in hospitio Pro perenni
convivio.

* *
* *

Jesu, Bernade, Parvuli, Ves-
tri sumus clientuli Beatæ sor-
tis æmuli.

* *
* *

Vivat sacer Infans Jesus!
Beatus vivat Bernardus! Dis-
cipuli vivant ejus!

Thus, to little children, the
Child Jesus spoke. "I will
repay your food with heavenly
feasts."

* *
* *

After three days He led
them to a Banquet without
ending.

* *
* *

Jesus, Bernard, little chil-
dren, we are suppliants hum-
bly kneeling at your feet, eager
for your happy lot.

* *
* *

Blessed be the Holy Child!
And blessed be Bernard de
Morlaas! Blessed be his two
disciples!

EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER.

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

SIXTH PETITION, CONCLUDED.—The world tempts us in a two-
fold manner: First, by the immoderate desire of temporal things.
"*Desire (of money) is the root of all evils.*" (1. Tim. vi. 10.)
Secondly, by the tyranny and injustice of persecutors—" *We, too,
are wrapped up in darkness.*" (Job xxxvii. 19.) "*And they that
will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.*" (2 Tim.
iii. 12.) But "*fear not them who kill the body.*" (Matt. x.)

Thus, then, it is clear what temptation is; how and by whom
we are tempted.

Now let us see how we may be delivered. Here we must
bear in mind that Christ teaches us to ask: not that we may
not be tempted, but that we may *not be led* into temptation.

If we overcome the temptation we merit a reward. Therefore does St. James say: "*My brethren, count it all joy when you shall fall into divers temptations.*" (i. 2.) And again: "*Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he hath been proved, he shall receive the crown of life.*" (i. 12.) And therefore Our Lord teaches us to pray that we be not led into temptation—*consenting* to the temptation. St. Paul says (1 Cor. x. 13.) "*Let no temptation take hold of you but such as is human.*" For to be *tempted* is human, but to *consent* is *devilish*.

But does not God lead us to evil? Do we not distinctly beseech Him to *lead us not into temptation*? I answer that God is said to lead us to evil by *permitting* the evil to happen, in as far as He withdraws His grace from some one on account of repeated and persistent infidelity, and thus the grace removed, he falls into sin. Therefore do we sing in the seventieth psalm: "*When my strength shall fail, do not Thou forsake me!*"

God controls man and prevents him from falling into temptation by the fervor of charity; for even the smallest degree of charity may resist any sin whatsoever. "*Many waters could not extinguish charity.*" (Cant. viii.)

God also helps us by the light of the intellect by which He informs us about our *duties*: the things we have to *do*, for says Aristotle: "*Omnis peccans est ignorans*"—sin is the result of ignorance. The Psalmist says, giving the words of the Deity: "*I will give thee an intellect and instruct thee.*" (Ps. xxxi.) And David's prayer was: "*Enlighten my eyes that I may never sleep in death; lest at any time my enemy say: 'I have prevailed against him.'*" (Ps. xii.) This is the gift of understanding. And our heart is clean as long as we refuse to consent to temptation. Our Lord said: "*Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.*" (Mark v.) God grant that all of us be conducted to this blessed vision.

DOMINICAN SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

J. D. F.

BLESSED MARK.—3d.

BLESSED Mark was born at Mutina. His early life was marked by a piety so remarkable that he came to be regarded as a saint long before he was adopted as a member of the Order of St. Dominic. Accordingly it was a cause of no surprise to any one when he embraced the religious profession ; it was only the natural outcome of his pronounced bias towards a life of perfection. He realized intuitively that prayer and study were the indispensable requisites to advancement in the religious life. Naturally this gave him ambition to impart to others the treasures of divine truth and learning imbibed at the fountain of all truth. What words can adequately portray the zeal and fervor that animated the saint in bringing souls to God ! Day after day brought new conquests of souls led out of darkness into light by the persuasive eloquence of his word, as well as by the more potent argument of illustrious and virtuous example. After a life of unsullied virtue and untiring zeal, he died the death of the just in the year 1498. The renown of his piety naturally enkindled in the hearts of his admirers a desire to obtain his intercession after death ; what is most wonderful to relate is that this feeling of veneration for his sacred remains finds even to this day a place in the hearts of many of the faithful in Italy, and many still make pilgrimages to his tomb with unwavering faith in his prayers and intercessions.

BLESSED BENEDICT.—7th.

Blessed Benedict was born in Italy in the town of Sarvisi. He was singularly gifted, not only with the natural gifts of brilliant genius and talent, but likewise with the precious boon of ardent faith and piety. His early years gave promise, not only of a brilliant future in the world of secular study, but likewise in the higher science of saintly perfection. At the age of four-

teen he embraced the religious state. At no time did it ever appear that he sacrificed the more important duty of serving God in order to indulge his strong passion for study. But while gradually ascending the ladder of fame in knowledge and learning, his chief desire was to mount upwards towards God by the purity of his life and the eminence of his virtues. Many were the positions of trust and honor that he filled in his Order, and as if God would reward his faithfulness to duty he was unanimously elected to the chair of Peter as Pope Benedict the XI. In this elevated position greater freedom and scope were given to his extraordinary ability, which was displayed in a marked degree in quelling rival factions in Rome, as well as inaugurating and strengthening the peace of foreign nations. During his pontificate schisms arose in the East that threatened to create much disorder and dissension within the Church's realm. By the strong influence of his words and the determined efforts of his conduct he succeeded in assuaging the tumult of conflicting opinions, and averting the terrible storm of rebellion that so seriously threatened the Eastern Church. During his long and brilliant reign Bl. Benedict never ceased to practise acts of penance and mortification, while at the same time he relied not so much on his natural ability as on prayer for the wise and speedy adjustment of all ecclesiastical affairs. He died as he lived, devoted to God and the faith he loved and represented, and after death God was pleased to prove to the world the sanctity of his servant by permitting many wonderful miracles.

BLESSED JAMES.—13th.

Blessed James was born at Vorajine, near Savona. His life presents another instance of wonderful sanctity and fervor, manifesting itself from early childhood. At the age of fourteen he entered the convent of St. Dominic at Genoa. His highest hope and ambition was to become a priest, and in order that he might qualify himself for this important post, he, like many other illustrious servants of God, devoted himself mainly to prayer and study. Wonderful were the results of his labors; and as he possessed no mean talents, he rose during his time to

the pinnacle of fame through his writings and sermons, some of which to this day are admired for the noble simplicity of their style, as well as for the irresistible force and logic of their argument. Twice he was elected to an Archbishopric. The first time he succeeded in having the honor transferred to another, but the second time he was obliged to accept, and became archbishop of Genoa. Blessed James was enabled to govern his archdiocese, which was in a continued state of turbulence, only by the help God gave him; for it was one of the most stormy periods of ecclesiastical history—a time when the Guelphs and Ghibelines were at deadly war. He succeeded however, by his eloquent preaching and exhortation, and after a life brimful of good, yet not unmingled with sorrow, he went to receive the reward of his virtues in the year 1298.

BLESSED CESLAUS.—16th JUNE.

Blessed Ceslaus, born in Poland, travelled to Rome in order to receive the Dominican habit from the hands of St. Dominic. Persevering in the religious state he received holy orders when quite young, and soon after was promoted to the high position of Canon of the church of St. Mary Magdalen at Sandomir, which was destined by Providence to be later one of the most glorious battlefields of the Dominican Order, it becoming the scene of the celebrated martyrdom of forty-nine Friars-Preachers. Ceslaus was most happy in dispensing alms to the poor, and in this he was aided by an immense fortune, which came to him by inheritance. His chief occupation in after life was in going from place to place teaching and preaching and bringing souls to God. Moravia, Prussia, Saxony and Pomerania were the scenes of his most active labors. The latter part of Ceslaus' career was passed in Silesia, his chief residence being in the convent of Breslau. When the Tartars once attacked this city of Breslau, and the people seemed in imminent peril of being either slaughtered or captured, Ceslaus was seen to raise his hands to Heaven, and immediately a ball of fire appeared above his head which struck the savage horde of Tartars with such dismay that they fled for their lives, and those

amongst them who were captured were led by the sight of this miracle to embrace the faith.

Blessed Ceslaus died on the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in the year 1242.

BLESSED JOANNA.—23d JUNE.

Blessed Joanna was born in Etruria, of parents who were ever anxious to advance the spiritual welfare of their children. Joanna received the lessons of early piety instilled in her mind with an eagerness and alacrity that bespoke a future of no ordinary piety. As a child her beauty was the admiration of all who saw her, while as a girl budding into womanhood this same beauty seemed but to reflect the interior of a soul unsullied by sin or corruption. Although many rich and noble youths sought to gain her hand in marriage, she was deaf to all appeals save that one strong, irresistible appeal that came from within, calling her to be the bride of Christ. Nor did she resist, but consecrated her virginity forever to God in the Third Order of St. Dominic. In the cloister she practised the virtues of a saint, and seemed ever in union and contemplation with the object of all her hopes and desires. She died after giving many evidences of her being a chosen one of God, in the year 1306, amid much suffering and pain, and was afterwards beatified by Benedict the XIV.

BLESSED ANTHONY.

Blessed Anthony was born in a town named Versella. He early manifested a tendency to a religious life. When the moment arrived that saw the great desire of his life accomplished, he was so impressed with the high privilege God granted to him in calling him to religious life, that night and day he strove to prove to his Divine Benefactor, by penance, prayer, and meditation, the sincerity of his gratitude. Never was it known that this humble servant of God ever deviated from the strict rule of religious discipline. He was always prompt and ready in his obedience, watchful and thoughtful in his dealings with others, grave and prayerful wherever he was or in whatever he was doing. It was but natural that such a one would make

rapid strides in perfection. It was not long until God manifested to the world the real character of His servant. He bestowed on him a wonderful gift of prophecy. He enabled him to work miracles of an extraordinary kind. Wherever he was or in whatever company, his words soothed, encouraged, animated, so that he was instrumental in the hands of God in the conversion of many souls who had been buried in darkness, or who had been borne down by affliction. He died after a life devoted to the diffusion of God's light and truth, lamented by a vast concourse of people, who had in every way benefited by his ministrations and instructions.

“LET us kneel down before the magnificence of God. It is outstretched as an ocean of manifold being, and yet of indivisible, uncreated life; intolerable in its splendor, uncircumscribed in its simplicity. His magnificence is the vastness of His beauty, the multitude of His perfections, the coruscations of His sanctity, the impetuosity of His communicativeness, the minuteness of His government, the strange celestial sweetness of His gifts, the prodigality of His tenderness, the abysses of His incredible condescensions, and the exuberance of His simplicity. These are many words; but the idea is one.”—*Faber*.

The Children of the Rosary.

A CHAT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

MIDSUMMER is here! When another month will have gone by—back to your books again! Oh, the misery of it! No! there will be no misery in the thought if you have taken a sober glance at your book every day from the first of vacation. So do not let the dust settle on your arithmetics and catechisms.

We were delighted with the odd puzzles and rebuses and charades that were sent to THE ROSARY for publication.

One little boy in Boston says that he has a set of figures by which he will tell any person's age who will barely indicate in which of the *six* columns of figures—the age is found. He then adds together the figures at the top of said columns; the

sum thus obtained will be the age desired. Here are the six columns:

I.	II.	III.	IV.	V.	VI.
1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

Now, suppose your age is 22. You see that 22 is found in the 2nd 3rd, and, 5th columns. The figures at the top of these respective columns are $2+4+16=22$.

Several little ones sent us puzzles with very puzzling spelling. A "*keg*" is a *small* barrel, but it is not spelled "*kag*," is it? *That* would be *phonetic* spelling!

We will begin to offer prizes in our next for the first correct solution of puzzles offered.



AXES TO GRIND.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

"WHEN weary I grow of some wearying toil,"
 Said Uncle Tom, one day,
 "I always think of my boyhood ago,
 When work seemed nothing but play,
 And studying lessons the direst toil,
 And school a prison cell.
 But I learned a lesson of life, my boys,—
 It has stood me long and well.

"The men were hewing timber down
 With axes keen and bright.
 I longed to give a helping hand
 With all a small boy's might.
 I coaxed and teased as small lads will;
 I pouted and I whined;—
 'Come, turn the stone,' my father cried,
 'Till I these axes grind.'

"I flew to the stone with right good will ;
I turned it round and round ;
The dull-edged axes one by one,
My father coolly ground.
My back grew stiff, my breath grew short,
My arm grew limp and lame ;
But my father kept the blade of an axe
Close to the stone the same.

"I held right to it, with might and main,
Till every axe was keen :
Then I slunked away, and a glummer lad
I venture never was seen.
My father he smiled for a month of weeks,
And his smile would always say :
'Would you rather help me to grind an axe
Than to go to school to-day?'

"'Twas a lasting lesson I learned, my boys ;
Experience teaches well,
The words my father spoke in smiles
Ring now, like a silver bell.
So stick to the task that's your own, my boys.
For, believe me, you will find
The axes so easy for men to wield,
Are hard for a boy to grind."

AN INCIPIENT CHESTERFIELD.

KATHARINE JENKINS.

IT was one of those soft, balmy afternoons when even the heart of a great city, crowded and shut in a it is by stones and bricks, takes on that bright, expectant look which heralds the near approach of early Spring. The heavens were aglow ; the stones, trees, and houses,—even the very window-panes were lit up. Each street and opening formed a vista showing the glorious beauty of the setting sun.

The world of men, women, and children, free from a day's

work, were cheerily and noisily filling the streets with their laugh and hastening footsteps. Nature seemed to hold them under the charm of her beauty, making poets and artists of each, and chasing away, for the time at least, all thought of care or sorrow. It was a reprieve from the burden of pain, granted to poor, working humanity by generous, loving, health-restoring Spring.

In a somewhat quiet street leading away from the noise and bustle of the work-a-day world, a lady was leisurely wending her way, so ingrossed in the beauty of the declining day that she gave little or no thought to her fellow-beings.

Suddenly a cherry voice accosted her.

"Lady, I have made sixty-five cents to-day."

There, sprung from the earth he might have been, from his sudden appearance, stood or rather danced in the radiant sunlight, a small, heterogeneously-clad boy. His eyes beamed and sparkled with joy, keeping time with his dancing feet. He seemed a mass of smiles, jumps, and happy exclamations, whose motive machinery was the joy of living.

His clothes were of every shade, and mended with infinite patience and ingenuity. His linen (save the word!) had been clean earlier in the day,—that is positive, for it still showed spots at long intervals which bore evidences of the laundry. His cap was the crown of an old hat, but had it been of the softest French felt or finest velvet it could not have been raised with more unconscious grace.

"Lady, I have made sixty-five cents, an' its my first day, too," he repeated.

"Indeed! How?" said the lady.

"Sellin' papers, an' odd jobs."

He dug down into his trousers' pocket, and from its depths produced, besides a collection of strings, nails, top-whips, and taffy, which would have done credit to any boy of twelve, an old battered purse. Thrusting back the valuables, stopping first to bestow a tender glance at the taffy, he opened the purse and emptied its contents in pennies, nickels, and dimes into his chubby, dirty palm.

"Mother guv me this yere purs'; it were her's—only she aint got no use fur it, seein' as how she aint got nuthin' to put in it, so she guv it to me, along with fifteen cents to set me up." He stopped.

"Tell me all about it," said the lady, deeply interested and amused.

"Well, yere see lady, Mother, she guv me them fifteen cents," counting out a dime and a nickel, "*not jes them*, but fifteen cents to set me up, yere know. We fellars get our papers fur a cent, so I bought fifteen papers. I sold 'em right off, so then I had thirty cents. I did that three times, so I made forty-five cents. Then a swell cove chucked me a dime fur holdin' his hoss a while, an' another swell guv me one fur runnin' 'round a corner an' tellin' a dude as how he wus a waitin' to see him *pertickler*. An—well, ef I *jes* can go on like *this*, I kin pay the rent, an' Mother needn't be so bad and down. Its my furst day, an' *jes* think how much I'll make of a week ef I do like *this* !

"Mother's only got me, yere know," he continued breathlessly. "Father, he died last Winter of 'monia, or somethin' or other, an' so mother, she said as how I wus all she hed. An' I have jes set out to s'port her. My! won't she be glad when she sees all this money! An' the kids!"

"Yes," answering a questioning look on the lady's face, "there's two, Jimmy an' baby Sue—*she's* only a wee kid. I reckon I'll 'vest some of this cash in a swell supper—milk an' doughnuts," he added reflectively. "Its many a day since the kids had a treat."

The lady started to give a few words of advice as to the advisability of letting his mother provide a suitable supper; but he rambled on, skipping and jumping and chatting just from the sheer joy of living, and of having a sympathetic listener.

Talking rapidly but earnestly, and with an insight and judgment beyond his years, he artlessly drew a picture of the home, its whereabouts, its want and sorrow, its joys and love, and all in such a childish, frank manner, with his face so beam-

ingly happy over his day's success, that his listener's heart was stirred to its very depths.

By this time she was feeling for her purse to swell the amount to at least seventy-five cents, but the boy interrupted her with a quick, almost resentful gesture. He was "goin' to s'port Mother."

They had walked on for several squares, when a handsomely-dressed man passed and turned into one of the residences which lined the street.

"Good evenin', Mr. Wilson," cried the boy, tossing his apology of a cap in the air. With a puzzled look the gentleman raised his hat, and passed on into his house.

"Why, how do you know that gentleman?" asked the lady.

"Oh! that's the cove as sent me fur the dude. We newspaper men has to be all ears so's to ketch on, yer know; an' I heerd the dude say 'Howdy Wilson.' "So that's his name, you bet."

At the next street corner these new-found friends stopped. Their ways diverged as did their paths in life. Her's led to comfort, luxury, and ease; his to squalor, want, and disease; for he lived in one of the most crowded, poverty-stricken districts of the city. But it will not be for long, for a boy like that, with all this energy, tact and honesty of purpose, strengthened and ennobled by a mother's love, is bound to make his way in the world. A future is before him. Perhaps we may live to see him occupying the Presidential chair.

It has been said that newsboys are "the pulse of the people." Ours would be a healthy nation indeed if all pulses beat with the hearty pluck of this boy.

Standing at the street corner, the friends were loath to part. The lady longed to do something to add to the boy's happiness, and he on his part seemed to feel that he had something still unsaid. There were tears in the lady's eyes, but they were not wholly tears of sympathy. She was touched to her heart's core by the boy's confidence.

"How did you come to tell me all this, little man?" she asked. "Oh," said the boy shyly, taking off his cap with the air

one has been taught to term princely, "I jes looked at you, an' you looked like a guyrl as would be good to a fellar."

An almost irresistible impulse seized her to catch the boy in her arms and kiss him, but with a toss of his tattered cap into the balmy air, he ran off down the sunny street, holding fast his treasured fortune. The sun's rays formed a halo round his curly head, his dancing steps kept time and tune to the music in his heart, and if one could have seen into his brave little soul, home, mother and "the kids" would have been found the cause and reason of his joy.

The lady turned hastily lest the passers-by would see her tears, her heart also lit up and strengthened by this graceful tribute of confidence from an humble newsboy.

Many compliments, some sincere, more meaningless, are scattered through a woman's life: but there was never one more hearty or more appreciated than this:

"I jes looked at you, an' you looked like a guyrl as would be good to a fellar."

I know, for I was "the guyrl."

CECILIA'S ROSARY.

MARY J. REED.

"WILL you take my place, Sister, for an hour? I really feel as if I must have a little rest."

"Certainly I will, Sister Ignatia; and I insist that you shall not return to your ward until the Angelus rings. I can easily spare two hours, and I fear you are taxing yourself beyond your strength. Just give me your medicine list, and put everything, but sleep, out of your mind."

Five minutes more was taken up going over the list together, then pointing to a bed in a corner, Sister Ignatia said: "That poor girl was brought in last night, suffering with burns from a coal oil explosion; spend as much time by her bed as possible, and talk to her of the beauty of heaven; she seems never to have thought much on that subject, and the delight it gives her now makes her forget her sufferings."

"Very well, dear Sister, I will do all you wish; but *do* hurry off, or you will get no sleep." And Sister Clare good-naturedly pushed Sister Ignatia aside, and stood in the doorway, for well she knew if Sister Ignatia got in the room again she would find something to do.

Like good mothers, these hospital Sisters regard their patients as children, and attend to their comforts with a devotion that makes many a worldling ponder over religious life.

Sister Clare passed around among the sick and suffering; she often took Sister Ignatia's place in the ward, so her face was a familiar one there, and she was loved second only to Sister Ignatia herself, by these creatures on whom it would seem that the hand of the Lord was heavily laid.

Saying a kind word to each one, smoothing the tumbled hair, straightening the bed covers, beating up the pillows, she passed from bed to bed, and in a half hour had reached the bed of Nora Nolan, the poor girl who was suffering from such terrible burns.

Here Sister Clare took a seat, and laying her soft, white hand on Nora's left hand (the right one was bandaged), she began to talk in a low voice. The sufferer ceased her moaning, and her blue Irish eyes lit up as Sister Clare, according to direction, pictured the glory of the celestial court.

* * * * *

After turning her back on the ward, Sister Ignatia walked slowly towards her cell; entering it she sank into a chair by the window, resting her head on her hand; she was soon in the land of dreams.

And this was her dream. An angel stood near her, clothed in white, surrounded by rays of the brightest light, and still her eyes were not dazzled as she looked at him.

"Sister Ignatia!" he said in a voice as sweet and soft as the low music of an organ played by a master hand when the priest sings the preface of the Mass. "Sister Ignatia!" and the voice sank into her very heart and made her tremble, but not with fear.

A third time her name was called: "Sister Ignatia, one whom you held in your arms at the baptismal font is in danger!"

Then a tap at the door awakened her, and amazed and mortified she found it was seven o'clock. Sister Clare had been obliged to send for her; an accident patient had been brought to her ward, and the surgeon was asking for her to assist in setting a broken limb. With the light of the angel's brilliancy still in her eyes, Sister Ignatia hurried to the ward, and took her place by the bedside of the last arrival, not even having time to whisper an excuse to Sister Clare for staying over her time.

An hour later the broken limb was set, and the patient still dozing from the effect of morphia, Sister Ignatia stole a few minutes to speak to Sister Clare.

"Dear Sister," she said, "I must have been very much fatigued this afternoon, for I slept in a chair from four until seven o'clock, and it seemed only a few minutes, for I had such a beautiful dream. What must the sight of Our Lord be, if in a dream one of His angels could appear so magnificent! But I am troubled at the words he addressed to me; three times he called my name, and this is what he said: "Sister Ignatia, one whom you held at the baptismal font is in danger!" I stood sponsor for several infants before I entered the convent, but I cannot imagine to whom this warning can apply.

"Dear Sister," replied Sister Clare, "you are not going to let this dream, beautiful as it was, trouble you. Remember, we must not attach too much importance to dreams. Nothing is more natural than that you should have dreamed of angels after you had charged me to talk of heaven to Nora Nolan."

"Well, Sister, I suppose you are right," answered Sister Ignatia with a submissive smile, so accustomed is the religious to yield to the judgment of another. "Good night," she whispered softly, and again returned to her ward.

A few short aspirations to turn the thoughts of the sick to God, and the Sister took her seat at the end of the room, where behind a curtain a small lamp shed a ray of light on her office-book, and for an hour her lips moved as she recited the psalms: then lowering the lamp, she drew her rosary from her pocket, and as the beads slipped through her fingers, keeping pace

with the "Aves," one vision alone presented itself before her—the lovely angel; try as she would, Sister Ignatia could not get his words out of her mind. Her prayers finished, the good Sister resolved to *think out* her distraction. So she began to count her god-children. The first babe she stood for was a sweet little girl named Cecilia; she had not heard of her for years, but surely all was well with her. She had been reared by a pious mother, whose children were said to be a credit to her; nothing could be wrong with little Cecilia.

Her second god-child was a delicate boy; he died soon after baptism. One other, a boy, too, she had held at the font. A year ago she had heard of his death. All was well with him.

Again her thoughts returned to the little Cecilia, and again the angel's voice sounded in her ear.

At two o'clock a nun came to relieve her, and as Sister Ignatia passed the bed of the burnt girl, she found Nora's eyes wide open; so leaning over her, she whispered to her of the guardian angel, and as she did so realized that never before had she been able to so describe the beauty of the angels. Smoothing her brow, she said: "Nora, will you say a prayer that my mind may be relieved of something that troubles me so much that I will not be able to sleep to-night?"

"Indeed I will, Sister, and may God give you a soft bed and a *sleepy head* to enjoy it now and always. God bless you!" and poor Nora was getting so excited that the patient in the next bed to her began to stir.

"Hush, Nora dear; keep still, and may the holy angels guard you," and with a gentle touch on her hand, Sister Ignatia passed on.

The good Sister, as she expected, heard every hour strike until the rising bell sounded; but the hours had not been wasted; she had prayed for her sick and for her god-child, little Cecilia, who now, she thought it over, must be nineteen years old. She would write to her at once. She would send her a rule of life, because she was her god-mother and had a right to do so. It might do good, it could do no harm. One need not *believe* in dreams to take warning from them. Any-

thing beautiful can put good thoughts in one's mind—good actions may follow.

* * * * *

In a handsome house in a fashionable quarter of B—— sat a grey-haired couple with sorrow strongly marked on their faces. After having listened awhile to their conversation we find that the last daughter of the house¹ is about to engage herself to a man unworthy of her. Every argument has been used to convince her that it is her father's money he wants, and that marrying one of another faith, and without the blessing of her parents, can hardly give a hope for happiness. All this her Father confessor had said to her that very day. And after demurring for awhile she promised him to delay one week her answer to the proposal so distasteful to both her father and mother, and also to say her rosary daily that the will of God might be fulfilled in all her actions. Not one word of this had she told her parents for fear of encouraging a hope she had little thought would ever be realized.

Long ago had she ceased to say her rosary. After coming home from a party or the theatre she was too tired for more than a few short prayers; and now after looking all over her room she cannot find the little pearl beads.

"If our Blessed Lady wants me to say my rosary she might help me to find it," exclaimed poor Cecilia in despair, as she started to make the seventh search around her room, with no success; the beads could not be found, so she went down on her knees and counted off the decades on her fingers.

A sorrowful trio sat around the breakfast table next morning when the morning's mail was handed to the master of the house.

"Here is one for you, daughter, and beautiful writing it is, and heavy as gold," her father said, as he handed a letter to Cecilia.

"From Sister Ignatia, Mamma!" she exclaimed a moment after opening her letter, "and see here what a long rosary she has sent me; the whole fifteen mysteries strung together!" then

¹ The little Cecilia of our story.

she blushed as she remembered for what intention she was saying her rosary, and many times that day she read over her god-mother's letter.

One clause in the letter touched her deeply, and struck her as being a coincidence. The good nun wrote: "I feel as if I have neglected you, my dear child, and to make reparation to you, I will say, during my night-watch with the sick, my rosary for one week at the hour that I suppose you are saying your night prayers—to beg God's blessing on your future life.

"How did she know?" murmured Cecilia, completely mystified.

* * * * *

Prayer is all powerful. Cecilia's holy old confessor prayed for her, the good nun called nightly on the "Queen of Angels" to protect and guide her spiritual child, and Cecilia prayed herself that God's will might be hers.

Prayer is powerful—for she did not cast her life away, nor bring sorrow to the hearts of her parents.

"God has given His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

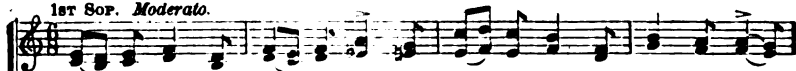


THE ASCENSION.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by LOUSIA MORRISON.

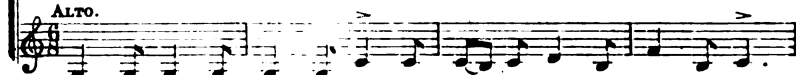
1st Sop. *Moderato.*



2d Sop.

1. Lo! His work on earth ac-com-plish'd, Je-sus seeks His Fa-ther's throne,
2. They who love Him best, up-gaz-ing, Mark His wounded hands outspread,
3. Hour of awe! when 'mid such glo-ry Hope di-vine was given to earth,

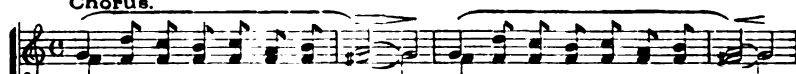
ALTO.



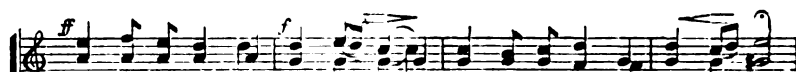
Leav-ing His most glo-rious mis-sion To the keep-ing of His own.
While up-on each year-ning spir-it Are sweet ben-e-dic-tions shed.
That all men might turn with long-ing To the true land of their birth.



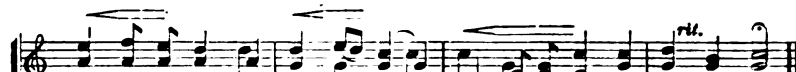
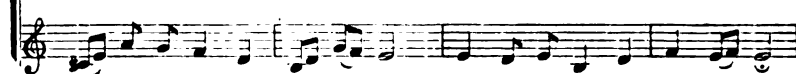
Chorus.



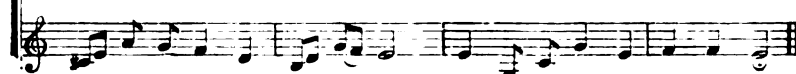
Lis-ten, O Moth-er, while we pray. We show thee all our cares and needs,



As pleading for thy aid we say The A-ves on thy bless-ed beads;



As pleading for thy aid we say The A-ves on thy bless-ed beads.



Notes.

We are much pleased to note how acceptable have been the papers on the Third Order. They have been read and discussed on all sides. We have received letters from parties all over the United States and Canada, from priests and people, thanking us for the impetus given to the Third Order of St. Dominic, and for the information which it seems many of them had often vainly sought to obtain. We desire all our Tertiaries and those who contemplate making their profession in the Third Order, to rest assured that any communication to us will receive our earnest and prompt attention, and if need be, a personal answer.

We take great pleasure in placing Father Cathonay's (O. P.) very interesting letter to us before our readers. In a nutshell it describes the state of Catholicity in Trinidad. We feel sure that the letter will be thoughtfully perused by our Rosarians.

DEAR REV. FATHER:—Trinidad, the largest and the most western of the Antilles, was discovered by Columbus on his third voyage. The great discoverer admired very much its beauty, and called it by the name of the Blessed Trinity. He estimated it was then inhabited by 100,000 Indians.

This island belonged to Spain until the year 1707, when it surrendered to the English, who possess it now. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was evangelized by the Capuchin Fathers, who converted a good many Indians, not, however, without many troubles and hardships. For instance, in the year 1699 three of them, together with a Dominican Father, were massacred by the ferocious tribe of the Teamanagues.

Many of those primitive inhabitants were stolen away by the Spaniards, who employed them as slaves in the mines on their estates; others fled to the mainland, which is quite near, so that in the beginning of this century only a few thousand remained. At present scarcely a few hundred are to be found.

Under the sway of the English, Trinidad saw its population increasing rapidly. It was only 17,000 when they became its rulers; it is now over 200,000, but it is perhaps the most mixed and cosmopolitan population in the world. A third of it has come from the East. There are

Hindoos from Calcutta and Madras, imported by the English to work the estates. A few thousand Chinese are also to be found. Another notable portion of our people are the descendants of the African slaves, who were liberated in the year 1840. Along with them, of course, are many colored people. The climate being so warm, the whites are only a small minority; but they represent all the nations of Europe and America.

According to the last census there were in our island 74,000 Catholics, about 62,000 Protestants of all denominations, and 64,000 pagans.

In the year 1864 a French Dominican Father, who had been a lawyer in Mauritius, was appointed archbishop of Port-of-Spain, the capital of the island; he brought with him a colony of Dominicans who took charge of Port-of-Spain, and of different other missions in Trinidad and the neighboring islands. Since then a good many of them have fallen victims to their zeal in this hot and rather unhealthy climate. The actual missionaries are twenty in number, almost all French. There is about the same number of secular priests, and a good college for young men in charge of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. There are about 80 sisters of St. Joseph de Cluny, who teach girls; a convent of contemplative Dominican nuns, four convents of Dominican Tertiaries who nurse the lepers, the aged, and the orphans, and one convent of Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Our work is parochial, consisting principally in instructing our simple-minded Catholics, and training their children. Afterwards, if there are strength and time left, we try to reclaim as many as we can from heresy and paganism. But, alas! the task is hard and the progress slow.

Since the mission was established in Trinidad, the first Dominican Archbishop, the Most Rev. Y. Gonin, O. P., had not less than four successive co-adjutor-bishops. Three of them died before him; the fourth one succeeded him in 1880, and fortunately is yet in good health. As I said, a good many of our missionaries died prematurely. The year 1869 was especially terrible for the Dominican Sisters in charge of the leper asylum. In less than two months nine of the nuns and two Dominican priests were carried

away by the yellow fever. However, their places were soon taken by others who had recently arrived from France. From outside, indeed, they must come, because Trinidad is very poor in religious vocations. Naturally it is a fertile soil, yielding a gorgeous and abundant vegetation, which commands the admiration of all, but spiritually it devours much and gives very little. We work on imperfect elements, and we cannot expect to reap the fine harvest you gather in America.

A few days before leaving New York I happened to visit a humble chapel in Brooklyn. What was my astonishment on entering the sacred building to see it crowded with poor, old people,—men on one side and women on the other! In the Sanctuary was the bishop, surrounded by a crown of venerable priests, and before them another beautiful crown of twelve virgins, attired as brides, with white flowers on their heads. They were addressed by the bishop in touching, eloquent words, and I understood there was a *prise d'habit* going on, the first in the United States.

I had the good fortune to assist at the opening of this novitiate of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and they were twelve to begin with!—the apostolic number. They will be soon twelve hundred.

I notice this as a proof that the Catholic Church is flourishing in your country, and progressing. I saw many other marks of her vitality. And still there are in the world blinded spirits who prophesy her decay, and even announce that she will soon be buried!

But I must not complain if our mission is not as fertile a field in religious vocations as a thorough Catholic country. I acknowledge it has already given good fruits, not by dozens, but one by one,—on a recent occasion by four. The ceremony of the Little Sisters of the Poor above mentioned, reminded me of a similar ceremony which took place last year in France, in which four Venezuelan ladies, who had been some years in Trinidad, made their profession. They were the mother and the three daughters. It had been my happy lot to show to them the paths leading to the religious life, and to address them on the day of their profession. They are now preparing themselves, if such is the will of their superiors, to go to Trinidad again, and nurse the poor lepers as the Sisters of their Congregation do.

Neither must I forget to tell you that on the feast of St. Catherine, the 30th of April, five ladies of Trinidad, natives of the island, made their profession, forming the first foundation of a creole congregation instituted for the relief of the poor. Four of those ladies had been for many years in a hospice of the Sisters of Mercy, nursing old people. One year ago they received the habit, five in number, from the hand of the Archbishop of Port-of-Spain and opened a formal novitiate under the direction of a Dominican Father, with the name of "Little Sisters of Charity of the Third Order of St. Dominic." One more received the habit during the year, and there is a postulant seeking admission.

We hope this creole religious family, which has sprung up from the soil of our mission, will increase with time, and will help us in Trinidad in the large field of charity. But as I said, our needs are much greater than the vocations we can expect, therefore if there were some generous souls in your country who would like to come and join them in their work of charity, we would be glad to receive them.

The Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, and our other nuns found some vocations in Trinidad, but not in proportion to their wants, and I am afraid, for a long time to come, they will be obliged to expect a fresh supply from Europe.

If the religious vocations of women are few in our mission, much more so the vocations of men. I know only three living creole secular priests, and one or two religious. We ourselves, for the thirty years we have been in Trinidad, have received but one lay brother, who was at first a curiosity amongst us, because he is a black; however, his soul seems to be as white as the habit he wears. He is a good and useful brother with solemn vows now. Amongst our orphans we have picked up also one, half Indian and half negro, who is now in our convent of studies, preparing himself for the priesthood. He is a subdeacon, and has given to the present full satisfaction.

In sending you these few notes, Reverend and dear Father, I ask you to be indulgent with my poor English, and accept my most fraternal and sincere compliments.

I remain in our blessed Lord and St. Dominic, fraternally yours,

BERTRAND CATHONAY, O. P.

There is a very laudable custom which dates back into respectable antiquity observed in the tropics as well as in Spain—of invoking the intercession of St. Dominic against fevers. A Franciscan Father, the Rev. Anthony Navaretto, declares in his "*Arca de latras*" that he was often a witness to the efficacy of St. Dominic's power.

The Catholic summer-school will be in session at Plattsburgh, N. Y., from July 15th to August 5, 1893.

The subjects that will be presented, as well as the names of the lecturers, are:

"Science in Relation to Religion"—Rev. J. A. Zahm—5 lectures.

"Educational Epochs"—Bro. Azarias.

"Famous authors in English Literature"—R. M. Johnston—5 lectures.

"Mental Philosophy"—Rev. J. A. Doonan, S. J.

"Ethical Problems"—Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J.

"The Miracles at Lourdes"—Rev. J. H. McMahon.

"Electricity"—Bro. Potamian.

"Celtic Literature"—Rev. T. J. Conaty.

"Longfellow"—Rev. W. Livingstone.

"Genius of Society"—G. P. Lathrop, LL. D.

"Women of American Revolution"—Miss A. L. Sadlier.

"Isabella"—Miss Helen Goessman.

"Lake Champlain"—Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan.

"Columbus and the New World"—Thos. H. Cummings.

"New France and Old"—Donald Downie.

"Authenticity of the Gospels"—Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D.D.

"What we owe to the Summa of St. Thomas"—Very Rev. L. F. Kearney, O. P., S. T. L.

"Catholic Educational Institutions"—Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P.

Price of the course of lectures, \$5.00.

Hotel and private board, moderate. Reduced rates on all railroads.

Persons who send in stamps will kindly not procure any of larger denomination than five cents. We sometimes, it is true, have use for a 10 cent stamp, but your 20 cent and 30 cent remain with us as curios.

THE ROSARY tenders its felicitations to the three young Dominicans, who on the 9th of last month were raised to the dignity of the priesthood in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Columbus, Ohio, by the Rt. Rev. John A. Watterson.

The Rev. gentlemen are Fathers Dominic Kearney of Lexington, Ky.; Kennedy of Glasgow, Scotland, and Bernard Hassenfuss of Boston, Mass. They have just completed a course of theology in St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, Ohio, under the prudent and learned direction of the Very Rev. Professors Kearney and Kennedy.

From September, '92, to the present month, two bands of Dominican Missionaries in the East and one in the West have been constantly employed in mission work.

In the Eastern bands, Frs. McKenna, Daly, Decantillon, McFeely, Splinter, Kernan, Lilly, Powers, Towle, and Keelty gave missions in the principal cities along the Atlantic sea-board, such as, Boston, New Haven, Hartford, Stamford, New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and as far south as Richmond, Va. Perhaps one of the most successful missions given by these indefatigable missionaries was the one in Buffalo, N. Y. during which not fewer than 7,500 received Holy Communion.

Father Splinter, who is in charge of the mission work in the East, declares that during the past year his records show that fully 105,000 persons approached the altar rails, encouraged by the word of God to resolve "to live soberly, justly, and piously," and to "flee the wrath to come."

In the West Frs. Bloomer and Enis preached through Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, and the Territories, and the eloquent professors of St. Joseph's Convent, Ohio, Frs. Kearney and Kennedy, gave occasional missions through Ohio and the South.

All in all, the past year was fraught with many rich graces for the people, and of consolation for the ministers of God, who welcomed back the erring and wayward. There is one saddening thought: so many have asked for the bread of life to be broken to them—*et non erat qui frangeret eis*—and there was none to break it for them. Pray ye, therefore, that God may send faithful laborers into His vineyard.

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

July 2. Feast of the Visitation of the B. V. M., and first Sunday of the month, 4 Plenary Indulgences.

(1) C. or the purpose of C. and visit chapel from first Vespers to sunset of feast.

- (2) C. or at last purpose of C., assist at Procession.
- (3) Visit Chapel and prayers.
- (4) Visit any Church and prayers. Partial Indulgences to be gained on same day:
100 days for being present at procession.
7 yrs., 7 lents, as well as 100 days for recitation of 5 glorious mysteries.
7 yrs., 7 lents, for C. C. and visit chapel.

July 9. Feast of B. John and Companions (Martyrs). C. C. Plenary Indulgence.

July 12. Anniversary of the deceased members buried in our cemeteries. Plenary Indulgence, assist at office of dead, and procession.

July 16. Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. C. C. Plenary Indulgence.

July 25. Feast of the Apostle St. James. C. C. Plenary Indulgence.

July 26. Feast of St. Anne, mother of B. V. C. C. Plenary Indulgence.

BOOK NOTICES.

AS THE BISHOP SAW IT.—A collection of hitherto unpublished letters written to friends in America, by the late Rt. Rev. C. H. Borgess, D.D., of Detroit, on the occasion of his *ad limina* visit to Rome in 1877. The letters are written in a light and pleasant vein, the good bishop jotting down what came before him. It is hard to see what use they will serve, for there is not much time or space employed to describe the persons and places that the bishop saw. The language is rather commonplace, warmed with suggestion of humor. The bishop, among other places of note, "took in" Ireland, and could not, it seems, forego remarking that he saw there an alarming exhibition of intoxication. In this the narrator differs from most tourists and travellers in the Green Island.

THE DEVOUT YEAR, by Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, publishers. Price, 60 cents net. A *decimo sexto*, with a page for every important event and feast in the calendar, written commendably, suggestively.

FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES, or the old tales told again, by S. H. C. J. Benziger Bros., publishers. The stories are well told and will repay a perusal.

DER DRITTE ORDEN VON DER BUZE DES HEILIGEN DOMINICUS von Dr. Joseph Kleinermanns, Priester der Erzdiocese Koeln. A book which will be hailed with delight by our German tertiaries, to whom any language but the *Mutter-sprache* comes odd.

From Benziger Bros. we have received: "Manual of the Holy Family," 60 cents. "New Month of the Sacred Heart according to St. Francis de Sales."

From the Catholic Book Exchange: "The Mass Book a Guide to the True Faith," by Peter J. Cullen.

From John Murphy & Co., Baltimore: "An Octave to Mary," by John B. Tabb.

"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS," a Drama in three acts, by Rev. M. M. A. Hartnedy. W. H. Sadlier, and P. J. Kennedy, New York.

TOLERARI POTEST De Juridico valore Decreti Tolerantiae auctore Nicolao Nilles, S. J. T. Rauch, Innsbruck, and Fr. Pustet, New York.

The 27th Annual Report of the Association of Perpetual Adoration and work for poor Churches, for 1893, is issued from the Convent of Notre Dame, Philadelphia.

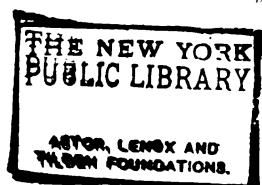
JULY ROSARY.

INTENTIONS FOR JULY.

Prayers are asked for our Holy Mother the Church; for the needs of our Holy Father; for the advancement of the three great branches of the Dominican Order; for restoration to health of several; for the conversion of several young men; for a happy marriage; for the restoration of the eyesight of an only child; success in securing a position; success in studies; deliverance from a grave spiritual danger; for a family in distress; for a wayward son; conversion of 12;

means to pay off a debt for 4; a vocation for a happy marriage of one; restoration to health; strength to overcome a quick temper; for one in distress, mental and physical; for a seminarian; for Teresa Hughes who died recently in Philadelphia; for Katie A. Fitzpatrick, who died in Newark, N. J., on Nov. 7, 1892; for Mary Kelly, who died in April, in Troy, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.





ST. DOMINIC, FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF FRIARS-PREACHERS.



SAINT DOMINIC'S PICTURE.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

HE is a saint who bears the lily spray,
With face uplifted and adoring hands,
With clear eyes radiant, he waiting stands,
As tho' into the heavens caught away ;
Upon his brow, a star of whitest ray,
Flames with the light of those celestial lands,
A blossom, blown from off their golden sands,
By winds of heaven that voiceless round him play.

Oh, saint so lovely and so lily pure !
Saint Dominic, Our Lady's true and tried,
How oft we fail who fain would follow thee !

Hang there upon my wall, and still insure,
That telling o'er my beads, I may abide,
Recalling thee, in all humility.

BLESSED HUMBERT DE ROMANIS, FIFTH MASTER-
GENERAL OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC.

VERY REV. D. J. KENNEDY, O. P., S. T. L.

II.

IN those days, when he went, according to custom, to pray in the church of our Lady, he often received such grace of compunction and of tears, and such an unusual disposition of heart, that the world became exceedingly contemptible in his eyes; and after a few days he went to see some brothers at St. James that he knew, and made arrangements with them for entering the order as soon as he had paid some debts.

In the meantime he spoke to his master Hugo, who was afterwards made Cardinal, and made known his intention, trusting that he would not prevent him from carrying out his good resolution, as he was a good man, and a bachelor in theology.

Hugo, hearing this, gave thanks to God, and encouraged him, saying: "Know, master, that I have formed the same intention, but I cannot enter now, as I must first regulate certain affairs. Enter with confidence, and be sure that I will follow you." He then entered the order on the feast of St. Andrew, and Hugo entered the following Lent.

Authors do not agree with regard to the year of this reception, some saying that it was 1224, some 1225, and others 1226. We adopt the year 1224, on the authority of Echard (*"Scriptores Ord. Præd."*), who says that Hugo di Sancto Charo received the habit on Feb. 22, 1225, and the account given above states that Blessed Humbert entered on the feast of St. Andrew of the preceding year.

The author of the *"Vitæ Fratrum"* also tells us that Humbert's elder brother, moved by his example, joined the Carthusians. "In this manner," the chronicler remarks, "Humbert's prayer was granted with an increase as he entered our order, and his brother, who was but one heart with him, joined

the Carthusian order, in which he led a very holy life." This explains why the Carthusians always had such great respect for Blessed Humbert's works, some of the best copies of which were in their possession.

Humbert's life in the order for the first few months was like that of so many others who "went to St. James" about that time. The period of probation did not always last a year in those early days, and we may well suppose that Master Humbert was soon judged worthy of being admitted to profession. Gerard de Frachet, a contemporary, says that his extraordinary piety and learning were soon remarked, and his fame rapidly spread throughout the whole order. He was called to fill the offices of Prior and Lector in various convents, especially in the venerable convent of Lyons. Some time before 1240, he visited the Holy Land. In 1240 he was elected Provincial of the province of Tuscany, which office he held until 1243.

In the meantime his reputation for learning, prudence, and piety was so great, that after the death of Gregory IX., in 1242, he received a number of votes for the highest office in the Church.

In 1244, he was called to govern his own province of France. For ten years he exercised the duties of this office with great zeal and prudence.

The Pope offered him the patriarchate of Jerusalem and other high places of honor, but he humbly refused the proffered dignities. Providence had other designs; in the general chapter held at Buda, in 1254, Humbert was elected Master-General of the order. His election had been foreseen, and foretold, as we read in the chronicles of Gerard of Limoges, and of Salanhac.

"A certain sister of the order at Strasbourg, in Germany, (where Master John died and was laid to rest), foresaw in a vision at night the election of this man. It seemed to her that Master John, wearing his scapular, stood at the door of the sisters' dormitory, and said: 'I am going to depart into a far-off country and shall not return hither. You must not be sad, sisters, at my departure, because after me the Provincial of

France will be made Master, and will do much good.' On the same day Master John (the Teutonic) died a happy death, and in the next chapter the above-named Prior Provincial of France was elected Master-General." This office he held from 1254 until 1263. At the general chapter held in the latter year at London, Humbert, broken down with old age and labors and infirmities, humbly begged the Fathers to permit him to retire from the government of the order. The resignation was unwillingly accepted, and Humbert retired to prepare for the dissolution that, he thought, was not far off. He survived fourteen years after his resignation, spending most of the time at Lyons and at Valence. This retirement, however, did not mean that he was idle or occupied exclusively with the affairs of his own soul; for to this period are to be assigned two at least of his important works: Exposition of the Constitutions of the Friars Preachers, and the Schema of matters to be discussed at the General Council of Lyons (1274), a list which he prepared by order of Pope Gregory X.

"Full of days and good works," says Stephen of Salanhac, "he died at the convent of Valence, in the province of Provence, on the 14th day of July, A. D. 1277," and was buried in the church attached to that convent.

The zeal, activity, and prudence displayed by Humbert in discharging the duties of his office are really astonishing. The grand lines of the Dominican legislation had been traced out, but the structure was not completed when Humbert came into office. He presided over ten general chapters of the order¹ and at the end of that time the legislation on ceremonies, studies, teaching, preaching, etc., was perfected. The ordinances of those chapters were practical and prudent, and were for the most part inspired by the Master-General. His actions were characterized by rare zeal, prudence, wisdom, and kindness, but he could exercise severity when it was necessary. In the chapter of Barcelona (1261) he deposed four

¹ It must be borne in mind that in those days the general chapter was held every year.

provincials and a number of priors because they were negligent in performing the duties of their positions.

It would be impossible to give in a short article an account of all that he did for the good of the order. One thing we wish to point out in particular, viz., that to Humbert principally the Dominicans are indebted for the organization and preservation of their liturgy.

In the thirteenth century there was nothing approaching to the uniformity of rite that now exists in the western Church. Each country or diocese had its own special customs and different manners of reciting the Office, celebrating Mass, etc., etc. In the new Order of St. Dominic the question of uniformity, so necessary in a religious body, had been long under consideration, and was treated in every chapter of the order from 1244 to 1256, as may be seen from a document published in Appendix A, to the "*Cæremoniale*" of the order. Three successive commissions had been appointed to study the various rites then in use, and report to the general chapters. The third commission, of which B. Humbert was president, decided in favor of the rite that was then observed at Metz, it being considered the best, because at Metz had been preserved the best traditions of the Roman Church, that had been brought from Italy by chanters whom the Pope sent thither at the request of Charlemagne.¹ Finally, the chapter of Buda, in which Humbert was elected, entrusted the Master of the order with the "arrangement of the ecclesiastical office. . . , correction of the ecclesiastical books," etc., etc. The books thus prepared and corrected, were approved, and their use was made obligatory throughout the order by the ordinances of the chapter of Milan in 1255, and of Paris in 1256.

This explains why Blessed Humbert is considered the author of our liturgical works. It will be well also to remember that all this took place more than two hundred years before Pope Pius V. introduced uniformity in the "*Roman Rite*," and

¹ This assertion is made on the authority of Fr. Berthier, who hopes to publish soon the documents pertaining to this matter. These documents are certain unprinted acts of the general chapters of the order.

forbade all liturgies that could not claim an honorable antiquity of at least two hundred years.

Blessed Humbert was the first who instituted a Procurator-General of the order at Rome. It may interest English-speaking readers to know that he promoted the establishment of the "Studium Generale" of the Dominicans at Oxford.¹

In the year 1255 he wrote a letter to all the provinces of the order, in which he invited all who felt a vocation to preach the Gospel to infidel nations, to make known *their* inclination and desire. Many responded to the call, and he had the consolation of seeing a host of white-robed brethren departing to carry the name of Christ to those who sat "in darkness, and in the shadow of death."

He required the provincials to encourage and assist those who had an inclination for the study of Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, or "any barbarous language," with a view to preparing for missionary work, "in order," he wrote, "that by the ministry of our order, schismatics may be brought back to the unity of the Church, and that the name of Jesus Christ may be preached to the perfidious Jews, to the Saracens, so long deceived by their false prophets, to pagans, idolaters, and to all barbarous nations, that we may be witnesses unto Christ, and the cause of salvation to all, even to the uttermost part of the earth."

The alacrity with which the members of the order responded

¹ The "Studium Generale" was not, in those days, simply the house of studies for one province. It was an intellectual centre where were assembled the best professors and most promising students of various provinces. These houses were usually established beside some celebrated university. In the beginning there was only one for the whole order—the *Studium* of Paris, to which each province had the privilege of sending two, or, at the most, three students. The old Constitutions prescribed that each student should be provided with three books: A Bible, a Church History, and the Book of Sentences of Peter Lombard.

Other "Studia" were established after 1248 at Cologne, Oxford, etc., etc. (See Const. Ord. Præd, n. i. 1083.) The genuine "Studium Generale" no longer exists: but the name is still given to every regularly organized house of studies established by the Master-General, with a Regent, Bachelor, and Master of Students, with power to confer degrees.

to this call may be gathered from a passage in the letter addressed to the order after the general chapter held at Paris in 1256. He there exhorts to patience those who had with such great devotion and good will offered themselves for missionary work, for, he wrote, "such a great number offered themselves for this good work, that, although many were accepted, all were not necessary at present. You have, then, by your good will undoubtedly acquired much merit before God."

He announces in the same letter that during the year (1255-56) 320 brethren had gone to the Lord, "of whom two were put to death by the pagans for justice' sake, and two others were beheaded by the Saracens in the holy land, whose prayers perhaps we need more than they need ours."

Blessed Humbert also ordered that each province should send him an account of all important facts concerning the history, in order, he said, "that whatever has not yet been committed to writing may under our care be written and published in due time." The first fruit of this zeal was the "*Vitæ Fratrum*" (Lives of the Brethren), composed by Gerard de Frachet under Humbert's supervision. This is a very interesting old chronicle, and to it historians of the order are indebted for many edifying details of our early history. It is to be regretted that Humbert's policy was not always followed, but, as Sr. A. T. Drane remarks in her "*Life of St. Dominic*," carelessness with regard to documents concerning their own history seems to be an unfortunate heirloom in the order of Friars-Preachers. And yet Humbert was very anxious to publish such documents for the consolation and edification of the brethren. In his letters he was careful to communicate to the order everything important that had occurred during the year, and he wrote the "*Chronicles of the Order*" from 1203 to 1254.

We omit here such of his acts as are interesting only to members of the order, and we close this portion of our sketch by remarking that he took a leading part in defending the religious orders against the attacks of certain Parisian Doctors, the leader of whom was William of Saint Amour. We now unwillingly leave these encyclical letters, breathing the true spirit of zeal

and charity and tenderness, to add a few notes on Humbert's writings in general.

They form quite a long list, and we are surprised to think that one so constantly engaged in the absorbing occupations of preaching and teaching, and visiting the order, could have found time to write so many important works. In preparing some of them he was assisted by others, but the majority are from his own pen. The following is a list of his works:

1.—The Ecclesiastical Office for the use of the Friars-Precchers.

2.—Exposition of the Rule of St. Augustine.

3.—Exposition of the Constitutions of the Order of Friars-Precchers. (Death prevented him from completing this work.)

4.—Book of Instructions for the Officials of the Order of Friars-Precchers.

5.—Instructions for Precchers.

6.—On the Manner of Promptly Writing Sermons, (a continuation of the preceding work).

7.—Book on the Preaching of the Crusade.

8.—Book on subjects to be discussed in the General Council of Lyons, to be celebrated under Gregory X.¹

9.—Life of St. Dominic.

10.—He took an important part in composing the "*Vitæ Fratrum*."

11.—Chronicles of the Order—from 1203 to 1254.

12.—Letter on the Three Substantial Vows of Religion.

13.—Encyclical Letters to the Order.

14.—A work on "True and False Virtues," also called "Paradise of the Soul." Some writers attribute this work to Blessed Albertus Magnus, but the style is Humbert's, and many manuscripts and the first printed editions attribute it to him.

¹ This book is of great importance, both for historians and theologians. The fact that the Pope entrusted such an important matter to Humbert is a proof of the high esteem in which he was held. And it must be borne in mind that he received this commission at a time when St. Thomas, St. Bonaventure, and Peter of Tarentasia (afterwards Innocent V.) were still living. It is well known that St. Thomas was on his way to the Council of Lyons when death surprised him at Fossa Nova.

It was mentioned above that in 1888 Fr. J. Berthier published those works of Blessed Humbert which have reference to the "Regular Life." The publication of this long-desired edition was one of the sweetest consolations granted in his old age to the late lamented Most Rev. Joseph M. Larroca, Master-General of the order.¹

Although it concerns in a special manner the Friars-Preachers, a glance at its contents will suffice to show that most of its pages would furnish useful reading for members of other orders, and for all who are interested in the doctrines and practices of Christian and religious life. The following is a list of the works contained in this new edition :

- 1.—Letter on the Three Vows of Religion.
- 2.—Exposition of the Rule of St. Augustine.
- 3.—Exposition of the Constitution of the Friars-Preachers.
- 4.—Instructions for the Officials of the Order of Friars-Preachers.
- 5.—Instructions for Preachers.
- 6.—Encyclical Letters.

And now, in conclusion, what shall be said of this remarkable personage? We need add no words of praise to the simple sketch of his edifying life. Read his works: they will tell you better than we can what manner of man (would that it were allowable to write *saint*) this Humbert was. We may some day have the leisure to put in an English dress some portions of his writings of general interest.

In the mean time let the friends of the order pray that the spirit of Blessed Humbert may fall, with the cloak of his order, upon his brethren throughout the world. And let them unite with the compiler of this short sketch in praying: "Let my soul die the death of the just, and my last end be like to them." (Numbers xxiii. 10.)

¹ Many of our readers will remember that Fr. Larroca visited the United States in 1881, accompanied by the late Rt. Rev. Joseph Carberry, O. P., Bishop of Hamilton, Ont.

ASSUMPTION DAY IN HEAVEN.

M. E. K.

'Tis told in holy legend,
In legend quaint and old.
('Twas brought to earth from Heaven
And by the angels told.)

And thus the legend runneth :
In Court of th' Heavenly King,
Where endless gladness dwelleth,
And countless angels sing,

On one great day assemble
The whole bright angel band ;
(They, songs the sweetest singing,)
And 'round a fair throne stand.

Where amid the glories bright
That clust'ring 'round it gleam
Reigns the Daughter—Mother—Spouse,
Heaven's Virgin Queen.

'Tis told how joys are brighter,
How sweeter echoes ring,
How angel host, the fairest
And brightest flowers bring,

And weave a precious garland
(E'en this not off'ring meet,
For Queen so pure and holy,)
And place it at her feet.

And then the King and Master,
'Mid angels' sweetest lay,
Recrowns His Queenly Mother,
On her Assumption Day.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LIVING ROSARY.

(Continued.)

BY A DOMINICAN PRIEST.

III.

CREATION.

THE object of the Living Rosary devotion is to create in the hearts of those who practice it great love for the complete Rosary of St. Dominic, and the end which the Sodality proposes to itself is to prepare and qualify by a careful novitiate, certain persons for admission into the favorite confraternity of the Queen of Heaven. According to the very intention of the pious founders of the Living Rosary Sodality, it was called into existence for the purpose of supplying in some way the place of a confraternity which had been suppressed, and was just then buried in oblivion, as far as the masses of the people were concerned, and at the same time of preparing the way for the restoration, renewal, and expansion of the great Confraternity.¹ It is then quite evident that the Living Rosary and its Sodalities are by their very nature and origin designed to promote the interests of the Confraternity, and of the Perpetual Rosary Association.

It has been clearly proved by experience that the Living Rosary devotion and its associations are, as a rule, best protected, fully subserve the ends of their creation, and produce the most precious fruits when they are under the government of the directors of the Confraternities of the Most Holy Rosary.

FOURTH QUESTION.—Are priests who possess from the General of the Order the faculty to bless chaplets or rosaries with the Dominican benediction rigorously required, in order that they may validly impart the indulgences which are equiva-

¹ Pour faire revivre, seconder, favoriser les confréries du Rosaire.—Leikes' *Rosa Aurea*, pag. 502 in Nota.

lent to the Brigistine (those of Benedict XIII.) to chaplets and rosaries, to use the formula of benediction prescribed for the Order by the Church?

R. Yes; it is certain that unless they employ the Dominican formula as found in the Missals of the Order or in the Manuals of the Rosary, they cannot confer upon chaplets or rosaries the indulgences of Benedict XIII. (Brigitine). (S. C. Indulgent. 29 Feb., 1864.)

FIFTH QUESTION.—Can a solitary decade—a single decade standing by itself,—be blessed with the Dominican benediction and indulgences, and can an associate gain, by using that decade, the indulgences conceded to the proper fulfilment of his daily task?

R. Only chaplets¹ of five or ten decades, and rosaries, that is, beads of fifteen decades, can be blessed with the Dominican benediction and receive the Dominican indulgences (those of Benedict XIII.). Hence all other beads and chaplets are incapable of receiving this benediction. Therefore an associate of the Living Rosary Sodality cannot gain the *real* indulgences by using the decade described.

SIXTH QUESTION.—When any number of Sodalists or others recite together a chaplet (five decades) or the whole Rosary, is it necessary, for the gaining of the *real* indulgences, that each person hold in his hand his blessed chaplet or rosary, and use it in the recitation of the prayers?

R. When several recite the beads together, it is not necessary for more than one person, for example, the one who gives out or announces the mysteries, and does the counting, to hold and use the beads. (S. C. Indulg. 22 Jan. 1858.) But when only one person says the beads by himself, he must, in order to gain the *real* indulgences of the Rosary, hold and use beads blessed with the Dominican rite and authority.

SEVENTH QUESTION.—Are Sodalists bound to recite their daily decade with their lips, or voice?

R. Yes; it is the common teaching in the Church that all

¹ Ex Libello: Facultates, etc. Confrat. SS. Ros.—Fr. Jos. Larroca, Romæ 1885, pag. 7. Not.

prayers to which indulgences are attached, or which are prescribed as a condition for the gaining of some other indulgences, must be pronounced vocally. Deaf mutes can gain the Indulgences of the Rosary by reciting mentally the prayers, and by holding at the same time their chaplet in their hands, or by giving some other external sign of piety. This conclusion is inferred from a decree of the Sacred Congregation of indulgences, which was issued on 16th February, 1852, and confirmed by Pius IX. on 15th of March of the same year.

EIGHTH QUESTION.—Is each Sodalist bound to meditate, whilst reciting his decade, on the special mystery allotted to him?

R. Yes; each Sodalist is bound to do so under the penalty of not gaining the indulgences, according to a decision of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences. (12 Aug., 1726.) However, this condition is fully complied with by announcing the mystery just before beginning to recite the decade, and by keeping before the mind during its recital that announcement. (S. C. Indulg., 28 Jan., 1842.) The sick, children, and others who are incapable of meditating, or for whom it is very difficult to meditate, may gain the indulgences by the simple recitation of the vocal prayers of the rosary. (Benedict XIII. *Pretiosus*.)

NINTH QUESTION.—Can Sodalists or members of the Confraternity gain any indulgence for reciting fewer than five decades of the Rosary in any other case than in the fulfilment of their respective daily or weekly obligation?

R. In all cases save those just named, it is necessary, in order to gain any of the indulgences conceded to the recitation of the Rosary, to say at least five decades uninterruptedly. (S. C. Indulg., Jan., 1858.)

TENTH QUESTION.—To what Dominican official in this country should priests who desire the *Personal Faculties* of the Rosary for themselves, or who are anxious to have the Sodality of the Living Rosary or any of the Confraternities of the Order established in their parishes, apply?

R. To the Very Rev. Provincial, or Vicar of that region in which they are exercising the divine ministry. He or his dele-

gate will most gladly and at once attend to their petition or request.

ELEVENTH QUESTION.—How can priests further the interests of the Sodality, even in places in which there is already a director of the Confraternity, and consequently of the Sodality?

R. By applying to that director to have themselves, together with some very zealous members of their congregation, constituted prefects or promoters, and by proceeding, after their appointment, to form circles. Much good for souls can be accomplished by the manifestation of such zeal on the part of priests.

TWELFTH QUESTION.—Can many different indulgences be applied to one and the same Rosary or Chaplet; in other words, can the Dominican, Brigatine, Croisier, Apostolic, and Holy Land indulgences be all given to one and the same Rosary or Chaplet?

R. Yes, provided the benediction with the intention is repeated for each class of indulgences by a priest who has the faculties to impart those indulgences, or by several priests who collectively possess all these faculties.

THIRTEENTH QUESTION.—Can a person who has a Chaplet or Rosary which is enriched with all these indulgences gain them all whenever he recites his Rosary on it?

R. Before giving a direct answer to this question it is necessary to make several explanations.

1. The Dominican and Brigatine indulgences are identical, as is clear from the Decree *Sanctissimus* of Benedict XIII. (13 April, 1726.) There is no special form required for the Brigatine blessing; the sign of the Cross with the intention suffices. The Dominican indulgences cannot be imparted to Chaplets or Rosaries except through a special form, as has been already stated. The Brigatine blessing can be given only to Chaplets of six decades, and the Dominican, only to beads of five, ten, or fifteen decades. The Brigatine indulgences are imparted to six decade Chaplets only by the Fathers of the Order of St. Bridget, or the Holy Saviour, and the Dominican only by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, and other priests who have received from the General of the order the faculties to

bless Chaplets or Rosaries. (Benedict XIII. *Sanctissimus Decret.* S. C. I. 13 April, 1726; et 2 Febr., 1878.)

2. Besides the Brigittine beads (six decades) there are brigited Chaplets. *Brigited* beads are those of five or fifteen decades which have been admitted *by privilege* to share in some of the indulgences conceded to Chaplets of six decades. Special faculties from the Pope are needed to *brigitt* beads, for to *brigitt* beads means to grant an extension of some of the Brigittine indulgences to Chaplets of five or Rosaries of fifteen decades. It should be carefully remembered that the special faculty of *brigitting* beads of five decades authorizes its possessor to confer only those Brigittine indulgences of which they are susceptible, and that, consequently, they remain after, just as before the benediction, incapable of the one hundred days for each grain or stone until they are *rosaried*, that is, blessed by a Dominican Father or some other priest who has received faculties from the General of the Dominicans to bless beads.

3. The Apostolic and Holy Land indulgences are identical. The Apostolic, or Papal indulgences are given by the Pope or by any priest who is authorized by him to impart them. Some people imagine that the Apostolic indulgences contain or embrace all the other indulgences usually granted; this is a gross error.¹ The Pope very rarely gives the indulgences that are reserved to religious orders or confraternities. Whenever he does grant any of those indulgences, he takes special care to say so. It makes no difference which indulgence is placed first or last on beads or other religious articles. After the Pope has placed the Apostolic indulgences on beads, a Dominican Father can attach to the same beads the Dominican, or Brigittine indulgences; or, after a Dominican has blessed beads, the Pope may impart his benediction to them, and so of all the other blessings and indulgences. The Apostolic indulgences are imparted to Chaplets, Rosaries, crowns, crosses, crucifixes, and medals² with the simple sign of the Cross, and these words: *In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*

¹ See *Raccolta* and Maurel on the extent of the Apostolic indulgences.

² See *Raccolta* and Maurel as to the conditions of gaining those indulgences.

The Holy Land Rosaries or Chaplets are those which have been brought from Palestine after they were made to touch the holy places and the sacred relics there. They are recognized as sanctified by that contact alone, just as if they had been blessed by the Holy Father himself. Wherefore they fully possess without any benediction all the indulgences which the Pope usually imparts to Chaplets, Rosaries, ¹ &c.

4. The croisier beads can be blessed only by the Canons Regulars of St. Augustine, or the Fathers of the Holy Cross. The General of that order, and other priests of the order delegated by him, can give five hundred days' indulgence to each grain or bead of five or fifteen decades; these indulgences are attached to the grains or stones, and not to the Chaplets or Rosaries. These indulgences are meant for *Our Fathers* or *Hail Marys* recited out of the Rosary on them, and may be gained as often as the *Patens* and *Aves* are said, provided the grains or beads are touched as the prayers are being recited. The croisier indulgences are certainly most beneficial for one's self and for the souls in Purgatory when one wishes to say a certain number of *Our Fathers* or *Hail Marys* apart from the Rosary. There are at present only four convents of Croisier Fathers in the world, and all four are in Europe; hence beads possessing the specified indulgences must come from some one of those convents. Having made the foregoing necessary explanations, the following answer naturally presents itself: 1. Only the Dominican indulgences, viz., those equivalent to the Brigatine, and the Apostolic or Holy Land indulgences can be gained on beads enriched with all the above-named indulgences when those beads are used for the recitation of the Rosary, for these favors were conceded to the beads in view of the Rosary. 2. The Croisier and Apostolic indulgences, may be gained together. For the gaining of the Croisier indulgences there are needed a separate intention and a separate recitation. 3. The Brigatine (six decade beads') indulgence and the Apostolic can be gained together. 4. It has been already stated that the Brigatine and the Dominican indul-

¹ Innocent XI. Unigeniti. 28 Jan., 1688; Innocent XIII. Decret. S. C. I., 5 Junii, 1721.

gences are identical, and that the Brigatine indulgence cannot be communicated to Dominican beads in any other manner than through the *formula* prescribed for the order by the Church.

FOURTEENTH QUESTION.—Do blessed beads sometimes lose their indulgences?

R. Yes, in the following cases:—Whenever the beads are donated to persons for whom they were not blessed or intended. 2. When persons exchange Chaplets, as, for example, when two persons agree, from some motive or other, to exchange beads with each other. 3. Whenever the beads are lent for the purpose of communicating the indulgences attached to them.¹ Beads that are lent to another not for the purpose of communicating the indulgences, but of enabling him to recite more conveniently his Rosary, do not lose their indulgences.

It may be also added here that the opinion of some persons who think that all prayers said on the beads of another go to the owner is entirely erroneous. In the three cases given above the beads must be blessed over, if the persons owning them desire to be in a condition to gain the indulgences. (Decret. Clement VIII., 10 Jan., 1597; Alexander VII., 6 Febr., 1657.) It is well to remember that the indulgences of beads and other blessed articles are available only to persons for whom they were blessed, or to whom they were first given or distributed.

By a recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, however, it has been decided that indulgenced articles, *crosses, chaplets, rosaries, statuettes*, etc., which pass, before being used, from one to another, even to a fourth person, do not by such transfer, lose their indulgences. (S. C. Indulg., July 16, 1887.) The following example will fully elucidate the meaning of the decree: James receives an indulgenced Rosary or medal from Father Thomas: James having already a good supply of holy articles, and being generous, gives without

¹ S. C. Indulg., 10 Jan., 1839., et Chéry, La Théologie du Saint Rosaire, 11 vol., pag. 383.

having used it, the Rosary or medal to William: William donates it, without having used it, to Peter, and Peter, under the same circumstances, gives it to Mary, who at once eagerly uses it; thenceforth the religious article with its indulgences belongs to Mary, and cannot be again transferred without the loss of the indulgences to the donor and the donee.

Beads that are given by dying persons to relatives or friends ought to be blessed over for their new owners, for indulgences do not pass beyond the person for whom they were intended. The dying should take care to make such regulations whilst they are able as to guarantee to them the certainty of having their Rosary with them in their graves.

FIFTEENTH QUESTION.—What is to be thought about the indulgences when the Rosary is recited on a Chaplet which is broken in several places, on a Chaplet some of whose beads are lost, or on one whose beads have been rechaind?

R. The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, on being interrogated as to whether a Rosary that is broken in two or three places or parts, loses its indulgences, and has need of a new benediction, answered that when the grains or beads that still remain are more numerous than those detached from the chain or cord, it does not lose the indulgence it received when it was blessed. (S. C. Indulg., 20 Aug., 1847.) On this point, Collet, one of the most grave and precise of theologians, declares that not only can other grains or beads be substituted for the ones lost, but furthermore that the chain or cord that holds them together may be renewed without the indulgences being interfered with. Hence, whether the chain is broken designedly for the purpose of having it renewed, or accidentally, the indulgences are not lost, even though the order of the grains or beads has been completely changed, for the Chaplet is considered to be morally the same as it was before. Still less are the indulgences lost when some of the grains or stones are missing or displaced. The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences clearly expresses the doctrine given in this answer.

(To be continued.)

GIVE ME MUSIC.

BY MRS. JOHN E. NEWMAN.

GIVE me music, soft, sweet music,
For its cadence is to me
As dew-drops to the drooping flower
Or blossoms to the bee.
It soothes my fevered, burning brain,
It calms my troubled heart,
And bids, in tones of melody,
My anxious cares depart.

Give me music, low, faint music,
And, as its echoes roll
In tones of thrilling tenderness
Across my raptured soul,
I'll dream again, as once I dreamed,
Of happiness and love,
When hope, in wreaths of budding joys,
My life's bright texture wove.

Give me music, sad, slow music,
And, while its sweet tones swell
And fall upon the ear like words
Of low, heart-breathed farewell,
My thoughts on fancy's wing shall to
The dreamy past return,
And muse amongst the relics there
"In memory's sacred urn."

Give me music, mournful music,
And my soul in fervent prayer
Shall rise upon the dying note
That vibrates on the air.
I'll pray for those whom well I love,
That they may pass away
As calmly and as gently as
The tones of that sweet lay.

Give me music, joyful music,
Let me feast upon the sound
'Till my spirit bursts the earthly chain
By which it now is bound,
And soars on that triumphant strain
Up to its native skies,
To join with angels in the song
Whose echo never dies.

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM PARIS TO BOLOGNA, AUGUST, 1219.

THE first place where we come on the track of the travellers is the town of Châtillon-sur-Seine, where they were charitably received by a worthy ecclesiastic whose generous hospitality Dominic had an opportunity of abundantly rewarding. For while they were still being entertained within his house it chanced that a young man, his nephew, fell from the roof, and was picked up, having received mortal injuries. While the relations of the youth were mourning over him as dead or dying, the saint prostrated in prayer, and with tears, besought God to restore the sufferer; then, taking him by the hand, he gave him back safe and sound to his weeping mother and the rest of the afflicted family, who knew not in what words to pour forth their joy and gratitude. The kind old priest himself could not be satisfied without inviting his friends and neighbors to a modest banquet in honor of his guest, and among those present was his sister, mother to the youth in whose favor the miracle had been wrought. There was set on the table, among other things, a dish of eels, of which being invited to partake, the good woman excused herself, giving as her reason that she was then suffering from a quartan fever. When the saint heard

this, he took a small portion of one of the eels, and making over it the sign of the cross, bade her eat it without fear, which she did, and from that moment was completely cured of her fever.¹

Escaping from the demonstrations of respect which these miracles drew on him, Dominic pursued his way to Avignon, where many of the inhabitants had long desired to see him. The position of the city was at that time altogether exceptional. It was a little republic, governed by seven consuls and two judges. Deeply infected with the Manichean heresy, the citizens were for the most part adherents of Count Raymond, who in acknowledgment of their services had granted them a considerable territory. Dominic, however, during the few days he spent in the city, fearlessly preached the faith; and his eloquence so charmed his hearers that many were found who entreated him to send thither a colony of his brethren, that they might support the Catholic cause by their preaching. The saint undertook to do so at some future time, if they on their part would find him a suitable site for a convent. They invited him at once to choose one for himself, and all going forth together, they left the city by the gate of the Rhone, and came to a spot by the riverside, where was a green and pleasant island, planted with willows and poplars. As they were looking about them, a man called out from the midst of the crowd, saying, "This is the very spot where St. Martha is said to have preached, and where she restored to life a young man who had been drowned, as he was swimming across the river in order to come and hear her." St. Dominic hearing him speak thus, inquired of the bystanders and was assured by them of the truth of the story.² "This, then, is the place for me," he said; "if you will grant it to me, it is here that our convent shall be erected." One of those who stood near him pointed out that there were pools of stagnant water in the place, which would render it unhealthy; but the saint making the sign of the cross over these pools, one portion of them dried up, and the rest gathered together and formed a

¹ The house where he lodged at Chatillon, and the room in which he slept, are still shown.

² For the story referred to see Bollandists (July, vol. vii.), who accept it as authentic.

kind of well or fountain. These marshy waters had until then been quite unfit for drinking, but from this time they became sweet and salubrious. The magistrates, therefore, did not hesitate to grant him the site of ground, of which Dominic at once took possession by planting a cross; but the convent does not seem to have been actually founded until five years later, when Bertrand of Garrigua, then provincial of Provence, succeeded in establishing a community there in spite of immense difficulties. But the faction of the Albigenses was so strong within the city, that the brethren had for a time to retire. In 1226, however, Louis VIII. entered Comtat at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and laid siege to Avignon, which at the end of three months was forced to surrender to his arms. The Catholic cause had triumphed at last. The city, long left without a bishop, now opened its gates to king and clergy, and on the 14th of September, the Feast of the Holy Cross, the king and the cardinal legate walked behind the Blessed Sacrament in a solemn procession of expiation, wherein the Friars-Precursors, headed by the Blessed Bertrand, also bore a part. After this the brethren resumed the peaceable possession of their convent, in the sacristy of which was long shown the famous well, which down to very late times continued to bear the title of "the well of St. Dominic."¹

Returning to our travellers, we must now follow them in their course over the Lombard Alps, the passage of which was difficult and laborious. Not all the companions of the saint shared either his physical strength or his heroic courage, and at length Brother John, the Spanish lay-brother, became utterly spent and exhausted. Overcome with hunger and fatigue, he sat down, unable to proceed further. "What is the matter, my son?" asked the saint. "It is, Father," he replied, "that I am simply dying of hunger." "Take courage," said the saint, "yet a little further, and we shall find some place in which we may rest." But as Brother John replied again that he was ut-

¹ For the above account compare Jean Mahuet, *Prædicatorium Avenionense*, c. ii. pp. 78, *Semaine Religieuse d'Avignon* wherein are quoted the ancient Archives of the Convent, and Réchac, p. 760.

terly unable to proceed any further, Dominic had recourse to his usual expedient of prayer. Then he desired him to go to a spot he pointed out, and take up what he should find there. The poor brother dragged himself to the place indicated, and found a loaf of exquisite whiteness, which, by the saint's orders he ate, and felt his strength restored. Having asked him if he were revived, Dominic bade him take the remains of the loaf back to the place where he found it; and this done, they continued their journey. As they went on, the marvel of the thing seemed to strike the Brother for the first time. "Who put the loaf there?" he said; "I was surely beside myself to take it so quietly! Holy Father, tell me whence did that loaf come?" "Then," says the old writer, Gerard de Frachet, who has related this story, "this true lover of humility replied: 'My son, did you not eat as much as you needed?' And he said 'Yes.' 'Since, then,' replied the saint, 'you have eaten enough, give thanks to God, and trouble not yourself about the rest.'"

This story was related to the brethren by Brother John himself after he returned into Spain, at a later period. In spite of his seeming delicacy, he had a brave heart, and accompanied some of the friars into Morocco, where they went to preach the faith, and where, we are assured, he made a holy end.

And now Dominic was once more on that soil of Italy which thenceforth he was never again to quit. Since he had set out from Rome in the November of 1218 he had spread his order throughout Spain and France; the cities of Italy were now one after another to receive as their apostles colonies of his white-robed children. The first place which he visited was Bergamo, where he accepted the site for a convent, and gave the habit to several religious, among whom was the Blessed Guala dei Romononi, afterwards Bishop of Brescia. At Asti he was also warmly received, whence proceeding to Milan he was again given hospitality by the canons of St. Nazzario, with whom he had formerly lodged when travelling to Rome in 1217. Here he preached with much success, and received into the order three very eminent doctors of law, Guidotti di Sexto, Roger

di Merati, and Amizo, or Arditio, di Solar. The latter held the office of Apostolic Notary, and is described by Taegius as "a man endowed with every virtue, possessed with rare prudence, zealous for the faith, and perfect in the observance of regular discipline."

In the course of a familiar conversation held among some of the brethren, one of them is reported to have said that were it possible to exchange his soul for that of another, the one he would choose would be the soul of Brother Amizo.¹ Dominic esteemed him highly, and kept him near his own person. Becoming thus very intimately acquainted with the holy founder, he was chosen as one of the witnesses who gave their testimony to his sanctity. Though he does not add any important particulars to those given by the other witnesses, yet his words are worthy of notice as bearing evidence with how close and loving an eye he had studied the character which he thus portrays. "Master Dominic," he says, "was a most humble, mild, good, patient, and pacific man; sober and modest, full of wisdom in all his acts and all his words; he delighted in consoling his neighbors and specially his brethren, and he was most zealous for regular discipline. As an ardent lover of poverty, he desired that it should be observed by the brethren in their food and clothing, their convents and churches, and even in the vestments used in the divine worship. During his life he was specially solicitous that they should not make use of silk, either at the altar or elsewhere, and that neither gold nor silver should be used except for the chalices." Amizo eventually became prior of the great convent of St. Eustorgio, founded in his native city, and in that capacity had the happiness of witnessing the heroic virtues and intrepid death of St. Peter Martyr. It was he who collected the evidence and drew up the *procès-verbal* regarding the saint's martyrdom, presented to the commissioners appointed by Pope Innocent IV., to inquire into the circumstances of that event, a document used in the process of canonization, and still preserved.

Some writers represent that so far back as the year 1217

¹ Father Michel Pio, *Proy. in Italia*, 86.

there had been given to the saint a little house in Milan near the Roman Gate, afterwards called St. Domenichino, and that a small community had been sent to reside here the year following. If such had been the case, it is most improbable that he should have taken up his residence with the canons rather than with his own brethren. But it may here be observed once for all that the chronology of these Italian foundations is most confused, owing to the contradictory statements to be found in the records of the different convents. The most that can be aimed at is to give the more probable conjectures, and those which involve the least amount of contradiction, and appear supported by the best authorities. In most cases, as has been observed before, the confusion has arisen from convents claiming as the date of their foundation that of some early visit of the saint to the city where a foundation was afterwards made. And this confusion often extends to the history of the brethren themselves, concerning whom it is sometimes hopeless to ascertain with any certainty either the place or precise date of their reception into the order. This remark applies to the history of one who may nevertheless be safely numbered among St. Dominic's Milanese novices, Brother Giacomo Xuron, who was without doubt one of the religious who took part in the foundation of the first convent in this city. He was a man of great learning and sanctity, and his life was illustrated by miracles.

As he was some years later discharging the duties of lector in the convent of Genoa, he heard a voice as from heaven which said to him: "Arise, and pass the sea, and go into the East. There you will do great things for My glory, and gain many souls." Asking permission from his Superiors to obey this divine command, Xuron took with him one companion, and set out for Greece. In the first town which he entered in that country he saw lying in the street a poor cripple, both of whose legs were deformed and contracted. In his compassion, Xuron stooped down to speak to the poor sufferer, seeking to console him with kind words; and chancing to touch one of his legs, the man at once arose, with the limb straight and vig-

orous. Full of surprise, Xuron fled from the spot, not daring to touch the other leg, says Taegius, and desirous only of escaping from the occasion of vain-glory and human praise. He finally passed over into the island of Candia, where he effected many conversions by his preaching and miracles, and died universally honored by the people as a saint.

Attended by these and other disciples whom he had gathered on his way, St. Dominic set out for Bologna, and reached that city towards the end of August, nine months only having elapsed since his departure from Rome in the previous year.

CHAPTER XXV.

REGINALD AT BOLOGNA.

1219.

It will be remembered that St. Dominic, before setting out on his journey into Spain, had appointed Reginald of Orleans to be his vicar in Italy, and had assigned him the convent of Bologna as his residence. The appointment to a post of such responsibility of one who was as yet wholly untrained in the religious life would, in any ordinary case, and on the part of any ordinary man, have seemed to violate the laws of prudence. But of St. Dominic, if of any man, might be said that, like his great patron St. Paul, he had the Spirit of God. He possessed in an extraordinary degree that gift of the discernment of spirits, so essential to those who hold rule over other souls, which enabled him to choose the instruments who were fittest to build up the work of God. From the day when they had first met, the heart of the disciple lay open to the eye of the master like the pages of a book, and he recognized therein a power and a force of attraction which qualified him to be a leader amongst his brethren. After passing a few weeks in Rome, therefore, and bidding farewell to his old friend the Bishop Manasses, Reginald set out for Bologna, where he arrived on the 21st of December, 1218. He found the community still occupying their first quarters in Santa Maria in Mascarella, and in spite of the recent visit of their Father, suffering extreme pov-

erty and depression. To appreciate the spirit that Reginald brought with him, and which he found means to infuse into those over whom he was now placed, we must remember what had been his previous position and life in the world. Almost every social advantage had been at his command: wealth, dignity, a learned reputation, and a wide sphere of credit and influence. Of all these he had stripped himself to satisfy the two desires of his heart: poverty, and freedom to teach the Word of God. The true vocation of a Friar Preacher had revealed itself to him with an irresistible attraction before he had even heard of the existence of the Order. When therefore he came into the presence of that life, its austere reality had no terrors for him. He embraced it as the answer from God to the prayer of a lifetime; and whilst to the eyes of the world he was making a sacrifice of stupendous heroism, he himself was only conscious of those floods of sweet consolation which inundated his soul amid the burning throbs of sensible fervor. No doubt among those who were acquainted with the particulars of his former life, there were plenty to whom it seemed a kind of miracle, that a man who used to have at his command a splendid dwelling, numerous servants, and all the appliances of good living and luxury, should be willing to wear the poor dress of a friar, and sit at a table rarely furnished with anything better than broken morsels of bread, which had been begged in alms. They did not guess, and probably would not have believed, that the subject of their compassion found in each circumstance of his new life, only matter for secret joy. He could not rest until he had begun the work to which he longed to consecrate the span of life which had been given back to him at the intercession of our Lady. "No sooner had he established himself in the convent," says Blessed Jordan, "than he began at once to devote himself to preaching, and his words were so fervid and vehement that they kindled the hearts of his hearers like a burning torch. All Bologna seemed on fire, as though a new Elias had appeared amongst them." In eight days Reginald was master of the city. Men of law, as well as ecclesiastics, professors no less than students, yielded to the

magical charm of his eloquence. Soon the church was too small to contain his audience, and he was obliged to preach in streets and public piazzas. The people came from all the surrounding towns and villages to hear him, and the age of the Apostles seemed to have returned. The first fruits of the harvest of souls that Reginald was afterwards to reap in such abundance, was one of the professors named Moneta, a man famous for his learning throughout Lombardy. The kind of rage that had set in for attending Reginald's sermons filled him with uneasiness, and he did his best to keep his own pupils from exposing themselves to the dangerous attraction. The attempt, however, was vain, and on the feast of St. Stephen, within a week after Reginald's arrival, they not only expressed their intention of going to hear the preacher, but insisted on his accompanying them. Unable to give any good reason for refusing, yet unwilling to comply, Moneta proposed that they should first hear Mass at St. Proclus. They went, and stayed during three Masses, till, unable to delay longer, Moneta was obliged to accompany the others to Santa Maria, where Reginald was then delivering his sermon. The doors were so crowded that they could not enter, and Moneta remained standing on the threshold. But as he stood there he could command a view of the whole scene, and every word reached his ear. A dense mass of people filled the church, yet not a sound broke the words of the preacher. He was speaking on the words of St. Stephen, the saint of the day: "Behold, I see heaven open, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." "Heaven is open to-day also," he exclaimed; "the door is ever open to him who is willing to enter. Why do you delay? Why do you linger on the threshold? What blindness, what negligence is this! The heavens are still open!" As he listened, Moneta's heart was changed and conquered. When Reginald came down from the pulpit, he was met by his new penitent, who abandoned himself to his direction, and even made a vow of obedience in his hands. But as his engagement did not admit of his at once entering religion, he remained in the world for a year, during which time he labored incessantly

to bring in other disciples, and at each new conquest his joy was so great that it seemed, says the chronicler, as if he were taking the habit himself each time another received it. After his entrance into the Order, Moneta became the founder of several convents. His *Summa against the Cathari* is still preserved, and attests his learning, which was equalled, or rather surpassed, by the sanctity of his life. He died full of years and of merit, and blind, it is said, from his constant weeping. It was in his cell that the great patriarch breathed his last, as we shall hereafter relate.

But whilst this enthusiasm reigned outside the convent, the brethren within were passing through one of those seasons of trial permitted by God in the history, whether of communities or individuals, a time of purgation, preparing the way for one of spiritual fecundity, as the frosts of winter make the earth ready for seed-time and harvest. Possibly the very fervor which was burning in the heart of Reginald led him to demand of his brethren a degree of sacrifice to which, at the moment, they were unequal; he had yet to learn by experience that lesson of discretion, that souls must not be forced beyond their present grace. Some weeks had passed since Reginald's arrival, and the brethren had removed to their new convent of St. Nicholas; few disciples had yet actually joined them, and the heavy cloud of depression still hung over the community. This had attained such a point that many debated the question of leaving the Order altogether, and two had even obtained letters from the Apostolic Legate empowering them to do so. These letters they brought to Reginald, and made known to him their intention of abandoning the new Institute, the failure of which, it was plain to them, could only be a question of time. It was Ash Wednesday, and Reginald, assembling the chapter, addressed the brethren in words of bitter sorrow, whilst they on their part could only answer by their sobs. Then Brother Clare or Chiaro, arose (the same whose father had spoken to him when a child of the singing of the angels). He had grown to be a man of great repute and learning, and before entering the Order had taught arts and canon law in the

University. With manly earnestness he now exhorted his brethren to have courage, trusting in the Providence of God, Whose hour of mercy was perhaps even then close at hand. Reginald raised his eyes to heaven, and listened in silence; possibly that moment of sorrow and humiliation was bringing to his generous soul, together with lessons of Divine wisdom, a precious interior grace. In fact, the words of the speaker were about to receive a remarkable fulfilment. There was at that time in the university of Bologna a famous doctor named Roland of Cremona, renowned throughout the whole of Italy as a professor of philosophy. His success in the schools, however, did not prevent him from taking his full share of worldly amusement, and the day before he had entered with a number of young companions into all the mad revelry of the last day of the Carnival. Dressed in a new suit of clothes, which included a splendid scarlet doublet, he spent the entire day in games and dances, and other customary diversions, and went home in the evening tired and worn out. But as he lay on his bed he could not rest. What satisfaction had he got out of his day's pleasure? Nothing but weariness and satiety. The dances and the wild mirth in which he had taken part, he could only think of them with disgust. "Truly," he said to himself, "did the Wise Man say that the end of laughter is sadness. I know well enough that these things can never give me real happiness; that is to be found only in the service of God. As to the service of the world, at best it is but a slavery, and a very foolish one. To-morrow I will seek out that holy man, Brother Reginald, and will place the decision of my future life in his hands." So when morning dawned, he repaired to St. Nicholas, and abruptly entered the chapter-room just as Brother Clare was finishing his discourse. Moved by the spirit of God, he at once asked for the holy habit, and Reginald, like one transported out of himself, took off his own scapular, and flung it over his neck. A sudden impulse of joy seized the whole community, the sacristan tolled the bell, whilst the brethren intoned the *Veni Creator*, and as they sang it, their voices stifled with tears of thanksgiving, the people

came together, and the church was invaded by a crowd of men, women, and students, among whom the rumor had run like wildfire that Master Roland had joined the friars. The dark cloud of temptation rolled away, and the two brethren who had resolved to quit the Order threw themselves at the feet of Reginald, and declared their resolution of persevering even until death.

One of the community, however, and he not the least worthy of its members, still retained in his heart some shadows of doubt and misgiving. It was Rodolph of Faenza, the procurator of the convent, whose office brought daily before his eyes in a very practical shape the difficulties with which they were beset. Profoundly afflicted as he had been at the discouragement of his brethren, he could not at once dismiss the impression it had left on his heart. But our Lord, who never abandons a soul of good-will and upright intentions, deigned that night to appear to him, having at His right hand the Blessed Virgin, and on His left St. Nicholas, the patron of the convent. The latter, placing his hand on Rodolph's head, addressed him, saying: "Brother, fear nothing; all will go well with thee and thy Order, for the Blessed Virgin will have care of it." At the same moment Rodolph seemed to see upon the river which runs through Bologna a vessel filled with a multitude of friars. "Seest thou all these?" continued the saint; "fear nothing, I say, fear nothing, for these are all brethren who shall go forth from this house, and spread themselves through the entire world." Roland's entrance into the Order was, in fact, the beginning of a new era for the convent of St. Nicholas. His example was followed by many, both of the professors and students, till at length it passed into a common proverb that no man should go and hear Master Reginald who did not mean to put on the habit of a friar. An historian quoted by Malvanda declares that it would be impossible to enumerate all the illustrious men who at this time joined the community. "Archdeacons and deans," he says, "several abbots and priors, together with doctors in every learned faculty, abandoned their benefices in order

to profess an apostolic life in the Order of Preachers.”

Moreover, among the brethren themselves the season of discouragement and temptation was followed by a renewal of fervor as lasting as it was wonderful. Reginald's own example, far more even than the power of his words, communicated to others the flame of devotion. The auguries drawn of old from the voices of the angels began to be fulfilled, and the life led within the walls of St. Nicholas gradually came to exhibit the strictest and most fervent realization of the Rule of St. Dominic which has perhaps ever been seen. Many of the brethren closely imitated him in their nightly watchings and disciplines, and in the devotions which were dear and peculiar to himself. At no hour of day or night could you enter the church without seeing some of the friars engaged in fervent prayer. After Compline they all visited the altars, after the manner of their holy founder; and the sight of their devotion, as they bathed the ground with their tears, filled the bystanders with wonder. After singing Matins very few returned to bed; most of them spent the greater part of the night in prayer or study, and all confessed, before celebrating the Holy Sacrifice. Their devotion to the Mother of God was of the tenderest kind. Twice every day they visited her altar, after Matins and again at Compline, walking round it three times, as they sang canticles in her honor, and recommended themselves and their Order to her love and protection. They held it a matter of conscience never to eat till they had first announced the Word of God to some soul. They also served in the hospitals of the city, adding the corporal to the spiritual works of mercy; and in spite of the excessive austerity of their lives, it is said such was the joy of their hearts, shining out in their countenances, that they seemed none other than angels in the habit of men. The strict observance of the rule of silence practised among them is illustrated by the following anecdote. One night a friar, being in prayer in the choir, was seized by some invisible hand, and dragged violently about the church, so that he cried aloud for help. These disturbances, arising from diabolic malice,

¹ Suset. in Chron. ap. Malv. an. 1219.

were very frequent in the beginning of the Order; and at the sound of the cry more than thirty brethren, guessing the cause, ran into the church and endeavored to assist the sufferer, but in vain; they, too, were roughly handled, and like him, dragged and thrown about without pity. At length Reginald himself appeared, and, taking the unfortunate friar to the altar of St. Nicholas, he delivered him from his tormentor. And all this while, in spite of the alarm and horror of the circumstances, not one of those present, who amounted in all to a considerable number, ventured to speak a single word, or so much as to utter a sound. The first cry of the vexed Brother was the only one uttered during the whole of that night.

This admirable discipline was certainly attained and preserved by the practice of a somewhat rigid severity; yet its very sharpness attests the perfection which must have been reached by those who could have inflicted or accepted it. In the following anecdote, as given by Gerard de Frachet, the supernatural and passionless self-command exhibited by the chief actor, robs the story of that austere character which might make an ordinary reader shrink, and clothes it with a wonderful dignity and sublimity. A lay-brother had committed an infringement of the law of poverty, and on conviction of his offence, refused to accept the penalty imposed. He had accepted and concealed a piece of cloth given to him by a secular. Reginald perceived the rising spirit of insubordination, and at once prepared to extinguish it. He burnt the cloth in the cloister, then calling the culprit before the chapter he denounced the fault committed, and required the Brother to accept the penance he had deserved. Causing him to bare his shoulders, he raised his eyes to heaven, bathed in tears, and calmly and gently, as though presiding in choir, pronounced the following prayer: "O Lord Jesus Christ, Who gavest to Thy servant Benedict the power to expel the devil from the bodies of his monks through the rod of discipline, grant me the grace to overcome the temptation of this poor Brother through the same means. Who livest and reignest, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen." Then he struck him

so sharply that the brethren were moved to tears, but the penitent was reclaimed, nor did he ever again relapse into a similar fault.

This sort of chastisement was a very ordinary means which he used to deliver his subjects from the assaults of the enemy. A Brother tempted to quit the Order was taken in the act of escaping from the convent, and brought into the chapter over which Reginald was presiding. Recognizing the presence of the great enemy of souls, he resolved to deliver the Brother from his snares by the severity of penance. As the culprit confessed his fault and declared himself ready to accept the prescribed penalty, Reginald bade him prepare himself for the discipline. Then he administered the chastisement with no sparing hand, saying as he did so, "Go forth, thou evil one, from this servant of God!" while from time to time he turned to the others, saying, "Pray, my brethren, pray!" for he understood that the malignant spirit was of the number of those that come not forth, save by prayer and fasting. When this had gone on for some time, the penitent asked leave to speak. "What would you say, my son?" said Reginald. "I think, Father," he replied, "that the devil has left me now, and will trouble me no more." At these words all present gave thanks to God, and the Brother himself remained faithful ever after.

Such then was the kind of discipline that reigned in the convent of St. Nicholas. It could not have been established save by one who ruled over the hearts of his subjects. They all knew that if the hand of their Father was firm and strong, his heart was tender as that of a mother. It is the very expression of Blessed Jordan, who knew him well, and bore testimony to the love with which he inspired those whom he governed. Under such a rule the community grew in numbers and in perfection, and such was its reputation for sanctity that men spoke of it as a kind of harbor of salvation; as may be illustrated by the following beautiful story given us by Taegius and others. There was a certain cleric in Bologna of great learning, but devoted to worldly vanities, and to other than a holy life. One night he seemed suddenly to be in the midst of

a vast field ; the sky above him was covered with clouds, rain fell in great abundance, and there was a terrible tempest. He, therefore, desiring to escape from the hail and lightning, looked all around him, to see if by any means he might find a place of shelter, but he found none. Then at the last he perceived a small house, and going to it he knocked, for the door was fast shut. A voice spoke to him from within, saying, "What wantest thou?" And he said, "A night's lodging, because of the great storm that is raging." But the keeper of the house answered him, saying, "I am Justice, and this is my house; but thou canst not enter here, for thou art not just." Then he went away sad, and presently he came to a second house, and he knocked there likewise; and the keeper answered and said, "I am Peace, but there is no peace for the wicked, but only to them of good-will. Nevertheless, because my thoughts are thoughts of peace, and not of affliction, therefore I will counsel thee what thou shalt do. A little way from hence dwelleth my sister, Mercy, who ever helpeth the afflicted; go, therefore, to her, and do even as she shall command thee." So he, continuing on his way, came to the door of Mercy, and she said to him, "If thou wouldst save thyself from this tempest, go to the convent of St. Nicholas, where dwell the Friars Preachers. There thou shalt find the food of doctrine, the ass of simplicity, the ox of discretion; Mary who will illuminate, Joseph who will make perfect, and Jesus Who will save thee." And he, coming to himself, and thinking well on the words of Mercy, went quickly to the friars, and asking for their mercy,¹ with great devotion received the holy habit.¹

While Reginald was thus engaged in building up the spiritual edifice, he was not wholly unmindful of temporals. It will

¹ This is an allusion to the words used in receiving the habit of the Order, at which ceremony the prior says to the postulant, "What do you ask?" And he replies, "*The mercy of God and yours.*"

² This story, says Gerard de Frachet, was related by Master Alexander in the schools, when commenting on that verse in the Psalm, "Mercy and Truth have met together," and he noted it in his marginal comments. He was a most truthful and honorable man, and an Englishman by birth, becoming afterwards a bishop in his native country.

be remembered that the patronage of the church of St. Nicholas was vested in the family of D'Andalo, and that some difficulty had been offered by them to the acquisition of the property by the friars. Though the opposition of her relatives had been overcome by the influence of Diana, the whole affair does not seem to have been satisfactorily concluded until the 14th of March, 1219, at which date we find Peter de Lovello, and his son Andalo, making over to Master Reginald, in the name of the friars, the patronage of the church and the territory adjoining.¹ In the course of these negotiations, Diana necessarily became acquainted with Brother Reginald, and conquered by the ascendancy of his sanctity and genius, placed the direction of her conscience in his hands. "Attracted by the Holy Spirit," says a contemporary chronicler, "she had begun to despise the pomps and vanities of the world, and to seek more and more the spiritual direction of the Friars Preachers." And she rejoiced as she watched the progress of the convent as it advanced day by day to completion in the close neighborhood of her father's palace.

Such was the position of the community of Bologna when St. Dominic once more appeared among them. "He found at the convent of St. Nicholas," says Blessed Jordan, "a large community of brethren who were being carefully trained under the discipline of Reginald. They all received him with joy, and showed him reverence as to their Father, and he abiding with them formed the yet young and tender family by his teaching and example." Great indeed must have been the consolation of the holy founder at finding himself surrounded by so many fervent religious, for in the short space of eight months, Reginald had received more than a hundred novices. Here, then, as at Paris, Dominic rejoiced in beholding a rich promise for the future, and gave thanks to God, Who thus poured out on his Order the blessing of fertility. On their part, his new children could not satisfy themselves with con-

¹ See document, printed by Mamachi, Append. n. clvi. col. 369.

² *Origines du Monastère de Sainte-Agnes*. By a contemporary writer. Published by Melloni in his *Memoirs of Men Illustrious for Sanctity*, vol. i., p. 194.

templating that noble presence in the full vigor of his glorious manhood, so gracious in speech, so admirable in every act, ever joyful in the presence of men, yet freely pouring out his tears in the hours of secret communing with God.¹

The first practical lesson they learnt from him was one of poverty. "When the blessed Dominic came to Bologna," says Rodolph of Faenza in his deposition, "the Lord Oderic Galiciani wanted to give the brethren some lands worth more than five hundred Bolognese pounds. The deed had already been executed in presence of the bishop, but Brother Dominic caused it to be annulled, and would not allow them to have those or any other possessions, desiring that they should live only on alms, and that but sparingly." In fact, we read that the saint tore Oderic's contract in pieces with his own hands, declaring his resolve that his children should never depart from the law of poverty.

There was another law that he was no less inflexible in enforcing; it was that which invariably required the dispersion of the brethren to new centres. During his late progress through Lombardy, where the Manicheans were rapidly spreading their pestilential errors, the saint had seen how urgent was the necessity for planting communities of Preachers in all the cities of Northern Italy, that they might oppose themselves as a phalanx against the attacks of heresy. In many of the places which he had visited in the course of his various journeys between France and Italy, he had prepared the way for foundations to be made as soon as the number of the brethren would allow. The large accession of new subjects gained since the coming of Reginald to Bologna now permitted him to undertake some of these, and several bands of religious were sent out in the course of this and the ensuing year. Echarid enumerates among the foundations made or decided on at this time, those of Milan, Bergamo, Asti, Verona, Florence, Brescia, Faenza, and Placentia. Those chosen for these important missions accepted their assignments not only with obedience,

¹ "Omnibus hilarem se prebebat; in orationibus crebro lachrymabatur" (Deposition of John of Navarre).

but joy, well knowing that, as Jordan writes, the holy Father followed the disciples whom he sent forth with his prayers, and that the power of God was with them to bless their work. And such was the fervor which at that time was found among the brethren, that when there was question of choosing subjects for undertakings which involved any special hardships or suffering, the number of those who voluntarily offered themselves exceeded what was required. For those who remained at Bologna a far harder sacrifice was reserved. Perceiving how great a work had been accomplished by Reginald among the students of the university, Dominic resolved to send him to Paris, then the very heart and centre of the scholastic life of Christendom. As he himself purposed to make Bologna his own place of residence, they would thus occupy the most important posts in the Order, and command the two great universities of Continental Europe. Blessed Jordan does not conceal the fact that the separation was a sorrowful one, and that in the judgment of some the saint seemed to be destroying the work so prosperously begun. "Having come to Bologna," he says, "the blessed Dominic sent Master Reginald thence to Paris, to the great grief of those children whom the latter had but recently begotten by the Word of the Gospel, and who wept to see themselves so soon torn from their mother's breast. But all these things happened by the Divine will. It was something wonderful to see how the servant of God, in sending his brethren hither and thither in the world, acted as boldly and unhesitatingly as if he had been already certain of the future, or had received a revelation from the Holy Spirit. And who shall dare say that it was not so? He had with him at first but few brethren, and those for the most part simple and unlettered men, and he separated them, scattering them through the Church, so that to the children of this world, who judged according to their own prudence, he seemed to be pulling down what had been begun, rather than to be building up."

But the supernatural wisdom of the holy founder was justified by the result. Reginald departed to Paris to communi-

cate to the population of that great capital the same burning flame he had kindled at Bologna ; and St. Dominic himself remained at St. Nicholas, as the centre whence he could direct and govern the foundations of Italy. If this demanded a sacrifice, by none could it have been more sensibly felt than by himself, for he was parting from his child of predilection, and in this life the Father and his beloved disciple were never to meet again.

But before Reginald took his departure he had committed one of his penitents to the direction of St. Dominic. Diana D'Andalo had already made the acquaintance of the saint on the occasion of his first visit to Bologna ; she now became his spiritual daughter, "and loved him with her whole heart, committing to him the care of her salvation." He recognized in her one of those rare souls that are sometimes to be found, as richly adorned with the gifts of nature as with those of grace. She confided to him her desire of consecrating herself to God, and approving of her resolution, he consented to receive her vows, permitting her for a time to remain in her father's house and make no change in her exterior life. It was, therefore, in the convent church and before the altar of St. Nicholas that Diana took her irrevocable engagement, in the presence of all the community, including Reginald, and a number of noble ladies of Bologna, who in their turn became benefactresses and disciples of the friars.

This ceremony was the last in which Reginald bore a part, and the following day he set out for his new destination.

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S PRISONER.

BY A DOMINICAN SISTER. •

LOVE'S Prisoner, O Lord, Thou art,
Thy loving guards are we,
To shield Thee from each cruel dart
Our duty e'er shall be.
So may we near Thy lowly cell,
Where Thou hast said Thou lov'st to dwell,
Be ever ready to defend
Thee, Lord, our Saviour and our friend.
Come, holy guards, your duty pay ;
Come, keep your watch from day to day,
And long and loud the watchword cry,
Vive! Vive! Jesu.

O Living, Loving Sacred Heart,
To Thee our hearts we raise
In one great act of heavenly art,
A hymn of joyful praise,
Whilst bending low we Thee adore,
And beg of Thee forevermore,
Keep us Thy own, and let us be
Thy guards for all eternity.
To serve Thee, Whom we love and fear,
Naught to our hearts can be more dear ;
To prove this we will loudly cry,
Vive! Vive! Jesu.

In many places where alone
So oft Thou'rt doomed to dwell,
O let our love for this atone,
O let our voices swell
Until they reach Thy listening ear,
Until this Thou dost plainly hear.

Silent, waiting, lonely Lord,
To Thee each thought and deed and word
We consecrate, and now renew
Our promise to be ever true,
And from our hearts we gladly cry,
Vive! Vive! Jesu.

For those who know, but love Thee not,
Dear Lord, our best love take;
For those by whom Thou art forgot
We reparation make.
So, dearest Lord, for each and all
Who do not heed Thy loving call,
The sacrifice we make to Thee
Of all we have and all we be.
Would all were humbled at Thy feet;
Would all but knew Thy love so sweet:
Would all with us would bravely cry,
Vive! Vive! Jesu.

And for ourselves we too, must pray,
Lest we should faithless be;
Our weakness great, we'll surely stray,
Unless sustained by Thee.
Inflame us with Thy love's pure glow,
That cold our hearts may never grow;
Consume us with this holy fire,
O let us have but one desire
To live, to love, to die for Thee,
To come Thy Holy Face to see,
To praise Thy Name, fore'er to cry,
Vive! Vive! Jesu.

SANDA MUHUNYA'S PALACE.

CHAPTER XVII.

(Concluded.)

JOHN A. MOONEY.

SUDDENLY sleep left him, and his eyes opened. Now he seemed to see the lineaments of his brother painted in the air : and the cross had grown smaller, and, shining softly, it hung from his brother's neck, by a ruby chain, and divided his heart into four glowing parts. The king was troubled. Again and again did he close his eyes, but each time that he looked, the dim vision was there. Then a new thought rushed through his mind, and he arose, and dressed, and went into the throne-room. From out the pierced carvings of the ivory seat, he drew a little piece of blood-red wood. It was the wood of the Cross, which he had placed there hoping that his house might have peace and good fortune. And taking the bit of wood, he fixed it within his garment, over his heart, where he had seen the Cross in the vision of his brother. Then he called the chief eunuch, and his own loved daughter, with her husband, and he ordered Thomas and Abinissa to be brought before him, without chains.

When the two prisoners were led into the throne-room, the king received them sadly, yet with no show of anger. Looking at Thomas, he said : "Why built you not the palace as I ordered, and you promised?" "I built as I promised, your majesty!" answered Thomas. "Where have you builded?" asked the king. "In the city of the twelve foundations and the twelve gates," the apostle replied; "where death is no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow—the city prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." "Show me that city of which you boast, and the palace therein! for I would have the testimony of my eyes," exclaimed the king. "Willingly," said the apostle; "not indeed with the eyes of the flesh will I

show it you, but with the eyes of faith. Do as your brother hath said!" Now when the king heard these words he began to tremble, and those about, noticing his weakness, feared. They therefore hastened towards him. But he, motioning them away, stood up, and fixed his eyes on the air, and seemed drawn to a vision. Presently he spoke to the air, whispering these words: "Rest! Rest! I will; I will."

Recovering himself, he turned to Thomas, saying: "You are indeed a seer; and now I know you are sent of the true God. Him too I love, and reverence." And, while he was speaking, he put his hand within his garment and drew forth the piece of blood-red wood of the Cross; and holding it high above his head, in front of him, he knelt down and adored it. And they who were with him did the same. Abinissa looked on with astonishment, for he knew not what moved the king's heart, and came from the prison expecting death.

When, at length, the king arose from his knees, he seated himself on the throne and narrated the vision he had seen. Every one was filled with wonder; and the king's daughter, leaving her husband's side, approached her father and kissed him, and leaned on his shoulder and wept. But he calmed her, brushing the tears from her downy cheeks; and, when she was quieted, he put her aside, gently, and spoke thus to the apostle: "Are you ready to cleanse me and mine with the water that floweth unceasingly from the fountain of the tree? I would be with my brother in the heavenly city, and live forever in the glorious mansion you have builded for me." "The Lord wills it," was the answer. "Abinissa, see that I have water not defiled in the service of false gods." Then, for the first time, the king spoke to Abinissa, saying: "I did you wrong, but I will right you. After my new son, you shall be the first man in my kingdom. Indeed you fulfilled well my commission. Who is there that commands the service of so skilful an architect?" Abinissa answered: "I was but clay in the hands of the potter. God grant I may well serve you, and the people."

And going out he brought water in golden jars, and the

apostle baptized the king and all those who were with him. And when the apostle came to the king's loved and loving daughter, he spoke to her gently, saying: "To you will I give the sweetest name a woman can have, the name of the Virgin, full of grace, who, by the most wonderful operation of the Holy Spirit became the mother of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. When I took service with Abinissa and set out for Tambrâparni, she was still alive. I pray God she may yet be in the land of the living, and that I may once more look on her beautiful countenance, which beams with all womanly virtues, and with a something added that seemeth divine! Her name will I give you that you may be moved to model yourself after her, and that you may, having her sorrows ever before you, be the better prepared for the trials of this life. Would that you could have seen her at the foot of that Cross, whereon her divine Son's body hung, all pale, all quivering, all bleeding! Would that you could have heard her, as she held that loved, torn body on her lap! or have knelt by her as they laid the divine victim of love in the cold, dark tomb! Then indeed would all a woman's pains and griefs seem small indeed to you. What of suffering God's providence hath designed for the good of any man or woman, none can foresee; but this we may know: that as no man hath suffered, or shall suffer, like unto the Son of Man, so no woman hath suffered, or shall suffer, like unto the Mother of God." Baptizing her then, he called the bride Mary.

And when the slaves came to remove the water vessels, Sanda Muhuna embraced the apostle, and said:

"To-morrow you shall instruct my whole household." "To-morrow, O king!" Thomas answered, "ere the day has closed, I shall be upon the sea." "Upon the sea!" exclaimed Sanda. "Even so," the apostle replied. "I take ship for Meliapur. My work is not yet done." The king was filled with sadness and with fear. "And the mansion!" he cried. "How am I to be sure that you will not remove it?" "If I would, I could not," answered Thomas. "No man other than yourself, O king! can pull down the home set apart for you in the

land of the blest. I pray the Lord such madness shall not seize you. Christ is infinitely stronger than I; trust Him! And Abinissa here will give you the bread of life, fruit of the one sacred Tree. If any man eat of that bread, he shall see the Father. As for me—the Master calls. I must obey. In good time, God willing, I shall return. Meanwhile, hope and pray, and work! But this is a time to be merry.”

Hearing these words, the king ordered a great feast; and he, and all his household, rejoiced with simple mirth. And not one of the guests was gayer than the king's daughter. And Thomas and Sanda Muhuna and Abinissa conversed one with another, the livelong day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PARTING.

In the morning when the apostle descended into the garden, the air was musical with the harmony of piping birds, and the pale blue sky was flecked with crimson tints, and the waking flowers arose beauteous from their cooling bath of dew. Under the palms and mangoes Thomas strolled thoughtfully, for his soul was tortured with uncertainties. Would the life-giving word he had preached outlive persecution, the assaults of bold error, the weakness of sinful, pottage-loving human nature, the incessant working of the evil spirit? Would time undo the zealous labors of the disciples he had won over to the faith of the crucified Redeemer, and turn back this truth-seeking people to the false gods who had so long been worshipped in fruitful Tambrâparni? The designs of God, who can fathom? Thomas hoped; and with his whole heart did he pray that the seed he had planted might bring forth an enduring crop of virtue and sacrifice. For without sacrifice there is no virtue. And when the yellow sun had passed, proudly, through the gates of day, the apostle, hiding his doubt and his grief, went once more into the palace.

The king and Abinissa embraced him; and, forthwith, they sat down together and broke fast. And, when they had risen,

and the parting was near, Sanda Muhuna, seeing that Thomas carried the reed with him, as a cane, said to the apostle: "One other favor, I have to ask of you who have done so much good to me and to mine. Leave with me, I beg of you, this reed, as a remembrance of great sorrow and great joy. The reed shall be cherished in this land as long as my dynasty lasts." But Thomas refused the king's request, firmly yet kindly, saying: "Should I return I will bring it with me; should I not return, I will send you the reed—if it has blossomed or flowered." And they knew not what he meant.

Now Thomas had forbidden Abinissa to say to the Christians aught of his going; for his modesty and prudence was not second to his courage and humility. And dissembling his grief at parting—his heart was ever full of love—he spoke gaily to each one of the household, and blessed the king's palace and all therein and the city. And on the head of Sanda Muhuna the apostle laid his hands. Then, without weeping, he hurried forth with Abinissa, and started on his journey coastward.

As the red sun dived into the sea, they two came down on the pier. And while they stood, waiting for the boat which was to carry Thomas to the ship, a veiled woman knelt at their feet, crying bitterly, and saying, between her sobs: "Bless me with your last blessing!" Thomas knew her voice. "Magdalen," he said, "thy faith is as strong as thy heart is weak. Love the Lord, even as He loves thee! Peace be with thee! Do thou strengthen the faith of the others, counselling moderation above all things; for the gospel is a gospel of love, and not one of passion and hates. The Lord bless thee!" he added, signing the sign of the Cross upon her forehead and above her bent head.

And now the boat was at hand and the rowers awaiting. Embracing Abinissa, and giving him the kiss of peace, and blessing him, Thomas descended into the boat and was quickly carried out toward the ship. And one of the rowers was the ever faithful Paul. Abinissa hastened back by the way he had come. Duty speeded his feet, and zeal made his heart joyful.

From the end of the pier, a weeping woman looked out into the darkness, until she could no longer see, and listened intently for the plash of the oars, when no sound of them reached the shore.

Did Thomas return? No! but true to his word, he sent back the reed; and lo! it had blossomed—nay, flowered. And the flower was double, and its like no man had hitherto seen—a white lily and a blood-red rose. And the stem was one.

The king? Lives still—in the palace built not with human hands.

THE END.

FATHER PROUT.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

MOST of the students of English literature can easily recall to mind the name of Father Prout, but few are familiar with that of the Rev. Francis Mahony. Yet both were one and the same; for Prout was the pseudonym of the Rev. *littérateur*. There are not many, however, cognizant of the fact that there was at one time a real live Father Prout in the diocese of Cork, who had been for years the pastor of Watergrasshill, a parish in which the famous Blarney-stone is located. He was a simple-minded, unsophisticated old man when young Mahony knew him, now some six decades ago. The knowledge of moral theology, which the P.P. had acquired, was sufficient to enable him to take spiritual charge of his flock, but he was absolutely ignorant of literature, history, and other mundane subjects. Shortly after the death of the venerable ecclesiastic, Mahony, who was then on the staff of *Frazer's Magazine*, in London, contributed to that periodical a series of interesting and erudite papers entitled "The Reliques of Father Prout." In introducing them to the notice of his readers, Mahony, who concealed himself behind the pen-name of Oliver Yorke, announced that Father Prout had left him all his valuable MSS. which would now appear in successive numbers of

Frazer. The essays, which astonished the literary world of that day by their scholarly qualities, and stately eloquence of style, were written on such themes as "An Apology for Lent," in which the parish priest of Blarney proved by quotations from the Fathers of the Church and other authorities that fish was more nutritious and palatable than any kind of meat; "A Defense of the Jesuits," the logic of which dumbfounded every light in the Protestant camp; a "Visit of Sir Walter Scott to Blarney," on which occasion the aged *curé* proved to him the oriental origin of the stone which the Scotch baronet kissed at great risk to life and limb; the "Rogueries of Tom Moore," in which the author "translated" some of the Irish poet's melodies into quaint old classic French, and gave them to the public as originals alleged to have been found in the archives of continental libraries—thus showing up the "poet of all circles and the idol of his own" as a plagiarist of a most shame-faced type! These articles, particularly the last, caused the utmost sensation in literary coteries all over the British isles. Moore became as mad as a March hare over the unfounded accusation brought against him. Oliver Yorke simply replied by congratulating him on his skill as a translator! Other articles which demonstrated Father Prout's intimate knowledge of Cork city and its intellectual and political status caused still a greater sensation on the banks of the Lee, where the worthy mayor and aldermen woke up one fine morning to find themselves famous—thanks to the publicity given them in *Frazer*. No one except Dr. Maginn, the then editor, who was, like Mahony himself, a Corkman, had any idea of the identity of the real author of those scathing and talented contributions. In Cork city people nudged each other in the ribs, and laughed their lungs hoarse at the idea that the late Father Prout could have had anything whatsoever to do with such learned lucubrations. Nor was it known for years afterwards that the *deus ex machina* was none other than the Rev. Francis Mahony.

Mahony was born in Cork, in 1804, of a prosperous Kerry family that had settled in that city, and became the originators and owners of the celebrated Blarney tweed industry, which,

I believe, is still under their control. At an early age the young lad was sent by the bishop of Cork to the Irish College of Rome, where he prosecuted his ecclesiastical studies for several years. The venerable nonogenerian, Dr. Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus, who is still alive, was a fellow-student of Mahony. I had an interview with the doctor in 1886, at a time when he had been for almost half a century the rector of that establishment. It was from the lips of this veteran ecclesiastic that I learned the circumstances attendant on the composition of the "Bells of Shandon" by Mahony. These remarkable lines were pencilled by their author on the wall of his cell one languid summer afternoon when the college was enjoying its *siesta*. The dean of the house saw them as he was making his daily rounds next morning, and while he complimented the youth on his poetical talent, reminded him that his mission in life just then was not to become a poet, but a priest. Mahony, who was at the time a shy and timid lad, took the mild rebuke in good part, and promised to sin no more. His curriculum at the Propaganda was a success from start to finish, and he was very popular with professors and students alike; but when the time came for his taking Holy Orders, he decided that he was unfit for the work of an Irish country priest. He was too fond of books and study to devote himself with sufficient ardor to the many out-door cares and responsibilities associated with parochial ministrations on a bleak hill-side, and among a people who probably would never be able to appreciate him. He accordingly applied for and was granted admission into the Jesuit College of Amiens, and a few years subsequently was transferred to a college of the same society in Paris, where he read a profound course of theology, and was in due time elevated to the priesthood. His intimate and extensive knowledge of languages and European literature qualified him for a professional chair in the last-named college—a post which he held, however, only for a very short period.

He had up to this epoch in his life been convinced that the career of a religious was suited to his temperament. He now discovered to his dismay that he had had no real vocation for

the priesthood. He felt bitterly, I am told, at separating himself from his Jesuit colleagues—a step he took once he had resolved on trying his fortune in the literary world of London. “I would have been a zealous priest, and, perhaps, a most effective preacher,” he once said to J. P. Leonard of Paris, “were it not for the mania which I had for the pen, and the secular erudition in which I had been steeped.” He proceeded to London, where his first struggles for existence were hard and arduous enough. He would have received financial aid from home if he had asked for it, but he was too proud to do so. At length, toward the close of the twenties, he secured an introduction to Dr. Maginn, a fellow-Corkman, who, after having seen and examined some of Mahony’s literary wares, offered him a position on the staff of *Frazer’s Magazine*. It was on this periodical that his “Reliques of Father Prout” were first published, and won for the pseudo Oliver Yorke a prominent place among the leading *littérateurs* of England. The contributors to *Frazer* numbered among them the leading writers of the time, and used to assemble once a month in a London restaurant, where they crossed legs under a table, rich with choice viands and crusted wines, around which wit and repartee flashed in brilliancy as clear as crystal, and quite as effervescent as the Veuve Clicquot champagne which they quaffed on such occasions. These were what Prout used to call the “nights and suppers of the gods.” Maginn called them “*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.” Here the young Irishman clinked glasses with another famous Corkman, Sergeant Murphy, with that dyspeptic and dogmatic ogre Carlyle, with Thackeray the humorist, and Maclese, the rollicking artist who illustrated the Prout Reliques, and who also hailed from the banks of the pleasant Lee. All these writers were the learned luminaries of *Frazer* in those days. The predominance of the Corkonians in the editorial sanctum of the magazine once drew from Carlyle the admission: “We should transfer our desks and printing press over to the classic purlieus of the Coal quay, my friends; for it is Cork and not London that illumines the pages of our monthly.”

Some years after the retirement of Maginn from *Frazer's*, Francis Mahony, tired of London, returned to Paris, and spent almost the remainder of his career in the capacity of correspondent of the *London Globe*. His contributions to that journal were marvels of style, and full of interest—his pictures of Parisian life being particularly faithful to nature, and winning for his newspaper an immense popularity in London. Prout—this was the name by which he was known in the French capital—used to rent a modest suite of rooms in the Latin quarter close to the Sorbonne. Six times every week he would cross the Seine to the reading-room of *Galignani's Messenger* in the Rue de Rivoli. Here he would write his daily letter, and afterwards stroll out into the Tuileries gardens, opposite where he would spend many of his evenings in reverie. At *Galignani's* he met at times such congenial Bohemian spirits as the late John Mitchel of '48 fame, rebel and refugee, James Stephens, the founder of the old Fenian organization, and the late J. P. Leonard, who enjoyed the unofficial title of Irish Ambassador in Paris. Politically Prout was a rank Tory; but he managed to pull on very well socially with these compatriots of his, two of whom professed very radical ideas on the Irish question. On a certain occasion, however, when an Englishman formed one of the company, Prout's Irish spirit could not restrain itself. It happened thus. The Anglo-Saxon happening to remark that Ireland needed the superior intelligence of Englishmen to control her destinies properly, Prout glared at him through his spectacles, and retorted: "All the same, sir, our forefathers were saints and scholars when yours were savages!"

One summer's day Father Prout and John Mitchel were taking a stroll through the woods of St. Cloud, a Parisian suburb. The weather was oppressively hot. Prout, who wore a cotton shirt, opened his collar to give himself more comfort—a circumstance which revealed the sight of a scapular to the astonished gaze of the Irish Presbyterian. Leonard was of the opinion that—disguise it as he tried to do—Prout was always a Catholic at heart. In England he affected a mild re-

gard for Protestantism which was not sincere. In Paris his Catholicity secretly gained complete mastery over him once more. I was assured on good authority that he used to be often seen going at night to Notre Dame cathedral, and kneeling in prayer before a side chapel dedicated to the Madonna. These inner manifestations of piety had at last their logical result. He abandoned the pen and the world forever, and retired to a monastery, where he passed several years in penitential sorrow and suffering for any scandal he might have caused by his defection from the Church. Here he died in the early portion of 1866. In the May of that year his remains were transported to Cork, Ireland, where they were buried in the churchyard of St. Anne, Shandon, under the shadow of the steeple whose bells he had immortalized in the heyday of his youth and the springtide of his poetical ambition.

Prout, like Renan and other ex-ecclesiastics, dressed very severely, and looked like a clergyman in the dark austere clothes which he habitually wore. In conversation he had a slight Munster accent which, he was glad to admit, no amount of travel could ever wholly eradicate from his tongue. He had a high intellectual forehead, bald on top, and two piercingly critical eyes, usually bespectacled, which seemed to analyze the hidden soul of everybody with whom he was thrown in contact. Despite the severe expression of his face, he was nevertheless the wittiest of scholarly wags, and a genial humorist.

EMMANUEL.

"My delight is to be with the children of men."

J. F. D.

How few there are among us who make a daily practise of visiting Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament! Yet to those who have become accustomed to it, there is a peculiar charm and fascination about this practise, full of sweetness and delight. Our Lord's presence becomes after a time, almost as something palpable; we feel that He is indeed with us in His sacred humanity. The same

Jesus who aforetime walked the streets of Judea. The same pitying eyes gazing now as then, upon the many miseries of poor human nature; the same hands ever ready to bless us and to lift us with ineffable tenderness, out of the pitfalls into which we are always stumbling. And the same human heart, the heart of Mary's Son, bursting with love for us, yearning for those for whom He gave up His life, but who forget Him.

So amongst this little group, gathered day after day before the tabernacle, we always see the same faces.

"Familiar friends of Jesus, if we could look into your hearts, what a beautiful picture we would behold!" There upon bended knees, with clasped hands, is a little lad looking steadfastly before him, and we know by his shining countenance he is holding sweet converse with Jesus.

Only yesterday when he made his First Communion he came to know his dear Lord intimately, and all day long he felt his heart warm within him; it was a gala-day to be remembered all his life, and the desire to be with his new-found friend again has drawn him from the society of his playmates, to come and pour out in lisping childish language all the love and joy which fills his young unsullied heart. And near him is an older youth with toil-stained hands and clothes, who has stood all day at his bench in the workshop, and amidst the coarse jests and conversation of his shopmates the thought that he must be worthy of the friend who waits his evening visit has kept him from contamination.

Others there are also,—the lame, the halt, and the blind; the ragged beggar against whom every door in the land is closed save this one. And the old, decrepit man, with tottering step and palsied hand; life for him is almost a tale that is told; its joys and hopes are all behind him—the vigor and buoyancy of youth gone forever.

But what is all this to him? Away back, years ago, in some moment of special grace, or perhaps of dire trouble and sorrow, he learned to lean on Jesus; he began a friendship with Him which time has ripened, and now it is strong and deep and firm. And away down at the very door of the church his shadow, mingling with the evening shadows gathering there, is another form. Bowed and utterly broken, his wasted hands before his streaming

eyes, kneels the figure of a man. Young in years, but what a pitiful look of age is stamped upon those features! the stamp of sin long persisted in! of reckless folly and dissipation!

Across the face of Jesus comes a look of joy; into His eyes a gleam of glad recognition. Here indeed is a friend long lost, here a missing face for which He has looked for a long, long time.

What matter though this dear one be covered with mire, and hideous with wounds! Jesus sees only a soul stamped with the image of the Deity, whose priceless worth He alone knows.

And the poor sinner! what has brought him into this atmosphere of purity and holiness?

Passing the church, a thought of some former visit in the happy innocent past prompts him to pause and enter, and once within the sacred edifice, a realization of his miserable condition comes upon him with full force; he feels the enormity of the insults he has heaped upon his benefactor. Like so many barbed arrows sinking into his very heart, come the recollections of each shameful relapse into sin, and the divine forbearance of Jesus who has pardoned him again and again, even to the ninety and ninth time.

A mighty wave of contrition and abhorrence of sin sweeps over his soul; Jesus has conquered.

The shadows fall deeper and yet deeper; the worshippers depart, and only a little spark, the sanctuary lamp, shines out in the darkness, marking as did the Star of Bethlehem of old, the spot where the world's Redeemer gives audience on his altar-throne.

Only this remains to tell the story of the steadfast, sleepless vigil of Jesus.

Without, the world rushes past in its mad, unheeding race for gold and fame and honor; knowing naught of the priceless Pearl lying even at its feet.

NILS STENSEN.

JOSEPH ALEXANDER.

IV.

AT various times, Nils Stensen has given accounts of how his eyes were opened to Catholic truth. These accounts differ somehow in that they assign the main import not always to the same facts. This, which has caused wondering comment, is just a proof of Stensen's sincerity. Minds like Stensen's are rarely, if ever, converted of a sudden by one subtle argument, one irresistible evidence. Slowly the truth grows upon them, taking possession of their entire being inch by inch, so to speak, often doing its work almost imperceptibly, so that the day comes when one awakens to find one's self another man, the only thing wanting to crown the work being the acknowledgment of the change that has been wrought.

Steno was reared in strict Lutheranism. What this meant may be learned from his latest Danish biographer, Ab. A. D. Joergensen, a Protestant, and an historian of high repute in his country:

"One hundred and fifty years lie between Luther's falling away from the Church and Nils Stensen's conversion to Catholicity. These one century and a half had proven to evidence that the road opened by the reformers had not led to the goal so much hoped for and heralded: the rule of the Gospel undefiled. It was historically established that Protestantism was conducive either to spiritual tyranny and religious sloth, as in the North, or to a complete scattering into religious factions, as in Holland. Were all to unite in one interpretation of Scripture, the result was intellectual slavery; were each individual entitled to the making of his own interpretation, it was anarchy."

Naturally, Stensen must have entertained early misgivings as to the infallibility of the tenets enforced by the Lutheran clergy and monarchs. This would account for the fact that a man with his burning religious mind could for a while let himself be allured into extreme Cartesianism and even Spinozism.

His first utterances on Cartesius are rather reserved. They

occur anent the vivisection of a dog. "I confess," says he, "that it is but with horror that I can subject the animal to these long enduring torments. The Cartesians boast of the certitude of their philosophy. I wish they could make me as sure as they are themselves that animals have no soul, and that the nerves of an animal may be touch'd, lacerated, or burned, as though the poor beast were an automaton, moved artificially.

Cartesianism declared the union between soul and body purely mechanical, and as a possible consequence of this, Cartesius had himself merely suggested that the brutes are without soul or feeling.¹ But his disciples went farther. Malebranche, the gentle Oratorian, used to beat his dog, just to see how deceptively nature lets the brute accompany the torments with cries, as though there existed an interior connection. In the Jansenist circles of Port Royal, dogs and cats were flayed and slowly cut to pieces. in order to observe their convulsivic movements.

That Steno was here unwilling to yield to Cartesian arguments, shows how strong after all was with him the power of common sense and natural feeling. Howbeit in other respects he freely acknowledge, what he owes Cartesius. He had helped him to rid himself of several prejudices, cleared his thoughts, and shown him how little we really do know. "But," says he, "I censure him with forgetfulness of his own axiom, when in the place of certainty he put that for which he had furnished no evidence whatever, whereby many have lapsed into worse errors.... This is plainly seen in Spinoza and his adherents, who have wound up in sheer materialism by their alleged 'crowning touch,' to the philosophy of Cartesius, which is, in reality, its dissolution.... Not being of a mind to admit their ignorance regarding the way in which soul and body, mind and matter, are united, they are carried to the utmost limit of audacity in pretending that those are merely two different sides of one and the same being."

In 1662 appeared a posthumous work of Cartesius, "On man." This book it was that Malebranche could not read through for throbbings of the heart, and that cast his lot with the Cartesians

¹ With him it was a mere hypothesis. See *St. George Mivart: Lessons from Nature*, &c. London, 1876, p. 200, where the quotation in the note is marred by an odd misprint: "*repose*," for "*refuse*."

forever. Steno was less enthusiastic. In a letter to Bartholin he praises the author for his acumen, and pronounces his explanation of the tears as originating in the brain extremely clever. But, he adds, it is superfluous, as he has himself succeeded in giving one far plainer and more completely exhausting the subject. Farther on occur these remarkable words, concerning the loose statements often made by philosophers when touching on matters of exact science: "When men, worshipped by many like gods, speak so absolutely contrary to what is the truth, in a matter so evident and easy, and one in which we can with surety recur to the teachings of experience, who then will warrant that they are worthy of greater confidence when dogmatizing about God and the soul, subjects in regard to which no investigation can be instituted?"

Incidents, later by him considered so many providential promptings, were the trials he had to undergo from the very outset of his scientific career, so luminous in other respects. Professor Blasius for a while claimed as his the discovery of *ductus Stenonianus*, and others abetted him, heaping obloquies on the Dane. Anent this episode he says: "At first this appeared to me truly hard and difficult; but when considering that I was without guilt, I bore patiently God's dispensations, and though making no efforts to prove my innocence, God freed me from every thought of revenge, albeit occasions were plenty."

Poverty also depressed him, frustrating his labors, and more than anything must it have annoyed him when, as the last time in Copenhagen, he had every reason to believe the reward of all his toil but a stone's throw off, and then suddenly found it slipping through his fingers.

In words that recall Newman's famous lines to the "Kindly Light," he thus describes his feelings at that time: "Hence I made up my mind to do each day what appeared to be required by the time, the place, and my abilities, unconcerned about the future. . . . I would work out what was in me, and look to God for the rest. . . . And at last I learned the prayer: Thou but for whose beck no hair falls from the head, no leaf from the tree, no bird from the air; Thou but for whom no thought goes forth from the soul, no word from the tongue, no action from the hand

—Thou led me hitherto along roads unknown, lead Thou me on the paths of grace, seeing or blind!"

His sojourn in France must not be forgotten when the steps of his conversion are being traced—France that during the seventeenth century more than ever proved herself worthy of the title: the oldest daughter of the Church. And finally we come to Steno's Italian days. As will be remembered, it was on *Corpus Christi* he arrived in Livarno. He relates that he was walking in the streets when the procession with the Blessed Eucharist passed by. The people knelt to receive the blessing. This sight thrilled him deeply. "Either," thought he, "this is simply a morsel of bread, and then they are fools that make such a fuss about it, or it contains in reality the body of Christ, and why, then, am not I adoring it with the others?"

All along while mingling with all sorts of people, Steno kept up a painstaking study of theology and Church history. He read the Protestant "Centuriators," and the Catholic Baronius, and he read them well. In the polemical writings of his later years he gives proof of extensive historical knowledge; the array of great men within the Church are there contrasted with the total lack of Protestant saints. Not that he denies the existence of scandals among Catholics, but he is fully aware of the fallacy of those general conclusions, which on either side, Catholic as well as Protestant, are drawn from individual cases. His statement is, in brief, to the effect that bad people may be found everywhere, saints in the Catholic Church exclusively.

Of the persons that influenced Stensen at this critical period, a woman stands out pre-eminent—a poor, middle-aged Sister of the Annalena Convent. Maria Flavia was her name, and she had charge of a little drug-store attached to the Convent. To her Steno repaired for perfumes and salves for his toilet—these luxuries being indispensable to a man moving in society. Strange as it may seem to the humble Sister, the scholar unbosomed himself, revealing to her the doubts he kept hidden from all others. Maria Flavia afterward avowed that the idea of her arguing with a man like Stensen at first struck her as presumptuous, but he insisted, and when shown to priests or other men of ability, wrapped himself in bashful silence. So the good Sister spoke as best

she knew, trusting, however, more in the prayers she sent up incessantly for this questioning soul, and in those she taught him to say. He would recite the *Ave* as far as the words *ventris tui*; the rest he omitted, not as yet believing in the power of Mary's intercession.

Later on, learning that he had made the acquaintance of the noble family of the Arnolfinis, Sister Maria Flavia made known Stensen's religious troubles to the mistress of that house, the Signora Lavinia. The Signora, albeit reluctantly, introduced the subject into their conversations, but hoped for better results from Stensen's intercourse with her confessor, Father Savignani, a man praised by contemporary writers for learning and piety.

I have endeavored, very imperfectly indeed, to put together several traits and incidents so as to form a picture, as it were, of Stensen's mental state during the period of his life concluding with his conversion. As a matter of fact, in this as in all other stories of conversions, entire chapters have to be left unwritten. Doubtless it should also be taken into account, particularly as explaining in a measure his long delay of the final decision, that pending the latter part of this time—the summer and fall 1667—he was revolving in his mind the powerful thoughts soon to be embodied in his geological work.

At last were rewarded the prayers of Stensen's friends. On All Souls', November 6, 1667, after a long and agitated conversation with Signora Lavinia, he left her house, apparently more undecided than ever. He walked up and down the streets as if senseless. A friend met him and wanted to take him along, but such was the anguish of Stensen's soul, that he thought it might be the evil spirit in friendly disguise, coming to allure him from the decision, so he heeded not the other and walked on. He then met Father Savignani, and conversing on indifferent subjects, they reached the house where the priest lived. Savignani went to fetch a book; at his return he found Steno a changed man. He needed books no longer; he declared himself fully convinced by the light of God.

Thus Nils Stensen became a Catholic. On the eighth of December he abjured heresy before the papal Nuncio; on the same day a letter was received by him from the king of Denmark,

communicating to him His Majesty's gracious grant of a yearly pension, and summoning him home as soon as possible.

Of the rejoicing of his Italian friends, evidence is still extant. Viviani thus wrote to another of Stensen's admirers: "On the day of the dead arose to life in the Catholic faith my dear signor Niccolé Stenone, who lacked but this to be, so to speak, adorable . . . from his king he has received an order to return, but he will not be going until satisfied as to the eventual position of His Majesty regarding his change of religion. As, however, the king will probably not countenance it, the hope is entertained that we may keep Stenone here."

(*To be continued.*)

OUR HOLY FATHER'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

TO OUR BELOVED SON, JAMES GIBBONS, CARDINAL PRIEST OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH, TITULAR OF ST. MARY'S BEYOND THE TIBER, ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE, AND TO OUR VENERABLE BRETHREN, THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

POPE LEO XIII.

Beloved Son and Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction:

WE have often given manifest proofs, both of Our solicitude for the welfare of the faithful people and Bishops of the United States of America, and of the peculiar affection with which We cherish that portion of Our Saviour's flock. Of this We have given an additional and unmistakable evidence in sending to you as Our Delegate, Our Venerable Brother Francis, Titular Archbishop of Lepanto, an illustrious man, not less pre-eminent by his learning than by his virtues, as you yourselves, in the recent meeting of the Archbishops in New York, have plainly testified, thus confirming the trust which We had reposed in his prudence.

Now, his legation had this for its first object, that it should be a public testimonial of Our good will towards your country, and

of the high esteem in which We hold those who administer the government of the Republic; for he was to assist, in Our name, at the dedication of the Universal Exposition held in the city of Chicago, in which We ourselves, by the courteous invitation of its Directors, have taken part.

But his legation had this, also, for its purpose, that Our presence should be made, as it were, perpetual among you, by the permanent establishment of an Apostolic Delegation at Washington. By this We have manifestly declared not only that We love your nation equally with those most flourishing countries to which We have been accustomed to send representatives vested with Our authority, but, also, that We vehemently desire that the bonds of mutual relationship, binding you and your faithful people with Us as children with their Father, should grow closer every day. Nor was it a small comfort to Our heart that this new act of Our care in your regard was followed by a general outpouring of thanks and affection toward Us.

Now, in Our paternal solicitude for your well-being, We had above all, given command to the Archbishop of Lepanto, that he should use all his endeavors, and all the skill of his fraternal charity, for the extirpation of all the germs of dissension developed in the too well-known controversies, concerning the proper instruction of Catholic youth; a dissension whose flame was fanned by various writings, published on both sides. These commands of ours, Our Venerable Brother fully complied with; and in the month of November of last year, he repaired to New York, where there had assembled with you, beloved son, all the other Archbishops of your country, they having complied with the desire which I had communicated to them through the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, that, after conferring with their suffragans, they should join counsels and deliberate concerning the best method of caring for those Catholic children, who attend the public schools instead of Catholic schools.

The things which you wisely decreed in that meeting were pleasing to the said Archbishop of Lepanto, who bestowed merited praise on your prudence, and expressed his belief that these decrees would prove most useful. This judgment, We also with great pleasure confirm; and to yourself and the other Prelates

then assembled with you, We give deserved praise for having thus opportunely responded to Our counsel and Our expectation. But, at that same time, Our said Venerable Brother, wishing, as it was Our desire, to settle the questions concerning the right instruction of Catholic youth, about which, as above stated, controversy was being waged and writings published with excited minds and angry feelings, laid before you certain propositions, put in shape by himself, touching upon both the theoretical principles of the subject and their practical application. When the meeting of Archbishops had seriously weighed the meaning and bearing of these propositions, and had asked for certain declarations and corrections in them, all this the Archbishop of Lepanto cheerfully complied with, which being done, the distinguished assemblage closed its sessions with a declaration of gratitude and of satisfaction with the way in which he had fulfilled the commission entrusted to him by Us. All this We find in the minutes of the meeting, which you have taken care to send us.

But these propositions of Our Delegate having been inopportunely made public, minds were at once excited and controversies started afresh, which, through false interpretations, and through malignant imputations, scattered abroad in the newspapers, grew more wide-spread and more serious. Then certain prelates of your country, whether displeased with the interpretations put upon some of these propositions, or fearing the harm to souls which it seemed to them might thence result, confided to Us the reason of their anxiety. And We, knowing that the salvation of souls is the supreme law to be ever assiduously borne in mind by Us, wishing moreover to give you another proof of Our solicitous affection, requested that each of you should, in a private letter, fully open his mind to Us on the subject, which was diligently complied with by each one of you. From the examination of these letters it became manifest to Us that some of you found in the propositions no reason for apprehension; while to others it seemed that the propositions partially abrogated the disciplinary law concerning schools enacted by the Council of Baltimore, and they feared that the diversity of interpretations put upon them would engender sad dissensions which would prove detrimental to the Catholic schools.

After carefully weighing the matter, We are intimately convinced that such interpretations are totally alien from the meaning of Our Delegate, as they are assuredly far from the mind of this Apostolic See. For the principal propositions offered by him were drawn from the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and especially declare that Catholic schools are to be most sedulously promoted, and that it is to be left to the judgment and conscience of the Ordinary to decide, according to the circumstances, when it is lawful and when unlawful to attend the public schools. Now if the words of any speaker are so to be taken that the latter part of his discourse shall be understood to agree, and not to disagree, with what he had said before, it is surely both unbecoming and unjust so to explain his later utterances as to make them disagree with the preceding ones. And this is the more true since the meaning of the writer was not at all left obscure. For while presenting his propositions to the distinguished meeting in New York, he expressly declared (as is evident from the minutes) his admiration for the zeal manifested by the Bishops of North America in the most wise decrees enacted by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, for the promotion of the Catholic instruction of the young. He added, moreover, that these decrees, in as far as they contain a general rule of action, are FAITHFULLY to be observed; and that although the public schools are not to be entirely condemned (since cases may occur, as the Council itself had foreseen, in which it is lawful to attend them), still, every endeavor should be made to multiply Catholic schools, and to bring them to perfect equipment. But in order that, in a matter of so grave importance, there may remain no further room for doubt, or for dissension of opinions, as We have already declared in Our letter of the 23d of May, of last year, to Our Venerable Brethren, the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of New York, so We again, as far as need be, declare that the decrees which the Baltimore Councils, agreeably to the directions of the Holy See, have enacted concerning parochial schools, and whatever else has been prescribed by the Roman Pontiffs, whether directly, or through the Sacred Congregations, concerning the same matter are to be steadfastly observed.

Wherefore We confidently hope (and your devotedness to Us

and to the Apostolic See increases Our confidence) that, having put away every cause of error and all anxiety, you will work together with hearts united in perfect charity, for the wider and wider spread of the Kingdom of God in your immense country. But while industriously laboring for the glory of God and the salvation of the souls entrusted to your care, strive also to promote the welfare of your fellow-citizens and to prove the earnestness of your love for your country, so that they who are entrusted with the administration of the government, may clearly recognize how strong an influence for the support of public order and for the advancement of public prosperity is to be found in the Catholic Church.

And as to yourself, Beloved Son, We know for certain that you will not only communicate to Our other Venerable Brethren in the United States, this Our mind which it hath seemed good to Us to make known to you, but that you will also strive with all your power that, the controversy being not only calmed, but totally ended, as is so greatly to be desired, the minds which have been excited by it may peacefully be united in mutual good will.

Meanwhile, as a pledge of Our affection, We most lovingly in the Lord bestow upon you, and upon Our said Venerable Brethren, and upon the clergy and faithful people entrusted to your care, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, from St. Peter's on the 31st day of May, in the year 1893, the sixteenth year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII. POPE.

CARD. RAMPOLLA'S NOTE TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.

"I herewith transmit to your Eminence the pontifical letter upon the noted school question. I do not doubt but that your Eminence will read with pleasure its contents, and I hope that the important document will see calm re-established in the minds of all who have been interested in this question. It is the desire of the Holy Father that your Eminence would kindly have the letter printed and distributed to all the Bishops of the United States. I would remain, with profound respect, your Eminence's devoted servant,

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA."

DOMINICAN SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

J. D. F.

ST. DOMINIC.—AUGUST 4th.

ST. DOMINIC, the illustrious founder of the Dominican order, was born at Seville in Spain. It is related that some time before the birth of the saint his mother was favored by a vision in which she beheld a dog carrying a torch in his mouth, with which he seemed to be setting the world on fire. At first she was much alarmed, for she looked upon this sign from heaven as an evil omen that foreboded an unhappy career for the child she was soon to give to the world. It was, however, revealed to her that St. Dominic would be a faithful watchdog of the Catholic Church, who would set the world on fire by the torch of his burning faith. When Dominic was brought to the font of baptism all were amazed at the appearance of a bright, beautiful star, hovering over the child's forehead. Of his childhood little is recorded until he reached the age of fourteen, when he began the study of theology. After ordination he was chiefly conspicuous for his missionary labors and zeal. There was no limit to his travels, and when the Albigensian heresy broke out, he labored with almost superhuman effort to bring back Christians to a sense of their duty. To advance his purpose more effectually, he founded an order which was to become famous for its preaching and learning, while at the same time it was to accomplish its ends as much by prayer and contemplation as by active labor. After a life of unremittant labor and prayer this holy man of God went to receive his reward from his Divine Master, while throughout time his memory and his name will be cherished and revered by generations of men who live under and are guided by his rule.

BLESSED AUGUSTINE.—8th.

Blessed Augustine of Traguri in Dalmatia, came of parents who were conspicuous for their high rank, fortune, and influence. It

seemed, however that they never allowed their high position in life to interfere with the more important concerns of religion. Their chief care was to give to Augustine—the promising child of their deep-seated affection—an education which, while qualifying him for the important position of honor they expected he would fill in the world, would at the same time make of him a true and faithful member of the Church. Augustine was destined rather to fulfil the latter object of their hearts' desire than the former. For the world had but little attraction for him. His chief ambition was to become a priest, and when God gratified this he was but too ready to accept the humiliations and discomfitures of a Friar-Preacher for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. He was possessed of marvellous talents which were brought to their full development under the illustrious Doctor of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas. These he used so effectually in combating heresy that everywhere his labors were crowned with a success that won the admiration and wonder of all hearts. Worn out by labors and trials, this ever faithful servant of God resigned his soul into the hands of his divine Master and Model in the year 1323, in the seventieth year of his age.

BLESSED JOHN OF SALERNO.—9th.

Blessed John of Salerno early evinced a spirit of extraordinary piety. Born of pious, Christian parents, whose only desire was to serve God, it was not strange that this son of predilection should exemplify in his life and character something of the same spirit that ruled the parent. Scarcely had reason dawned when a natural tendency to a saintly life began to show itself in his conduct. This led him to aim at a position in life where he might the more entirely abandon himself to the service of God. So we find him soon a priest of God in the Dominican order, having received the habit and the benefit of personal instruction from St. Dominic himself. Long after the death of the saintly founder, Blessed John continued to imitate as nearly as possible the virtues and penances of St. Dominic, and like this great saint, after having accomplished wonders amongst the heretical sects of his time, died the death of the just at Florence, where for many years his re-

mains were honored by pilgrimages made by pious Catholics, who came to ask his prayers and intercession.

ST. HYACINTH.—16th.

St. Hyacinth, a native of Poland, is recorded among the first who joined the Order of St. Dominic after its institution. St. Hyacinth received his early training under the direction of his uncle, a pious priest of Cracow, Poland. When afterwards his uncle was elevated to the Episcopacy, he journeyed with him to Rome, together with his brother Ceslaus. At that time the fame of St. Dominic's success as a missionary amongst the Albigensians was spread through Europe. This led Hyacinth and his brother to conceive the idea of joining this illustrious Spaniard who was accomplishing so much for the salvation of souls. Their minds were soon made up, and travelling to France where St. Dominic was, they begged to be admitted to his new order. Their request was no sooner complied with than they began to prepare by prayer and penance for the great work of rescuing souls from the power and influence of evil communications. After a brief space of time spent in the practice of a religious life, Hyacinth was sent back to his native land, where faith and morals had become extremely lax. It was not long before God rewarded his zeal and labor by the sight of countless heretics brought back to the faith. Norway, Sweden, and Russia afterwards became the field of his most active labors, and frequently greater force was given to his words by the wonderful gift of miracles which he possessed. Towards the end of his life, he was miraculously informed of the hour and day he would die—it was to be on the Feast of the Assumption. For this he prepared with redoubled zeal, and when he felt that his hour was come, he summoned his brethren about him, and with much earnestness exhorted them to be faithful to their vocation.

BLESSED AMELIA.—17th.

Blessed Amelia, of noble ancestry, was early given to practices of the most extraordinary piety. Her parents dying and leaving her an immense fortune, she devoted it principally towards the erection and support of a monastery, which she dedicated to our Lord, under the patronage of St. Dominic. Soon she gathered about

her companions who were eager for a life of perfection. The reputation for holiness that Blessed Amelia obtained, even in the world, brought to her new enterprise subjects who were descendants of the most noble families of her times. Her powerful influence and example had the effect of moulding such souls into perfect religious, so that it might be said that her convent possessed not only a superioress of exalted sanctity, but likewise a community that reflected the same in its observance of religious discipline. She was especially devoted to the practice of meditation on the passion of our Divine Lord, which, no doubt, obtained for her the privilege of dying on the feast of "the exaltation of the cross," in the year 1340.

BLESSED JAMES OF MAVANIA.

Blessed James of Mavania in Umbria was born of parents who were especially solicitous for the spiritual welfare of their child. Nor was this untiring solicitude left unrewarded, for we read in the life of this saint a steady onward progress in virtue that developed into the heroic sanctity of the saint of God. When quite young he entered the Order of St. Dominic, where he displayed such extraordinary virtues under trying ordeals that the observant eye of the community could not but see in all he did and said the will of God. His ambition was to follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of St. Dominic. Three times each night he arose to discipline his body, even to blood. Continually he wore about his loins a girdle of iron. But with all his penances he felt that he was but imperfectly serving God, and at times he gave himself up to a spirit of depression. On one occasion when he was more than ordinarily cast down, he had a vision in which he beheld our Lord stretched on the cross, and from the lips of our Saviour came the words, "This blood is a sign of your salvation." This ever afterwards gave him courage and strength, and when the moment of his death approached, he had the peculiar happiness of beholding our Lord and His Blessed Mother, St. George, Martyr, and St. Dominic standing near his bedside. After three hundred years his body was exhumed and found to be perfectly preserved.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

St. Rose of Lima is especially revered as the saint of America.

When an infant she was christened Isabel, but one day a beautiful rose appeared to rest on her face, which seemed so strange and miraculous to her parents and relations that they determined to call her Rose instead of Isabel. How remarkable was the life of a child who at the tender age of five years consecrated herself by a vow to virginity to our Lord. Surely God must have marked her out for His own before she was born. Her natural beauty, the complexion of her countenance, the symmetry of her form—all that nature could lavish on a child was concentrated in this, our saint of America. What reason is there for surprise that our Divine Lord visited her with many favors and privileges! On one occasion we read in her life that our Blessed Lord appeared to her and said: "Why art thou attached to flowers which the sun causes to fade? Am I not the flower of the fields, infinitely more precious than all those which thou raised in thy garden with so much care? Thou art a flower, and thou lovest flowers. O Rose, give Me thy love; know that it is I who culled thee, that thou mayest no longer give any creature a share in that heart which belongs to Me." Nor was our Lord's appeal unheeded. Twelve hours were daily given to contemplation, yet she was never known to neglect her other duties. Ever ready to assist others by her council and labors, she was constantly solicited for aid and advice by those who knew and admired her sanctity. This never injured her humility. She had the lowest opinion of herself, and was never heard to speak in a loud tone of voice, and her gentle manners caused people to say, that though called a Rose, she had none of its thorns. The period of her last illness drawing near, St. Rose went to the chapel of the Rosary, where she made an act of resignation to the frightful sufferings which she knew were to end her existence. Just before her death she begged her brother to take away the bolster and to put pieces of wood in its place. Lying on the hard wood like her Divine Spouse on the cross, she twice repeated the words "Jesus be with me," and then the first flower of sanctity in the New World, the lovely Indian Rose of the Old Dominican Order, was presented by the glorious patriarch of the Friars-Preachers to the Lord who had called her the rose of His heart.

EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER.

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

SEVENTH PETITION.—*But deliver us from evil.* We have seen how our Lord taught us to ask forgiveness for our sins and the grace to avoid temptations; now He instructs us to ask for preservation from evil. This petition is general, embracing all manner of evils—sins, infirmities, afflictions,—as St. Augustine observes.

But what was said about sin and temptation applies also to all other evils, such as the adversities and afflictions of this world.

Almighty God, our provident Father, delivers His children from them in a fourfold manner. First, by preventing the affliction. But this happens rarely, because in this world the just are afflicted, according to the testimony of St. Paul: “*All who will live piously in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.*” (2 Tim. iii.) Still, God sometimes grants certain persons immunity from persecution, foreseeing that they would be powerless to resist, just as a physician will refuse to give his sinking patient violent medicines.

“*Behold I have given thee a door opened which no man can shut: because thou hast a little strength.*” (Apoc. iii. 8.)

“*In six troubles, says Job (v. 19), He shall deliver thee, and in the seventh, evil shall not touch thee.*” “*They will not hunger; neither will they thirst any more.*” (Apoc. vii.)

Secondly, God delivers by consoling us in our afflictions; for if God did not sustain us in our distress, all would be over with us. “*We were pressed out of measure above our strength.*” (2 Cor. i. 8.) *But God, who consoles the humble, also consoles us.* (Ps. xciii.)

Thirdly, God hearkens to this petition by showering so many benefits on the distressed that the evils will be forgotten. “*After the storm you give tranquillity.*” (Tobias iii.)

Thus, then, the afflictions and tribulations of this world are not to be feared, for they may be endured as well on account of the mingled consolation as of their shortness. “*For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.*” (2 Cor. iv. 17.)

Fourthly, because temptation and tribulation are changed into

good. Therefore we are not taught to say: *Deliver us from tribulations*, but, *from evil*; because tribulations are the material from which the crowns of saints are made. Well, therefore, may they glory in their tribulations; accordingly we hear St. Paul cry out (Rom. v.): "*We glory in our tribulations; knowing that tribulation worketh patience.*" "In time of *tribulation Thou dost forgive sins.*" (Tobias iii.)

Hence God *delivers* us from evil and tribulations by converting them into benefits, which is a proof of the most profound wisdom, because it is the part of wisdom to turn evil into good.

This is effected by the patience with which tribulations are borne. All the other virtues are exercised about that which is good (*utuntur bonis*), but patience is exercised about that which is evil, and hence it is required only for that which is evil. "*The learning of a man is known by his patience.*" (Prov. xix.) Hence the Holy Ghost makes us ask, through the gift of wisdom, and by it we attain that beatitude which peace brings in its train; because we obtain peace by patience always. Therefore, too, are peacemakers called the children of God, because they are like unto God; since as nothing whatsoever can harm Him, so neither prosperity nor adversity can prevail against them.

"Blessed indeed, then, are the peacemakers, because they shall be called the children of God."

AMEN—so be it—is the general confirmation of all the petitions.

SIMON the Cyrenean willingly consented to perform the painful and laborious task of assisting the Saviour to bear the burden of His cross; his compassionate soul was rewarded by the gift of faith. But this recompense did not satisfy the loving heart of Jesus. One man helped Him to carry His cross; in recognition of this service He volunteers to assist in carrying the crosses of all. He is, in the Blessed Eucharist, the divine Cyrenean of humanity.—*Translated from the French of V. Rev. J. M. L. Monsalré, O. P.*

"WHETHER a man is happy or not is not to be known before his death," said Solon to Cræsus.

The Children of the Rosary.



LOOKING FOR BABY.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

THEY'VE got a little baby
Over in Lucy Lowe's;
She grew out in the garden—
Because her name is Rose.
They pulled up flowers and found her,
Nurse says; of course, she knows.

I'd like a baby-Lily
Just like the one who died;
She was so sweet and pretty—
But, oh, dear! how she cried!
I wonder could I find one—
Perhaps so, if I tried.

There're some real pretty flowers
Out in my garden, too;
They're just as nice as Lucy's,
Where that Rose-baby grew.
I'll find a baby-Lily—
That's just what I will do!

Alas! for creamy Lilies,
 Alas! for tulips gay,
 By chubby hands uprooted
 Upon the ground they lay!
 For not a flower save Roses
 Did baby spare that day.

"There's not a baby-Lily
 Hid anywhere," she sighed.
 "I guess they're all Rose-babies
 Like Lucy Lowe's," then cried;
 "I can't get one—the bushes,
 They hurt me when I tried."

* * * * *

'Tis thus God's grown-up children
 Reap heart-aches oft, and woe:
 Midst flowers of earthly pleasure
 They seek on earth below,
 For joys that only Heaven
 Can unto them bestow.

A FAIRY TALE.

LOLO BROWN.

"TELL us a story, aunty, will you please?"

"Ah! yes, do! one that will just make us shiver!"

"Well, children, here is one that my uncle John says is just as true as the gospel. It will not make you shiver; but I remember well the strange feelings that came over me when first I heard it. So here it is.

Once upon a time in County Sligo, Ireland, there lived a poor farmer and his loving wife, Judy. All their earthly possessions consisted of a cow, a cabin, and a small piece of ground, from which they derived a living for themselves and their milk-producing quadruped.

Michael, for such was the farmer's name, took great pride in his cow; her equal wasn't to be had in the town land. But, alas! she fell suddenly sick and died.

The poor man was nearly heart-broken, but he decided to buy another, and this one he would watch carefully so that the fairies would not take *her* as they had the other, without doubt.

According to his wishes, Judy was to watch the cow by day, and at night he would tie her in a corner of the cabin and bolt the door so that no one could enter to milk her, as that was the way the fairies would obtain power over her.

Michael went to bed, but not to sleep. He lay wide awake, jealously watching his "little brown *dermin*" in the corner. All went well until the clock struck the midnight hour, when suddenly the door slowly creaked open, and ten little women, dressed in red caps, and skirts of the same color, and blue jackets, entered the cabin, seated themselves around the fireplace, talked and nodded, and laughed, and seemed to be quite at their ease.

Michael was too frightened to awaken Judy, who slept soundly by his side. With dilated eyes he watched their every movement, while his tongue was powerless to utter a word of remonstrance, and there was a lump in his throat that almost choked him.

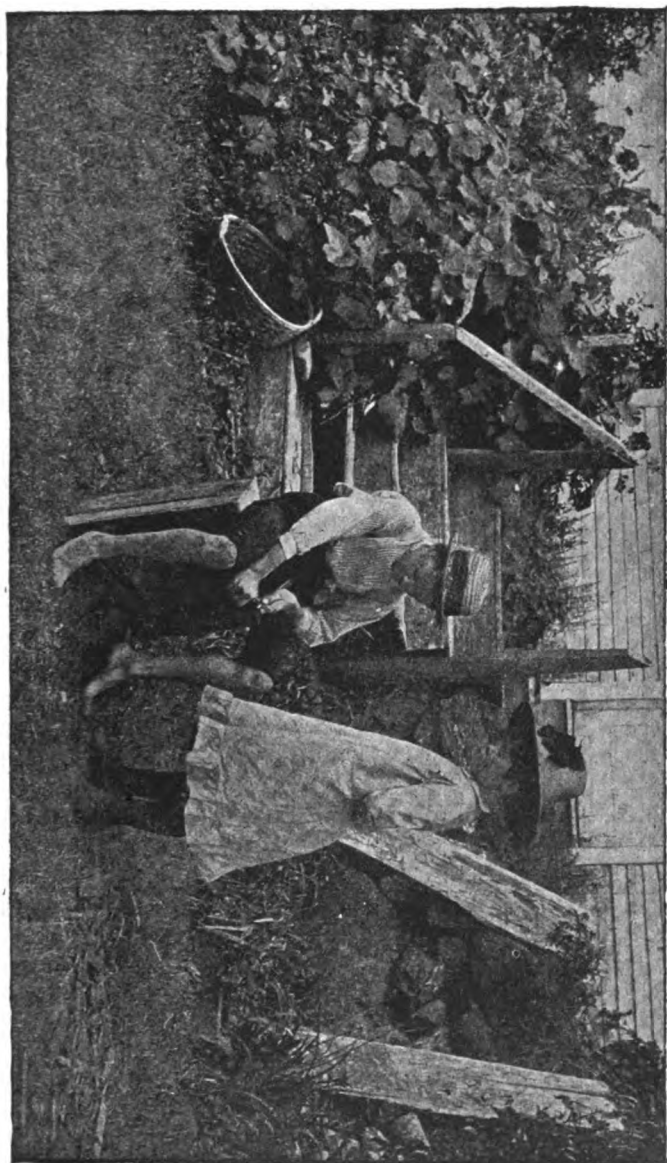
At last one of the fairies who seemed to be the leader, said: 'I think it's about time to milk the cow,' to which they all replied with much nodding of their hooded heads: 'I think so too.' Whereupon, the leader of the group took a two-quart pail from the dresser and proceeded to milk the cow, while the others busied themselves with searching for cups, from which they drank the foaming white beverage, laughing and chatting all the while.

'He's looking at us,' said one, shyly glancing at Michael; 'I don't care,' said the second. 'Neither do I.' 'Neither do I,' they all chimed forth. Poor Michael's heart beat faster, and his hair stood on end; still he was unable to move a muscle. 'Hadn't we better milk her again?' said the first one. 'Yes, of course;' 'take all she'll give!' were the exclamations from all.

The pail was filled the second time to overflowing, drank, and after replacing the pail and cups as they had found them, they each nodded to Michael and departed.

Next morning Michael found the door bolted as he left it the night before. He told Judy what had taken place; they knew it was useless to work against the fairies. Sure enough, their cow took sick and died, despite their efforts to save her."

RECONCILIATION.



Notes.

THE ROSARY will pay no attention to anonymous contributions, nor can it be expected to return MSS. unless postage stamps are enclosed for that purpose.

We want agents to canvass for THE ROSARY in every city. Write for credentials, enclosing a letter of recommendation from your parish priest.

We are very thankful for all the kind words of praise that have recently been bestowed upon THE ROSARY for '93, by subscribers renewing, and for the cheering words of encouragement that have been said to us.

We take this occasion to express our sincere appreciation for this great kindness on the part of our friends and well-wishers.

And now we make bold to ask them to follow up their kindness of heart by speaking a good word for us to their neighbors who are as yet not subscribers. You know what is said about "buttering parsnips." And you know too that every Catholic family and every individual Catholic ought to be well-informed about the Rosary, the queen of devotions. So if you know of a person who, you think, would subscribe, send us his or her address, and we will send a sample copy.

The Catholic schools have once more carried off the palm in the competitive examinations for West Point.

Is it the system or is it the stuff that is found in our parochial schools? or is it the harmonious blending of both which brings the much-despised Catholic schools to the forefront?

Some of the New York papers, with a few exceptions, have continued to poke fun at Chicago from the day that Congress decided to hold the World's Fair in the Garden City.

Now they solemnly declare that the Exposition will be a failure; that it requires a mint of money and an unlimited supply of self-assurance (familiarily called cheek) to go to Chicago; that even then one is in proximate danger of being fleeced or sandbagged, or foully dealt with.

If there were but an inkling of unselfishness and broad-mindedness in these Gotham journals they would recognize the fact, as they must some day, that there never was a fair equal to the Chicago Fair, and whether it will be a success

financially or not, morally it will be a Godsend to the world, and the best testimony that was ever offered in justification of Catholicity. It sends the mind back beyond the mountain of Protestant misrepresentation, back because it commemorates an event back of the very inception of Protestantism itself. Catholics have everything to be proud of in all that is great, good, and true in the Columbian Exposition.

Protestantism comes out at the small end of the horn, this year, more so than ever before. It grumbled about Columbus, and now it questions the faith of Leif Erikson. A writer in the New York *Sun* (June 28) thus disposes of this latter charge:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: I noted with regret in one of the daily journals of this morning that a remark was attributed to Capt. Andersen, of the Viking ship, implying that his great predecessor, in navigating the western ocean, Leif Erikson, was not a Catholic. Will you kindly allow space to correct this impression?

I quote from "Beamish's Discovery of America by the Northmen," page 79:

"From the Henskringla, or History of the Norwegian Kings, according to the second vellum Codex of the Arnas Magnæan Collection, No. 45, folio:

"The same winter [A. D. 999-1000, "Antiquitates Americanæ," p. 191, note 6] was Leif, the son of Erik the Red, with King Olaf, in good repute and embraced Christianity. But the summer that Gisur went to Iceland, King Olaf sent Leif to Greenland in order to make known Christianity there; he sailed the same summer to Greenland. He found in the sea some people on a wreck and helped them; the same time discovered he Vinland the Good, and came in harvest to Greenland. He had with him a priest and other clerks, and went to dwell at Brattalid with Erik, his father. Men called him afterward Leif the Lucky."

The Ritualists are berated every now and then by one Catholic journal or another for "aping Catholic ceremonies," for using incense and candles, and vestments and crucifixes,—in short, for having everything but the soul of Catholicity.

Rather are they to be praised for having removed so much of the mountain of prejudice and ignorance and bigotry

under which the old faith had been buried. It is silly to think that all these groping, earnest, and devout men are playing a part.

Ritualism no doubt stops many a one who had deserted the dry husks of Protestantism and was returning to his Father's house, because with its ceremonies which speak to the senses it is able to offer soothing consolation to the soul. What then must the reality be if the soulless forms can thus charm and soothe. Ritualism is preparing minds and hearts for the old forms whom the rightful heir could never reach, to whom the one who lawfully possesses all these beautiful and instructive ceremonies with their sum and centre, the Real Presence—Emmanuel—could never speak.

God grant that the patient and suffering, and misrepresented and vilified, and forgiving old Church may be made known to all, even to those who turned their backs upon her, and especially to those who, like children snatched from their own mother's bosom, have never had a mother's training, have never known a mother's love, and have never been able to recognize, honor, and obey their truest, best, and most abiding friend. And the honest and upright seeker will surely and infallibly find the truth, and the way, and the life.

The following is an extract from a letter of Rev. Bertrand Cathonay, O.P., recently received :

"Amongst the many things I heard which could be of some interest for your readers, I will begin by relating an extraordinary proof of the goodness of the Blessed Virgin. A few days ago I went to see a family for whom I had a message from friends in Trinidad. What was my surprise and grief when they related to me that on the 9th of May their large house of business caught fire and was burned to the ground. Nothing of value escaped the devouring flames. The loss is estimated at about one million of dollars, partially covered by insurance. But what is a consolation in our trial, said to me the Christian lady, is the proof of affection and love which the blessed

Mother of God has given to us. Everything in the house was burned and destroyed except her statue. What was the admiration of the people the day after the fire to see a piece of the small altar still hanging against the wall, and on it a large globe of glass, unbroken, though quite black with the smoke, and under the globe the smiling statue of the Blessed Virgin, as white as ever. How is it that the roof and several stories which fell did not shiver this glass to atoms? How is it that the roaring fire, which was ascending some hundred feet in this place, did not destroy the entire piece of wood supporting the globe? It is not because the holy image of the Mother of God was there? Many pious persons believe it, and such is the belief of our friends, so terribly tried by the recent calamity which befell them.

I may say that this instance is not the first I have heard of in similar cases. In the year 1881, in a town called Romanus, (the birthplace of Blessed Humbert, the fifth general of our Order), during the month of May a large picture of the Blessed Virgin had been painted and erected high on a wooden altar in the Church of St. Bernard. One night during the devotions the altar caught fire, and everything was burnt down except the frame. It was blackened, but the picture remained untouched.

Two years ago you heard probably of the disastrous cyclone which swept away all the dwellings on the island of Martinique in the lesser Antilles, killing on the spot over 500 persons, and causing such devastation as it is difficult to imagine.

On the hill called *Morne rouge* there was a revered sanctuary, of *Notre Dame de la Delivrande*, to which many pilgrims used to resort in order to implore the blessings of Mary. Not only the roof of this sanctuary was blown down on that fatal night of the 18th August, 1891, but the walls were levelled with the ground; altars and everything were crushed by the heavy materials, *except the statue of Our Lady*, which appeared the next morning, smiling above the ruins!

FIFTEEN SUNDAYS.

L'Année Dominicaine says: All Rosarians know that members of the Confraternity have the custom of sanctifying in a special manner either the *Fifteen Saturdays* or *any fifteen consecutive Saturdays* during the year. The Sovereign Pontiffs have in the past enriched this devotion with indulgences reserved to

the members of the Confraternity only. Leo. XIII. granted by a decree of the 21 Sept., 1891, to all the faithful who practise this devotion, a plenary indulgence, at choice, and seven years and seven lents, on each of the other *fourteen Saturdays*. The condition for gaining these indulgences are: Confession, Com-

munion, and the recitation of a chaplet (5 decades) or meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary.

Many of the faithful who could not by reason of their occupation attend to the Saturday exercises have earnestly petitioned the Holy Father to grant them the privilege of gaining all the indulgences of the devotion, provided they comply with all the conditions on *fifteen consecutive* Sundays.

By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated 17th Sept., 1892., His Holiness granted the favor asked for.

We are more than pleased to be able to testify to the fact that the Shrine of St. Catharine of Ricci, sacredly guarded by the Dominican Sisters in Albany, N. Y., is fast becoming celebrated as a place of pilgrimage for the bodily and spiritual ailments of many a distressed sufferer.

The good Sisters are not as well known to our people as they deserve to be known. Besides the shrine containing a veritable relic of the angelic St. Catharine's miraculously preserved body, which has become an object of the faithful's veneration, they have also very commodious apartments for ladies who desire to spend some days in the exercises of a spiritual retreat. We advise those of our lady readers who wish to advance themselves with solid spiritual profit to try and see what a retreat of this kind will do. Write the Sisters for further information.

The subjoined letter, in grateful recognition of the favors bestowed on pilgrims to St. Catharine's shrine, will be read with interest.

J. M. ✠ D. C.

DOMINICAN MONASTERY,
"OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART,"
886 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

In our chapel in Albany, we have had, for six years past, a shrine, dedicated to the holy patroness of our Congregation, St. Catharine de Ricci. This shrine occupies a side chapel, where, beneath an altar to our Lady of the Rosary, lies a waxen image of the saint, in the habit of her order. This figure encloses veritable relics of her body, brought by our Sisters from her Monastery at Prato, where the actual body still reposes in a position similar to that of our fac-simile. In connection with this shrine special devotions have sprung up. The memorial of the saint is made daily among us, and a monthly Novena is offered, at which persons from without are free to send in requests for particular intentions.

Since these devotions have been undertaken by us, many instances have been brought to our notice in which prayers offered, both for spiritual and for temporal favors, had been so strikingly answered that we could not but feel we had received a visible proof of the protection of our saintly patroness, and of her interposition on our behalf.

Many times we have been urged by friends to publish some account of the most remarkable of these favors, but, thus far, we have contented ourselves with simply offering our devout thanksgivings to our Lord and to St. Catharine for their gracious acceptance of our prayers. On farther instance, however, it occurred to us that, for the honor of our holy mother, who was so illustrious a member of the Order of St. Dominic, it might not be unfitting to send some brief record of these favors to the readers of THE ROSARY.

In regard to the spiritual favors granted, we feel we may safely point to them as evidences of St. Catharine's effectual intercession; with regard to temporal favors received, especially in the case of cures, occurring after application of the relics, we would speak carefully and with reserve, simply stating a few of the facts which have come under our personal observation, because, while we cannot but feel, that, in many instances, these cures have been of a decidedly miraculous character, yet it has not always been possible for us to search out each case with the care and exactness one should exercise before pronouncing positively upon its character. The fact, however, that a number of cures have occurred, after a Novena has been held, or after the relics of the saint has been applied to persons seeking to be healed, is certainly undeniable, however explained.

To speak first of spiritual favors; Mr. McC—, a house contractor of this city, had been for nine years living separated from his wife and family; this separation was a cause of great suffering to them; at length, his sister came to us, before one of our monthly Novenas, and besought St. Catharine's intercession on behalf of her brother. Soon after the Novena, the husband visited his family, a reconciliation was effected, and they have now been living happily together for nearly a year.

A few months since, we received a letter from a young girl (A.K.) in Troy, who requested to have a lamp burned before the shrine of St. Catharine, during the Novena, for the conversion of her brother. This brother had been leading an immoral and dissipated life for years, and his reform seemed hopeless. "After the Novena had begun," his sister writes us, the brother "began to attend Mass, made his Confession, received the Blessed Sacrament," and up to this date has led a changed life.

A wife in this city had long been praying for the conversion of her husband, whose drunkenness was a cause of sorrow and disgrace to her. One evening she succeeded in persuading him to enter our chapel. The confessional was open, and the husband consented to remain while his wife made her confession. But what was her surprise, on returning to her place, to see her husband rise and enter the confessional. Next Sunday he received Holy Communion in our Chapel, and since that time, some months ago, has not tasted liquor. With regard to temporal favors we will limit ourselves to the mention of two cures, although we could extend the list to a considerable length. Amy Myers, a girl of seventeen, daughter of Thomas and Julien Myers, residing in Amsterdam, N. J., had lost the use of her voice for two years, and her case had been "given up" by her physician, Dr. Hyland; hearing, in some way, of our shrine, she came to our house and spent three days with us. On Saturday evening, while kneeling in the chapel, she resolved to attempt to make her confession, which she found herself able to do in a whisper. The next morning, she received Holy Communion, and, after Mass, meeting one of the Commun-

ity in the hall, she exclaimed, in a distinct voice: "Oh, Mother, I'm cured; I can speak as well as you!"

A little girl of six years was brought to us from Cohoes, in a carriage, by her father. Her eyes were closed and extremely sore and inflamed. The father told us that she had undergone some medical operation for her eyes, but the effect had apparently been the reverse of beneficial, and the doctor could suggest nothing more. On application of the relic the child opened her eyes.

She was taken home, but a day later the father returned and told us that the inflammation had disappeared and that his child was cured.

This is a very brief selection from among the remarkable answers we have received to our prayers, but I will not tax you farther. In closing, I would only say that we are always happy to receive any requests for special intentions which may be sent us. They should be mailed so as to reach us by the 5th of each month, as our Novena begins on that day.

Your humble servants in Christo,

DOMINICAN SISTERS

of the Congregation of S. C. di Ricci.

BOOK NOTICES.

MEMOIRS OF CHAPLAIN-LIFE, by Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C. 391 pp., 12 mo., price \$1.50. Scholastic print, Notre Dame, Ind.

The history of the Civil War would be incomplete without the testimony of the intrepid heroes who accompanied the soldiers upon the battlefield, to administer to their spiritual needs. Father Corby, C. S. C., has placed the American people in his debt by this, his latest contribution. It is a very valuable book, and besides containing the experiences of the author, there are also sketches of other army chaplains, and two chapters of the book are taken up with the account written by the Rev. C. L. Egan, O. P. Chapter after chapter of the book is written in an entertaining, concise, and pungent style, interspersed with good stories and pathetic scenes, of which every priest's life has its share.

Undoubtedly the most sublime and thrilling incident related in the book is the description of the absolution of sins solemnly imparted to the soldiers of the Irish Brigade by the Rev. Fr. Corby. "In performing the ceremony, I faced the army. My eye covered thousands of officers and men. I noticed that *all*, Catholic and non-Catholic, officers and private soldiers, showed a profound respect, wishing at this fatal

crisis to receive every benefit of divine grace that could be imparted through the instrumentality of the Church ministry. Even Major-Gen. Hancock removed his hat, and as far as compatible with the situation, bowed in reverential devotion. That general absolution was intended for all *in quantum possum*—not only for our brigade, but for all, North or South, who were susceptible of it, and who were about to appear before their Judge."

A LADY is the name of Miss Lelia Hardin Bugg's latest book. It is published by Benziger Bros., (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago), in white and gold, and sells for \$1.00.

Like Maurice Francis Egan's new book, "A Gentleman," it purports to set before the young, and the old, too, for that matter, the principal rules for the well ordering of good, refined society. But unlike the latter book, "A Lady" drifts away into little details here and there, pointing out what "is the proper thing for gentlemen to do."

Some of the authoress's statements are extravagant, others fanciful; *e.g.*, on page 56, a lady gravely avers that "He does not slap a friend on the back, punch him in the ribs," and so on. All very true, but what has a lady to do with it?

But there is such a dash and swing about everything that Miss Bugg writes, that this her latest venture is sure to have a wide circulation. It might perhaps with more propriety be termed a book on Etiquette, than *A Lady*, as it has very sensible things to tell all who aspire to be ladies and gentlemen in their social intercourse.

APPLES RIPE AND ROSY, SIR, and other stories, by Mary C. Crowley.

Reprinted from *The "Ave Maria,"* and a delightful collection they are, truly, to gladden the hearts of boys and girls and arrest the attention of their elders also.

We acknowledge receipt from Benziger Bros., New York, of *THE PICTURE OF THE HOLY FAMILY*. A fine crayon, 22x28 inches in size. Price, 50 cts.

This is the picture which Our Holy Father hopes will be found in every Catholic household, as he desires all Catholic families to be enrolled in The Holy Family Association.

Benziger Brothers have also published

a manual of the association. And it cannot but be that God will bless the homes in which these reminders of the happiest family that ever graced our earth are found.

The Bancroft Company, Chicago and San Francisco, announces the forthcoming:

BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, by Hubert Howe Bancroft.

This book, which should be in every American home, reproduces in print the Columbian Exposition. It is therefore profusely illustrated. It gives in brief a history of all preceding fairs and expositions, and is artistically attractive in all its features.

The work will consist of 1,000 folio pages, in 25 parts of 40 pages each. Two parts will appear each month at the rate of \$1.00 a part.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Among the noted articles in the *July Cosmopolitan* are the continuation of Flammarion's wierd, but very interesting sketch, entitled: "Omega, The Last Days of the World." Charles De Kay contributes "A Turning-point in the Arts."

In the *July North American Review*, the Duke of Veragua, who so recently was the Nation's guest, writes of "The Family of Columbus," and the Countess of Aberdeen has an article on "Ireland at the World's Fair."

AUGUST ROSARY.

INTENTIONS.

The prayers of Rosarians are asked for the welfare of Our Holy Mother, the Church, for the needs of the Pope, and for several special intentions: The conversion of a father to the faith, also the conversion of 4 others; grace to resist a certain temptation; for the return of a wayward child; for tidings from an absent brother; for the worthy reception of the B. Sacrament; for the departed souls, 17; for temporal favors, 19; spiritual favors, 471; special intentions, 1171; sinners, 30; sick, 30; reconciliation, 1; employment for one; the conversion of three to the faith; a happy marriage for two; for Mary Walsh, deceased; Ann McKnight, who died in New York on June 8, '93; for Patrick and Margaret Duffy, deceased.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

August 4. Feast of St. Dominic.

C.C. Plenary Indulgence.

August 6. First Sunday of the month. Three plenary Indulgences.

a) C.C. In Rosary Church: prayers.

b) C.C. Visit Rosary Church.

c) Assist at procession; prayers.

August 10. St. Laurence, Martyr—2d Cl. feast.

C.C. Plenary Indulgence.

August 16. St. Hyacinth, Confessor. 2d Cl. feast.

C.C. Plenary Indulgence.

August 20. St. Joachim, Father of B. V. 2d Cl. feast.

C.C. Plenary Indulgence.

August 24. St. Bartholomew, Apostle. 2d Cl. feast.

C.C. Plenary Indulgence.

August 28. St. Augustine, Conf. 2d Cl. feast.

C.C. Plenary Indulgence.

August 30. St. Rose of Lima. 2d Cl. feast.

C.C. Plenary Indulgence.



"MOTHER-LOVE."



VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

No. 5.

"WHAT WE OWE TO THE SUMMA OF ST. THOMAS."

VERY REV. L. F. KEARNEY, O.P., S. T. L.

THE *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas, according to the admission of all who are acquainted with it, is the greatest masterpiece of human wisdom that the world has yet known. Its excellence consists in this, that it is the most perfect work that reason has put forth for the development, the support, and the defence of divine revelation. In order to determine and to appreciate what we owe to it, it is necessary that we have a clear understanding of what is meant by reason and revelation, and of the relations which they bear to each other.

There are two orders or classes of objective truths that may be known by an intellect. They are the natural and the supernatural. Natural truths are all those that can be understood by the unaided powers of the mind which God has given us. This mind is also called reason, and it is a faculty whose very nature it is to manifest objective realities. Just as the sun illumines corporeal creatures, so that they are visible to the eye of the body, so does the native light of reason render certain objects visible to the intellect. These objects are almost limitless in number. The existence and the attributes of the infinite, the relations between the infinite and the finite, the creation and government of the universe,

¹ A lecture delivered at the Catholic Summer School, Plattsburgh, N. Y., July 31, 1893.

the immutability of finite essences and the necessary principles founded thereon, the moral precepts of the law of nature, the spirituality and immortality of the human soul, the laws of thought, the essence and properties of bodies,—all these with their endless sub-divisions come under the head of natural truths. All these man's intellect, absolutely speaking, is capable of knowing of its own forces and by its own light, without assistance from an extrinsic source.

There are other truths which transcend the knowing faculty that nature has given to man ; truths which lie beyond the plane of reason. That faculty is finite, and is therefore essentially limited. And hidden away in the depths of the infinite there is a very world of objects to which it can never penetrate. Just as the rays of the sun cannot illumine the things that lie deep down in the bowels of the earth, so neither can reason light the way to the mysteries that are concealed in the mind of God. The Trinity of Persons in the unity of Divine Essence, the elevation of man to the order of grace, his subsequent fall, the incarnation of the Eternal Word, the redemption by Him effected, the supernatural means instituted by Him for the communication of the fruits of redemption to individual souls, the supernatural Heaven that is to be the reward of perseverance in grace during life,—these are things that reason could never know. They are impervious to the human intellect. In order that it may know them there must be added to it a new force, a stronger power. A light brighter than that of mere reason is necessary—the light of divine revelation.

Both of these lights emanate from the same source. Reason is a participation of the essence of God, which is self-subsisting intelligence. Revelation is the expression of God's own thoughts. It is God's own knowledge communicated to His creatures. He deigns to become our teacher and to make us sharers in His own infinite wisdom. He enlightens us as to His Divine Nature, and reveals to us the decrees of His will, and tells us of supernatural, mysterious facts which we of ourselves could never know.

Truth can never contradict truth. Light does not extinguish light. A greater light may dim a lesser one, if both be of the same order,—as the light of the sun and that of a candle. But if

they be of different orders, each retains its own brilliancy. Side by side they shine, the peculiar lustre of neither dimmed by that of the other. The light of reason does not pale when God's revelation is placed beside it. Our knowledge of the natural truth, "If two things be equal to a third, they are equal to each other," is in no sense impaired by faith in the Trinity of Divine Persons; nor is our assent to the principle of contradiction in any manner weakened because God has condescended to tell us of the mystery of the Incarnation. The principles which reason teaches are never violated or infringed upon by the propositions which revelation places before us. They are rather verified and illustrated, and just as the colors of the rainbow blend together in beautiful harmony, and present to the eye of the body all the objects to which it is ordered, so do the natural and supernatural truths, manifested respectively by reason and faith, form one perfectly symmetrical composite whole, which is the complete and adequate object of the human intellect.

Between these two orders of truths there exists a sort of mutual dependence. Reason needs revelation in order that it may attain to its highest perfection. For, in the first place, as we have seen, there is a vast range of truths which would forever remain hidden from it were not the light of revelation cast about them. And, moreover, it is only a very limited and imperfect knowledge that men can have of natural truths by unassisted reason. This is clearly proved by the fact that the very greatest of the philosophers,—Socrates and Plato and Aristotle,—have taught the most absurd doctrines with regard to questions that are of vital interest to mankind.

On the other hand, revelation has need of the services of reason. Not, of course, that God's truth in itself, or objectively considered, is in any sense dependent upon human reasoning. No, for all truth is founded either on God's essence or God's will, and both are independent of man's mind. But in order that the revelation of truths be of benefit to men, they must exercise their faculties upon them. They receive revelation through hearing; they examine and understand it by their intellects.

Philosophy, which is nothing else than well-developed reason, is necessary to revelation in three ways. First, as a preparation

for the reception of faith, in as much as it teaches those truths which faith presupposes. The existence of God, His perfections, His veracity, and other attributes, the immortality and intellectuality of the human soul, the natural order of the intellect to objective truth, the conditions necessary to rational belief,—all these are *præambula fidei*. They are truths which reason teaches, and without the knowledge of which explicit faith is impossible. Again, Philosophy is necessary for the methodical ordering and scientific evolution of revealed dogmas. Order, system, is essential to knowledge. There is an old axiom to the effect that where there is a multitude without order, there is confusion—*Ubi multitudo sine ordine, ibi confusio*. There are many truths revealed to man, all of which are mutually related, and have a mutual interdependence upon each other. Unless these relations be clearly set forth, unless the revealed dogmas be reduced to order, our knowledge of them must of necessity be confused, and therefore imperfect. One explicitly revealed dogma often contains within itself a number of truths, just as a principle contains many conclusions. Philosophy analyzes such dogmas, and deduces from them the secondary truths that are involved in them.

In the third place, Philosophy is necessary for the defence of revelation against the attacks of unbelievers. There are men who refuse to be taught by God. They use the reason that God gave them against God Himself. Reason is the only weapon by which we can resist and overcome them. They abuse Philosophy to falsify the teaching of their Creator. By means of Philosophy we defend our faith, and prove that they, not we, are unreasonable.

Recognizing these relations between reason and faith, all the Fathers and Doctors of the Church cultivated the science of Philosophy, and applied it to the development and defence of the revealed truths of the Christian religion. Justin and Tertullian and Ambrose and Augustine and the Gregories and the others devoted their lives to this end. They availed themselves of whatsoever of good there was in the pagan philosophers and turned it to the advantage of Christianity. They made use of the genius with which Heaven had blessed them and the human wisdom which they had acquired by profound study to justify

and vindicate the Church of God, to explain her teachings, and make them acceptable to men.

Among all the intellectual giants who have in this manner rendered service to the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas stands pre-eminent. The palm of excellence has been awarded him by the Church herself. She has called him the greatest of her Doctors, the "Prince of Theologians." The present gloriously reigning Pope, quoting the words of the great Cajetan, says of him that "because he specially revered the sacred Doctors of old, he acquired, in a measure, the intelligence of them all." And then, in his own words, the illustrious Pontiff adds: "Reason, reared aloft on the wings of St. Thomas to the highest human eminence, could scarcely soar higher, and it was almost impossible, even for faith, to be supported by additional or stronger aids from reason than had already been furnished by the Angelic Doctor." In these words of the Holy Father we have a clear and concise statement of what we owe to the immortal *Summa* of St. Thomas. Applying human reason to the support and assistance of divine revelation, he carried the work to almost absolute perfection. By the resources of reason he constructed a fortress about the Church of God, which is, and shall forever remain, impregnable—impervious to all attacks of her enemies.

We have seen that Philosophy is of service to faith in three different ways; and, firstly, by demonstrating those natural truths, the denial of which involves the destruction of revelation. No writer in all the ages, whether among the Philosophers of antiquity or the Doctors of the Church, ever set forth those truths in light so clear and so bright as that which the genius of St. Thomas shed about them. Take, for instance, his proofs of the existence of God, which are found in the second question of the *Summa*. They are five in number. They are simple, terse, clear-cut, logical, irrefragable. Some of these same arguments, it is true, had been employed by Aristotle and by the early Doctors of the Church. But no one of those writers ever arrayed them all in solid phalanx as St. Thomas did; no one ever stated them so clearly and so forcibly. So evident and so strong are they as set forth in the *Summa* that no unbiased man of ordinary intelligence can read them and continue to entertain, in good faith, the

slightest doubt as to the existence of the Supreme Being. Not less convincing, not less forcible are the treatises which follow on the attributes of the Deity, in which he demonstrates by invincible arguments that God, as One, is everything that faith claims Him to be.

Again, consider his treatment of the principles of knowledge. Almost on the very first page of the history of Philosophy we find the baneful teachings of scepticism, and we find the same miserable, grovelling tenets on the very last page of that history, written in our own day. Pyrrho, and his disciples, in days of old, Hume and Locke and Kant in more modern times, and numbers of our contemporaries have sought to sap the very foundations of human knowledge. They have denied the objectivity of ideas. They have curtailed or totally annihilated the powers of man's intellect, and have thus sought to divest him of the knowledge of even the most simple and self-evident natural truths. The teachings of revelation, in their system of Philosophy, are doomed to the same wretched fate. What does it profit man to have what we call knowledge of his Creator, of the Trinity of Persons, of the Incarnation, of the future state, if at the same time he be certain that his ideas are totally subjective? that they are empty, meaningless dreams, destitute of objective reality?

In opposition to these pernicious theories, Thomas Aquinas set up a bulwark which never has been, and never can be overthrown. He dealt the death-blow to idealism and sensualism and scepticism in its every form. There is scarcely a page of the Summa on which he does not assert and establish the all-important principle that both the senses and the intellect are faculties given to man by nature for the purpose of representing real objects, and real objects only; that entity or reality alone can be manifested by them; that when the requisite conditions are placed, they cannot err, cannot deceive, but possess the quality of absolute infallibility.

Not less solid and sound and accurate are his teachings with regard to the principles of ethics,—principles which are innate in man's mind, and which revelation only confirms. Upon this point it will suffice to quote the testimony of one of the greatest

Protestant jurists of our day, the recently deceased Rudolph von Ihering, professor of Jurisprudence at the University of Göttingen, who writes thus in the preface to the second edition of his now well-known work "Jurisprudence of Every-day Life:" "This great man (Thomas Aquinas)," he says, "completely and accurately mastered the practical and social, as well as the historical momentum of ethics. I must confess to a certain ignorance (of his works) on my part; but this blame must attach with far greater weight to those modern philosophers and Protestant theologians who have neglected to profit by the grand ideas of this great writer. How was it possible that such truths, once uttered, could be allowed to fall into oblivion by Protestant science? From what vagaries it might have saved itself! On my part, I must say that perhaps I would not have written this book had I been acquainted with the works of Thomas Aquinas, for the fundamental ideas which I had at heart have already been set forth by this colossal thinker with perfect clearness and ample details."

The motives of credibility, the conditions of rational belief or reasonable assent to the authority of God revealing, are laid down by him with wonderful clearness and explicitness. He tells us that no man can or should believe in revelation unless he *sees* that the things revealed ought to be believed. And then with unerring accuracy he sets forth the conditions or the rules for rational assent to the authority of a teacher,—rules by the disregard of which men cannot but stultify themselves, as in effect all those do who are acquainted with the history of the Christian religion and yet refuse to embrace it.

One might speak for an indefinite length of time upon the efficiency of St. Thomas in demonstrating those natural truths which we call the "pre-ambls" of faith,—truths which reason would teach us even if revelation did not exist. Suffice it now to quote in this connection the words of Leo XIII. in the encyclical to which I have already referred: "There is no part of Philosophy which he has not acutely and solidly handled. He has treated of the laws of reasoning, of God and incorporeal substances, of man and other sensible things, of human actions and their principles, in such a manner that there is nothing wanting, either as respects the number of questions, the soundness of prin-

principles, the strength of arguments, the perspicuity and propriety of expression, and the facility of explaining things that are abstruse."

St. Thomas was likewise the master of human reasoning in its second relation to the things that are of faith. He was the perfecter of the scholastic method. The chief characteristic of that method is order, and the most conspicuous feature of the *Summa Theologica* is the perfect order in which its various parts are arranged—the scientific distribution of the questions which it treats. One of his latest biographers, speaking upon this point, says that "he garnered into his mind all the advances made in Theologic method during many centuries, and through his synthetic genius welded into one splendid unity the combined teaching of the past, which he expanded, harmonized, and rendered perfect by means of exquisite Aristotelic drill and Platonic height and width of discipline" (Vaughn, vol. 2., page 522). Until his day no such complete and perfect theological work was known to men. There was no such thing as unity in the science of Theology. There was, perhaps, no philosophical or theological question which had not been discussed and analyzed by some one or by several of the Fathers.

They had treated many of these questions wisely and learnedly; and far be it from us to detract one iota from the praise that is due to them for the splendid works of their genius. They were giants upon the earth. And we readily admit that their labors furnished to a great extent the materials of which the *Summa* is composed. But their treatises were disconnected. They wrote on this or that subject according to the exigencies of the age in which they lived and the circumstances by which they were surrounded. "Instead of writing formal doctrinal treatises, they wrote controversy," says one of their admirers, "and their controversy, again, is correspondence. They mix up their own persons, natural or supernatural, with the didactic or polemical works which engaged them. Their authoritative declarations are written not on stone tablets, but on what Scripture calls 'the fleshy tables of the heart.' The line of their discussion travels a region rich and interesting, and opens on those who follow them in it a succession of instructive views as to the aims, the difficul-

ties, the disappointments under which they journeyed on heavenward, their care of the brethren, their apprehensions of living teachers of error. Dogma and proof are at the same time hagiography. They do not write a *Summa Theologiæ*, or draw out a *catena*, or pursue a single thesis through the stages of scholastic disputation. They wrote for the occasion, and seldom in a carefully digested plan" (The Ancient Saints, vol. 1., pp. 93 and 94). For these reasons it were vain for the tyro to have recourse to any one or to all the works of the earlier Doctors in quest of a perfect course in theological science. Unless he were endowed with intellectual powers altogether extraordinary, his labors would result only in confusion and despair.

The piercing intellect of St. Thomas perceived the important defect in sacred education. He knew that the Church had need of Doctors to defend her teachings and to explain and illustrate them if she was to be in honor among men; and he knew, too, that such Doctors could not be made of common mortals unless the vast number of her teachings should be systematically arranged and scientifically co-ordinated. In the few simple words which he wrote as the prologue to his *Summa*, we read as follows: "We have reflected that beginners in this sacred science find many impediments in those things which have been written by divers authors, partly on account of the multiplication of useless questions, articles, and arguments; partly because those things which are necessary for the education of novices are not treated according to the order of discipline, but as the exposition of certain books or the occasion of disputing demanded; and partly because the frequent repetitions beget confusion and disgust in the minds of learners." Then after a brief preliminary treatise on "sacred doctrine," by which term he understands both revelation in general and theology in particular, he thus announces the order of his work: "Since the peculiar object of sacred doctrine is the knowledge of God, not only as He is in Himself, but also inasmuch as He is the beginning of all things and the end of them all, and especially of rational beings, we shall treat (1) of God, (2) of the tendency of the rational creature toward God, and (3) of Christ who, as man, is the way by which we tend to God. Here we have the grand division of the *Summa Theologica*

into three parts, having for their respective objects God in Himself and as He is the Creator, God as the end of all creatures and particularly of man, and God as Redeemer.

The first part (1^a Pars) treats of God as He is in Himself and as He is the Cause or Principle of created things. The treatise on God as He is in Himself is subdivided into two tracts, one on the Divine Essence, the other on the Trinity of Persons. In relation to God as the Author of finite beings we have a threefold treatise: (1) on the production of creatures, (2) on their distinction from each other, and (3) on their preservation and government. Again, the question upon the distinction of creatures is subdivided, and we have a treatise on distinction in general and distinction *in speciali*, or on special distinctions. Under the latter head we are taught the distinction between good and evil, and the distinction of creatures purely spiritual, purely corporeal, and creatures that are partly corporeal, partly spiritual, or composed of body and spirit.

The Second Part (2^a Pars), as has been said, treats of the tendency of rational creatures towards God, or of God as He is the end of rational beings. It is subdivided into two parts, called respectively the "First of the Second" (1^a 2^a), and the "Second of the Second" (2^a 2^a). In the former, after having shown that man's end or his beatitude consists in the possession of God, St. Thomas proceeds to consider in general the acts by which he attains to that end. He treats first of the acts themselves, and secondly of what he calls the principles of these acts. Of the acts which man performs, some are peculiar to him as man, while others are common to him and the lower animals. Hence the twofold treatise "on human acts," and "on the passions." Next comes the inquiry as to the principles of human acts. These are either intrinsic or extrinsic. The intrinsic principles are habits which are either good or evil. Hence the questions concerning virtues or vices. The extrinsic principles or causes of human acts are (a) the demons who tempt us, and (b) God who instructs us by laws and moves us by grace. The former was considered in the Prima Pars under the head of "Incorporeal Substances." Here we have questions "on Laws" and "on Grace."

In the Second part of the Second (2^a 2^a) the great Doctor con-

siders the virtues and vices *in particular*. He treats of the theological virtues of faith and hope and charity, and of the particular sins opposed to each; of the moral virtues and the opposite vices; of the special gifts of grace given to some individuals; of the active and the contemplative life; of different states and vocations.

In the Third Part, or the third grand division of the Summa, we have presented to us the Man-God under the threefold aspect of Saviour, Author of the Sacraments, and Bestower of eternal life. Hence its three subdivisions. The first treats of the mystery of the Incarnation, of our Saviour's blessed personality, of what He did and what He suffered; the second of the Sacraments which were instituted by Him, and have their efficacy from Him; the third and last, of the resurrection of our bodies, the judgment, the punishment of those who have died the enemies of Christ, and the everlasting happiness prepared for His friends.

I have given but an outline,—the chief heads or the grand divisions of the Angelic Doctor's great masterpiece. Under each of these heads there are many subdivisions, distributed according to the same scientific method. These cannot even be named in a lecture such as the present. The entire Summa (including the supplement which was taken from his other works, and added subsequent to the saint's death) contains six hundred and thirty-four questions, subdivided into three thousand one hundred and twenty-five articles. There is no question belonging to the realms of philosophical or theological science which is not found among them. And, as we have seen, he welds all this vast number of questions, so widely diverse, into one solid, compact whole. There is one idea by which he forms all these various materials into one beautiful, symmetrical structure. It is the idea of *God*. That idea is the principle of the unity that is found in the science of Theology. He treats of nothing except as it bears relation to God. All is God or of God.

Even if St. Thomas had done nothing more than to sketch for us the marvellous order that we have considered, even had his life's work consisted only in the drawing of a chart delineating the order of theological questions, just as that order is now found in the Summa, he would yet have been entitled to the undying

gratitude of the devotees of sacred science, and of all the faithful children of the Church on earth. For by that work he would have furnished a plan upon which the united efforts of the many splendid intellects that have since flourished could have constructed a theological edifice, as perfect, perhaps, in its details as is the Summa itself. For the mere co-ordination of parts as effected by St. Thomas throws brightest light into the depths of Theology, which would have enabled men of thought to draw forth from those depths the gems of truth that lay hidden therein.

Since the days of the Angelic Doctor the Church has gloried in the possession of many great theologians, brilliant scholars, who by their writings have illustrated and defended the teachings of revelation. No one of them has even suggested an improvement upon the plan or order introduced by St. Thomas. They have, indeed, developed many questions which he touched but lightly. They have deduced new conclusions from principles which he laid down, and they have thus made real advance, genuine progress in theological science. But they have one and all adopted the order established in the Summa, and have adhered to it closely throughout their writings, whether these writings were a complete *Cursus Theologiæ*, or a special treatise upon some particular part of the matter that belongs to that science.

In speaking of the second manner in which reason is of service to revelation, I stated that it was necessary for the scientific evolution of the truths of faith. In this sense, also, the genius of St. Thomas was of almost incalculable benefit to the Church. He took the dogmas that God has revealed, and he, as it were, unfolded them and brought forth to light the rich stores of truth that were contained in them. There is scarcely one of the articles of our faith which he did not thus develop. We have a beautiful example of this work in his treatise on the Incarnation. There are but a few truths explicitly revealed to us concerning that mystery. We are taught by faith that the Eternal Word was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of Mary; that He was true God and true man; that He lived on earth, and suffered, and died, and rose again, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of the Father, whence He shall come to judge the

living and the dead. Taking this limited number of revealed dogmas as the basis of his reasoning, St. Thomas wrote a treatise on the Incarnation consisting of three hundred and twenty-five articles. That is to say, he asserted three hundred and twenty-five explicit truths connected with the mystery of the Word made flesh. Almost the same is to be said of every other dogma which he handled. He viewed questions under aspects under which they had never been viewed before. His acute intellect discerned in revealed principles conclusions which had escaped the notice of others. With unerring accuracy of logic he drew forth these implied truths and rendered them clear and evident to the minds of all, and thus he enriched the science of Theology by the addition of a vast number of explicit truths which previously had been unthought of by students.

Reason, as we have seen, is an auxiliary to revelation in a third way by defending it against the sophisms of unbelievers. In the encyclical to which reference has been frequently made, the Holy Father says of St. Thomas that "he alone has confuted all the errors of past times, and at the same time supplied invincible weapons for overcoming those which were constantly to arise in future." Just as he exposed and refuted the errors of Arius and Nestorius and Eutyches and other heresiarchs of ages that had passed, so did he anticipate and provide against all the false teachings of Luther and Calvin and their numerous disciples in the subsequent centuries. Not a single objection against Catholic truth can you find in the writings of modern heretics which you will not find proposed and answered in the pages of the Summa. And so thorough and perfect was his work in this department that Protestant theologians have always looked upon him as their most dangerous enemy. "It may be considered as another triumph for this incomparable man," says Leo XIII., "that he should extort praise and respect, and even admiration from the very enemies of the Catholic name. For it is well-known that among the leaders of heretical factions there have not been wanting those who declare that if they could only get rid of the doctrine of St. Thomas they could easily engage in a contest with all the Catholic doctors, and conquer them and destroy the Church. The hope, indeed, was vain, but the testimony has its value."

The chief excellence of the scholastic method, after its orderly arrangements of subjects, is the concise and simple style which it employs. And just as the Summa of St. Thomas is the best specimen of that method in the matter of order, so is it the most perfect model of the scholastic style. In this respect, also, the Angelic Doctor as a teacher of sacred science has a great advantage over the early Fathers of the Church. They wrote in a diffuse oratorical style, making use of the ornaments of rhetoric. Their writings are of the nature of sermons rather than of scientific discourses. The style of the Summa, on the contrary, is simple, precise, devoid of rhetorical ornamentation and oratorical display. Scarcely a useless or superfluous word is to be found in its pages. Its definitions are models of clearness and exactness of expressions. So perfect have they been considered by the Theologians of the succeeding ages that they have been adopted by them all with scarcely a simple change. Pope Innocent VI. declared that the works of St. Thomas surpass all others in accuracy of expression, with the single exception of the Canonical writings. The late Vatican Council paid the highest possible tribute to his merit in this respect, when in defining the necessity of revelation of natural truths, it used almost the very words employed by him when treating the questions in the first article of the Summa. There St. Thomas says that without revelation the knowledge of such truths could be acquired "only by a few (specially gifted), and by those few only after a long period of study and with the admixture of many errors." The Vatican Council says that the revelation of these truths is necessary in order that they may be known "*by all men without delay, and without admixture of error.*" Such an honor to be thus quoted, as it were, by an œcumenical council, was nothing new for the author of the Summa. In the encyclical so frequently cited, Leo XIII. writes thus: "In the Councils of Lyons, Vienne, Florence, the Vatican, you might say that Thomas was present in the deliberations and decrees of the Fathers, and, as it were, presided over them, contending against the errors of the Greeks, the heretics, and the rationalists with overpowering force and the happiest results. And it was an honor reserved to St. Thomas alone, and shared by none of the other Doctors of the Church, that the Fathers of Trent in their

hall of assembly decided to place on the altar, side by side with the Holy Scripture and the decrees of the Roman Pontiff, the Summa of St. Thomas, to seek in it council, arguments, and decisions for their purpose.

To sum up, now, what St. Thomas, by his great work, did for the Church, and therefore for us, the children of the Church, was this: He established on firm, unshakable basis, all those preliminary natural truths, the knowledge of which is presupposed by rational faith. He systematized Theology, co-ordinated its parts, and reduced it to perfect order. He analyzed dogmas and developed them to a wonderful degree, and he thereby greatly increased the number of explicit truths knowable by us. He refuted all the heresies against both reason and faith that had existed before his time, and he fitted out an intellectual arsenal which during all future ages would furnish weapons to overthrow and destroy the enemies of the truth. Just as he was the professor, the master of the youth who sat at his feet at Paris and Cologne, so has he been the guide and the model of all the Theologians of the past six centuries. Nay, more, he has been, humanly speaking, the guiding spirit of the œcumenical councils "in which shone forth the very flower of wisdom culled from the whole world."

It was for these reasons that the great and learned Pontiff who sits in the chair of St. Peter to day, and who himself glories in being a disciple of St. Thomas, recently called upon his children throughout the earth to show gratitude to the immortal Doctor. For this reason he desires and strives "to restore the illustrious system of St. Thomas Aquinas to its former glory." "We most strenuously exhort you, Venerable Brethren," he says, "that for the defence and glory of the Catholic faith, the good of society, the advancement of all science, you reinstate and propagate as widely as possible the inestimable wisdom of St. Thomas.....Let masters carefully chosen by you imbue the minds of their pupils with his teachings, and place closely before them his superiority over others in excellence and solidity." For "from him flow purest streams of wisdom as from an inexhaustible and precious fountain."

A CHART OF THE SUMMA.

Sacred Doctrine.—What it is and to what it extends.—All things are treated in it under the idea of God, either because they are God Himself or because they have relation to God.

Part 1st.
ON GOD.

1st.—Concerning those things which pertain to the divine essence.
2d.—Concerning those things which pertain to the distinction of persons.

1st. THE PRODUCTION OF CREATURES.

(a) The distinction of things in general.

(b) The distinction of things in particular.

2d. THE DISTINCTION OF THINGS IN PARTICULAR.

CREATURES.

3d. THE PRESERVATION AND GOVERNMENT OF CREATURES.

Concerning those things which pertain to the PRODUCTION OF CREATURES FROM GOD.

Threefold Consideration:

2d.

CREATURES FROM GOD.

CREATURES FROM GOD.

CREATURES FROM GOD.

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2d. THE DISTINCTION OF THINGS IN PARTICULAR.	
CREATURES.	
3d. THE PRESERVATION AND GOVERNMENT OF CREATURES.	

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2d. THE PASSIONS.	
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6d. THE LAST THINGS.	
7d. THE FINAL JUDGMENT.	
8d. THE RESURRECTION.	
9d. THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.	
10d. THE KINGDOM OF GOD.	
11d. THE CHURCH.	
12d. THE SAINTS.	
13d. THE ANGELS.	
14d. THE DEVILS.	

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1st. THE SACRAMENT OF BAPTISM.	
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6d. THE SACRAMENT OF ORDERS.	
7d. THE SACRAMENT OF MATRIMONY.	

OUR LADY IN LEGEND, ART, AND POETRY.

MARY M. MELINE.

"Hail, Mother of our Maker, hail!
 Thou Virgin ever blest—
 The ocean's star by which we sail
 And gain the port of rest."

"HAIL, full of grace!" So spoke the angel more than eighteen hundred years ago, and so speak to-day the myriad children of the Mighty Mother. And since that March day so long ago, she to whom these words were spoken, who supplemented them in her ecstatic humility with those other words: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call Me 'blessed!'" has fulfilled in a secondary manner the prophecy of Simeon—she has been set as a sign that has been contradicted. To the Catholic, Mary, the Mother of God, the Virgin of virgins, the Help of Christians, the Refuge of Sinners, the Tower of Ivory, the Rose of Sharon, stands beside her Son ever prompting Him to forget His justice in His mercy. To love Mary, to be devoted to the increase and perpetuation of her honor, betokens a soul *almost* secure of salvation; to pray to Mary is to receive. At the name of her the Catholic heart glows with love; at the thought of her the Catholic soul swells with awe. If our weak, redeemed nature had nothing else for which to thank God beside Mary's purity, exaltation, and glory, it would have need of the longest human life, and more, in which to make proper acknowledgment.

To the non-Catholic "*Mariolatry*" is a reproach and an abomination. He will have none of it. And thus he, "like the base Indian," throws "a pearl away richer than all his tribe."

Yet about this *cult* have gathered some of the sweetest flowers of legend, of literature, and of art that human thought and human genius have evolved, non-Catholic thought and genius being herein marvellously prolific. For the veneration of her who is

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast,"

has ever found some deep heart-sympathy. In every pagan religion there was a dominant idea of a Mother-Goddess, chaste, beautiful, benignant—the voice of a mighty prophecy sounding through all the generations since the Eden-days, an echo of the

promise then made to sorrowing Eve that her seed should crush the serpent's head. As in the oldest pagan rites men traced the promise of a coming Messiah, so since the Eve of the Book of Genesis, the Astarte of the Assyrians—Ashtaroth,—the Isis-nursing Horns of the Egyptians, Demeter and Aphrodite, Treya—all have been considered as shadowing forth the Virgin-Mother of the world's Redeemer. It is only the non-Catholic of to-day,—of the days since Luther threw off his friar's habit,—who rejects this soul-inspiring faith, to whom the word, "All generations shall call Me blessed," have no meaning.

It is an interesting study to follow the slow but steady absorption of the relics of these ancient pagan traditions into the cult of the Blessed Virgin. We find the characteristics of Diana of Ephesus assigned to her, and she becomes at the same time the patroness of motherhood and of virginity. St. Epiphanius, who died in 403, mentions among the eighty-four heresies which had sprung up in the early Church, a sect of women, natives of Thrace in Arabia, with whom it was the custom to offer cakes of meal and honey to the Blessed Virgin, thus transferring to her the worship paid to Ceres. It is an equally interesting study to follow the symbols and attributes of the Blessed One, only a few of which can find room for mention in this paper. The SUN and the MOON, "Electa ut Sol, pulchra ut Luna" is one of the texts of the Canticles applied to Mary; as also a passage in Revelations, "A woman clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet." The STAR, "Stella Maris,"—Star of the Sea,—is one of the interpretations of her Hebrew name, *Miriam*. The LILY, "I am the rose of Sharon, and lily of the valley" (Cant. ii. 1, 2); the ENCLOSED GARDEN (Cant. iv. 12). As the Church spread through the countries, the honor and veneration shown to the Mother of God crystalized into the form of legends more or less beautiful, all of them showing forth how that love and veneration were graven deep upon the hearts of Christians. Some of these were of such a dangerous tendency as to be anathematized by ecclesiastical authorities; others were allowed as harmless expressions of fanciful devotion.

The legend of Joachim and Anna is very beautiful. There was a man of Nazareth named Joachim, and his wife, Anna, was of

Bethlehem, but both were of the family of David. They lived pure, single-hearted lives. They were rich, and divided their substance into three portions: one for the temple service, one for the poor, and the third for their household expenses. But when Joachim would have brought his offering to the temple, the high-priest Issachar stood over against him, and opposed him, saying: "It is not lawful for thee to bring thine offering, seeing that thou art without children." And Joachim was exceedingly sorrowful, and returned to his house. . He searched through all the registers of the twelve tribes to discover if he alone had been childless in Israel. And he found that it was indeed true. And Joachim went into his pastures, and built himself a hut, and dwelt there, fasting and praying, forty days and forty nights. Then an angel came and comforted him. Meanwhile Anna bemoaned this conduct of her husband,—his withdrawal from her and refusal to speak to her. She also wept and prayed. And, behold! an angel of the Lord stood by her, and told her that her prayer was heard, telling her also to go to meet her husband. And they met at the golden gate. The child who was born to them they called Mary, in Hebrew, Miriam. And as Anna had vowed, she offered the babe to the Lord.

Albert Durer, Luini, and Gaddi have all treated this subject. Gaddi, Ghirlandajo, Albert Durer, and del Sarto have all treated the birth of the Blessed Virgin.

The legend of the marriage of Joseph and Mary is thus given in the Protevangelion and the History of Joseph the Carpenter:

"When Mary was fourteen years old, the priest Zachary inquired of the Lord concerning her, and an angel told him to call together all the widowers among the people, and let each bring his rod (or wand) in his hand, and he to whom the Lord shall show a sign, let him be the husband of Mary. And Zachary did as the angel commanded, and Joseph the carpenter, a righteous man, throwing down his axe and taking his staff in his hand, ran out with the rest. When he appeared before the priest, and presented his rod, lo! a dove issued out of it, a dove as white as the snow, and after settling on his head, flew towards heaven. Then the high-priest said to him, 'Thou art the person chosen to take the Virgin of the Lord and to keep her for Him.' And Joseph was at first afraid, and drew back, but afterwards he

took her home to his house, and said to her, 'Behold, I have taken thee from the temple of the Lord, and now I will leave thee in my house, for I must go and follow my trade of building. I will return to thee, and meanwhile the Lord be with thee and watch over thee.' So Joseph left her, and Mary remained in her home."

There is no mention of any marriage-ceremony; some have thought that there was only the betrothal, but for conclusive reasons the Church teaches that she was really married to him.

St. Jerome gives another tradition regarding this subject. Those who aspired to the honor of marrying the consecrated "Virgin of the Lord," among whom was the son of the high-priest, deposited their wands in the temple over night, and the next morning the rod of Joseph was found to have budded forth into leaves and flowers. The other suitors thereupon broke their wands in rage and despair; and one among them, a noble youth, became a Carmelite-monk.

Many of the Italian painters have remembered the fact that marriage among the Jews was a civil contract, not a religious ceremony. From Giotto down to Raphael the artists treated the subject similarly, the ceremony taking place in the open air. Raphael's *Sposalizio* dwarfs all others. It was painted when the Sanzio was in his twenty-first year, and, as is well-known, he himself it is who in the left of the picture breaks his wand with such an expression of disgust.

The German painters display total disregard to historic propriety. The temple is a Gothic church, and St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin, one in rich furs and the other in silk and velvet, resemble fifteenth century folk. Knights and cavaliers with spurs and tight hose and slashed doublets attend them.

There is a Greek legend concerning the holy old man Simeon, who held the child in his arms at the Presentation. It is to the effect that when 260 years before Christ, Eleazer sent, at the request of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the seventy-two into Egypt to translate the Hebrew Scriptures, among them was Simeon, a very learned priest. It fell to the lot of this man to translate the prophecy of Isaiah. And when he read: "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son," he began to doubt and question. After long

meditation, fearing to offend the Greeks, he rendered the Hebrew word *Virgin* by a Greek word which signifies merely *a young woman*; but as soon as he had written it down an angel effaced it and substituted the right word. Thereupon he wrote it again and again; the same thing happened three times, and he remained astonished and confounded. And while he wondered, he received an interior admonition that the miracle was not only possible, but that he, Simeon, "should not see death till he had seen the Lord's Christ." So he lived nearly three hundred years, until that which he had disbelieved had come to pass. He was led by the Spirit into the Temple, as we read in St. Luke.

It is also said of Anna, the prophetess who testified to the presence of the mysterious Kinghood, that she is a type of the synagogue, as Simeon is of the Gentiles, since she did not take him in her arms as Simeon did, although she prophesied great things of Him.

Fra Bartolomeo and Francia have drawn inspiration from this theme, as well as several Greek artists.

Around the Flight into Egypt gather many touching and beautiful legends. It is said that both the ox and the ass of the stable of Bethlehem accompanied the Holy Family into Egypt. Albert Durer gives them walking side by side. When the flight of the Holy Family was discovered, Herod sent in pursuit. And when the holy ones had journeyed some distance, they came to a field where a man was sowing wheat. The Blessed Virgin said to him: "If any one shall ask you whether we have passed this way, ye shall answer, 'Such persons passed this way when I was sowing this corn.'" And behold! in a single night the seed sprung up into stalk, blade, and ear, fit for the sickle. And next morning the officers of Herod came up and inquired of the husbandman: "Have you seen an old man with a woman and child travelling this way?" And the man replied, "Yes." And to the question: "How long since?" answered, "When I was sowing this wheat." Then the officers gave up their search. There is a celebrated picture in the Munich gallery by Hans Hemling introducing this legend. In the background, on the left, is the Flight into Egypt; the men cutting and reaping corn, and the officers in pursuit. To those who are unacquainted with the old legend, the introduction of the

wheat field and reapers is apparently only a means of filling the canvas. On entering a forest all the trees bowed down in adoration of the Infant, except the aspen, which was accursed, as afterwards the barren fig-tree, and began to tremble all over. Again the travellers encountered robbers; and one of these was about to ill-treat them, but the other interposed and said, "Suffer them, I beseech thee, to go in peace, and I will give thee forty groats, and likewise my girdle." This offer being accepted, the merciful robber led them to his cave and gave them rest for the night. And these two were the thieves of the Crucifixion.

This took place near Ramla, and the spot is still pointed out to travellers. Banditti to this day haunt the place. The Crusaders made pilgrimages to it in those ages of faith.

And one day our Lady was very weary; there was little shade about the road, but the Infant commanded a date tree to bend down its branches so as not only to shade her, but to enable St. Joseph to gather its fruit. This is a favorite theme for painters. In a picture by Antonello Melone, the Child stretches out His hands and catches the branch; in others, angels bend them down. Sozomenes tells how a tree, which grew before the gates of the city of Heliopolis, in which the holy exiles dwelt, and which was regarded with great veneration as the seat of a God, bent down its branches at the approach of the Infant. Also it is told how the idols of Egypt fell with their faces to the earth.

Later painters, led by Annibale Caracci, have commemorated the crossing by the exiles of rivers and lakes. In a picture by Giordano an angel on bent knee assists the Blessed Virgin to enter a boat. Teniers has a pretty little picture of the holy family and the ass in a boat crossing a ferry by moonlight. A composition by Gaudenzio Ferrari is the Mother seated on the ass; the Infant standing on her knee, seems to point out the way, and an angel leads the animal, while St. Joseph follows with the staff and wallet.

The legend of Natarea is very beautiful. Natarea is a village beyond Heliopolis, about four miles northeast of Cairo. Here the holy family took up their residence in a grove of sycamore trees. This circumstance has given Catholics a peculiar attraction for these beautiful trees. They were imported to Europe by

the crusaders, and poor, hapless Mary Stuart planted the first that grew in Scotland in her garden on her return from France. Near this village a fountain sprang up for the refreshment of the holy ones which still lives and is styled by the Arabs "the Fountain of Mary." Correggio, it will be remembered, in his painting called the "*Madonna della Scodella*," introduces this fountain; also Baroccio and Domenichino. According to another legend the Mother washed the Child's linen here. But space will not allow me to linger amid these flowers of fancy which love and piety have clustered around this mystery of the flight.

St. Ambrose mentions a tradition, generally accepted by Christians in the fourth century, that Christ on His Resurrection visited His Mother before He showed Himself to the Magdalene. According to this, Mary, when all was finished, retired to her chamber and remained alone with her grief, not repining, but waiting for the time when she should again see her Son. Open before her was the volume of the prophecies. And, presently, when the time was come, lo! a bright company of angels entered, waving their palm branches, and singing the triumphant Easter hymn, "Regina Cœli Lætare!" surrounded and knelt before her. Then came her Son, clothed in a white garment, having in His left hand the standard of the Cross, as one just returned from the nether world, and victorious over the powers of sin and death, and with Him came the patriarchs and prophets, whose long imprisoned spirits he had released.

There is only room for the legend of the death and assumption of our Lady.

Mary dwelt in the house of John upon Mount Sion.... On a certain day her heart was filled with an inexpressible longing to see her Son. And an angel came saluting, as before, "Hail.... I bring thee a branch of palm gathered in Paradise; command that it be carried before thy bier on the day of thy death; for in three days thy soul shall leave thy body, and thou shalt enter into Paradise, where thy Son awaits thy coming." Mary answered: "If I have found grace in thy eyes, first tell me thy name; and grant that the apostles, my brethren, may be re-united to me before I die, that in their presence I may give up my soul to God. Also I pray thee

that my soul, when delivered from my body, may not be affrighted by any spirit of darkness, nor any evil angel be allowed to have any power over me." The angel replied: "Why dost thou ask my name?" My name is the Great and the Wonderful. And now doubt not that all the apostles shall be re-united to thee this day, for he who in former times transported the prophet Habakkuk from Judea to Jerusalem by the hair of his head can as easily bring hither the apostles. And fear thou not the evil spirit, for hast thou not bruised his head and destroyed his kingdom?"And the palm branch which the angel left behind him shed light from every leaf, and sparkled as the stars of the morning. Then Mary lighted the lamps, and prepared her bed, and waited until the hour was come. And at the same time John and Peter, who were preaching, respectively, at Ephesus and Antioch, and all the other apostles, who were dispersed in different parts of the world, were suddenly caught up by a miraculous power, and found themselves before Mary's door. Then Mary gave St. John the palm to be carried at her burial, after which she prepared herself to die. John wept. About the third hour of the night, as Peter stood at the head of the bed and John at the foot, the other apostles around, a mighty sound filled the house, and a delicious perfume filled the chamber. And Jesus appeared, accompanied by an innumerable company of angels, patriarchs, and prophets, and surrounding the bed, they sang hymns of joy. Then Jesus said: "Arise, my beloved, mine elect! come and receive the crown destined for thee;" and Mary answered: "My heart is ready; for it is written of me that I should do Thy will!" Then the blessed spirits began to sing, and Mary's soul was received into the arms of her Son, and together they went up to Heaven, and the angels who received her sang: "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved? She is fairer than all the daughters of Jerusalem." And the apostles prayed to her to remember them. But the immaculate body remained upon earth, and was prepared for burial. Then the apostles took her up reverently, and placed her upon a bier, and John carried the celestial palm. Peter sung the 113th Psalm: "*When Israel came out of Egypt; the house of Jacob from among a strange people.*" And angels followed, also singing. And the Jews ran together, and the high-priest tried to

seize the bier, but his arms were withered, and only restored at St. Peter's intercession.

On the third day Jesus said to the angels: "What honor shall I confer on her who was My Mother on earth?" And they answered: "Lord, suffer not that body that was Thy temple to see corruption; but place her beside Thee on Thy throne in heaven." And Jesus consented. . . . And Mary's soul returned to her body, and she rose up glorious from the tomb, and was carried by angels into heaven, the angels singing: "Who is she that riseth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

But Thomas was absent; and when he returned, refused to believe in the assumption of the Blessed Virgin. To convince him they opened the tomb, and lo! it was filled with the roses and lilies of Paradise.

I may not linger among the artistic presentations of these last scenes in our Lady's life. And I regret having been able to do, no more than mention a few of the painters who have immortalized themselves in their treatment of the various facts and legends relating to this beautiful theme. Pass we now to those who have woven garlands of words-painted, poetic pen-pictures of our Queen.

Chaucer mentions her reverently; Coleridge in his "Ancient Mariner" puts prayers to her into the mouth of his uncomfortable hero; the hymn to the Blessed Virgin by Byron is very beautiful:

"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!

Ave Maria! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above!

Ave Maria! oh, that face so fair!

Those downcast eyes beneath the almighty dove."

Milton places in the mouth of our Saviour an allusion to the influence of His Mother in early life:

"These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,

By words at times cast forth, only rejoiced,

And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts,

O Son; but nourish them, and let them soar

To what height sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high!"

In this the grim Puritan goes further than any Catholic, for he makes the Mother higher in moral tone than the Son. And this is heresy.

Dante's hymn at the close of the Paradiso:

'Virgine Madre, figlia del tuo figlio!'

is repeated in the invocation to the Blessed Virgin, with which Chaucer opens the story of St. Cecilia.

Petrarch prays to her to be delivered from his regrets for Laura:

"Virgine bella, che di sol vestita,
Coronata di stelle, al sommo Sole
Piacesti sè, che'n te sua luce ascose."

Poor Keats writes in "St. Agnes' Eve":

"Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary; and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight from heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith."

And the atheist Shelley! Who would expect to find among his poems lines so appropriate to the Immaculate as these?:

"Seraph of heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
All that is insupportable in Thee
Of light, and love, and immortality!
Sweet benediction in the eternal curse!
Veil'd glory of this lampless universe!
Thou moon beyond the clouds! Thou living form
Among the dead! Thou star above the storm!
Thou wonder, and thou beauty, and thou terror!
Thou harmony of nature's art! Thou mirror
In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on.
See where she stands! a mortal shape endued
With love, and life, and light, and deity;
And motion which may change but cannot die;

An image of some bright eternity;
 A shadow of some golden dream; a splendor
 Leaving the third sphere pilotless."

Wordsworth's exquisite sonnet is perhaps more familiar:

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrosth
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
 Woman! above all women glorified,
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
 Thy image falls to earth....."

It seemed but natural that Mrs. Hemans, whose soul was touched by a tender, graceful poetic fire, should find in another woman's fate much of inspiration. She has two sonnets to the Blessed Virgin:

Lowliest of women, and most glorified!
 In thy still beauty calm and lone,
 A brightness round thee grew—and by thy side,
 Kindling the air, a form ethereal shone,
 Solemn, yet breathing gladness. From her throne
 A queen had risen with more imperial eye,
 A stately prophetress of victory
 From her proud lyre had struck a tempest's tone,
 For such high tidings as to thee were brought,
 Chosen of heaven! that hour; but thou, O thou,
 E'en as a flower with gracious rain o'erfraught,
 Thy virgin head beneath its crown didst bow,
 And take to thy meek breast th' all-holy Word,
 And own thyself the *handmaid of the Lord*."

Her hymn to the Blessed Virgin is familiar to all:

"Ave Sanctissima!
 'Tis nightfall on the sea;
 Ora pro nobis!
 Our souls rise to thee!"

Room for Martin Farquhar Tupper!

"Hail, Mary! blessed among women, hail!
How shall I pass thee by, most favor'd one."

And Robert Browning:

"There is a vision in the heart of each,
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness,
To wrong, and pain, and knowledge of their cure,
And there embodied in a woman's form
That best transmits them pure as first received
From God above her to mankind below."

Keble, the Anglican, writes thus:

"....As kneeling day by day,
We to our Father duteous pray,
So, *unforbidden* we may speak
An Ave to Christ's Mother meek."

Rosetti writes of her as "Fashioned like us, yet more than we."

Oscar Wilde does not fail in veneration to the Blessed Virgin, as his poem entitled "San Miniato" shows. He also has a sonnet on the Annunciation. And Mrs. Mulock Carik sings a song entitled "Into Mary's Bosom."

Come we now to poets this side the big water. Parsons writes:

"Ave Maria! 'tis the evening hymn
Of many pilgrims on the land and sea;
Soon as the day withdraws, and two or three
Faint stars are burning, all whose eyes are dim
With tears or watching, all of weary limb
Or troubled spirit, yield the bended knee,
And find, O Virgin! life's repose in thee."

Buchanan Read's "Angelus" is exquisite. And dear, kindly Doctor Oliver Wendel Holmes writes thus:

"Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be;
The sweetest name that mortals bear,
Were best befitting thee;
And she, to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth, and half of heaven."

I cannot more appropriately close this paper than with the exquisite lines of our own Longfellow in the "Golden Legend":

" Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
* * * * *
And even as children who have much offended
A too-indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests an angry father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession.
And she for them in heaven makes intercession;
And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before."

A LEGEND OF THE ASPEN.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

It is told in a legend old and quaint,
That by Kedron's murmuring side
Our Saviour wandered, sad and faint,
On the eve of the day He died.
The trees stood dark in the weird moonlight,
Their leaves with the dew-drops wet,
Unmoved and unstirred in the calm spring night,
In the garden of Olivet.

But they felt His presence, and low they bowed
To the earth as He passed them by,
Save the aspen, that stood up still and proud,
With its head to the pale blue sky.

And Jesus lifted His face of pain,
And said, "By brook or lake,
From this hour, till the day I come again,
Shall the aspen moan and quake."

And thus it is in the calmest hour
That the seasons ever bring,
The leaves of the aspen shake and cower,
And it moans like a quiety thing.
God grant that we feel for the misery
The Saviour for us bore,
Lest we quake, like the cursèd aspen tree,
When He comes to earth once more.

OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

VERY REV. C. H. McKENNA, O. P.

SOMEtime ago I was asked to contribute occasional articles to these pages. Though fully aware of my inability to become a writer for a magazine, having been for more than a quarter of a century engaged in the arduous labors of giving missions, and still assigned to the same duty, I felt it would be presumption in me to undertake such work, yet I feared to refuse. From early youth I have experienced the tender care and loving protection of our Immaculate Mother. It appears to me ingratitude to refuse now to do anything that might however poorly contribute to her honor. I was told that the very life I have been pursuing would help me much in the composition of my articles; that I had necessarily seen much and heard much as a missionary that would be of instruction and of edification to the readers of THE ROSARY.

I believe this is true, and will not refuse sharing with them many things that serve not a little for the above purposes.

I have selected for my first series "The Sorrows of Mary." My reason for so doing is, first, because I feel that enough has not been said on this subject. I have read Father Faber's beautiful book, "The Foot of the Cross;" I would not dare to think of improving on it. Rather I desire to make its contents better known,

for few beyond priests and nuns are acquainted with them. But apart from Faber's "Foot of the Cross," little for years has been written on the sorrows of Mary. Thank God, it was not thus with regard to her joys, her power, her dignity,—above all, her Immaculate Conception. On these subjects much has been said and written by her devoted servants. All this is right, but gratitude demands that as we should ever keep in remembrance the *price* by which we were redeemed, so we should ever remember *her* sorrows, who after her Son, suffered most in the cause of our Redemption.

Another motive I had for writing on this subject. Lately a great favor was obtained for one dear to me through Our Lady of Sorrows. May what will now be written serve as an acknowledgment, however poor, for this and other favors. In the following pages I will try to put before the reader what was often uttered in the pulpit. May it please God and our Immaculate Mother that the devout reader who seeks not beauty of style, nor learned, dry, theological disquisitions on controverted matters, may read these pages with profit to his soul! May some simple words touch their hearts with more compassion for their sorrowful Mother and more confidence in her powerful protection! O how many sad hearts there are who need that loving and tender compassion which Mary hastens to manifest towards all who in firm faith appeal to her! The desire of the devout poet:

"Thy own tender heart was broken,
Sorrow's sword has pierced its core;
Holy Mother, by that token
Here thy children thee implore,"

will be heard, and favorably will that sweet Mother receive the petitions presented to her through her sorrowful heart. Thus more love and confidence will be inspired in the hearts of Mary's children. With this we will be satisfied.

Experience is said to be a good teacher. The young graduate from our medical colleges is generally placed in a hospital where all manner of diseases come before him. After years spent in such an institution he becomes acquainted with almost every manner of bodily infirmity. It is the same with the priest in "the great hospital of souls, the Church." Especially if he has been

engaged in giving missions for years in large cities, he cannot avoid being acquainted with most of the moral evils of the age through the confessional. But the priest has a great advantage over his medical brother. The heart, the soul are unveiled to the confessor. And just as Our Lord declares, from the heart proceed murders, blasphemies, adulteries, so from the heart proceed many of the diseases found in the hospital. All suffering and sorrow had their origin in sin, and many of the diseases found in the hospitals are the immediate results of sin. Our Lord said to the paralytic: "Sin no more, lest something worse befall you," teaching us that the direct cause of suffering is often our personal sin. Time and again the skilful physician is astonished at the sudden and unexpected recovery of his patient. Ah, he does not know how that poor sufferer in the mean time turned his heart to God, or how a poor mother at home was pleading with the Blessed Mother for the recovery of her son.

But experience has taught us also that conversions occur, of whose cause we know nothing. Often we learn of their occurrence through the confessional. Other times we hear of them without knowing the cause.

Many years ago a young man came to me to confession. He was the picture of degradation and dissipation. The son of respectable parents who gave him a good education. He had filled their days and nights with sorrow. I did all I thought was my duty towards him, had him return often to confession, but finding no change, finally refused him the sacraments. For years I heard nothing of him, until one day in the confessional he said: "Father, do you not remember me? I am —, whom you turned away because I would not give up my bad habits. Father, I do not blame you now, nor did I blame you then. I was completely powerless, wanting to reform, but unable to do so. When you turned me off there was one who still hoped, still prayed for me. It was my poor old mother." Here his feelings overcame him. After a while he resumed: "I had lost all hope of ever reforming, and was sinking deeper and deeper into dissipation, when one day my mother came home from St. James' church, in which she attended every morning at Mass. Her eyes were full of tears, but her heart was joyful. She said: 'My son, be of good heart;

the Mother of Sorrows will soon obtain your conversion. I have been praying before her image as she holds her lifeless Son in her arms, and I tell you she has granted my request.' What my mother saw or heard I know not, but in a few days I became dangerously ill. Death and judgment and hell alternately stared me in the face. I began to pray to the Mother of Sorrows to pity me. A change came. I arose from the grave, as it were, but, oh, thanks be to God and our Virgin Mother! the love of drink has been taken away,—I hope forever."

If experience teaches the skilful physician that he has one medicine capable of healing all diseases, a remedy which was never known to fail, would he not be false to his calling, cruel to his patients, if he failed to make use of that remedy? Ah, blessed Mother of God! would we priests not be guilty if we kept from our people a knowledge of thy power, thy tenderness, thy compassion for poor miserable sinners? True it is, and thanks be to God for it! there are many noble priests laboring hard in the pulpit, in the confessional, in the school-room, to propagate devotion to Mary, but still it is also true, *de Maria nunquam satis*,—there is never enough said of our Blessed Mother. True, again, there are many books written about her, and many sermons delivered, yet often the sermon is taken up with dry questions of theology, or in answering the foolish charges of our enemies. The devil wants nothing better than for us to try to show our little learning, while the hearts of the people are left cold and untouched through our controversial sermons.

All Catholics believe that Jesus is the great Mediator of redemption, but they also believe that Mary is the great Mediatrix of intercession. We have many mediators of intercession in heaven and on earth,—the angels, the saints, the kind friends and relatives, the poor whom we aid, and to whom, if we give even a cup of cold water, we will get our reward,—yea, even the damned may plead for us, as Dives did, asking of Abraham for the conversion of his brothers. (Luke xvi.)

But high and powerful above all the angels and the other saints is our peerless Queen, whose merits are so great before God, says St. Bonaventure, that she can obtain whatever she asks. Her petitions can not be rejected, says St. Antoninus, O.P., because

her petitions partake of the nature of a command. For all the other inhabitants of heaven that surround the great white throne are only God's servants, but she, the Queen of Heaven, is the Mother of the Judge. She has the authority her Motherhood gives her over her Son, and He who has commanded children to honor their parents will never dishonor His Blessed Mother by refusing her request. Will it be said that He who granted the request of His Blessed Mother before the time came for manifesting His glory, will refuse her petition now that He has entered into His glory?

But Mary has a right to be heard for the very reason, and in a particular manner, because she is the Mother of Sorrows. We believe that all graces come to us through the merits of Calvary. The patriarchs and prophets were saved through the same merits of the Son of God. "The Lamb that was slain before the foundation of the world, is ever pleading for us before the throne of God. He is ever heard for His reverence, says St. Paul, but what is it that pleads especially? It is His wounds, His blood, His suffering, and His sorrows. For the same reason are we to appeal to our sweet Mother and to Jesus, through her. We remind her of that sword of sorrow that pierced her tender heart, that remained there during the life and death of her Son, Ah, were not all this suffering and sorrow because of sin, because of us poor sinners? O Mary! will the sufferings of Jesus and your sorrows be of no avail? Forbid it, high Heaven! Beg, then, sweet Mother, through all your sufferings and sorrows, that none of your children ever incur the wrath of God; but that aided and protected by you they may serve Him faithfully here, and behold the vision of His glory and your own hereafter.

In my next article I will begin to consider the Dolors of Mary in general. After that, if God spares me, each Dolor in particular.

MAN is a compound of wisdom and folly, of various impulses and passions, of lights and shadows; and the beauty of a character consists in the prevalence of the sunny sides over the cloudy ones. Frozen mock-perfections suspended like icicles from the nose of humanity are false to nature and repulsive to the soul.

—*Anon.*

A DOMINICAN'S ACHIEVEMENT.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THE glorious deeds done by Catholic missionaries in the earlier days of this country's existence are recorded more or less fully on the pages of American history, though due justice has by no means been rendered yet to those pioneer priests, the monks and friars, who came hither then, armed with no other weapons than the Cross and Rosary, on peaceful conquest bent. Little need is there, however, at this late day to describe what the Franciscans accomplished in the far southwest, whence they followed the sinking sun until they stood beside the waters of the blue Pacific, and claimed the land that bordered it in Mary's name; unnecessary is it to detail the work performed by Jogues, Brébeuf, Bressany, and their devoted companions among the Hurons, the Mohawks, and the Iroquois; and that the sons of St. Dominic were not without their part in the dangers and glories of that primitive conquest of the land for Christ, the little church down at Tampa, built by the lamented Bishop Verot of St. Augustine on the spot where Father Louis Cancer de Barbastro met with martyrdom as early as 1544, bears ample testimony.

Though splendid the story of the pioneer Catholic missionaries in this country, there lies away to the south of us a land which can rival that narrative, if it cannot surpass it; and to American Catholics the history of Dominican achievement there is comparatively unknown. This is the land of which the Spanish emperor, Charles V., appointed Alvarado governor, and where that conqueror founded the city of Guatemala, only to witness its destruction, in 1541, by the flood which burst from the crater of *Volcan de Agua*. Of all the Guatemalan provinces, that of Vera Paz is to-day the most interesting, and Coban the most favored city thereof. Yet that province was at one time known as *Tierra de Guerra*,—the Land of War; and it was not until that zealous disciple of St. Dominic, Bartolomé de Las Casas, had conquered the hostility of its inhabitants that the Spaniards were enabled to enter Coban.

It was in 1537 that Las Casas, who, fifteen years previously, had entered a Dominican convent in Hayti, and, after spending eight

years therein, had returned to his native Spain, came with the proud title of "Protector of the Indians" to Guatemala, where his order was then actively engaged in missionary work. Although by the all-potent assistance of our Lady of the Rosary the Dominicans had gradually succeeded in converting the great majority of the aborigines to the true faith, and in supplanting the stones of their heathen sacrifices with the altars of the Clean Oblation, there was one portion of the land, the province of Tuzulutlan, called by the Spaniards *Tierra de Guerra*, the inhabitants of which had not only refused to listen to the preaching of the friars, but had also driven back the Spanish soldiers whenever these sought to enter their territory. When Las Casas heard of this province he at once yearned to win it to Christianity, and he ventured the opinion that if more pacific methods than those which had been tried and proven failures were used, success would be attained. "Providence," he said to the Spanish chieftains, "only wishes to operate upon misguided souls through the teachings of the Gospel; it has a horror of unjust wars undertaken in its name; it wishes neither captives nor slaves to bow before its altars. Persuasion and gentle treatment are sufficient to win the hearts of the most obstinate to the shrine of the Deity."

As might be expected, though, these ideas were ill-received by the warlike Spaniards, still smarting under the defeats they had sustained. "Bah!" they replied to the friar; "go and try to make those Lacandones listen to you if you wish to discover what sort of savages they are!" Las Casas took the scoffers at their word, and declared his intention of converting Tuzulutlan, stipulating that in case he succeeded no Spaniard other than a friar should enter the province for five years, nor should the land be taken away from the natives. He found some Christian Indians who were in the habit of trading with the Lacandones, and to these he taught a number of Rosary hymns, telling them to sing them aloud when next they went into Tuzulutlan to trade. The plan worked admirably. Harkening to the Christian Indians chanted the praises of our Lady, of whom they had never heard before, the Lacandones questioned them as to the significance of their songs, whereupon the Catholic Indians, as Las Casas had previously instructed them to do, replied that that was something

which only the friars who had taught them the hymns could rightly explain. Curiosity conquered where all other means had failed, and the Lacandones sent back with the traders messengers laden with gifts to beg the friars to come into the province and explain the songs to their understanding.

This was the opportunity Las Casas was waiting for; and no sooner did he receive the invitation the messengers brought, than taking with him Father Peter de Angulo, he hastened into the territory of the Lacandones, where so marvellous was the success which attended his labors, so potent proved the efficacy of our Lady's Beads, which devotion he sedulously taught all his converts, the entire population of the district, in an incredibly short space of time, embraced the true faith, and the province which had previously been known as *Tierra de Guerra* was thenceforth designated as *Tierra de Vera Paz*,—the Land of True Peace. This title was, in fact, officially conferred upon it by an edict of the emperor, Charles V., who, to still further express his admiration of Las Casas' peaceful victory, obtained from Rome the erection of a bishopric in the province, in 1559, when Father Peter de Angulo was named the first incumbent of the new See.

Coban, the capital of the province, then became the centre of Dominican activity. The emperor bestowed upon the place the dignity of a city of the first rank, and decreed that the municipal arms should show at the top of a shield a rainbow of gold on an azure field, with the scriptural quotation: "I will set my bow in the clouds." On the lower half of the shield he ordered a dove engraven, bearing an olive branch, and hovering above a globe covered with the heraldic insignia of the Dominican order. In the capital a cathedral was at once erected, and all over the province churches and chapels came into existence as if by magic. In the lower district were the churches of St. Augustin and St. Mary; St. Luke; Our Lady of the Rosary and St. James; St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Francis, and many more; while north of Coban were the missions of St. Mark, St. Thomas the Apostle, St. Dominic, St. Peter, and innumerable others. Had the Spaniards kept the promises which they made Las Casas of not entering the province or seizing its lands, the See of Vera Paz would have remained one of the most prosperous of the Guatemalan episcopates.

Those promises were but poorly observed, though, and when the Spaniards began to pour into the district, their old alarm took possession of the Lacandones, who suddenly withdrew from many of the missions and betook themselves to the mountain fastnesses lying to the north of Vera Paz, and there their descendants are largely to be found to-day. The departure of his converts in such large numbers so saddened Las Casas that he quitted Guatemala and returned to Spain. In less than half a century so deserted had the missions become, Rome deemed it prudent to annex the diocese of Vera Paz to that of Guatemala, and subsequently the government transferred the political capital to Salamá, which still remains the principal city of the province, though Coban is the more populous place. In the largest of its churches is a portrait of the pioneer prelate of Vera Paz, Peter de Angulo, with an inscription testifying to his zeal in the Indians' behalf; and all through the province, hidden away, here in woody solitudes, crowning there the hilltop, or showing in the open plain, the traveller comes across chapels and shrines, decorated with fresh flowers and blooming orchids, thus demonstrating how vivid yet is the faith of these people, who often allude, even at the present day, to Las Casas' time as the most fortunate period in their provincial history.

SWEET FLOWER OF FLOWERS.

(*From the Spanish.*)

E. V. KENEALY.

I FOLLOW thee, sweet flower of flowers,
And sing thy praises all my hours;
Best of the best! oh! grant me still
To serve thee in thy heavenly bowers.

Layde, in thee my trust I place,
From thee my soul seeks hope and grace;
Oh, gently smile, and from my heart
The gloomy stain of sin erase.

O Holy Virgin! grant thine aid,
My soul is sick and sore afraid;
Bowed down with sin it kneels and weeps,
Oh, mercy! mercy! heavenly Maid.

Star of the Sea! my soul still guide
O'er pains, and griefs, and sorrow's tide,
Till safe from storm and wreck it sleeps,
Harbor of brightness, by thy side.

Unfailing mercy, love divine,
These my soul seeks, and these are thine
While in thine aid I hope and trust,
Nor woe, nor fear shall e'er be mine.

Sorrows and wrongs my heart enslave,
My thoughts are shadowed by the grave;
Harbor of brightness! guide me, guide,
My soul from death and satan save.

THE RESTING-PLACE OF FATHER TOM BURKE.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

TALLAGHT, the little village where the Irish novitiate of the Dominicans is situated, has been a place of ecclesiastical pretensions since St. Melenan founded his monastery there in the eighth century. The monastery gave place to the castle, built for a bishop's palace by Alexander de Bicknor in 1324, and inhabited afterwards by several archbishops of Dublin, Catholic and Protestant. In time, what with sieges by the hill-tribes,—for the Irish mountaineers were not minded to reverence any Englishman, even though he were archbishop,—and the passage of years, the place became ruinous, till it was rebuilt by Archbishop Hoadley, the Protestant holder of the See of Dublin, in 1724. From that time it was used once more as archbishop's palace till 1821, when it fell in private hands, and so came gradually back to the ownership of Catholic monks. To-day it has a fame apart from itself as the resting-place of the beloved Dominican, Father Tom

Burke, who sleeps below a niche destined for a little mortuary chapel, within the walls of his own stately memorial church.

The novitiate at Tallaght is very beautifully situated. Dublin is four Irish miles away, but is brought to one's doors by the steam-train that runs through Tallaght. Yet despite the city's nearness, this is the heart of the country. It is a smiling country of pasture and corn-fields, ringed about with the most gracious and lovable hills in the world,—Irish hills, undulating, misty; yesterday green and blue, like the splendors of the peacock: to-day with hints of scarlet through the brown, like a pheasant's breast. There is no end to their varying; they will be so intense a blue one day that they make the senses ache with pleasure. Towards evening the high lights will be touched with pink; again, they will be a uniform grey-green, like a distant great wall of glass; or the pink and purple will flash through veils of silver, and diffuse a delicious rosy radiance over the whole lovely line.

The grounds of the Tallaght convent are dark with greenery, and silent, save for the songs of birds. It is difficult to realize in those arcades full of green light, by the shores of that pellucid strip of water where the swans float, and the water-hen rears her brood in safety, that the city is so near, and that the village and the country-road bound the territory on three sides of it. If it were another garden than a monk's, and those monks novices, one might murmur over the Laureate's dreamy lines,—

“Not wholly in the busy world, or quite
Beyond it, lies the garden that I love.
News of the busy city comes to it
In sound of funeral and marriage bells,
And sitting, muffled in dark leaves, I hear
The windy clanging of the monster clock.”

The bells of the city or the sounds of it have little enough interest for the hermit-novices whom you shall see in their stalls at church, looking unearthly innocent and childlike in those white robes that are the most beautiful of any worn by the Church's many orders.

It was in 1821, as I have said, that the then Protestant Archbishop of Dublin decided that the revenues of his See did not permit of two residences for him. So the place was sold to a

Major Palmer, with a curious provision that before it left his custody he should take the old palace, stone from stone, lest it should in time become a monkery. This foresight, if exercised generally, would have embarrassed a good many religious communities of Dublin, for it is wonderful how monks and nuns have found shelter in the town and country-houses of Protestant prelates, who had no use for such mansions when the Parliament moved to London, and in the stately houses where persecutors of the faith planned their acts of repression against the contumacious Papists. Major Palmer faithfully adhered to his bargain, and in the destruction but one part of the old building survived,—that is the square tower which belonged to the old castle, and is therefore very ancient. It is a tower like a keep, with many narrow eyes of windows looking from it. Time has clothed it kindly with ivy, and has made it a colony of birds. When Mr. Lentaigue took the place in 1835, he explored the tower and found many curious relics of the past within it; he repaired it, too, wherever it was weakened, and it now stands up strong and massive, its chambers undisturbed except for the bats and the birds.

Major Palmer, of the ruins of the palace, built a charming and homely house, which you are startled to find nestling behind the great convent when you go exploring in Tallaght. It is used now for such birds of passage as come and go, priests on a flying visit, or such like, and it has an enchanting prospect of green glades and cool water, and a laurel hedge, twenty feet or more of noble height. On the lawns of this home-like house are the novices' tennis-courts, and when I was there a trio of handsome dogs were gambolling on the smooth grass; there was nothing of coldness or austerity.

The great house turns its coldest side to the world. The garden-side, with its open windows framed in ivy, had much quiet and solemn beauty. The side all the world may see is austere conventual, with its long, high walls, pierced with gothic windows, and the huge chimney-stacks standing out prominently from the sloping roof. Over across the lawn, where are beds of flowers in the verdure, and a couple of purple mounds of pansies, crowned with statues of our Blessed Lady and St. Dominic, is the church,

a beautiful building, severely simple, after the best models of ecclesiastical architecture. Before the church was built, Father Burke lay in a temporary grave, beneath the convent windows; there were always pilgrims there, and the grave was heaped with wreaths and crosses.

The church which is his monument is long, and not wide, divided midway by a rood-screen of carved oak, and lit by narrow, high lancet windows. It is the ideal of a community church, though the faithful are not forgotten in it. Beyond the rood-screen is the choir, with stalls and canopies of carved oak, rich and handsome. The beautiful altar of white marble is the gift of the Royal Irish Constabulary. About the altar is rich and decorative. The rosary makes a series of wall-paintings around the altar, and between the pictures there are finely-carved statues of Dominican saints. Behind the altar the three lancet windows are filled with stained glass, each window being a gift. The altar-lamp is a beautiful one of pierced brass. Some day I hope all the church windows will be of stained glass, for at present there is too much daylight. I would like to paint those grey walls with lilies, or apple boughs in blossom. I am sure bare walls were primarily designed as a background for fresco, and one sighs, surveying these, for the brush of a painter of old, who would patiently paint there spray after spray, and tendril after tendril, and praise God with every stroke of his brush, and having made the walls beautiful for God's sake, would die, and leave no echo of his name.

The rood-screen in the Dominicans' church is fine. We have not revived half enough this inspiration of the architects of long ago. I love the great brown screen, with the crucified Lord raised on high in sight of all sinners. There is nothing so noble in religion, or so beautiful in all the world, as the crucifix. Where it is no place can be lonely, and the barest wall is made beautiful by it. Yet one goes into churches full of painted statues from Munich, and looks in vain for that one most tender and glorious emblem. You cannot multiply the crucifix sufficiently. I would have it everywhere,—in our churches, on the walls of our homes, in our schools and hospitals, on our hearts and in our hearts,—and I would that we might, as they do in foreign countries, set it

up by our road-sides and at our street-corners. There is no sign in all the world so noble and simple, and none that so touches hearts.

The Dominicans' church has many little altars for special devotions, and they are always bright with flowers, for the Community has a rare florist in Brother Joseph, who is one of those persons of all the talents of whom you generally find one attached to a large religious community. I wonder what the Dominicans at Tallaght would do without Brother Joseph! He is their intermediary with the outside world, their man of business, their mine of shrewd common sense. The Preaching Friars may go about, preaching for God's glory; they may bring sinners home for Him in the confessional; they may study and meditate, and give themselves up to the spiritual life, well satisfied that the temporal affairs of the house go prosperously in Brother Joseph's hands. He is farmer and gardener, and buyer and seller of cattle and crops,—and within the house, where one's knowledge does not penetrate, he seems to be many things beside. He is shrewd and simple and humble as any monk of old, who might have watched the mundane affairs of a monastery while the founder was rapt away from earth.

The territory of the Friars-Preachers numbers no more the two hundred acres which were the appanage of the reformed Archbishops. They have but thirty Irish acres all told, and every rood of it utilized to its utmost capacity. The gardens occupy about four Irish acres; dear, wide-spreading, leisurely gardens they are, full of ancient fruit trees and great hedges, winding walks and parterres of old-fashioned flowers,—such a garden as not the wealth of a Vanderbilt could produce, but only time and love. Those old gardens are enormously fruitful, and this is no exception. Every twisted apple-bough is bent to the ground beneath its rosy-streaked burden; the plum and pear trees along the southern wall are heavy-laden. Raspberries and currants, cherries and strawberries, the June fruits which are the jewels of the year, are over now, but all autumnal fruit is in magnificent profusion. The flowers are also old and sweet; by choice, for Brother Joseph is known to the most important florists in this country and England, and attends rose-sales and the like every-

where. Along the gravel-path by the Friars' walk, there are rose-trees espaliered, and on arches overhead. In June they will fling a riotous confusion of rose and cream and gold and crimson over and about one. By the side of the paths stand clumps of double dahlias, looking immeasurably greater ladies than the new-fangled single dahlias. Great clumps of hollyhock are nodding around Brother Joseph's green-houses and tomato-houses, and the gladioli stand up like swords of brilliant color amid lavender and phlox and pansies, and all the dear flowers which have been the darlings of many generations of people.

The Friars' Walk is the glory of these gardens. It is a long, lovely stretch of velvety green turf, dwindling in perspective as one looks at from the end where the water-wheel makes a perpetual, cool music. Tall trees meet and overarch it. At each end there is a mound and a statue, but with admirable taste. There is nothing to mar the long green stretch. A little stream runs to the water-wheel, and one sees it winding away between green banks. The murmur of the wheel is as sweet and soothing as the songs of the birds and the drone of summer insects. Quite close to it is a curious round stone, spiralled inside for a screw. It was part of the cross which stood in the village street in the old Catholic times, till a reforming bishop took it apart and made a bath of it. Probably this great stone had the cross set into it. Another curiosity of the Friars' Walk is a seat midway in it, fashioned of the bones of a great whale, caught off the shores of Mayo in the Forties, and brought here by Mr. Lentaigne. There could be nothing to add to the peaceful green beauty of the Friars' Walk save a couple of white-robed figures, pacing along soberly, and dropping the big Rosary-beads between their figures. This last touch was added when the novices flocked out after their tea and glided in cowed couples down the Friars' Walk, and out in the garden where the dew was falling heavily, and the blackbird was singing a last good-night to the low, pale-gold sun.

We went away then by St. Melenan's tree, a great walnut tree, with the edges of its boughs resting on the ground at a long distance, and making a kind of a tent. The saint is supposed to have planted the tree in the eighth century. It was rent in two in the great storm of 1839, which the Irish peasant still talks about as

"the night of the big wind." It is uncanny and weird with age, and the great boughs rest on the earth as if they were too old to rise in air any longer, but the tree has still its load of aromatic leaves and little green fruit.

In the garden we saw the Convent's latest acquisition, a beautiful, sleek, tiger-colored St. Bernard. Three other friendly dogs followed Brother Joseph closely as we went down by the pond. The domestic animals are in a special way Brother Joseph's pets and friends. The stream which feeds the pond running down from the water-wheel, and spilling itself in a turbulent little cascade back into the world outside the walls, we crossed by three dainty rustic bridges, the work of some long departed, ingenious, and gentle hand. The swans' house by the pond was evidently the same handiwork; it has a fine pillared portico, and a carved swan above the doorway, with a date and an inscription, but the one disconsolate swan in the water,—his mate had just died,—eyed this magnificence, we thought, somewhat cynically. The grounds here are like park land, with great trees studded about in groups, but the cows were grazing below them, and in the tree ringed paddock which is Brother Joseph's special favorite among the fields.

The Convent has a beautiful long cloister, which is to the Friars' Walk as man's handiwork to God's. You pass through it to reach the sacristy, which I am sure is the largest and handsomest in Ireland. It is all of brown oak, in keeping with the church, and is very dark and rich. We saw there the gorgeous vestments in charge of Brother Gabriel, and we climbed from thence half-way up the uncompleted tower, and looked into the church from the organ-gallery and the Tribune.

In the Convent parlor there are some admirable pictures, an ancient triptych of the Crucifixion being prominent. The high walls were covered with early Italian paintings,—Holy Families, Madonnas, an Assumption, an Herodias dancing off John the Baptist's head, and many others, some quite obscured by age. Those pictures are Convent heirlooms, and must be very valuable. On the mantelpiece is a jewelled crucifix which belonged to Dr. Leahy, the late bishop of Dromore, and must be quite old. The pictures, the crucifix, and a fine hanging lamp were the only beautiful things in the ascetically plain room.

I often heard Father Burke preach in old days in Tallaght, for he did not keep his oratory for "occasions." One would go to the eleven o'clock Sunday Mass in the little barn-like temporary church, without the faintest expectation of hearing one of the great pulpit orators of our time. The congregation would scarcely be stirred when he appeared in the pulpit, his irregular, eloquent face full of strength and fire,—for a Tallaght congregation is mainly composed of mountaineers and village folk. But for this simple audience he would pour out his wealth of passion and power, glowing and kindling with his subject as he went on. Most luminous was his preaching, as even I understood, though at the time I was little more than a child. I have been reading to-day a description of it from one better fitted to judge, Miss Rosa Mulholland:—"I have sometimes listened to his words," she writes, "with amazement, as to a new revelation of beauty and holiness. Coolness and vividness were given to self-hidden truths, dusty old facts clothed in an extraordinary splendor; the meanings and purposes of religion took a rich roundness of contour, and filled the eye, while the selfish every-day motives and teachings of the world withered into obscurity and became merely ghosts. People came away from his presence with Christ's kingdom shining in their hearts and around their feet."

Father Burke was greatly beloved and has left an undying memory. If you talk to one of those brothers of his they will grow eloquent over his unselfishness, his sweetness, his meekness, his patience, his brave wit, which made him jest in the very face of death, as Blessed Thomas Moore on the scaffold, his strength of heart and soul and intellect. To me the image of him that lingers longest is when on the last Sunday of his life he travelled from Tallaght to the Jesuit's church in Gardener street, to plead for the starving children of Donegal,—himself tortured and racked with a mortal and implacable disease. No sermon he ever preached was so eloquent as the sight of him,—gaunt, agonized, clutching heavily the pulpit rails as he spoke, while his once great voice sometimes died into a hoarse wail as the deathly pain took him. Women and men wept in the church that day, and purses were opened as they are seldom even in generous Ireland.

The little chapelry below which he lies is still bare and un-

furnished with its altar. There is a beautiful design for it, but things have to be done slowly. Five hundred pounds is needed before Father Burke's monument is complete. Of this there is a hundred in hand. "I would die easy," said Brother Joseph, "if only the other four hundred pounds were given." However, the Dominicans of Tallaght need not fear the cruse of oil ceasing to flow. For Father Burke's sake, especially, Tallaght and the Dominicans have a claim on Irish love.

With one's thoughts of Father Burke at Tallaght are associated thoughts of another friar,—that Blessed Angus who came here in St. Melenan's day, when the monastery was the Thebaïd of many wattle-huts, with greater huts beyond for the cattle. Angus had fled away from praise, and coming in disguise, was accepted by St. Melenan as a poor pilgrim in search of work, and because he was rough and grimy, he was put to the roughest work of the farm. Here in these very fields, while grinding the corn and feeding the mill and tending the kiln and caring the cattle, he composed those songs of his which are among the treasures of ancient Irish poetry. How he was discovered in his disguise is a very tender story, which I shall hope to relate in ballad form for readers of *THE ROSARY*.¹ It is too long to find a place here. Blessed Angus himself was commemorated in glowing verse by a namesake of his, the Abbot of Clonfert, who hailed this recluse of Tallaght as Master of Verses, Sun of the Western World, Poet of the Host of Heaven. This poem Matthew Arnold referred to in an Oxford lecture, as a model of felicity of style, than which no Greek epitaph could be finer.

DOMINICAN ABBEY, DUBLIN.

LAURA GREY.

THE history of the Dominican order in Ireland abounds with interest. It tells us of labors endured, of trials borne, of sufferings and death undergone in the Church's cause and defence.

During the years that it has grown up amongst us, the sons of St. Dominic have been ever faithful in their ministry, never silent in their preaching, always fruitful in their example.

They came to our island 600 years ago, with dark southern features, and grand old Norman names. Yet they soon learned to

¹ See *Rosary*, Oct. '93.

love the country of their adoption, and became like the Geraldines,—“more Irish than the Irish themselves.”

The first glimpse we catch of them in Dublin is when we see an infant colony rising at Ostmanstown, on the left bank of the river Liffey, where the “Four Courts” now stand. Travellers from the great American continent can scarcely realize, when visiting this temple of the law, that they are treading the dust of two abbeys,—one founded for Cistercians, the other for Dominicans.

William Marechal (the elder), Earl of Pembroke, was the founder of the first abbey between the years 1202–1208.

In 1224 the Cistercians surrendered their claim to this house, and bequeathed it to the Dominicans on condition that a lighted taper should be offered every Feast of the Nativity of the B. V. M. in acknowledgment that the abbey formerly belonged to them.

The Dominican church was opened in 1234, under the title of St. Saviour's, and the citizens vied with each other in welcoming the new comers, led on by their Mayor, John Lecar. His liberality to the monastery was such that the Community, moved with gratitude, inserted his name on their register for public prayers. To their church he came in state every Guild Hall day, and tapers were lit, and incense burnt for his welfare, and the welfare of the Councillors over whom he presided.

Years passed away, and the greedy eyes of Edward Bruce (brother to King Robert of Scotland) centred themselves on Ireland.

In 1316 he led an army into Dublin, favored by Richard “the Red,” Earl of Ulster. The citizens took the defence of the city into their own hands, headed by Robert Nottingham, the mayor. This magistrate had been elected 17 times to the civic dignity. When the Scots approached the metropolis, he declared he would capture the “Red Earl” at the peril of his life, and put him to death if the city were attacked.

Richard de Burgho's daughter was married to King Robert Bruce, and the “Earle rhue” (red earl) was in treaty with his son-in-law. At the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary's, Dublin, Richard de Burgho resided, and here the sturdy mayor betook himself to

hold parley with the chieftain. In the meantime the fortifications were planned and filled with armed men.

Materials were wanting to complete the works, and the Dominican Fathers, stirred by the fire of patriotism, offered to pull down their church to supply stones. St. Saviour's was razed to the ground and the walls round Dublin rose in serried ranks, armed with three thousand pikes.

Edward Bruce, anticipating a defeat, retired to Naas in the County Kildare.

The "Red Earl" was taken prisoner, and Robert Nottingham's sword hung suspended above his head, until the Scots quitted the kingdom. His life was the penalty to be paid for the storming of the city, and in those days the Bruces could ill afford to lose so powerful an ally as the "Red Earl."

They retired from the siege, and the mayor's hostage was released. This peep into Irish history is requisite in order to estimate the chivalry and patriotism which animated the Dominican Community when the metropolis was threatened.

The "Red Earl" had lain many years under the green sod of Athassel Abbey, County Tipperary, when Edward III. of England decreed that the church of St. Saviour's should be rebuilt.

With glad hearts the grateful citizens complied, and once again we find a munificent mayor of Dublin, John Decer, presenting the building with a row of pillars and a high altar. These gifts were bestowed in 1380.

The ancient university of Dublin had been founded in 1320 by Archbishop Bicknor, in virtue of a bull of Pope Clement V., and confirmed by John XXII., one of its first masters and doctors being an Irish Dominican, William de Hardite.

This university was established in connection with St. Patrick's Cathedral, but from the troubled times and the lack of funds, it soon declined, and in the following century became almost extinct.

To supply academic education to the youth of Dublin, the Dominicans made a noble effort. In 1428 they opened a gymnasium or high-school on Usher's Island, under the patronage of St. Thomas Aquinas, in which all branches were taught gratuitously, from theology to grammar.

Hither the young men of Ireland flocked to pursue their studies. The Priory stood on one side of the river, and the collegiate school on the other. For the convenience of the students, the Dominican Fathers erected a stone bridge with four arches, at their *own expense*. In 1802 this bridge, known as the "Old Bridge," was still standing, and was the only bridge of the kind in Dublin.

With the consent of the Corporation, a lay-brother received the tolls, and sprinkled the foot passengers with holy water.

Wise, in an article on ancient Irish Dominican schools, in the "Dublin Review" of September, 1845 states: "The only stone bridge in the capital of the kingdom was built by one of the monastic orders, as a communication between a convent and its college,—a thoroughfare thrown across a dangerous river for teachers and scholars to frequent halls of learning, where the whole range of the sciences of the day was taught gratuitously." The Dominican professors neither asked for royal charters nor state endowments, but content with the authority of the Papal brief, offered to their countrymen, with princely munificence, a free university education. After 315 years of holy, useful lives spent in the convent and schools beside the Liffey, their hour of dissolution came. Father Patrick Hay was Prior when Henry VIII. struck the both edifices with his sacrilegious hand.

Elizabeth of England completed the work of infamy, and appropriated the ground on which they stood for the convenience of lawyers.

On the site of the Priory was built the "King's Tuns," now replaced by the "Four Courts."

Round their former home the brethren lingered. We meet them first in Cook street, then in Bridge street, and in the year 1780 in Denmark street.

St. Saviour's beautiful church in Dominic's street is their home to-day. It was opened in the year 1861. A visit to this new shrine will amply repay the tourist. Though situated in a poor locality, the interior and exterior bespeak magnificence. It is the proud boast of the Dominican Fathers that the adornment of this church has been procured by the pence of the needy, bestowed, like the widow's mite, with an open heart and hand.

Fr. Burke's name won for St. Saviour's a name which no other

church could boast of. His matchless eloquence and sonorous voice drew crowds of all religions within its walls. Here, beneath the pulpit, they drank in every note of that musical cadence which ascended from his lips, until the hand of death severed the chords. From his grave in the Tallaght Cemetery (Co. Kildare) he calls on the people of Ireland to remember the Dominican brethren who stood by them in their hour of need, when the false friends of earth had fled.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LIVING ROSARY.

(*Continued.*)

BY A DOMINICAN PRIEST.

SIXTEENTH QUESTION.—May chaplets, rosaries, medals, etc., be blessed publicly and *in globo*?

R. Yes: every priest who has what are called unrestricted faculties, that is, faculties in which the term *privatim* does not occur, may bless and induldge chaplets, rosaries, medals, etc., publicly and *in globo*, even from the pulpit (the people holding up in their hands the articles to be blessed), and without any regard as to the persons to whom they may be afterwards distributed.¹ But a priest in whose faculties is found the term *privatim*, cannot bless publicly or solemnly, that is, in a church or oratory when the people are assembled there, and hold up for benediction religious articles. (S. C. Indulg., 7. Jan. 1843.) The term *privatim* never occurs in the faculties given by the Dominican General.

SEVENTEENTH QUESTION.—How are we to understand the terms *personal*, *local*, and *real*, when they are used in connection with indulgences?

R. Besides the primary and general division of indulgences into plenary and partial, they are also classified into *personal*, *local*, and *real*. These distinctions are of the highest importance in regard to the Rosary.

1.—Personal indulgences are those which are accorded directly to persons, as, for example, the indulgences granted for the recitation of the *Angelus* at the ringing of the bell, or for the saying

¹ S. C. Indulg., 12 Mart. 1855.—See Chery. II. p. 410.

of five *Paters* and *Aves* on Friday. 2.—Local indulgences are those which are granted to a certain place, for example, to a church or chapel, and which can be gained only by visiting the place specified, and by doing there what the Sovereign Pontiff has ordained. 3.—Real indulgences are those which are attached to certain sacred articles, for instance, to crucifixes, medals, rosaries, and other religious objects, for the benefit of persons who carry them with devotion or use them with piety. Such are the indulgences granted by the Pope to all the faithful who keep or carry devoutly a medal, chaplet, rosary, or crucifix to which the apostolic indulgences have been applied, and who piously comply with the other obligations enjoined. Sixtus V. was the first Pope who applied indulgences to the class of articles named, and from about his time the term *real* began to be used in connection with certain indulgences. (The term *real* is derived from the Latin word *res*, which means a thing.¹) Real indulgences, therefore, are those that are applied or attached to things.

Many modern authors have been led into error, by reason of not having made the proper distinctions in regard to the indulgences of the Rosary. They have actually regarded all the indulgences of the Rosary as *real*, and have subjected them to the laws established for the indulgences given to medals, crosses, and such like articles.²

EIGHTEENTH QUESTION.—Should we strive to gain partial, as well as plenary indulgences?

R. We should do so, for partial indulgences are much more readily gained than plenary, and sometimes a partial indulgence is equivalent to a plenary. It is manifest that a partial indulgence is equivalent to a plenary in the case of a person who does not need a more generous remission than that accorded to him by the partial.

Sometimes a partial indulgence is even superabundant, for example, when the person who gains it does not need the whole remission accorded to him. In that case he can give the surplus to the souls in purgatory. This answer ought to move us to labor

¹ Recueil de prières et d'œuvres pies auxquelles les Souverains Pontifes ont attaché des indulgences.—F. Pallard.

² Morassi.—*Il Rosario*, pag. 364, No. 6.

earnestly to gain partial indulgences. But as we can never know to what degree we are indebted by reason of our sins to God's justice, we ought to apply ourselves with still greater zeal to gain also plenary indulgences.¹

NINETEENTH QUESTION.—What is meant by common the indulgences of the Rosary?

R. The faithful who do not belong to any Rosary Confraternity whatever, but who recite the Rosary, may gain the following common² indulgences.

DAILY INDULGENCES. 1.—Those of St. Bridget, that is, one hundred days for each Our Father and each Hail Mary. The chaplet must, however, be blessed by a Dominican Father, or by some other priest who has received from the General of the order faculties to bless rosaries or chaplets. Furthermore, to gain these indulgences it is necessary to meditate on the mysteries in their order.³ 2.—Twenty-five days for each invocation of the sacred names of Jesus and Mary.⁴ 3.—Five years and five quarantines for each chaplet properly recited.⁵ 4.—Ten years and ten quarantines once a day, if the chaplet is recited in common in a church or anywhere else.⁶

WEEKLY INDULGENCE.—A plenary indulgence every week for receiving Communion once a week for the success of the Vatican Council, provided the chaplet of the Rosary is daily recited, and due meditation is made on the corresponding mysteries.⁷ This indulgence is to continue until the official announcement is made of the close of the Council.⁸

MONTHLY INDULGENCES. 1.—On the first Sunday of every month, seven years and seven quarantines for assisting at the procession of the Most Holy Rosary.⁹ 2.—On the last Sunday of every month, a plenary indulgence on the ordinary conditions, if during the

¹ Morassi.—*Il Rosario*, pag. 363, No. 4.

² They are called common because they can be gained by the members of the Confraternity, and also by the rest of the faithful who say the Rosary, but do not belong to the Confraternity.

³ Benedict XIII. Sanctissimus.

⁴ Sixtus IV. Reddituri, 11 Jul., 1587; Confirmat. a Benedict. XIII.

⁵ 12 Jan., 1726., Sixtus IV., *Ea quæ*.

⁶ Pius IX., *Ut magis*.

⁷ Pius IX., *Egregiis*, 3 Dec., 1869.

⁸ Declarat. Pius IX., 28 Oct., 1870.

⁹ S. Pius V., *Consueverunt*.

month a chaplet of the Rosary has been recited in common three times a week.¹

ANNUAL INDULGENCES. 1.—A plenary indulgence on each of the seven principal feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary,—the Purification, Annunciation, Visitation, Assumption, Nativity, Presentation, and Immaculate Conception,—on the conditions of contrition, confession, and a visit to the altar of the Rosary.² 2.—On the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, the first Sunday of October, besides several other plenary indulgences, a plenary indulgence for each visit made with some prayers for the Pope's intentions to the altar of the Rosary, with the further conditions of confession and Communion.³ 3.—A plenary indulgence on every day of the Octave, on the conditions of confession, Communion, and a visit to the altar of the Rosary.⁴ 4.—The October devotions' indulgences by complying with the conditions of Leo XIII.⁵ 5.—On the feasts of the Patrons or Titular Saints of churches in which a Rosary Confraternity is established, a plenary indulgence on the usual conditions.⁶ 6.—A plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, on the feast of Corpus Christi. 7.—A plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, once a year, on any day at will, provided a third part of the Rosary has been said every day of the year with due meditation, and on beads blessed according to the Dominican rite.⁷ 8.—All the indulgences which the faithful who are not members of any Rosary Confraternity may gain by reciting the Rosary, or by performing other good works specially enriched by reason of the Rosary, are applicable to the souls in Purgatory by manner of suffrage.⁸

PERSONAL FACULTIES OF THE ROSARY.

The inestimable advantages attached to the existence of a Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary ought to move pastors to do all they can to have it in their respective parishes. But as there are cases in which it is very difficult, and even some in which it is impossible to procure the permission to establish the Confrater-

¹ Pius IX., *Ut magis*.

² S. Pius V., *Salvatoris*.

³ *Supremi Apostolatus*.

⁴ Benedict XIII., *Sanctissimus*.

⁵ Pius IV., *Dum præclara*.

⁶ Benedict XIII., *Pretiosus*.

⁷ Gregor. XIII., *Desiderantes*.

⁸ Pius IX., 5 April., 1869.

nity, it would be well for pastors, assistants, and other priests who are eager to propagate the Rosary, and who cannot be directors of the Confraternity, to procure for themselves the *personal faculties of the Rosary*.

The Most Rev. Master-General of the Dominican Order readily grants to all priests officiating outside of a district in which there is a Dominican convent or house, the faculties named whenever they are asked for.

EXPLANATION OF THE PERSONAL FACULTIES.

Priests who receive the personal faculties do not thereby receive authority to establish a Confraternity of the Rosary. By ordinary law the erection of a Confraternity must be made by a Dominican Father, specially delegated for each occasion by the Prior of that convent which is nearest to the church in which the erection is to be made.

But priests possessing those faculties may: 1.—Receive the faithful into a Rosary Confraternity already canonically established, in the same manner as Dominicans and Directors of Canonical Confraternities are wont to receive them; also organize divisions and sections of the “Perpetual Rosary” and circles of the Living Rosary. 2.—Through those faculties they are authorized to bless, without restriction as to time, chaplets and rosaries both for Rosarians and for those of the faithful who do not belong to any of the associations of the Rosary, and to communicate to those articles of devotion, indulgences which are equivalent to the Brigatine. 3.—To bless the candles and the roses of the Rosary, and, 4, to apply to moribunds belonging to the Rosary Confraternity the general absolution, with a plenary indulgence. In all these cases the *formule* of the Dominican rite must be used.

These faculties are of their nature perpetual. They are most useful to missionaries, chaplains of hospitals and of religious communities, and to pastors or administrators of such parishes as cannot have the Confraternity. Personal faculties are sometimes even necessary, as in the case of the assistants of a church in which there is a Rosary Confraternity, for without them the assistant priests cannot canonically inscribe¹ the names of the faithful in

¹ Even in such a case the Director's consent is necessary.

the regular register, even when the director (who is usually the rector of the parish) cannot himself attend to the inscription, for be it remembered that the director of the Confraternity cannot sub-delegate any of his faculties to another.

Priests possessing the personal faculties can readily procure all the *real* and personal indulgences of the Confraternity for their people by having them enrolled in the Confraternity register of the nearest Dominican convent, or of some Confraternity church, and thus can advantageously call their people to the public recitation of the Rosary in their respective churches. Of course, the local indulgences cannot be gained except in a Confraternity church.

IMPORTANT OBSERVATIONS IN REGARD TO THE FACULTIES JUST
EXPLAINED.

1.—Except in what concerns particularly the Perpetual Rosary and the Living Rosary, priests enjoying those faculties cannot exercise them in places in which there is a convent or house of Dominican Fathers. Priests privileged with these faculties must, inside a year, counting from the date of inscription in their personal register of the names and surnames of the members received by them, send those names and surnames to the nearest convent of Dominican Fathers, or to some other Rosary Confraternity, in order that they may be duly recorded on its great register. Members thus received begin to share in all the blessings of the Confraternity from the moment of their enrollment, just the same as if they had had their names at once recorded on the great register. 3.—It should be carefully borne in mind that the *personal faculties* of the Rosary do not give priests who possess them the right to celebrate the privileged Rosary Mass. To enjoy this privilege it is necessary for priests to belong at least to the Third Order of St. Dominic, and to have received from the Most Rev. General of the Dominicans the *personal privilege* to use the Missal and the Breviary of the Order.

(*To be continued.*)

ALL IN EACH.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

I TOUCHED the Beads that softly slid
Between her palms at Compline's close;
For well I knew the care she hid,
The need more sacred than repose.

"Why lavish thus the prayer, the tear,
On those by heart or blood allied;
Since all, to God, alike are dear;
Since Jesus, too, for all has died?"

She read the wish, beneath my word,
To help her care, to soothe her pain;
"Who knows," she said, "what hour is heard
Our cry for souls we hope to gain?"

"If each one tilled the narrow space
Allotted to our special care;
Sowed faithfully the seeds of grace,
And propped each stalk with timely prayer,
The world would one wide Eden bloom,
The very hedge-rows bud forth peace;
And we, my friend, untouched by gloom,
Would see God's wine and oil increase.

The One Communion of the Saints
Makes prayer for each a prayer for all;
And when thy heart grows weak or faints,
My dew upon thy fleece may fall."

I kissed the Beads, which kept, I knew,
Sweet names of friends from year to year.
"Hope on—pray on—; a faith so true
Must win, at length, our Lady's ear!"

NILS STENSEN.

BY JOSEPH ALEXANDER.

V.

As a convert Stensen was according to law excluded from the realms of his king. The correspondence anent this question between him and the Danish authorities has not been published, but very likely just now he was not over-anxious to leave Italy, where centred everything dearest to his heart and intelligence. In 1669 appeared the work with which he had been so long occupied—"A Preface to a Dissertation on the Solid Bodies, contained naturally within other Bodies."

This little treatise (76 pages), all that was ever published by Stensen touching the surface of the earth and its evolution, not only augmented his fame at the time being, but of late years more than anything else it has recalled him to the memory of mankind, and ranked him with the foremost of scholars.¹ As a matter of fact, Viviani was something of a prophet when he declared Stensen ushered in a new science. Leonardo da Vinci, Bernard Palissy, and others, it is true, had vaguely suggested kindred theories; Steno's English contemporaries, Hooke and Liste, had attained results similar to his, independently of him. But it is generally admitted that Steno surpassed them all, inasmuch as his theories, based upon investigations more thorough and truly scientific, have been borne out more strongly by the achievements of modern science.

Humboldt calls Steno "a man of the most comprehensive acquirements, a great anatomist," and of his work "*De Solido intra Solidum naturaliter Contento*," he gives the following account: "Steno . . . distinguishes between rocky strata which have become solidified before the creation of plants and animals, and therefore contain no organic remedies, and sedimentary strata which alter-

¹ E. de Beaumont in *Annales des sciences naturelles* XXV., Paris, 1832; A. v. Humboldt: *Kosmos*, American Edit. II., 347 seq.; Capellini: *Di N. Stenone e dei suoi studii geologici in Italia*, 1869; W. Plenkens: *Der Daene N. Stensen*, St. Louis & Freiburg, 1884, p. 59-83. See also Leibnitz, whose opinion of Stensen may be studied in "*Abhandlungen der Jablonowskischen Gesellschaft*," 1846, p. 36.

nate with one another, and cover the first named strata. . All fossiliferous strata were originally deposited in horizontal beds. . . . In the geognostic character of the soil of Tuscany, Steno recognized convulsions which must, in his opinion, be ascribed to six great natural epochs. The sea had broken in at six successive periods, and after continuing to cover the interior of the land for a long time, had retired within its ancient limits. All petrifications were not, however, according to his opinion, referable to the sea; he distinguished between pelagic and fresh-water formations."

After the publication of his book, Stensen left Florence, but did not go direct to Denmark. In 1670 he was in Amsterdam, and then returned to Florence. The Danish king, Frederick III., died at the beginning of the year, and probably Steno wanted to be assured with regard to the feelings of his successor, Christian V.

King Christian soon developed into a servile imitator of the vices of Lewis XIV., without possessing any of the admirable qualities of that monarch. His mistresses wielded a nefarious influence, and squandered the money of the land, while his noble-hearted queen, a German princess, was slighted by him and annoyed by the clergy on account of her reformed belief. Nevertheless the first years of the new reign were prosperous, owing to the fact that for a while the king left the reins in the hands of Griffenfeldt, a man of humble origin, but of the highest abilities. This far-seeing man, realizing the dangers of Lutheran obscurantism, particularly in a small community like the Danish, hesitated not to grant to the French ambassador a permission to erect a Catholic chapel, and to him it was chiefly due that Stensen was called back a second time.

And this time he came in July, 1672. Before leaving Florence he had to promise the grand duke to return to instruct the crown-prince. In Demark he was kindly received. Six weeks after his arrival he writes to Sister Maria Flavia: "No one here argues with me, the majority holding that each individual will be saved in his own faith, provided one leads a good life. But as little as they blame me, as little do they want to hear of anything else, albeit some speak well of us and would like their own people to have something of what is found among us. But the scandals given

by impious Catholics have impressed their mind so strongly as to prevent them from considering our faith with attention."

Those liberal persons alluded to by Steno were probably some of the university professors. Ere long he was to find that by no means all cherished a similar disposition. However, his debut at the university was in every respect cheering. Prominent men, foremost of all Griffenfeldt, displayed a great and active interest in his work, procuring him rare animals for dissection. Now also occurred his first dissection of a corpse, that of a soldier hanged for theft. It was public, and caused considerable stir; rumor soon had it that the dissected man's ghost could get no rest, and now was running about the streets of Copenhagen, "in a woman's shape, light in hand!" One good citizen, who fancied having come across the uncanny customer, was taken violently ill and remained so quite a while.

In January, 1673, Steno delivered an oration at the university on the study of anatomy. As space does not permit me to reproduce *in toto* this fine specimen of Steno's eloquence, two brief extracts must suffice to indicate its character. The very opening is of peculiar interest as presenting a striking contrast to the usual rhetoric of the day, especially as mention is made of the king—an opportunity seized upon by most contemporaries to sound the trumpets of adulation uproariously. This is what Steno said by way of introduction: "Highly revered audience: what enables me to appear before you is the munificence with which the Creator has endowed His work, the favor shown the subject by his king, the hope I entertain of gaining your attention.

"God has bestowed on me much anatomical knowledge, acquired not always while directly looking for it, nay, at times even reluctantly; a knowledge denied my predecessors, albeit they were far worthier of it.

"The king has pleased to re-open our country's anatomical theatre, which for years has been closed; and you will here be made acquainted with observations, as well of mine own as of others."

A little farther on we come upon this characteristic passage:

"He that in the loveliest season beholds from afar a meadow, at once receives an impression of beauty, produced by the wealth of

splendid colors. But when upon the meadow itself he stoops to view closely the plants, one by one their leaves and their flowers, then the manifold charm of forms and colors becomes still multiplied, so that he is constrained to exclaim: from afar they were beautiful; near by they are so infinitely more! But let him proceed to pick out a single plant and examine it patiently! Let him study it from the time it is in the seed and until it runs into seed itself! Let him learn ever so little, and that only as through a veil—that much he must needs learn, that the joy derived from what we know is but scant indeed when compared with what we should feel were we able to perceive all that is now hidden from us.”

The Danish students were not to enjoy long the benefit of Stensen's teaching, appreciated by them so highly. College president Brunsman, a fierce theologian, had of late taken to writing, and now published two books, one of which advocated zealously the belief in witchcraft and the burning of witches, while the other contained a venomous attack on the Catholic Church. This work its author sent to Steno, who made rejoinder in a letter, as dignified as the attack was violent. Brunsman now delivered himself of a ponderous volume, brimful, as M. Jørgensen says, “with vulgar, at times rude polemics.” Suffice it as a sample that among other amenities it was asserted that Steno had changed his religious allegiance out of love for a woman who afterwards had jilted him. He now stuck to his errors from false pride merely; he had always been ambitious and covetous, etc.

Doubtless by this and by kindred events Steno was made to realize that his proper place was not among Lutherans. He asked and obtained from Griffenfeldt release from his university duties, and in the fall of 1674 he left Denmark forever.

VI.

From Denmark Stensen repaired to Florence, to enter upon his office as educator of the heir-apparent—a task, however, that was to be soon abandoned by him. One of his Calvinistic antagonists once in a pamphlet called him a *doctor geometricus*, and it is not to be denied that in some of his scientific writings a geometrical tendency gets the better of him, and considerably mars the value of his argumentation. Howbeit a *doctor geometricus* does nothing

by halves. He may overdo matters. Some have been of opinion that Stensen did so, when shortly after his return to Florence he sought and obtained admittance to the priesthood. Nowadays it is admitted on all hands that his Catholic faith did not check his intellectual acumen, his chief work having been prepared at the very time he was turning Catholic, and finished immediately when the crisis was over. Besides, the testimonies of his Danish pupils and of such a judge as Leibnitz are ample evidence that his admirable intellect remained unimpaired. Still, Protestants have laid to the door of the Church a charge of making light of science in that she did nothing to prevent her newly-adopted son from giving up science and turning irrevocably to the altar.

As a matter of fact the Church did nothing but to respect the lawful liberty of the individual. From Steno's autobiographical notes it may be gathered that as early as during his sojourn in Amsterdam, in 1670, surrounded as he was by scoffing Protestants, the question had been haunting his mind: Ought not you to give yourself to God entirely and directly? He reproaches himself with too much indulgence in social amusements, too lax observance of the duty of charity, etc., and it requires but scant scrutiny to perceive within his soul the rapid growth of the thirst for perfection.

Doubtless more than anything else did his remarkable success in making converts encourage Stensen to take the decisive step. Sundry persons were brought into the fold by him while in Florence, notable among whom was the Flemish anatomist, Tilman Tratwin.

Deeply versed as for years Stenson had been in Catholic theology, the usual course of study was deemed unnecessary. He received some instruction from the rector of the cathedral in Florence, made a retreat, and was admitted to holy orders.

For many years he had been leading a life of strict chastity; he now took a vow of poverty, henceforth using for his own wants only six scadi out of a monthly salary of forty (c. \$43.50); the rest he gave to the poor. He also asked permission of his confessor to make another vow, namely, in each instance to do what was the most perfect. This, however, his prudent director would not allow, so he had to be content with the vow never to perform

any actions but such as would redound to the glory of God and the benefit of man.

His literary work at this time consisted in the publication of some polemical writings,—among which a letter to Spinoza,—and of a little book: “An examination of the reformers to prove that the reformers of morals have been sent by God, not those of the faith,”—one of his best controversial productions.

And at last had struck the hour of departure from his beloved Italy. No oratorical effort is required to make the reader appreciate what this man gave up in leaving Florence. A gracious prince, his friend rather than his master, an honored position, congenial friends, a city and a country where well-nigh every house suggested to him a sweet memory, every mountain a proud thought. But of no avail would have proven attempts to retain Steno, had any such been made. He saw the way clearly pointed out to him. The duke of Hanover, John Frederick, who had returned to the Church some years since, lost his bishop, and requested Stensen to accept his see. It was not a pleasant task, almost all the subjects of the duke being Protestant to the core. Only in the capital itself, Hanover, was Catholic worship tolerated. Besides, the bishop was to be Prefect-Apostolic of North-western Germany, and the duke's confessor.

Nevertheless Steno accepted. But his soul was heavy with apprehension; of his friends he begged prayers for his work, and he subjected himself to severe penance. Hereupon he set out for Rome, making the journey on foot without shoes, and begging for his support. It was in the month of August, and very warm, and he arrived at Loretto in such a pitiable condition that the superior of the Holy House ordered him to take a short rest and to wear shoes the remaining part of the journey. In Rome Pope Innocent XI. conferred the pallium upon him, and gave him the title of Bishop of Titiopolis (an ancient see in Isauria). Stensen immediately returned to Florence, where was said a farewell, deeply felt, and then he proceeded towards the distant North, continually on foot. The exact date of his arrival in Hanover is not known, but it must have been in November. The duke sent courtiers and carriages to receive the bishop, but when Stensen met them, he insisted on entering the city just as

he had come the long way. Like the apostles of old he walked into the streets on foot, asking of the first person he met where the church was, and not until he had prayed there did he appear before the duke.

Hereafter his life was one of complete self-denial. He refused to buy any of his predecessor's vestments; he would not keep horses, and his daily surroundings all bore the stamp of the greatest modesty. Yielding, however, to the requirements of his high and laborious office, he maintained quite a large household, having with him in his house seven men, almost all of whom had been converted by him. A young Livonian nobleman, Captain John Rose, of the ducal guards, was among these. Like many others who had been under Steno's spell, Rose entertained a loving admiration for him, and amply testified to it in his written reminiscences, now in the royal Danish archives. Another manuscript from those years, still to be found, it is said, in the archives of Hanover, contains accounts of several arguments between Steno and the great philosopher Leibnitz, at the time the duke's librarian. From published letters of Leibnitz's it is known that he valued the scientific achievements of the Dane very highly.

Others besides Rose have described Steno's apostolic life in Hanover, all enlarging on his zeal and self-denial. Yet the result was not encouraging. At the court, many that cherished Catholic sympathies secretly, refrained from joining the Church—the reason being that the next duke would probably be a Protestant. Steno could not always remain silent on this subject. One day the duke begged him to pray that a son be granted him, as doubtless by this many conversions would be brought about. The bishop burst out: "I am afraid God will never grant the son of a man to such as refuse to be converted to the Son of God."

Two years later the duke died suddenly, leaving no children. His Lutheran brother and successor immediately dismissed Steno, who was then appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of Muenster. His new office was a most laborious one, and his salary was rather small. He consequently sold his carriage, a gift from the late duke of Hanover, and his episcopal ring and staff; what was paid him for the objects he distributed among the poor.

Of all his duties, that of ordaining priests was felt by him as the most trying one. "In his letters he more than once reproaches himself severely with having ordained unworthy men. A little book by him, written in 1682, and entitled "The 'Do This' [*hoc age*] of Priests," presents a remarkable resemblance with Cardinal Manning's "Eternal Priesthood," its main object being to prove that the secular priesthood is a state of perfection.

The Prince-Bishop of Muenster seems to have been a worldly minded man, who was anything but pleased at Steno's ascetic habits. On the other hand Steno was at times seriously considering to enter the Society of Jesus, as by doing so he might be surer to attain perfect holiness. These considerations, however, were never carried into reality.

After three years the bishop died, and Steno now took up his residence in Hamburg, as Vicar-Apostolic of the North. He boarded with strangers, in a room without a bed. Henceforth he fasted on all week-days; milk, eggs, meat, and wine, were never on his table. He slept in a chair, and only a few hours. At the first attack of the extremely painful disease of the stomach that was to put an end to his life, he was constrained to get a kind of bed. He made one of straw, and slept in it, covered only with his old and threadbare cassock.

Withal he contrived to feel happy. Rose, describing a meeting with him after a rather long separation, says that he looked pale and thin, but so cheerful "that his face were enough to edify you."

Truth requires it to be said that not all Catholics appreciated his efforts, and that among those opposed to him were even priests. Probably his austerity by some was interpreted as Phariseism. But his Italian friends never forgot him. The grand duke continued sending him generous donations, which he as constantly gave to the poor. Once efforts were made to have him appointed to an Italian bishopric, but nothing came of this. In 1685 he was called to Mecklenburg, where the duke had been received into the Church. While the Hanoverian duke had been a pious and humble man, Steno's new sovereign was of a haughty and disagreeable disposition, and in fact, the poor bishop seems to have met with little but annoyances in this his last

office. No doubt this hastened the development of his fatal disease, and at last he had to stay in bed, so excruciating were his sufferings. Feeling that life was fast ebbing, he sent to Luebeck for a Jesuit Father. Two days and nights were passed in unceasing agony. "I only wonder," said he, "that I am still alive, so terrible are my pains. O my God! I hope this may move Thee to forgive me for not keeping my mind constantly fixed upon Thee! I pray not that these sufferings be taken from me; only give me patience to bear them! If we have received good things at Thy hands, why should we not receive evil? Whether Thou wantedst me to live or to die—I will as Thou willedst! Praised be Thou in eternity!"

On Friday morning, November 26, 1685, he gathered around his bed his little congregation, imploring them to lead a Christian life, a life of charity. Hereafter he begged his friends to say the prayers for the dying, the Jesuit not having arrived. When the prayers were over, he said, his face beaming with joy: "Jesus! be Thou my Jesus!" With these words he breathed his last.

The grand duke Cosimo asked to get Steno's corpse, and it was sent to Florence, where it rests in the church of St. Lawrence. For more than a century Steno's memory was cherished only in Italy, while his native country cared not even to collect his works in its libraries. But within the last fifty years things have changed for the better. Italian, French, German, and Danish scholars have vied in praising his scientific merits, his life has been repeatedly written, his character eulogized. In the year 1881 the International Congress of Geologists, then assembled in Bologna, resolved to erect a monument on his tomb, and accordingly, in 1883, was set up in St. Lawrence's church a column with a bust of Steno.

Thus after years of misjudgment and oblivion, justice has been rendered to the great Danish convert and scholar.

WORK, even when laborious, is a great panacea for mental disquietude. An antiquated French author has written: "I think work is a blessed thing; it cannot lay hold of folks' thoughts and straighten them out, to be sure, but it does coax them off a little, and, after a spell, helps them to stand alone."

ON MY SISTER'S SECOND BIRTHDAY IN RELIGION.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

Another birthday. How the years fleet on!
 How changeful! But to you, my sister sweet,
 They bring not worldling's sorrows as they fleet—
 No vain regrets for youth and pleasure gone.
 The furrow'd brow, the pallid cheek and wan,
 Are not for you. The hardest hours you meet,
 Toiling beneath the burden and the heat,
 Will but bedew your spirit like a dawn.

The young may fall with weariness; the strong
 Faint as they grasp the shadow. Not so you.
 For those who wait upon the Lord renew
 Their strength, on eagle pinions borne along;¹
 And gather their heart-freshness from a dew
 Better than Hermon's in the Psalmist's song.²

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

CHAPTER XXVI.

REGINALD IN PARIS.

1219, 1220.

THEY were no new scenes which met the eye of Reginald of Orleans when, at the end of his long foot journey, he found himself at the gate of St. James's convent in the September of the year 1219. There had been a time when every street in the great capital had been like a home to him, who first won honor and renown among the schools on Mount St. Geneviève. And though eight years at least had passed since he closed his university career, he soon found that he was not forgotten in Paris. Many days had not elapsed before it was rumored abroad that the white-robed friar who now appeared in the pulpit of

¹ Is. xl. 30, 31.² Ps. cxxxii. 3.

Notre Dame was the same Master Reginald whose reputation as a professor of Canon Law was still held in honorable memory, and at once masters and scholars gathered together to hear him. "With unwearied fervor," says Blessed Jordan, "he preached Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," and never had his eloquence been felt more captivating or more irresistible. Not a few of those who crowded around his pulpit sought him out in his convent and placed the direction of their consciences in his hands, and among these was Jordan of Saxony. The work in his soul which had been begun by Dominic was completed by Reginald, and he at length resolved to enter the Order, believing (as he says) that he should find therein that way of salvation concerning which he had so often deliberated. But before taking the final step he desired to win over to a similar resolution one bound to him in ties of holy and tender friendship, who was then studying theology at the University of Paris. This was Henry, then canon of the church of Utrecht, afterwards better known under the title of Henry of Cologne. "I loved him in Christ above all other mortals," says Jordan, "as being truly a vessel of honor and grace, than whom I do not remember ever in this life to have seen a more gracious creature. . . . He lodged in the same house with me, and dwelling together, we were joined in a sweet and close union of hearts. . . . The purpose of my own mind being fixed, I began to labor that I might draw along with me this chosen friend of my soul, feeling sure that he would be most useful for the office of preaching. He however refused, but I ceased not to solicit him. I therefore managed that he should go to confession to Brother Reginald, and when he returned he opened the book of Isaias, as if seeking direction in the pages of Holy Writ. The first words on which his eyes rested were these: 'The Lord hath opened my ear and I do not resist, I have not gone back.'¹ Whilst I was interpreting to him these words as fitly answering his intention, and was exhorting him to place his youth under the yoke of obedience, we noticed a voice that came a little further on, 'let us keep together'—*stemus simul*, as though we were admonished not to desert one another. Recalling this word afterwards, when I was at Bologna and he at Cologne, he

¹ Isaias l. 5-8.

wrote to me, saying, 'Where is now the *stemus simul*? You are at Bologna, and I at Cologne.' . . . That night, therefore, he went to Matins at the church of Notre Dame, and remained there till daybreak praying and entreating the Mother of God that she would bend his will; but it seemed to him as if his prayer profited him nothing, and that his heart still remained hard within him. Then, as if pitying himself, he turned to her, and said, 'Now then, O Blessed Virgin, I feel that you regard me as unworthy, and that there is no portion for me among the poor of Christ.' For, indeed, God had long before made known to him how great a safeguard to the soul was holy poverty when we stand before the tribunal of the Judge. For once in a vision he had found himself there standing amid a great multitude, and being conscious to himself of no crime, he thought to escape without condemnation, when one seated by the Judge's side arose and said to him, 'Thou who standest there, what hast *thou* ever forsaken for the sake of Jesus Christ?' Thus admonished, he had indeed conceived a desire to embrace perfection in the state of poverty, if the sluggishness of his will could be overcome. As he was about to leave the church, sad and disconsolate, the foundations of his soul were suddenly shaken, and bursting into tears, all the hardness of his heart seemed broken up, and the sweet yoke of Christ, which awhile before he had thought so heavy, now appeared to him lovely and delightful. In the impulse of his fervor, therefore, he went to Brother Reginald, and having made a vow in his hands,¹ he returned to me. Perceiving the traces of tears on his angelic countenance, I asked him whence he came, and he replied, 'I have vowed a vow to the Lord, and I will perform it.' We agreed, however, to put off our novitiate till the season of Lent, and meanwhile we gained another of our companions, named Brother Léó.

"When Ash Wednesday approached (which fell that year on the 12th of February), we prepared to fulfil our vow, our companions who dwelt in the same house with us knowing nothing of the matter. When, therefore, Henry left the house, one of

¹ It will be observed from this, and from other examples, that the custom of receiving the habit, and making a certain period of novitiate therein, before taking the vows of religion, was not then established.

them asked him whither he was going, and he answered, 'I go to Bethany,' which word indeed signifies 'the house of obedience.' We three then met at St. James's, whilst the brethren were singing the antiphon, *Immutemur habitu*; and laying aside the old man, we were clothed with the new, so that what they were singing with their voices was fulfilled by us in very deed."

Such was one of the spiritual conquests achieved by Reginald during his short but splendid career in Paris. It seems to have lasted little more than five months, during which time his fervent soul spared itself neither in labor nor austerity. The abbot Matthew, who continued to preside over the community as Superior, perceived with mingled fear and admiration how rapidly the powers of nature were being consumed by the ardor of the spirit. He had known Reginald intimately in early years, and recalling the delicacy and luxury of his former life, he could not refrain from asking him once how he found it possible to endure the hardships and sacrifices to which he was now exposed. Reginald cast down his eyes, and a blush suffused his countenance as he replied: "Truly, I count myself to have merited nothing by what you call sacrifices; for indeed, so long as I have been in the Order, I am conscious only of having been too happy."

To this soul then, so rich in grace, the crowning happiness was given of a speedy summons to his reward. He was utterly consumed in the fire of that great love which had been enkindled in his heart, and in a short space he had accomplished a long time in the service of the Master who now called him. Early in the month of February, 1220, and before the day on which Jordan and Henry received the habit, he fell sick, and in a very short time it became evident that his end was at hand. Matthew, who loved him dearly, proposed to administer Extreme Unction. "I do not fear death," said Reginald, "but rather wait for it with joy. At Rome the Mother of God anointed me with her own merciful hands; nevertheless, lest I should seem to despise the unction of Holy Church, I humbly ask for it." When this ceremony had been accomplished they laid him on ashes at his own request, and thus, in the presence of the brethren praying around him, he gave up his soul to God. He was buried in the church of Notre Dame des Champs, for at that time the friars had no

cemetery of their own. His brethren mourned over his loss as that of an angel of God, and it is said that Matthew could never speak of him without tears. "The very night that his spirit took its flight towards God," says Blessed Jordan, "it seemed to me, who did not as yet wear the habit of a friar, though I had made profession in his hands, that the brethren were being carried over the water in a vessel which sank, but those who were in it escaped in safety. I think this ship represented Brother Reginald, whom indeed the brethren at that time regarded as their chief support. Another person also beheld a clear fountain which suddenly dried up, and in place of which two other fountains presently sprang forth." He adds with touching humility, "Conscious of my own unworthiness, I dare not interpret this vision; I only know that he received to profession only two persons whilst at Paris, of whom I was the first, and the other was Brother Henry of Cologne."

Jordan's subsequent career in the Order, which he governed after the death of St. Dominic, and to which he gave so wonderful an extension, leaves us in no difficulty how to accept the interpretation he so modestly suggests. As a fact, he filled the exact place which in the judgment of the brethren had been assigned to Reginald; for by most the latter had come to be regarded as the probable successor of the holy founder. It must have been but a few days after he was laid in the grave that Jordan and Henry received the holy habit in the manner above described, nor was it long before the community of St. James's understood how fully their great loss had been replaced.

Having related the tale of Jordan's vocation in his own words, we cannot close this chapter without saying something more concerning the friend whose story was so closely bound up with his own. The sweetness of friendship is not forbidden to those who love God, as a thousand beautiful examples in the lives of the saints will amply prove. Yet this is certain, that the heart which loves must consent to suffer loss. After the entrance into the Order of Brother Henry, he for awhile gained a reputation in Paris as a preacher which surpassed even that of Reginald himself. "Never in the memory of man," says Jordan, "had there before been seen a man so young, so eloquent, or so attractive as a preacher. Every sign of grace seemed gathered together in him,

for he was prompt in obedience, placid in meekness, pleasant in cheerfulness, and open-hearted in charity. . . . After a time he was sent to Cologne as prior; and Cologne still bears witness how diligently he kindled in all hearts there the fire which our Lord came to cast upon the earth. He used to admonish his hearers that the name of Jesus, which is above every name, is most worthy of love and worship, so that to this day, whenever that sacred name is mentioned in the Church, the hearts of all are moved to manifest their reverence."

But the earthly career of this highly-gifted soul was as brief as it was brilliant. He was attacked by an illness brought on by overfatigue in the October of 1225, and by what seemed a fortunate accident, Jordan, then Master-General of the Order, was present at his happy death. He describes it in a letter to a German Benedictine¹ nun with whom he corresponded, and who was also linked in bonds of holy friendship with Brother Henry. "Alas!" he writes, "the voice of that turtle-dove will no more be heard in our land. Let us weep over the flower that is faded, over the turtle-dove who will never sing any more. I speak of Brother Henry, your friend and mine, or I should rather say everybody's friend, for indeed he strove to gain all souls to Jesus Christ. Let us mourn together over him who is mourned for by Cologne and by all Germany. . . . On the night of the 23d of October, just as they were ringing for Matins, I went to see him before going to choir, and finding him already in his agony, I asked him if he would receive Extreme Unction. He replied that he earnestly wished it, and we decided on satisfying his desire before beginning the Office. During the ceremony it seemed as though he were giving himself the Holy Unction rather than receiving it from another, so fervent were his prayers. . . . Then we went down to Matins, . . . during which my eyes shed torrents of tears, which were yet mingled with unspeakable sweetness. Returning to him when the Office was over, I found him quite transported in God, singing and exciting in himself and others the desire of paradise. Sometimes he would address the brethren who surrounded him,

¹ She was a religious in the Benedictine Monastery of Horreen, and the letters addressed to her by Blessed Jordan are printed in the *Thesaurus Nov. Anec.* of Martene, pars 1, 920.

saying, 'Dear brethren, my soul is wholly poured out over you!' At others he would sing with joy, often repeating the invocation, 'Oh, Blessed Virgin Mary, make us worthy to partake of this heavenly bread!'....And with these and similar words he prepared for his departure....After a time he said, 'The prince of this world has come, but he is powerless against me.' Then he fell into his agony, and we began the recommendation of his soul, but our voices were choked with our tears. I could not lose him without anguish; but no, I have not lost him, I have but sent him before me; and young as he was, I well know that he had accomplished a long life." In another letter he writes: "God, who will one day wipe all tears from our eyes, in this life separates friends and brethren as seems good to His wisdom. But I cannot yet console myself. Since the day that Brother Henry was taken from us I have not ceased to weep over a friend so faithful and so beloved, and so perfectly worthy of love....Oh, my brother Jonathan, you were given to me by the glorious Virgin herself, for when I resolved to enter the Order I asked her to give you to me as my companion, and she granted my request. She it was then who bestowed on the Order the precious gift of this dove. Faithful laborer in the vineyard of our Lord, he was called to receive his reward, not at the close of the day, but at the sixth hour. O good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

Such were the tender accents in which the loving heart of Jordan dwelt on the memory of his friend. That memory always remained fresh and verdant. It was the custom of the friars in these early times before ascending the pulpit to preach, to kneel and ask a blessing from one of their companions, who recited a prayer prescribed for the purpose. After the death of Henry it was observed that Jordan discontinued this practice, and Gerard de Frachet has explained the reason. Each time he prepared himself to preach he saw standing before him, in the midst of a company of angels, the form of his departed friend, as though ever present to inspire and encourage him. From him, then, and from no other lips, he asked the customary blessing. Of him, too, it doubtless was that he spoke, when relating to his brethren the story of two students who had entered the Order together,

but whose names, through modesty, he did not reveal, he said that being tenderly attached to one another, the one who died first appeared to his friend resplendent with light, and said, "My brother, that which we have heard, that of which we so often spoke together, I now behold in the city of our God!"¹

What Jordan says in the above notice concerning the devotion of Henry to the Holy Name of Jesus is not without a particular interest. This devotion, it is well known, has always been much cherished in the Order of St. Dominic, and there seems reason for thinking that the preachers of the Order had some share in bringing about the introduction of the Holy Name into the Hail Mary. Thomas of Cantimpré tells a story of a German religious named Walter de Meysenberg, who had been received into the Order by Blessed Jordan, and who was heard crying out in his sleep, and repeating the words, "Blessed be Jesus, blessed be the fruit of thy womb." "Next morning," says the writer, I questioned him on the subject, and he replied: "For many years past I have been in the habit of adding the Holy Name of Jesus to the Angelic Salutation, and of saying, *Blessed be the fruit of thy womb, Jesus*. Last night the devil tried to strangle me, and in my terror I invoked the Blessed Virgin, using those same words, and at once the enemy left me." St. Peter Martyr, Blessed John of Vicenza, and Blessed Ambrose of Siena are among those named as propagators of this devotion, and somewhat later was established that Confraternity of the Holy Name which still exists and is attached to the Order of Preachers.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OUR FATHER.

BY ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

A COMPENDIOUS EXPLANATION OF THE ENTIRE PRAYER.

Our Father. To sum up, we must know that we have in the Lord's Prayer everything to be desired, and everything to be avoided. Among all things desirable, however, that is most de-

¹ "Sicut audivimus, sic vidimus in civitate Domini virtutem, in civitate Dei nostri."—Psalm xlvii. 6.

sired which is most loved, and such is God. Therefore you first seek glory for God when you say: "*Hallowed be Thy name.*"

Now, there are three things to be obtained from God which have an intimate relation to yourself. The first is for you to gain eternal life, and this you ask when you say: "*Thy kingdom come.*" The second is for you to do the will of God and His justice, and this you ask when you say: "*Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*" The third is for you to have the necessities of life, and this you ask when you say: "*Give us this day our daily bread.*"

With regard to these three things, Our Lord has said—of the first: "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God;*" (Matt. vi.) of the second: "*and His justice;*" of the third: "*and all these things shall be added unto you.*"

The things to be avoided are those which are opposed to what is good. Now as we have seen the good that is desirable for us is four-fold, of which the first is the glory of God, to which there is no opposite evil. "*If thou sin, what shalt thou hurt Him? . . . And if thou do justly, what shalt thou give Him?*" (Job xxxv. 6, 7.) For the glory of God is derived as well from evil by punishment as from good by reward.

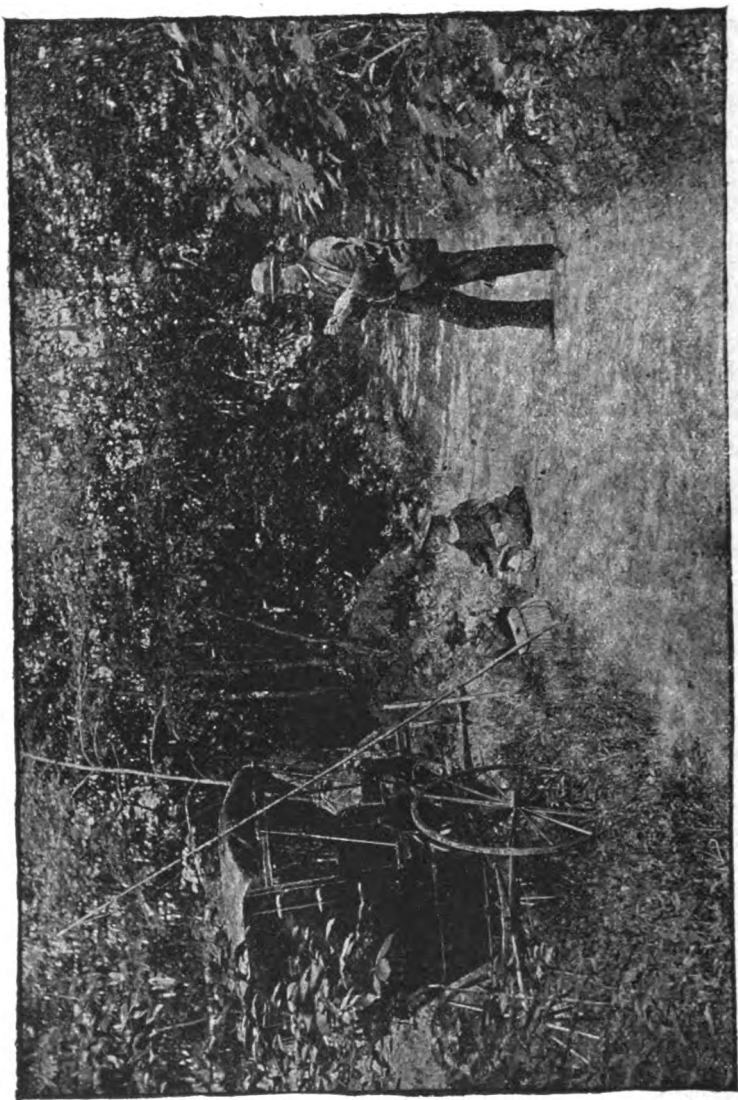
The second good is eternal life, to which is opposed sin, because it is by sin that you are lost; and hence to remove sin you say: "*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive others,*" etc. The third good is justification and good works, to which is opposed temptation, because temptation prevents us from doing good. To remove this evil we say: "*And lead us not into temptation.*" The fourth good is the necessities of life, to which are opposed trials and misery. To be rid of them we say: "*but deliver us from evil. Amen.*"

The Children of the Rosary.

BE CHOICE OF YOURSELVES.

H. M. K. BROWNELL.

As I was walking home from Mass on Friday, something turned my thoughts to the prophecy of Zacharias, and among his promises of joy to Jerusalem which we are taught find themselves fulfilled in the Christian Church, this one came first:



"HAPPY SUMMER DAYS."

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

It is a text that I dearly love for its genial portrayal of innocent pleasure. And here my thoughts passed from the good old prophet's words to the theme which they brought before me,—that of innocent pleasure, for assuredly he could have had no other in mind.

And I thought of St. Philip of Neri, whom Father Faber calls "the saint of the merry heart," and how well he loved to have the young people around him cheerful; and if he saw one of the boys under his charge dull or in tears, he would call him at once, and in his kindest manner bid him "Tell your Father, my child, the cause of your grief."

But you may be sure that the joy of the prophet and the joy of the saint always meant innocent joy.

I remember an evening, more than thirty years ago, when a careful father, who had to supply a mother's place as well to his daughter, called this young girl and myself to his presence as we were preparing to go out for an evening among friends, where there was to be a social gathering. He spoke to us words of very sensible advice, and as we turned to leave him, summed up his counsel for our conduct for the evening in these few words:

"Be choice of yourselves."

Many years have his lips been silent in death, but I think that into no festivity have I ever entered since that night without recalling his words:—"Be choice of yourselves."

Do you know what it is to be "choice of yourselves?"

Brush the bloom away from the delicate side of a grape, or the down from the cheek of a peach; tear the moss from the bud of a rose, and you have left, the fruit and the flower, but you have despoiled it of a beauty which no human device can restore.

Let a person sacrifice ever so slightly his modest manner, and he has lost the reverence which God has offered him, like a crown, as his birthright. Every boy, every girl marks his and her own price. As they value themselves, so others will appraise them.

But I blush for those who cheapen themselves, when I think that however they may regret it, there will be a long course of opposite conduct necessary to redeem themselves.

Notes.

The Catholic Summer School of '93 is now a very pleasant memory, plus something more substantial and lastingly beneficial.

Perhaps one of the most enthusiastically received lectures of the course of '93 was delivered by Very Rev. L. F. Kearney, O. P., the learned young Prior of St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, Ohio. This lecture, with a chart of the Summa, we lay before our readers this month. Our subscribers among the clergy will find the "chart" very interesting, not only because of its first appearance in English, but also because it will revive recollections of their college days.

All our readers will find the "chart" interesting. In logical sequence part follows part. Read it carefully; study it well.

We commend to the notice of those Protestants who "view with alarm the arrogant encroachments of Rome," the generous action of the Long Island City Baptists in tendering the use of their church to their unfortunate Catholic brethren whose church was recently destroyed by fire. Such conduct is calculated to remove much of the foggy cloud of prejudice and misrepresentation in which too many non-Catholics live.

"TWO IMPORTANT DECISIONS."

La Propagateur du Rosaire says:

1. The Congregation of Indulgences published on Dec. 3d, 1892, a decree forbidding the sending from Rome or elsewhere, for the erection of Confraternities, of blank diplomas, whose empty spaces were afterwards to be filled up by others. The Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences has informed the Most Rev. Procurator-General of our Order that the decree does not interfere in any manner with the privileges and customs of the Order. The Most Rev. Master-General of the Dominicans has at all times enjoyed the privilege of permitting the various provincials or other persons of the Order delegated by himself to inscribe on the blank diploma the name of the parish in which the Confraternity is to be erected.

2. Several decrees of the same Congregation have decided that communities should cease from manual labor

whilst they are reciting the Rosary, "*ceteris curis remotis*—all impediments to attention being removed," and this in order that the indulgences of the Rosary may be gained. In Catholic countries the Rosary is said in the work-room of many shops, boarding-schools, and of religious communities by all the persons employed or living there, and this custom has been sanctioned for ages in the places specified. The Sacred Congregation has lately answered that the Rosary may be recited and the indulgences gained without ceasing from manual labor, which does not interfere with the attention required for the prayer of the Rosary, provided one of the community holds, during the recitation of the prayer, the beads, and attends to the counting. The congregation furthermore states that "*ceteris curis remotis*" must be interpreted of "*such work or occupation as interferes with the intention which is required for the meditation on the mysteries—de illis curis quæ impediunt actualem intentionem circa mysteria meditanda.*"

The parochial schools will open their doors this month with as strong, if not a stronger force than when they closed them for vacation last June. And the threatened overturn of everything parochial, which was predicted with so much recrimination and general disedification, has, after all, not taken place. Meanwhile the prophets of evil are making the *amende honorable* as gracefully as the circumstances and condition of things will allow. They *spoke* first; they are *thinking* now.

It seems to us that there is to be no settling of the school question for the very simple reason that *it is settled*. If we Catholics desire to have *Catholic education* fostered by means of parochial schools, we must provide for it as we do for the maintenance of our religion.

Nor may we excuse ourselves from the obligation of contributing to any just government taxation. Such a tax is demanded to maintain the public schools. Therefore Catholics are justly required to contribute to the public school fund. It is silly to evade this conclusion by saying that Catholics cannot in con-

science avail themselves of the public schools; that, therefore, the imposition of this taxation is unjust. On this point the question hinges.

As a matter of fact, *only a small proportion* of Catholic children are in attendance at the parochial schools. The *ninety and nine* are found patronizing the *public schools*. And surely if it is wrong for Catholic children to attend, it is just as wrong for our Catholic women and Catholic men to impart instruction in the public schools.

The appeal to conscience does not strike us very forcibly at all, and its constant repetition, in season and out of season, does not seem to have added to its weight. Is it under protest that Catholics have been sending their children to the public schools? May they really not allow their children to darken the threshold of the public schools in good faith?

And by saying these things are we desirous of doing away with the parochial schools? Far be it from us! They are the grandest institutions that were ever fostered by the Church. They are the seminaries of virtue, the bulwark of religion, the hope of our Catholic hearts, the pride and the proof of our Catholic faith. Let us promote their necessity and their usefulness, and all their good qualities, but let us do so not at the expense of sound logic and truth.

Our Catholic schools deserve the warm and persevering support of every true Catholic, but not because Catholics may not in conscience make use of the public schools. "*All things*," in this instance they may say with St. Paul, "*are lawful, but not all things are expedient*."

Catholic children should be sent to the Catholic schools in order that they may breathe a Catholic atmosphere, and be imbued with the *reverence* which they owe to their Catholic superiors, in order that they may be known as the little ones of the true fold. Pity it is that provision has not been made for all of them, so that their hearts and their intellects may be trained to seek first the kingdom of God, so that all other knowledge might be added thereto. Here some one gravely avers that in the public school the head is educated and the heart is neglected. However it be with others, it is not the case with Catholic children, for the deficiency is supplemented, or should be supplemented, by good and thorough Sunday-school teaching.

By many of our Catholic people the Sunday-school is tabooed as of Protestant origin. What matter, if it is good?

The following from the *Mid-Continent* (Presbyterian) of St. Louis commends itself to the careful perusal of our Catholic men:

"The men are certainly the 'lesser half' in the churches. And when judged by the standard of church work and devotion, may they not also be called the 'weaker vessel' and the retiring sex. There is truth as well as humor in the remark of a commissioner to our Assembly lately that 'the reports of the boards show that they depend upon living women and dead men.' Peter and John and the rest of the brethren seem just now to be keeping within doors, and it is the Marys and the Salomes who in their love of the absent Lord have gone out, bearing in their hands 'the spices which they had prepared.' . . . As we look over the prayer-meeting, or the missionary convention, or the Sunday gatherings how forcibly comes to mind Sydney Smith's stress of emphasis on a certain exclamation of the Psalmist, 'Oh that *men* would praise the Lord!' Some one has recently parodied Longfellow's sober and earnest sentiment:

'In the world's great field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
You will find the Christian soldier
Represented by his wife.' "

Commend us to the bigoted Protestant every time you wish to see a false construction placed on actions the most natural and noble. Listen to the following misrepresentation from *The American Baptist*, St. Louis:

"Whatever may be the personal character of Princess Eulalia, her conduct does not furnish a good example for American womanhood. A patron of horse-racing, gambling, beer-drinking, and cigarette-smoking is not an ideal lady for this country. Her royalty has been badly tainted on account of her mother, who was banished from Spain because of her shocking immoralities. Her brother, it is understood, died from his debaucheries. And now our statesmen and the citizens of this country have been making a goddess of this woman. Besides this, the public funds were taken to pay her extravagant bills while in the United States. The general government had no more right to take the people's money to pay her expenses than they had a right to steal from the poor."

The venom and bile spewed out by these ranting Baptists defeat the purpose for which they were discharged.

A Catholic lady desires a position as organist. She is also capable of giving instructions on the piano, and the English branches. For further particulars address THE ROSARY.

"Should bicycles be taxed?"

This is a question which the assessors of Lowell, Mass., and of several other

localities have expressed their intention of answering in the affirmative.

Whatever the principle involved in this course of action may be, it seems that the fitness of things would demand full exemption from taxation as far as concerns such an article as a bicycle.

"Ireland's Day" at the Fair should be, at *The Pilot's* suggestion, Sept. 18, the anniversary of the Manchester Rescue.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LABORS OF THE APOSTLES. Their Teaching of the Nations, by Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand, Bishop of Burlington. 12mo. cloth, net, \$1.00.—Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

"I write," says the venerable prelate, "for the sake of men of good will, of the labors of apostles and the origin of the Christian religion." Accordingly the four gospels are the principal source of information on which the author bases the narrative, which is presented in a simple, devotional, and popular style.

There is no effort made at controversy, and yet it is evident that the author intended his volume to be of service to those outside the Church. It is not argument but knowledge which lays before the hesitating enquirer who has read

his bible and is familiar with all its parts, but who, reading it without guidance, has read it amiss. Hence, whenever opportunity offers, the sacred history is introduced to tell the labors of the Apostles, and show forth the beautiful character of Our Lord and Saviour.

The book will well repay a thoughtful perusal.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

S. BOSTON.—*My sister and I have each a rosary very much alike. Now, if she used my beads instead of her own in a mistake, would her having so used them necessitate my getting them indulgenced again?*

ANS. No. See August ROSARY, p. 257, Q. 14.

SEPTEMBER ROSARY.

INTENTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

The prayers of Rosarians are asked for the welfare of Holy Mother Church, for the needs of the Holy Father, and for several special intentions: for a young man "keeping company" with a non-Catholic; for an absent brother to receive the sacraments fruitfully; for two wayward young persons; 5 conversions; for the spiritual and temporal welfare of one; for Mrs. J. O'Hearn, who died in Brooklyn, July 5, '93.

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 3d. First Sunday of the month. Three Plenary Indulgences.

- a) C.C. Visit Chapel.
- b) C.C. Visit Rosary Altar.
- c) Attend Procession.

Sept. 5th. Anniversary of the Benefactors of the Order of St. Dominic. Plenary Indulgence.

Sept. 8th. Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. Four Plenary Indulgences, C.C. Visit Rosary Altar. Assist at Procession.

Sept. 10th. Feast of the Most Sacred Name of Mary. Plenary Indulgence, C.C.

Sept. 14th. Exaltation of the Holy Cross,—the Fifth Sorrowful Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence, C.C.

Sept. 15th. St. Dominic in Suriano. Plenary Indulgence.

Sept. 24th. Feast of Our Lady of Mercy. Last Sunday of the month.

Plenary Indulgence for those who say the Rosary in common three times a week.



**THE SISTERS OF HOTEL DIEU, PROFESSION OF
SOLEMN VOWS.**



THE SWORD OF ST. DOMINIC.

A TRIBUTE FOR OCTOBER.

A STRANGE and thrilling history tells
How Dominic of old,
With skilful stroke a conquest won,
Like warrior brave and bold.
He wore no iron helmet then,
No fatal spear did wield;
With truth, his sacred armor strong,
He fearless took the field.

A monster grim assailed him here,
While crime its venom spread;
And yet, the humble priest quailed not,
But bowed his holy head.
For many years he preached in vain,
A doctrine pure and mild;
While Albigensian unbelief
Broached errors dark and wild.

Mad heretics with Satan tried
His patience to annoy;
The conflict raged like tempest fierce,
All Christians to destroy.

But when the cause seemed nearly lost,
No refuge from despair,
St. Dominic sought grace and strength,
Through fervent, humble prayer.

"O Mary! thou hast been my shield
From error's cruel lance;
Turn now upon thy sorrowing child,
Thy sweet, maternal glance!
Our valiant men have feeble grown;
De Montfort's noble band
Ere long ~~must~~ yield, or struggling, fall;
Alas, for this poor land!

"Thy sword-pierced heart, I offer thee
As ransom for the brave;
Avert from us the curse of war,
The horrors of the grave.
Snatch now from schism's tyrant grasp,
Our poor, unhappy France;
And we will loving tribute pay,
Thy glory to enhance!

"The sacrilegious hordes still dare
Profane each holy place;
They murder, pillage, trample down
Religion's every trace!
These souls thy Jesus died to save,
Are by dissensions tossed;
The foeman's legions triumph now:
Without thee we are lost!"

While pleading thus in anguish deep,
Behold! a vision bright
Appears before his wondering eyes,
All bathed in dazzling light!
The Queen of Heaven indeed had come
Her seryant to console;
And, oh! what rapture in his joy,
Well-nigh beyond control!

She holds within her blessed hands,
A wreath of roses twined,
And bids him ever seek in this,
New strength and grace to find.
The Virgin Mother and her Child
Deigned to instruct him how
This precious chaplet, all should weave
To crown her heavenly brow.

"Be this thy sword, my faithful son,
None other in thy hand;
Thy foes beneath its potent stroke
Shall vanish from the land!
The demon may his forces try,
His efforts must be vain;
Nor shall the rage of heresy
E'er baffle thee again!"

Then Dominic, with soul aglow,
Began his mission new,
While daily the devotion spread,
Its fruits more wondrous grew.
The fury of the wicked one
Had surely come to naught;
Repentant Christians crowded round;
Who had such marvel wrought?

Yes; Mary from her throne on high
Had kept her promise well;
The prodigies her love had wrought,
Celestial archives tell.
Lepanto stands as witness true
Of victory grandly won
For Christian heroes 'gainst the Turk,
By Mary from her Son.

And since the days of Clement, Pope,
Rejoicing we proclaim,
Until our Father, Leo, now,
Her power is the same.

Two hundred millions children, all
Their hearts and voices raise;
Ten thousand glorious anthems swell
The chorus of her praise.

Do we not twine a rosy wreath
For her each evening now?
What joy that our poor offering
May grace our Mother's brow!
Our angels dear present the crown
As gift of their own choice,
That they in this October month,
Their sovereign may rejoice.

Oh, precious be the Rosary
To every youthful heart;
A sword to ward off danger nigh,
A shield from every dart!
An unction sweet therein is found,
To give each pain relief;
Like balm from Gilead, gently poured
To solace every grief.

Hail Mary! Ave! Virgin, hail!
Great mysteries sublime!
The joyful, sad, and glorious
Our Saviour's life define—
The Pater and the Gloria,
The Credo, we profess,
Urge us our sacred Faith to prize,
Our Jesus' name to bless.

O Mary! make us faithful e'er,
In loving thy dear crown;
And thou, in every hour of need,
From Heaven, oh, look down!
Teach us thyself, those words of love
With fervor to repeat;
That we, with all thy children true,
May claim thy promise sweet!

St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, Md.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

BY MARY M. MELINE.

THE Emperor Charles V. was born in the Castle of Ghent on the 24th of February, and he always regarded this date in the recurring years as among the auspicious ones of his life. On this day it was that he received the imperial crown from the Pope at Bologna. On this day one of his generals, Prosper Colonna, routed the French under Lanbrec at Beocca, and another, Charles Launay, received the sword of Francis I. beneath the walls of Paira.

On this day, also, in 1547, there was born to him at Ratisbon, the son to whom descended much of his brilliant capacity for command. This boy, at first called Jerome, and destined to cover with unfading laurels the bar-sinistre which marred his 'scheon was, while still a baby, consigned to the guardianship of a nobleman, Luis Menelez Quixada, who watched over his youth with all the affection of a father and all the vigilance that became the trusted counsellor of a great prince. But this guardianship did not imply a relinquishment by the father of all interest in the child. When he was old enough to receive instruction he was, by the Emperor's orders, entrusted to the care of a musician of the court, one Francesco Massi, who with his wife, took up his residence at Leganes. For the boy's maintenance Massi received 50 ducats a day. He was not aware of the high parentage of his charge, supposing him to be the son of a gentleman of the imperial bed-chamber, Adrian Dubois. At the time of this arrangement the Emperor was at Cologne, on his way to the Augsburg diet. A pension was bestowed on Massi and his wife, and he received particular instructions from Quixada and a letter to the curate of Leganes recommending the young Jerome to his kindness and educational care. As Massi in taking leave kissed the Emperor's hand, Charles said to him: "I hear that Quixada has given you a commission; remember that I shall consider the fulfilment of his wishes as good service done to myself."

Even Philip at this time was not aware of the existence of this young brother, destined to become one of the chief glories

of his own reign, and who was travelling in his train from the low countries.

Several years of boyhood were spent at Leganes by Jerome under Massi's care. When properly prepared the boy attended the school of Getafe, about a league away from the home of his foster-parents. To this he trudged daily through the fields with his companions, dressed like these peasant lads, and amusing himself by shooting sparrows with a little cross-bow. After Massi's death, although his wife continued her care of Jerome, the Emperor and Quixada became dissatisfied with the accounts that reached them regarding the boy, and it was decided to transfer him to the charge, every way suitable, of the latter's wife. Charles Prevost, one of the grooms of the Emperor's chamber, was instructed to proceed to Leganes. He made the journey in a coach, an invention as yet hardly known in Spain, though coming into use in the Netherlands. Great was the astonishment of the people of Leganes to see this amazing machine roll into their dull street and stop at the door of Doña Ana. Astonishment and excitement increased when it was rumored that the gentleman from the court was commissioned to carry away the foster-child of the house. Still the wonder grew as they noticed the extreme deference and respect with which the boy was treated by the visitor, who seated him at his right hand at the table, which glittered with his travelling equipage of plate. As the coach and the courier with the boy, rolled away on the road to Valladolid, it was surrounded by a crowd of urchins shouting farewells to their whilom play-fellow. At Valladolid, where the Infanta Juana, Princess-Dowager of Brazil, was now reigning as Regent, Prevost halted to provide his companion with clothing more suited to his rank than the peasant's costume he had hitherto worn. Then, without seeking an interview with the Princess, who was ignorant of this young brother's existence, he was conducted at once to Villagacia where Doña Madalena Quixada resided. The letter from Quixada which Prevost presented, merely informed her that the boy whom the bearer was to place under her charge was "the son of a great man, and the writer's dear friend," and entreated her to watch over him as if he had been their own. Doña Magdalena had no child, and she at once welcomed the boy to her

heart and home, and thenceforward made him the chief care and solace of her life. Her first duty was to recommence his education, and under her eyes he acquired Latin, music, and other necessary branches. She reserved to herself the training of his soul, teaching him his duties to God, the Church, and his fellow-men, and inspiring his young mind with her own especial devotion to the Blessed Virgin. By making him the channel of her bounties she inculcated the practice of benevolence, and early made him familiar with the luxury of doing good. On the days appointed for the poor to come to the castle to receive alms, Jerome was sent into the court-yard or the gallery above, to count them. When the gathering was complete he would run to announce it to his aunt, as he called the lady, and received the dole. This he would then dispense in the style of the old Spanish and Christian courtesy prescribed by his foster-mother, beginning with the oldest of the beggars, and giving each a real, at the same time saluting each by name, and kissing the coin ere he dropped it into the outstretched hand. A charming picture this, and one that might well be imitated in our own times! The only shadow marring it was the silent, but ever present jealous curiosity as to the parentage of the boy, which ached in Doña Magdalena's heart. She could obtain no information from her husband, even indirectly, and she dared not ask the question. This curiosity, or rather this suspicion of her husband, she confided to her confessor, who advised patience and waiting. An accident enabled her to guess something of the truth at last. During one of Quixada's visits to Villagarcia the house took fire at night, and the Emperor's faithful servant carried Jerome to a place of safety, in his own arms, before attending to the security of his wife. This convinced her that Don Luis was bound in honor to guard a trust confided him by another.

When Charles took up his residence at Yust (his monastic retreat), Luis Quixada wished to resign his office of chamberlain, but to this the Emperor would not consent. Accordingly he established his family at Quacos, a village lying about a mile from Yust, at the foot of a chestnut-covered hill. A few days after her arrival the Emperor granted Doña Magdalena an audience, receiving her very graciously. He was much pleased with the ap-

pearance of Jerome, whom he saw now for the first time since his infancy. The boy was a frequent visitor after this to his unknown father, and doubtless, although the chroniclers make no mention of any expression of such sentiments, the young brain must have puzzled itself for the reason of the great favor the Recluse of Yust unfailingly displayed towards him.

After the death of Charles it began to be whispered at Valladolid that the Emperor had left a son who was in the care of Quixada, and the rumor having reached the ears of the Princess-Regent, she made inquiry of the ex-Chamberlain. Remembering the Emperor's desire that the matter be kept secret, and believing such also to be the King's wish, Quixada replied very guardedly. But the secret seeming to be a secret no longer, he wrote to the King, and the Regent persisting in her inquiries, he wrote again asking to be helped out of his awkward predicament.

The only written declaration of the Emperor regarding Jerome was contained in a paper, one of a parcel of four which it appears was placed in Philip's hands before they parted on the Flemish shore in September, 1556. Folded within was the receipt given to Massi. The paper was sealed and endorsed:

"This my writing is to be opened only by the Prince, my son, and failing him, by my grandson, Don Carlos, and failing him, by whosoever shall be my heir conformably to, and at the opening of my will."

It recommended the boy to Philip's care, and continued:

"My intention has been, and is, for certain reasons moving me thereto, that if it can be fairly accomplished, he should of his free and spontaneous will, take the habit of some order of reformed friars, and that he should be put in the way of so doing, but without any pressure or force being employed towards him. But if it cannot be arranged so, and he prefers leading a secular life, it is my pleasure and command that he should receive, in the ordinary manner each year, from twenty to thirty thousand ducats from the revenues of the kingdom of Naples; lands and vassals, with that rent attached, being assigned to him. The whole matter, both as to the assignment of the lands and the amount of the rent, is left to the discretion of my son, to whom I remit it; or failing him, to the discretion of my grandson, the Infant Don Carlos, or of

the person who, in conformity with my will, shall at the time it is opened, be my heir. If at that time the said Jerome shall not have already embraced the state which I desire for him, he shall enjoy all the days of his life the said rent and lands, which shall pass to his legitimate heirs. And whatever state the said Jerome shall embrace, I charge the said Prince, my son, and my said grandson, and my heir whosoever he may be, as I have said at the opening of my will, to do him honor and cause him to be honored; and that they show him fitting respect, and that they observe, fulfil, and execute in his favor that which is contained in this paper. The which I sign with my name and hand; and it is sealed up with my small private seal; and it is to be observed and executed like a clause of my said will.

"Done in Brussels on the 6th day of the month of June, 1554.

"Son, grandson, or whoever at the time that this, my will and writing is opened, and according to it, may be my heir, if you do not know where this Jerome may be, you can learn it from Adrian, groom of my chamber, that he may be treated conformably to the said writing."

Thus it will be seen that the Emperor had the welfare of the boy greatly at heart, and, with full confidence in the nobility of character which he knew pertained to Philip, committed the destinies of this child of his old age to his legitimate successor.

The first meeting of Jerome with his half-sister, the Regent, took place on the 21st of May, 1559. And after this meeting Quixada, who had been absent, directed his wife to treat the boy with more ceremony, to give him the seat of honor at all times, and to increase the quantity of alms he had been allowed to dispense. But by the King's orders no change was made in his dress, and he was still kept in ignorance of the reason for thus suddenly becoming an object of private and public curiosity and consideration. His guardian, writing to the King in July, 1559, gives us a glimpse of Jerome's habits and disposition:

"... The mule is useful, the more so because she is very gentle, and the rider somewhat prankish. The person in my charge is in good health, and, in my opinion, is growing, and, for his age, of an excellent disposition. He proceeds with his studies with much difficulty, and there is nothing which he does with so much dis-

like; but he is learning French, and the few words that he knows he pronounces very well; yet to acquire it as your majesty desires, much time and more application is needed. Riding is his chief delight, and when your majesty sees him you will think that he tilts in good style, although his strength is not great."

Nothing is said in this or subsequent letters of the orchards robbed by the young scion of royalty; yet of such childish pranks he was most certainly guilty, if his historians are to be believed.

(To be Continued.)

THE HIDING-AWAY OF THE BLESSED ANGUS. *

[A. D. 770.]

KATHARINE TYNAN.

BECAUSE his name was noised abroad,
And blown about from sea to sea,
Angus, God's singer, dear to God,
Ate ashes in humility,
Deeming man's praise as nothing more
Than chaff upon a winnowing-floor.

Yet since such dust might enter in
And choke the soul, he fled away
One morning, when the birds begin,
About the time of gold and grey;
And came barefoot with tattered gown,
To Tallaght, nigh to Dublin town.

At Tallaght the great Friary stood,
A hive of very saintly bees,
Whose Abbot Meleman, wise and good,
Angus besought on bended knees
For work, however poor and rough,
Nor drive the starving beggar off.

His face was grimed with dust and sweat
His lips were at the threshold stone;
His eyes with trace of tears were wet,

* See ROSARY, Sept., '93, page 367.

He beat his breast with sigh and moan:
Surely, the holy Abbot thought,
Some sinner in whom grace hath wrought

He sent him out to tend the Kiln,
To feed the mill and grind the corn.
Like a great clown of little skill

He bore large burdens night and morn,
And delved and ploughed at intervals,
And fed the brown kine in their stalls.

Yet still he sang, lest God should miss
One voice that praised His name for long,
Perhaps, or for the singing bliss.

He never sang so good a song
As that which brought the birds to hear,
And the shy hare and timid deer.

The brother and friend of beast and bird,
Once, when an oak bough fell on him
And crushed him, and his cries unheard,
He swooned, and life went low in him;
The birds shrieked with such clamors and rout
They brought the human helpers out.

Oh, but the fields stretched green and glad
With stars of gold and stars of white,
Not lovelier stars the heavens had,
The clear pellucid heavens at night:
The low hills tender as the dove,
Girdled the bright fields round with love.

The hills were blue, the hills were grey,
The hills were rosier than the morn;
Their veils of gold and silver lay
On emerald fields and fields of corn;
All purple on a sky of glass:
A lovelier time there never was!

Down from the vale of thrushes came
That flight of carolling birds, that lit
Where Angus was, and named his name,

With a clear chorus after it:
And perching on his gown to sing,
They clad him like a feathered thing.

Sweet! Sweet! the garrulous blackbird trilled;
Have you not heard, have you not heard
How Angus, more than mortal skilled,
And more than any singing-bird,
Toils in the trenches like a churl?
The convent dunghill hath its pearl.

He sang it at the Abbot's ear,
Who, by his casement in the light,
Painted a missal, fine and clear,
With apple-blossoms, rose and white.
"Seldom," he murmured, "have I heard
So noisy and so bold a bird."

At last the secret in this wise
Came to the light: A little lad,
A schoolboy, with meek, innocent eyes,
Like those the patient oxen had,
Long strove his difficult task to learn,
And failed, and he was stung with scorn.

One day, in very evil case,
Driven from school he sought the byre,
And cast himself upon his face,
Sobbing, with tearless eyes on fire:
He was a little gentle lad,
The only son his mother had.

And, as he lay, one pushed aside
The straw and came, one grimed with sweat,
The Convent churl, and knelt beside
The boy; his own deep eyes were wet:
He raised him up, and held him near,
And whispered comfort in his ear.

And smoothed with his fingers rough
The tangled curls, and touching there
He seemed to brush the trouble off,

The dulness that was hard to bear;
He smoothed some tangle of the brain,
And made the difficult lesson plain.

The boy climbed out of the kind arms,
And hied him to the school-house door;
And, free from shame and all alarms,
He said his difficult lesson o'er.
Henceforth the sluggish brains would seem
As clear as crystal in a stream.

But when his wondrous tale was told,
They knew, those holy ones, at last,
Their Convent held the treasure of gold,—
Angus, whom for a twelvemonth past,
Men sought, then deemed the search was vain,
Since God His gift had taken again.

In a procession they went out,
The mitred Abbot at their head,
And all the people in a rout
Following down the way they led,
And through the haggard and the barn
And past the yellowing sheaves of corn.

They found the saint of songs and books
Feeding his dear kine with sweet grass;
Who turned on him their loving looks,
And with his brother birds he was.
Seeing he let the grass-swathes fall,
And turned his sad face to the wall.

The Abbot knelt and kissed his feet;
They brought him fine robes to put on,
And sweet and costly things to eat,
A crozier like the sun that shone.
But Angus wept, and sore afeared,
Cast ashes on his hair and beard.

THE HOTEL DIEU OF MONTREAL.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

HIGH up above the turmoil and bustle of the city of Montreal, with the grand old Mount Royale as a background, stands a curious, ancient pile of buildings, surmounted by a dome, resplendent in the sunlight. They are known as the Hotel Dieu. Surrounded by gardens and shady walks, they are inclosed by a stone wall, and seem to exist in a curious isolation. The buildings have a broad and cheerful front, with their innumerable windows and great doors. There is the entrance to the chaplains' quarters, with high steps leading thither, and the unpretentious door to the Sisters' grating-inclosed parlor, to which a quiet by-path leads, and the great entrance, through which passes a constant stream of suffering humanity, or of sympathizing friends. For the place is an hospital, and those who tend therein are a community of cloistered nuns.

The history of this community offers so striking a page in the Annals of Canada, that it will be of interest to consider it somewhat in detail, before entering upon anything like a description of the hospital itself or the work that is being done there. In a discourse before the British Medical Association, in London, England, during the month of July, 1892, one of the foremost Canadian professional men, Dr. Hingston, of whom Catholics have so much reason to be proud, thus referred to the Hotel Dieu. He has been surgeon to the institute for many years: "The first hospital founded in Montreal, the Hotel Dieu, is the outcome of female love and heroism. Its history is so strange, so unique, that I may be pardoned if I allude to it at length. When Jacques Cartier returned to France after his discovery of Canada, the news of his exploit travelled over France as quickly as was then possible. A French girl, described as young and beautiful, became impressed with the thought that the newly-found country should be the scene of her labors. She succeeded, after a time, in fitting out a small barque, with money furnished by a Madame de Bullion, and with twelve sailors crossed the Atlantic in the spring of 1641. The sea-voyage to Quebec oc-

cupied three months; it can now be accomplished in one-fifteenth of that time. The journey from Quebec to Montreal by the St. Lawrence, which can now be performed in a night, then occupied eight days. Miss Mance's barque came to anchor at a projecting point off the island of Montreal, then called Noehe'aga. Nohe-laga was at that time the *chef lieu* of the warlike Hurons. They looked with amazement at the advent of pale-faced men and one pale-faced woman, for she was alone of her sex. They soon recovered from their surprise, however, and it was necessary for the colonists to throw up for their protection, as quickly as possible, wooden palisades on the land or rear approach; the big canoe, as the bark was styled, was a sufficiently imposing defence in front. If a colonist ventured beyond the palisades to gather fruit or berries, or to cut wood, he ran the risk of being pierced with arrows. Half of the first colonists perished in this manner, and Miss Mance was obliged to return to France in 1649, bringing back with her other recruits; and, again, in 1658, leaving France with twenty male and female recruits, half of whom died on the voyage of a kind of plague. In their attacks on this small force, some of the red men were wounded in return, and when deserted by their comrades, they were brought within the palisades to what they and their comrades considered certain death—according to their own custom in warfare. They soon found the hospital to be a place of woman's tenderest solicitude. When the red man's wounds were healed, a repast of dog's meat was prepared for him, and he was permitted to rejoin his tribe, to tell what the pale-faced maiden had done for him. It need not surprise us to be told that in the presence of such devotion the warlike Hurons soon forgot their ferocity.

"A few years later it was necessary for the small colony to move a few hundred yards inland. Word went through the Huron camp, and before the hour of departure the Aborigines had strewn the ground with leaves and the branches of trees with wild flowers, saying the earth was not fit to receive the tread of these women. In this way our first hospital was established, and in this way the light of Christianity was brought to the Island of Montreal." Dr. Hingston has here given a just and accurate synopsis of the life and character, the work and its

result of Jeanne Mance, the foundress of the Hotel Dieu of Montreal. Her personality is the more interesting, that it was intimately associated with the foundation of Montreal, being a striking element in that providential group of co-founders, to which belonged M. Olier of the Seminary, Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys, of the Congregation de Notre Dame, the Sieur de la Danversière and Paul de Chomodey de Maisonneuve.

Jeanne Mance belonged to an honorable family in Nogent-le-Roi, in Bassigny, France. From her earliest years she was conspicuous for virtues and abilities of no common order. Her biographer dwells upon "her great rectitude of mind, the elevation and nobility of her sentiments," and declares that she had the special gift of avoiding faults by which pious persons often render themselves odious, and of observing to a proper degree the proprieties of the world.

By a providential chain of circumstances she was brought into communication with those who were then planning the foundation of Villemarie, with the ulterior design of founding there three communities in honor of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Feeling an imperative attraction to devote herself to the service of the sick and poor in the wilds of the New World, and acting especially under the advice of Father Charles Lallemant, the Jesuit, lately returned thence, she set out as has been seen, alone, amongst a number of recruits bound for that distant settlement. They arrived at Quebec too late to think of proceeding farther, but in the early spring the heroic young girl found herself first confronted by the rugged slopes of Mt. Royale and the wilderness, haunt of many a savage tribe, henceforth to be her home.

It would be impossible to follow Mademoiselle Mance through the various vicissitudes of her life at Villemarie, when by the munificence of Mde. de Bullion, she was enabled "to feed, treat, and doctor the poor sick people of the country, and cause them to be instructed in all things necessary to salvation."

Needless here to recall the extent of her labors, when with but one or two assistants she ministered to the sick and wounded of the colony, all the time enduring an heroic degree of poverty, bereft of every approach to the ordinary comforts of life. She became more than once the actual saviour of the colony. In the

first place by advancing a loan out of the funds she held in trust for the hospital, to raise recruits of soldiers and mechanics, when the settlement was about to be abandoned. Again, on the occasion of a voyage to France, when she used her personal influence to raise the drooping courage of the company of Montreal, just as they were about to give up the colony in despair. Mademoiselle Mance was often obliged, like the other settlers, to take shelter within the fort, to avoid the attacks of the Iroquois. Upon one occasion two hundred of them entrenched themselves in a ditch, and rushing across St. Paul Street, fell upon the hospital. The valiant Major Lambert Closse, one of the noblest figures in colonial history, hastened to the defence, and with only seventeen men succeeded in driving off the savages. What particularly directed the rage of the Iroquois against Villemarie was the protection there accorded to the remnant of the once powerful Huron tribe, almost entirely annihilated by their enemies.

"They turned upon us," writes Mlle. Mance, "with more pride and insolence than they had ever shown. They pressed us so close, and their attacks were so sudden and so frequent, that there was no longer safety for any one. They killed many of ours and burned houses in the vicinity of Montreal. Our hospital was not safe, and it was necessary to put a strong garrison there for its defence."

It was not until 1659 that Jeanne Mance was enabled to carry out her own design, and that of M. de la Danversière and Madame de Bullion, in bringing to Montreal the hospital Sisters of St. Joseph from La Flèche. Scarcely had they sailed from La Rochelle, when a plague broke out which gave the voluntary exiles ample scope for the exercise of their sublime vocation. They landed at Quebec on September 8th, Feast of our Lady's Nativity and went at once to Montreal, where Sister Judith Moreau de Bressoles was made superior, her two assistants being Sister Jumeau de Lanaudière and Sister Maillet. They were all three women of exalted character, full of the spirit of zeal, detachment, and heroic endurance, at the same time that they were exceptionally endowed with mental gifts. Sister Judith de Bressoles, young, beautiful, and high-born, on account of the determined opposition of her parents to her religious vocation, had

fled from home and remained for years unrecognized in the hospital wards of Laval monastery. At last she was recognized by her brother-in-law, a circumstance which caused her to rejoice, at being chosen just then for the mission of Canada.

They now entered upon a series of trials and vicissitudes, unprecedented even in the history of those religious communities, which laid their foundations in the rugged soil of the New World. Mlle. Mance, during her lifetime, though never entering the community, continued to administer the temporalities of the hospital, but at her death, in 1673, this administration was put by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities into the hands of the religious themselves.

Amongst the other trials with which they had to contend was the opposition at first made to their foundation by Mgr. de Laval. Thus he refused for some time to admit their only postulant to profession, or to permit them to accept others. So that we have the pathetic picture of Sister Morin, a young girl, warm-hearted, high-spirited, and intelligent, spending years alone in the novitiate, with no other companions than three women already aged and weary. However, the opposition of Mgr. de Laval was finally withdrawn, and they were admitted to the rank of a canonical community, on condition that they should henceforth take solemn, in place of the simple vows, which had hitherto sufficed. It was upon this occasion that three more Sisters were brought from France, Sister de Ronceray, who acted as superior, Sister Catherine Macé, and Sister Babonneau.

Of Sister Catherine Macé, it is related that she took advantage of her position as assistant superior to assign to herself the roughest work about the house, as well as the milking of cows, the caring for cattle, poultry, and even swine. The savages, for whom she had a special love, called her "dear mother." Sister Babonneau, the lay-sister, had been favored, it was said, with communications from the Blessed Virgin, in her early youth, while tending her father's sheep. Her confessor said of her: "I do not think she was surpassed in virtue by any of the holy souls who have come to Canada to seek God."

But the life of each one of that heroic band, who assisted at the foundation of the Hotel Dieu, is worthy of special study.

Their characters, so varied, yet tending towards the one goal of a rare perfection, their lives so abounding in interesting detail, their minds so fertile in resources, are full at once of interest and instruction. Sœur Le Pailleur, baking her three hundred loaves of bread a day for distribution in the city, to aid the community, at a period of special want, is no less admirable than those who devoted themselves to the care of the sick, and the Sisters, who, when funds were at the lowest, dismissed the farm laborers and did sewing and reaping and threshing themselves, or converted fat pork into soap, which found a ready sale, were no less to be admired than when engaged in evangelizing the wounded Iroquois.

Upon one occasion, the Marquis de Denonville and M. de Champigny memorialized the king in favor of the hospital, declaring that it was "in so ruinous a condition that besides admitting rain and snow from every quarter, it was in imminent danger of being blown down." Upon another, Sister Morin writes that they had to endure "such a degree of cold, that the water and even the wine for the use of the sick were frozen, as was also the bread, which could only be cut or broken when thawed at the fire." The house was of planks, and so constructed that it let in the wind and rain. After a snow storm the nuns had to shovel out the snow. In summer they lived entirely upon vegetable diet, to which in winter they added a little pork."

In addition to these privations, on the night of the 23d February, 1695, the new hospital buildings, upon which time, labor, and trouble had been expended, were reduced to ashes. So panic-stricken were the inhabitants of the town, that they rendered no assistance, so that the nuns, two servants, and some Recollect Fathers were for a time alone in their struggle with the flames. It is recorded that when Father Denis, Recollect, at the risk of his life brought the Blessed Sacrament from the chapel and laid it in the snow, Sister Jumeau followed, and though scantily clad, remained prostrate before It till the Sacred Host was brought into a building, where the same Sister continued in adoration till morning.

The Feast of St. Mathias, then of obligation, was the day succeeding the fire, and a public appeal was then made to aid the

hospitallers in rebuilding the monastery. "When the governor and the principal officials, as well as the Bishop had subscribed, a poor man in the crowd cried out that the honor of the people of Villemarie was pledged to assist these good Sisters, who had labored so hard for them, as none knew better than he, having come from France with the first three nuns. He offered a pistole if all present would give as much. The crowd set up a derisive shout, for it was well known that he was in want of aid himself. But as he sturdily maintained that he would give the wheat he had for food, and even sell his house if necessary, in so good a cause, amusement gave place to admiration.

Many laborers volunteered their services to cut down wood and otherwise assist in the reconstruction of the hospital. Wealthy men of the city were no less zealous in offering their personal services, while the nuns themselves assisted, not only by direction, but by actual labor. So the monastery was rebuilt, and the nuns who had been the guests of the Sisters of the Congregation, returned to their labors.

In 1721 they were afflicted in a similar manner. While celebrating an open air procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the firing of a gun ignited the roof, and once more the homeless hospitallers were lodged with their Sisters of the Congregation,¹ while new efforts on the part of powerful friends, both in France and Canada, were made to enable them to rebuild. After a short time spent in the house of the Congregation, they were lodged by the government in what was known as the Hospital of the Frères Charon. While there, amongst other annoyances which they had to undergo, the nuns, in their letters to France, relate the following:

"We have always before our eyes a troop of savages, who pitch their tents in the courtyard of the house where we are lodged. The very sight of their faces, painted blue, red, and black, making them resemble demons, causes one to shudder; night and day, under our windows, they sing of war against other nations, so that we cannot sleep. These men are almost naked; they give

¹ In the course of events by the late disastrous conflagration of June of this year, the congregation nuns of Villa Maria, to the number of 16, have become guests of the Hotel Dieu.

vent to the most horrible shrieks and howls; they are always tomahawk and knife in hand, ready to kill each other, which is their great delight."

But in fact the Iroquois had been from the beginning, as has been already seen in the letters of Mlle. Mance, a subject of the greatest terror and anxiety to the hospital and its inmates. In the early days of the monastery a very real danger arose from the fact that the Iroquois prisoners, sometimes to the number of two or three, would be brought into the wards. During their convalescence they were a perpetual menace to the safety of the place, notwithstanding that the Sisters lavished kindness of all sorts upon them, hoping to open their hearts to the influence of faith. Upon one occasion a savage rushed upon Sister de Bressoles and endeavored to crush her between the door of a cupboard and the wall. But that another Sister passed at the moment, and called the sick to the rescue, Sister de Bressoles would have been suffocated.

Whenever there was an Indian attack, the tocsin of alarm was sounded from the Hotel Dieu, and the nuns from the town, in many instances, were witnesses of the combat, so that it is recorded that they were often prostrated by terror.

In 1734, the Hotel Dieu once more perished in a conflagration, which did not, however, originate in the hospital, but was communicated from a dwelling in the town. Once again the same heartrending scenes, and the same courage, coolness, and profound resignation which had marked the hospitallers on each of these occasions. After two nights spent shelterless in their garden, they were lodged at the government expense, in two houses hired for the purpose, beside the *Bon secours* church. A few of the Sisters repaired to the little farm of St. Joseph, outside the town, and there labored hard to keep the community supplied with the necessaries of life. Apart from most laborious work, these devoted women were compelled to walk into town for all the services of the church.

Whilst the nuns were lodged in these temporary quarters, a soldier was brought in, stricken with a strange and terrible disease. It spread rapidly amongst the nuns, proving fatal to several of them. They were now subject to a most rigid quarantine, and all

save the Sisters actually required for the care of the sick, were ordered, in virtue of obedience, to leave the place and proceed to the farm, a separation which they found most heartrending. It is touchingly related that when their hospital had been rebuilt and the community was about returning there, they assembled in the *Bon secours* church to sing a "Libera" for the Sisters, who even in death would be separated from them, it being impossible to remove their bodies. The church was crowded with outsiders, but the grief of Sisters and people alike became so uncontrollable, that the ceremony could not be completed. But this was not the only instance in which pestilence wrought havoc amongst the hospital nuns. Some years later a sickness which bears much resemblance in its detailed symptoms to our modern "grippe," prostrated many of the nuns, and carried off five.

In the epidemic of 1847-48, known as "the Ship Fever," 71 of the religious were stricken down, of whom thirteen died. The following account is given by a writer 'who remembers the melancholy circumstances of those days, when the communities of the Grey Nuns and the Providence were exhausted by the losses sustained.

"The cloistered Hospitallers of St. Joseph, whom the citizens of Montreal had never seen, except behind the grating of their parlor or chapel, or in their own hospital wards, petitioned the Bishop to dispense them from their vows of life-long seclusion, that they might go to the aid of their dear sister communities in the pestilential atmosphere of the fever sheds. The permission was freely given, and the strange sight was seen day by day, in the streets of our ancient city, of the close carriage that conveyed the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu from their quiet, old time convent to the lazaret-house at Pt. St. Charles. People pointed it out to each other with solemn wonder, as the writer well remembers, and spoke with bated breath of the awful visitation that had brought the cloistered nuns from their convent into the outer world, in obedience to the call of charity."

It would be impossible to detail here how in the long series of wars which devastated the country, from the period of their establishment, 1659, the nuns had a prominent part, as very angels

¹ Mr. James Sadlier in *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, for June, 1891.

of mercy. The victory of Carillon, or the defeat at Quebec, the triumph of French, or the conquest by English, left them still at their post, performing for victors and vanquished alike the same offices of mercy. At the time of the conquest of Canada by the English and the capitulation of the city of Montreal, in 1761, the nuns experienced the most cruel suspense. This was at first lightened by the following from the English Commander-in-chief:

"Amherst, in gratitude for the care taken by the Sisters of the English sick, sends them a couple of hundred dollars, with two dozen of the wine of Madeira. This is but an earnest of his good will towards a society so respectable as that of the Monastery of St. Joseph of the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, which can count on the part of the British nation, on the same protection which it enjoyed under the French dominion."

After Gen. Amherst's departure, however, the condition of affairs, as regarded religion, added to the extreme destitution of the entire country, had almost decided the Sisters to return to France. But by a nobler impulse they resolved to remain, and die, if necessary, in the service of the country. Amongst other annoyances with which they had to contend at this period was the use made of their chapel for heretical worship by Protestant ministers, and notably by an apostate monk, who had frequently officiated there as a priest. It was his custom likewise to visit the Protestant sick in the wards, and pour out blasphemies against the Church. In one instance he brought with him a pot of rancid grease, to perform a sacrilegious parody on Extreme Unction.

Sir Guy Carleton, commander of the British forces, at this time issued a decree forbidding the community to receive any novices under the age of thirty, or to admit any persons whatsoever to profession, without his written consent. Two years afterwards, however, he wrote as follows to Mother Martel: "Out of esteem for you and the community which you govern, I desire before my departure from this country, to revoke the order which I gave on the 13th July, 1768. . . . And the present will serve as revocation of said order, without it being necessary that it should be signified to you in any other way."

The first English-speaking Sister to join the hospitallers was Sister Adelaide Silver, one of those who had become a convert while a

prisoner of war at Villemarie. The first native born American to become a nun also made choice of the Hotel Dieu of Montreal. This was Fanny Allen, a daughter of Ethan Allen of revolutionary fame. In childhood, while playing on the bank of a river, she had been rescued from a monster by a mysterious old man, whom years after, when she had passed through various stages of infidelity and became a Catholic, she recognized in the portrait of St. Joseph, in the Holy Family picture over the altar at the Hotel Dieu. This decided her to become an hospital nun of St. Joseph. Many were the conversions effected by her, not only in the wards amongst the sick, but amongst a wide circle of her former acquaintances, many of whom had come to witness her profession at the Hotel Dieu. Amongst these were the celebrated Barber family, of whom the head, a Presbyterian clergyman, was followed into the Church by his son, also a minister, and the latter's wife and four children. This son, with his son, became a Jesuit, at Georgetown; the wife, with one of her daughters, a Visitandine, and the other three daughters, Ursulines.

In 1861 the community removed to their present commodious quarters, built upon land donated by the Sieurs Benoit and Gabriel Basset. On the same day, January 31st, a solemn ceremony took place in the removal thither of the bodies of the deceased Sisters, which was followed by a Requiem Mass in the chapel of the new Hotel Dieu. The new Hotel Dieu, which had replaced the humble structure of Pointe à Callières, as well as those more pretentious ones upon St. Paul Street.

In 1825 the Hotel Dieu counted but 32 beds, in 1826 the number was increased to 50, in 1842 to 100, in 1860 to 230. Of these, 176 are for free patients. During the last thirty-three years, the number of in-door patients treated, apart from the dispensary work, is 2,540, making a total in that period of time, of 83,816. What miracles of sublimest charity do these figures represent! From the beginning individual physicians visited and treated all patients of the Hotel Dieu, gratis, which, at present, is done collectively, by the members of the Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery.

In the wards for men, in the wards for women, and those for the treatment of certain kinds of disease, there is the same scru-

pulous cleanliness and order, the same minute provision for the comfort of the sick, of which religious alone seem capable. Each ward is under the invocation of some saint, and has its religious images and its holy maxims inscribed upon the walls to raise the mind from the depths of human suffering to spiritual heights, just as the green things, at frequent intervals displayed, transport one's thoughts to fragrant meadows. Shrines of Our Lady or of the saints, or dedicated to Divine Providence, or to the Holy Trinity, are of constant recurrence about the house. Attached to most of the wards are galleries where the convalescents may seek the refreshment of fresh air, in the vast open spaces, surrounding the hospital, and at the mountain's base. To many of them are attached libraries, with books for the use of the sick. Besides the wards, there are comfortable apartments for pay patients and for the clergy. The operating-room, large, cheerful, and well-lighted, contains not only every species of surgical instruments and other appliances, but the all too sad testimonies in specimens preserved, of the variety of human miseries, and the almost infinite resources of medical science. Upon the walls are various maxims, which recall, however, to the minds of professors and students alike, that human knowledge is limited, and that God is master. Below is the mortuary chapel and its altar, whereat Mass is said for the repose of the souls of those who die in the hospital, and who are brought there.

There is a very fine chapel or church for the use of patients, as most of the wards communicate with it, also, to some extent, for the use of the public. It has many curious old pictures, and an ornate altar, over which is a fac-simile of the "Holy Family," which attracted Sister Allen to the community. The original is in the Sisters' chapel, in the cloistered part of the building, where are also the cells of the nuns.

The pharmacy is very finely fitted up, with all modern appliances, while the offices, with their great registry books, recording a very hetacomb of patients, the sitting-rooms, with each its own special purposes, the cellars and the great furnaces, the dispensary, where the outside poor are relieved, all bespeak the order that reigns supreme. The corridors are broad and lofty, the windows almost innumerable, commanding glimpses, either of the

city, seemingly far off, or of tranquil green spots or groups of trees surrounding the hospital. But above all things, most striking is the atmosphere of peace and of divine charity. The nuns, so silently here behind their cloisters, pursue their work, calm, smiling, cheerful. They pass from bed to bed, whispering hope to the dying, now feeding an aged woman or a child, now ministering to a strong man, stricken in the prime of life. With the same courage and constancy, with the same heroic devotedness, these hospital Sisters of St. Joseph continue the work begun by their foundresses 'mid the chaotic struggles of pioneer life.

"WHEN I signed the Declaration of Independence, I had in view, not only our independence of England, but the toleration of all sects professing the Christian religion, and communicating to them all equal rights. Happily this wise and salutary measure has taken place for eradicating religious feuds and persecution, and becoming a useful lesson to all governments. Reflecting on the disabilities I may truly say of the prescription of the Roman Catholics of Maryland, you will not be surprised that I had much at heart this grand design, founded on mutual charity, the basis of our holy religion."—*Charles Carroll of Carrollton, to George Washington, 1829.*

IN YOUTH we seem climbing up a hill on whose top eternal sunshine appears to rest. How eagerly we pant to gain its summit! But when we have gained it, how different is the prospect on the other side! We sigh as we contemplate the waste before us, and look back with a wistful eye upon the flowery path we have passed, but may never more retrace. Life is like a portentous cloud fraught with thunder, storm, and rain; but religion, like those streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

OCTOBER CHIMES.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

ALL through the bright October days
The Angels o'er the wide earth winging,
Hear far and near, hear loud and clear,
Soft, silvery chimes of worship ringing.
From lordly home, from lowly cot,
The same glad notes in joyous number
Rise from the busy haunts of toil,
Or when the world is wrapped in slumber.
The music of the mystic harp
Whose chords respond to countless fingers,
Whose strain in echo's sweetest sounds
Forever on the pure air lingers.
How faint and far they seem at first,
Murmurs of praise and love ascending!
But soaring swell an anthem grand,
As voice with voice in prayer is blending.
And musically ring the Beads,
Slow falling to the Ave's measure,
Sweet chimes that win from Mary's heart
Unbounded wealth of heavenly treasure.
O glorious ministers of grace,
Whose eyes behold the Father's splendor,
How joyously you bear on high
The homage that His chosen render!
True servitors unto your Queen,
Each thought of her, each fond prayer spoken,
Each sigh devotion humbly breathes
You waft to her—her children's token.
Of love that fain would learn of you
The knowledge pure of worship holy,
O Blessed Spirits, purify
Each offering, howsoever lowly!
Wreathe for our Queen the Ave's flowers,
Kindle each soul with her life's story,
And lead them by her Rosary chain
To her fair home of endless glory.

A PAGE TORN FROM LIFE.

JEROME TRANT.

I.

"I TELL you, Bernard, I am sick of the masquerade which men call life; weary of the never-ending cheat and mockery which underlies one's whole existence: would to the Gods that I were dead and out of it all."

"Are you so sure of death ending all your troubles, my dear friend? Perhaps—well, I won't anticipate and turn into a bird of ill-omen—you are suffering from a mortal disease, and so must be humored like an ailing child."

"A mortal disease! and that is—?"

"One which an old philosopher defined as the hectic fever caught from the chill of hope."

"The hectic humbug! Let's go in and see about the tickets."

The previous conversation had been carried on so close to the chair where I was enjoying my cheroot that I found myself playing the part of involuntary eaves-dropper. The voice, too, of the first speaker sounded somewhat familiar. I glanced sharply at the two men as they left the smoking-room, but failed to recognize either. "Seems badly hit about something," I thought to myself; "where the deuce have I heard that voice before?" and thus cogitating I sauntered off to my apartments.

For the satisfaction of the happy mortals privileged to read this "torn page," I will state that I was then staying at the "Baierischerhof" in Munich, *en route* for the little village of Oberammergau in the Bavarian Tyrol. It was in 1890, when the Old and New World were sending their wonder-seeking masses in countless thousands to witness the famous Passion-play. I had heard many contradictory comments concerning it; it was blasphemous, said some; theatrical, voted others—all very well for "those dreadful Middle Ages, you know," but utterly out of place in our enlightened nineteenth century with its "isms" more suited to modern tastes. Being a man of independent views, I like to judge certain things for myself; some people indeed reproach me with a weakness for asking outsiders' opinions, and then fol-

lowing my own; perhaps....in any case I had my own ideas about the Passion-play, and resolved to see it. My ticket, dated for the seventh of September, had been secured some weeks beforehand, and a room engaged in one of the village cottages, and a mountain-carriage was to meet me at Oberau, where the railway came to a full stop. On the morning of the 6th, therefore, I esconced myself comfortably in the best corner-seat of a first-class carriage, and proceeded to contemplate with philosophical curiosity the motley crowd which flooded the platform. Men and women in the last stage,—the former of exasperation, the latter of flurry,—pushed and struggled in all directions; portly, long-bearded Germans, with the inevitable deep-bowled pipe tucked into their capacious pockets; dandy Frenchmen, in ridiculous neck-ties and patent-leather shoes; gallant-looking Austrians, biting and pulling at their heavy moustaches to the alternate delight and horror of virtuous British maids and matrons, and last, but by no means least, a re-inforcement of "Cook's Excursionists," who shoved and elbowed their way with the easy elegance characteristic of that particular portion of humanity.

"No second-class carriage vacant?—it's disgraceful! I'll write to the *Times*, and go first-class, then. The idea!"

The speaker, an irate female, clad in a loud ulster and plaid shawl, made a dive as she spoke, towards the carriage, whence I was calmly surveying the commotion; my disgust at the prospect of several hours spent in the close society of this terrible apparition was intense; another moment, and her podgy, gloveless hand would pull at the door of my retreat, but, no!—the fates were propitious,—a stalwart figure interposed itself between the step and mine enemy.

"Excuse me, Madam, this compartment is reserved," said the voice which I had heard the previous evening.

"Now, Bernard, in with you; I'll hand up the traps."

A second more and the whistle sounded, the guard waved his flag, and the heavily-laden train steamed slowly out of the station. I am not of a cruel nature, but I must acknowledge experiencing a mild pleasure at the result of the contest as I looked out of the window, and perceived the vanquished female standing on the platform, engaged in brisk explanations with one of Cook's

agents. Her victor, in the meantime, was engaged in settling his belongings with an air of such callous indifference to outer events that I could not repress a faint smile. After fishing a French novel out of the depths of his portmanteau, pulling his smoking-cap into a comfortable position, and nodding smilingly at his companion, he settled down to a deep read. I followed his example by unfolding my *Daily Telegraph*, and endeavored to interest myself in the accounts of Gladstone's health, Ireland's troubles, and the Portuguese Loan, but somehow or other without success; my thoughts, closely followed by my eyes, persisted in travelling over to my neighbors, who were both so engaged by their books that the moment seemed favorable for a review. My *vis-a-vis* appeared about five and thirty, and had "English gentleman" written with nature's best pen across his bronzed features; the light brown hair, cut in military fashion, shadowed a noble-looking forehead, scored with significant lines, while the mouth, partially concealed by a heavy moustache, showed a tendency to cynicism and sarcasm. I glanced over at his friend, who appeared his junior by a few years, and who, clad in the picturesque habit of a Dominican friar, forcibly reminded me of a frescoed saint which had taken my fancy years ago in Rome.

"Intellectual, ascetical, and has seen trouble," were my mental comments as I scanned the broad brow, calm lips, and dark hair, already thickly sprinkled with grey; "delicate, too," I concluded, noting the worn look on cheek and brow, and the purple shade under the eyes. He had ceased reading, and was gazing at the flying country with meditative interest, while I still followed the train of thought suggested by the contrast between the two men, and found myself wondering where they had met and what had drawn them together. Some time passed in this vague musing, when, suddenly realizing the futility of my cogitations concerning two strangers whom I would probably never set eyes on again, I turned my attention once more to my neglected paper. An intermediate stoppage at some small station disturbed my opposite neighbor's temper, when a remark of mine about the slow pace of German travelling led us into conversation. After chatting on various subjects, the Passion-play come on the *tapis*. The young Dominican was evidently looking forward to a religious

treat, while his friend seemed to look upon the whole affair as a nuisance, only to be tolerated for the sake of the other's desire to witness it. "Bah! what is it after all?" he exclaimed sarcastically; "a relic of departed superstition, or, better still, the dying effort of a worn-out creed to delude the unenlightened. Of all the fools who crush and crowd to see it, how many are believers in the real sense of the word? A pack of ignorant peasants, who would steal your purse, and then burn a candle before some shrine to gain their absolution, and a troupe of emotional females, whose religion means a flower-decked altar and a handsome curate. I've no patience with that kind of mummerly. Give me the man who pays his debts, who honors his neighbor, and who respects that neighbor's wife as he would his check-book; I ask for nothing better by way of a creed."

"And what about paying honor to God?" interrupted his friend, quietly.

"To God? oh! of course due reverence to a Supreme Being, and worship in a wide sense, and all that kind of thing."

"Rather vague way of defining it; don't you think so, Pius? A man surrounded with luxury, ignorant of trials and temptations, and devoid of all noble instincts,—such a man might be satisfied with the vagueness of your doctrine; but an unfortunate mortal, fighting the battle of life on the losing side, and hemmed in by difficulties both within and without, requires a solid religion, and a real, not a fanciful God to sustain him on the road. But I don't want to preach!" concluded the young friar, with a quiet smile, which rendered the pale face singularly attractive.

During the course of our ensuing conversation I chanced to mention the name of my nephew, whom I expected to meet at Munich on my return from the Passion-play.

"Excuse me," exclaimed my *vis-a-vis* eagerly, did you say your nephew's name was Staunton?"

"Yes."

"Then," he added with a courteous bow, "doubtless I have the pleasure of speaking to one of my poor father's oldest friends."

The softer intonation of the speaker's voice instantly recalled to my mind the tones of a dear friend long since dead, and gave

an answer to the question which I had mentally asked the previous evening.

"You must be Pius Chudleigh," I said, stretching out my hand.

"Very much at your service," he replied, as we interchanged a cordial clasp; "surnamed the 'Impious'; and this," he added, turning towards his companion, "is my very dear and trusted friend, Father Bernard Glynn, one of the rising lights of his order."

"That will do, Pius," retorted the latter, laughingly, as he acknowledged the introduction, and commenced collecting the book and rugs, for the train was slackening speed as we neared our destination.

I had but little difficulty in persuading my two fellow travellers to share the carriage which was awaiting my arrival, while our pleasant converse beguiled the four-mile drive which lay between the station and the village. As we passed the ancient monastery of Ettal, once renowned throughout Bavaria for the sanctity and learning of its silent inmates, a sarcastic smile hovered on Pius Chudleigh's lips; he glanced at the sombre-hued pile, then turned to the young priest in front of him:

"Look at that, Bernard; another relic of superstition; a hundred years ago, unfortunate men starved and shivered and prayed in yonder gloomy edifice, then presto! a turn of fortune's wheel and they are swept away as leaves before the blast, to make room for a gigantic brewery; now do you mean to tell me that its present destiny is not more useful to mankind than the last?"

"You forgot to add, 'and more elevating,'" replied the friar, quietly; "beer versus science, a brewery in lieu of a temple;—by all means, my dear Pius; I quite agree with those who remark that our century astonishes by the refinement of its aspirations and tastes. "Yes," he went on, as if warming to his subject, "the beauty of a life of mortification, sacrifice, and prayer, tempered by study and scientific pursuits, will always remain a sealed book for the materialists and agnostics of our age; they can only appreciate what flatters the senses, and understand what touches the pocket, for their Gospel is 'according to St. Lucre,' and their Heaven is the '*Cafe Anglais*' and a Parisian '*boulevard*.'"

"He had you there, Chudleigh," I remarked, with an amused chuckle at the latter's comical stare of amazement; "don't meas-

ure weapons with opponents like the Black Friars; they are thoroughly armed for the fight."

"The Tyrolean air is sharpening Bernard's arms, at any rate," rejoined Chudleigh, laughingly, "as it is my appetite; I wonder if we shall be able to get any refreshment for the inner man in this holy village, or are we supposed to go in for a course of locusts and wild honey?"

I was able to re-assure him on this point, as rustic hotels had been started lately to accommodate the ever-increasing multitudes. Our carriage, which all this time had been rolling along a winding road, at last arrived at the summit of the last incline, disclosing to our charmed gaze the snow-clad mountains which surround the little hamlet; a gigantic cross planted by the peasantry on the highest point seemed to welcome us with its outstretched arms, and stamped the landscape with an aspect of peace.

Having enjoyed the luxury of a wash in a basin twice the size of a tea-bowl, and changed my coat, I sat down in the little wooden balcony outside my windows to smoke and think *en attendant* the arrival of my late companions, who were billeted higher up in the village street. This sudden meeting with my old friend's son had carried back my memory to days and feelings long since buried beneath the dust of life. I had not forgotten him nor them, but cares and various troubles had well-nigh overgrown and concealed the past, like unto the moss which half-effaces the name on an old tomb-stone. To-day's events bade me kneel down and clear away the weeds and plants sown by time on my hidden grave, and summon its dead to life.

Jerome Chudleigh and I had been inseparable companions at school and college, differing widely in character, yet similar in many tastes. He was not what could be termed a religious man, but as an earnest thinker, treated all religious convictions with a respect which his son had very evidently not inherited. At the conclusion of our studies we separated for a time, he to take possession of vast estates, I to travel in search of health, which seemed to mock pursuit; he married during my absence, and soon rejoiced at the birth of an heir, the Pius of to-day's *recon- tre*. Eheu! how ephemeral are the joys of man! Within a year his young and beautiful wife lay dead in the family vault, and

saw him a broken-hearted wanderer in foreign lands. He did not die as he had hoped and prayed to do (death seems ever to shun his suppliants), but the brighter part of his nature had fled forever. Stern, silent, and weary-looking, he accompanied me through sun and shade, calm and storm; from the Russian steppes to Italy's lakes; not a mountain, not a valley but had witnessed our wanderings and heard our musings. At last the mourner wearied of our nomadic existence, and proposed the journey home, which, as it proved, was but the prelude to the final and great journey which all travellers undertake sooner or later. Yes! Jerome Chudleigh had come home to die, and I, his boyhood's friend, stood by him to the end. He spoke to me of his little son, then at school in Germany, who had hardly known his father's care. "If you ever come across him, old man, be kind to him for my sake." These were almost his last words, and to day, as I re-passed the afternoon's meeting, I seemed to hear them ringing anew in my ears; circumstances had prevented hitherto any acquaintanceship between us. Providence now seemed to decree otherwise, and Pius was destined to become my friend. What strange threads meet and cross each other in the woof of man's existence! After twenty years quasi oblivion I found myself brought into the presence of a life which interested me for "auld lang syne's" sake, and which but yesterday was buried in the unknown. I wondered if that life had been, or was a happy one; the lined forehead and bitter words overheard at the hotel seemed to point in an opposite direction, but I was ignorant of the truth, nor did I intend to presume on my old friendship with the father to force the son's confidence. My musings had reached this point when the subject of them called out to me to come to dinner. An hour later found the three of us sitting in the balcony, enjoying our coffee and friendly chat. Above us, the star-studded canopy of a September night; around us, the silent mountains, seeming to rebuke by their unbroken calm the murmurs of the noisy world beneath; at our feet the village-street, usually so quiet, now crowded with strangers from all parts of the world. Fragments of conversation in every known European tongue reached us where we sat, as the animated groups passed, and chatted, and laughed:

"Magnificent, I have been told; but I wonder if the Magdalen dyes her hair!"

"Awful hole! Can't get a decent cigar. Deuced shame, I call it!"

"Oh, Mr. Keene! I *am* so glad to have met you; my sister is so anxious to get a seat for the Morris divorce; the papers say such *awful* revelations are expected. Oh! look; there goes the 'Christus,'—Mayer is his name, I believe,—and that young man with the long fair hair is the Saint John; I wonder if the evangelist was really handsome?"

And so on and on the frivolous voices chattered and cackled *ad nauseam*. I had been watching the face of the young friar as he gazed down abstractedly at the heedless throng, and found myself once more wondering where these two had met; the *blasé* man of the world and the ascetical monk had met, and become friends. I turned my eyes to Chudleigh's face, and he seemed to divine my unspoken query: "Confess," he said, with a short laugh, "that you are marvelling at the partnership of wolf and lamb; the bond between saint and sinner!" I laughingly expostulated at the strong terms, but did not deny the truth of his surmise.

"Perhaps some day I will tell you the origin of our friendship," he went on with the softened tone in his voice which recalled his father so vividly to my recollection: "only for him I would have gone utterly to the dogs long ago; look at those fools yonder," he continued, with a rapid change of manner, pointing to a group whose loud laughter seemed to desecrate the simple little street. "What are they here for, staring, mocking, and sneering at what they are incapable of understanding or believing in? Will tomorrow's drama render them more virtuous? Will they deny themselves one pleasure, or give a cent more in alms? and yet the Christ whom they pretend to honor taught the opposite of all they do; *He* loved the chaste and the humble, if we are to believe what His followers wrote of Him; go and see the reception such souls would meet with from *them*. O God! and this is life! these the creatures supposed to be formed to your image!"

He ceased abruptly, and remained silent, as if unconscious of our presence. The young friar seemed accustomed to such out-

breaks, for he waited patiently until the harsh look faded out of the speaker's countenance, and then said in a low voice: "Yet there is much good hidden away in the heart of your wicked world, Pius; women with unstained purity, men of unsullied honor, you can meet with truth in the midst of much falsehood: earnest characters amid the frivolous, brave hearts amongst the cowardly; besides," he added in a clearer tone and with kindling eyes, "a man need never sink to the level of those of whom you speak. Let him be outraged, scorned,—hated, if you will; he rises far above the petty shafts of those who scorn and revile him; his character is all the nobler, all the stronger for having passed through the furnace and proved himself to be pure gold."

"Bernard always takes the higher view of things," remarked Chudleigh after a short pause, then relapsing once more into silence. A feeling of restfulness appeared to descend and wrap us in its intangible folds; the tiny cottages along the road gradually faded into the darkness of advancing night, while the hurry and bustle of the 'previous hour were slowly silenced as the noisy multitudes drifted into their respective crannies. A solemn-toned bell swung out its summons over the quiet hush.

"What is that for?" inquired Chudleigh, raising his head.

"The 'De profundis' for the dead," replied the priest, folding his hands for a moment in silent prayer.

"I must acknowledge that there is a great deal of poetic beauty in your creed," remarked Pius in a musing tone; "what a pity that it should be nothing, after all, but a beauteous dream."

"No dream, but a grand reality," was the solemn reply. "God grant that ere long you may prove the truth of my words."

"*Qui vivra, verra*," quoted Chudleigh, smilingly, as he rose to wish me good-night.

II.

The Passion-play has been described too often and too well for a humble pen to spoil it by trivial comments; suffice it to say that neither my companions nor myself felt in the mood to mix with the noisy throng as it left the vast amphitheatre after the representation. As we intended to return to Munich the following day, we agreed that nothing could fill up the hours more

pleasantly than a visit to the celebrated castle belonging to the late king of Bavaria, and which lay nestled in the heart of the mountains, about five miles from Oberammergau. A rapid drive through exquisite scenery brought us to the little gem which the unfortunate monarch had set apart, far from the haunts of men. After visiting its artistic beauties, we strolled through the magnificent park and grounds bejewelled with the fountains and silver lines of running waters. An artificial grotto, hewn out of gigantic rocks, seemed to invite repose, and we passed into its welcome shade with a sensation of rest. Changing lights of various hues flashed over the fairy-like scene from lamps concealed in rocky clefts ; tall palms reared their delicate heads unto the stalactited vault above, while a tiny water-fall splashed and foamed into a miniature lake beneath. Speech felt fettered as we gazed at this realization of a poet's fairest fancy, where naught broke the intense stillness save the sound of falling water, and the low notes of a sweet-toned bell swinging o'er the listening silence with plaintive reiteration. A golden ray from one of the hidden lamps illumined the pale face of the young Dominican as he sat on a fallen rock by the lake ; the statuesque folds of his white habit seemed to clothe him with indescribable and graceful dignity, while the rapt expression of the upraised eyes carried my thoughts to another and a brighter land. "I could almost believe in the old legends about the saints when I look at him," whispered Chudleigh in my ear. "I often wonder what made him bury himself under the monastic robe."

"You never asked him?" I inquired in the same low tone.

"No ; he seems to shrink from personal confidences, so of course I never press the point."

"He seems to have gone through a fair share of sorrow," I rejoined ; "a worn look crosses his face at times which speaks volumes."

"Perhaps ! What man with noble aspirations and refined feelings, more especially a religious, but must pass through a fiery ordeal ? yet I sometimes doubt the possibility of strong temptations or trials ever singeing Bernard's wings ; he seems above such miseries, yet do you know," concluded the speaker with a half-sigh, "if ever I felt drawn to the Lord whom he calls Master, it is

into his ear, and his alone that I could pour the history of my blighted life. I feel certain that no depths of human misery could repulse a soul of his stamp."

I was on the point of asking what might perhaps have proved to be an indiscreet question, when the subject of our conversation hailed us with:

"What treason are you two plotting up there?"

"Open confession is good for the soul," retorted Pius with a smile; "we were discussing you."

"Indeed; well, is it a state secret?"

"No," replied Chudleigh, quickly, as we joined the questor, "I was saying that you were a happy mortal, exempt from the temptations and miseries common to the rest of us men,—poor, weak individuals that we are!"

A strange expression flitted over his hearer's thoughtful countenance, a look of mingled pain and peace wrestling for the mastery, which swept over the brow and firmly-set mouth until their lines burdened and deepened as if cut in stone; a second, and it had passed away, while the same glance of unruffled calm which once before had struck me on the previous evening, shone in the depths of the dark eyes bent so quietly on Chudleigh's face. "We all have our trials," he answered slowly, "nor do I pretend to differ from the rest of my fellow-men. Are you aware that it is past four?" he continued, as we retraced our steps to the carriage, "and our train leaves at seven."

Our sure-footed mountain ponies brought us to the station in time, and that evening found the three of us sitting at a quiet supper in our old hotel at Munich.

As these lines profess to be nothing save a hasty sketch of events which, to the majority of their readers, may present but slight interest, I will pass over in silence many circumstances, interesting only to those whose hands helped to write this "torn" fragment of a human life, and who lie mouldering now in a foreign grave by the sea.

Business-matters requiring my presence in England, obliged me to leave my newly-found friends within a fortnight of our meeting; we arranged, however, to see each other again during the early part of the following year, when Chudleigh would be free to

seek out the young friar, whose mission would probably call him to one of the French monasteries of his order during the month of May.

I heard from the former frequently at first, and learnt that Father Bernard's health was giving rise to serious apprehensions. A neglected cold, caught in Rome during the winter months, had settled on his chest, and the doctors ordered complete rest and change of scene. His superiors accordingly sent him to Havre in France, near which place his parents were staying, and to Havre, therefore, I bent my steps in the early part of June. I was anxious to renew our pleasant acquaintanceship, so hastily interrupted, and eager to have a long talk with Chudleigh, about whose wild existence some strange rumors were afloat. I had seen my nephew in London, and asked for news of Pius, who had not written to me for three months. He shook his head rather gravely when I mentioned the latter's name, and informed me that he appeared to be in a bad way.

"Drinking, gambling, and abusing himself; in fact, going to the devil by express-train," were the words which summed up poor Chudleigh's career. I felt seriously grieved at such a report, not only for my dead friend's sake, whose honor I felt to be hurt by his son's ill-deeds, but also from affectionate interest in Chudleigh himself, my *rencontre* with him having taught me many noble and manly traits of his character.

"Perhaps Fr. Bernard will be able to have a good influence over him; I will go and see him to-morrow," was my mental decision as the train bore me away from Paris towards the coasts of Normandy.

An agreeable surprise awaited me at the *Gare* in the shape of the prodigal in person, accompanied by his white-robed friend. A mutual acquaintance staying at the Hotel Frascati, to whom I had telegraphed my arrival, had informed Chudleigh, of whose presence at the hotel I was not aware. I had no opportunity of taking more than a cursory glance at my two companions until during the after-dinner chat in our private sitting-room, whose balcony overlooked the sea. Only then was I able to note the painful change which the past nine months had wrought in both. The delicate hue of the young Dominican's face had inten-

sified, etherealizing still more his expressive features, and foreshadowing some painful trial to those who called him friend. The far-away look in his eyes, as they swept the heaving waters at our feet, struck me with such a chill of coming sorrow, that involuntarily I turned away my gaze and looked at his friend. In him, too, I noted a sad difference; rumor for once had spoken truly when it reproached him with having led a dissipated existence; if wan cheeks, sunken eyes, and trembling hands are any proof of rack-etting folly, surely the man before me presented a startling illustration of the painful fact. What had happened since last September to work such havoc? Did Father Bernard know anything from hearsay, or had Chudleigh spoken to him? Such were the mental queries which succeeded each other in my mind as I slowly puffed at my cigar and watched the blue smoke curling upward. At this moment the young friar turned towards me, and pointing to the rings of smoke, which seemed to absorb my attention, said meditatively:

"An image of a worldly life, Pius, which burns itself out and vanishes as that intangible vapor, leaving naught save a few worthless ashes to mark its passage."

"Life is a puzzle, a mirage, and a waking dream," answered Chudleigh with a bitter intonation in his voice. "Look here, Bernard," he continued abruptly, and almost harshly, "if, standing on its threshold, I could have pierced the veils which hide the future, seen myself as life has made me, counted the illusions which overshadowed the road, and numbered the shattered idols which have strewn my path, I swear to you that I would have ended it when a boy, nor live to see the ruins which surround me now. Bah! what a fool I am to care," he concluded with a forced laugh as he rose to leave, excusing himself on the score of business downstairs. Father Bernard sighed as his eyes followed the tall figure through the hotel grounds into the card-room, then turned to me, saying sadly:

"Ecarté and euchre mean business for him, I fear. Poor Pius! I am so sorry for him."

Now was my opportunity to find out the truth; it appeared to me in the light of a duty, as I heard once more ringing in my ears his father's dying words: "Be kind to him, old man, for my

sake, if you ever come across him." I *had* come across the wandering sheep, and the only kindness I could show him was to help his return to the fold. Filled with these thoughts, I opened my heart to the priest whom God had placed on his path, and asked him to help me by telling me all he knew. It was but little, for he could only speak of what report had taught him, the rest he said had been told him in confidence, which circumstance sealed his lips.

"Come with me to his sitting-room," he added, as I expressed my disappointment; "I will show you something which may prove a valuable clue to your investigations. You were his father's friend, and have a right to know all that I feel myself at liberty to disclose."

We traversed a long corridor and entered an apartment brilliantly lit by electricity; the young Dominican walked over to the table, and took up a velvet case which he handed to me, saying:

"There is the cause of Pius' trouble; perhaps you will begin to understand.

Yes, I certainly did begin to understand as I cast my eyes on the pictured face, which looked up at me so confidently from its costly frame. So *that* was the cause of Chudleigh's downward course,—a fair, even if a false one. A skilled brush had graced the delicate ivory with one of the sweetest countenances which I had ever seen. The miniature represented a girl of about nineteen summers. She was not a faultless beauty, perhaps, but for that very reason seemed endowed with a nameless charm; the eyes, half sad, half shy, appeared to deprecate the gazer's sternness, and gave the whole face an expression of melancholy strangely at variance with its brilliant youthfulness. On the back of the gold and velvet setting I read the name of Irene, and underneath, a tiny lock of golden-colored hair. Who was she? I had been travelling for so many years that few faces were familiar to me, nevertheless a vague resemblance to someone whom I had known in past years seemed to rise up from the pictured ivory, and stirred long-silenced chords within my heart. "Irene," I murmured, half aloud, "I wonder if she is *her* daughter."

"Do you know her?" asked the young friar, as he took the case into his hand and bent his eyes on it thoughtfully.

"I am not sure," I replied, waking up from my painful reverie, "but she reminds me of Lady Hamilton, an old friend of mine; perhaps she is her daughter."

"You are right," rejoined Father Bernard quietly; when that was painted she was Irene Hamilton, but for the past six years she has been known as Mrs. Glynn.

"Glynn!" I interrupted, quickly, that is your family name, is it not?"

"Yes; she married my brother," returned the Dominican slowly, as if speaking in a dream, while he put the miniature down with a tremulous gesture.

"Was Chudleigh attached to her at that time?"

"So he told me; but her choice was already made, and he left England almost immediately," replied Father Bernard, as he accompanied me back to my room and resumed his seat on the balcony. We were both silent for a while, each being evidently absorbed in mutual reflections. It was evident to me now that Chudleigh was suffering from the effects of a severe disappointment. This explained partly the bitterness and cynicism apparent in his character, which had attracted my attention at our first meeting, but this disappointment was ancient history by now, six years having rolled away since then. It did not therefore explain in a satisfactory manner the utter recklessness and folly of the past few months. Something new must have occurred to re-open the old wound, and it was that "something" which I must endeavor to find out. I felt that the young Dominican was sincerely attached to his friend, and that he would assist me to the utmost of his ability in bringing peace to the stricken prodigal. A sudden thought made me turn and question him. "Did Chudleigh ever have any religious convictions?"

"Perhaps he had when a boy," was the reply, "but when I met him in Rome, just after my brother's marriage, I saw no trace of them. He called himself a Positivist. I remember quoting an absurd verse which slightly ruffled his temper at the time, though he had to laugh in the end," concluded the young friar with an amused smile at the recollection.

"About the Positivists?"

"Yes; don't you know it?"

"There once was an ape, in days that were earlier;
Centuries passed and its hair grew curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to its wrist,
Then it was man, and a Positivist!"

Grave as had been my previous occupation, I could not repress a laugh at the turn our conversation had taken, and with somewhat less gloomy forebodings, took leave of my companion for the night.

(*To be continued.*)

BROTHER AZARIAS.

BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS FRUITFUL LIFE.

BROTHER AZARIAS (Patrick Francis Mullany) was born in Killenaule, County Tipperary, Ireland, June 29, 1847. When a youth he came to America, where his parents had been residing some years, and in 1862 was admitted to the novitiate of the Christian Brothers. From 1866 to 1878 he was professor of mathematics and English literature at Rock Hill College, Maryland. In 1877 he went to Europe and devoted a year to such studies and researches at the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris and the British Museum in London as his shattered health would permit. Upon his return he published an article in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* upon the attempts to establish Catholic universities in England and Ireland, which was widely discussed, although it was not generally known that the article was inspired by a conversation the writer had with the late Cardinal Newman. In 1879 Brother Azarias published "Development of Old English Thought." In that year he was named president of Rock Hill College, and held the position until called to Paris in 1886 by the superior of the Christian Brothers. While abroad he travelled with his brother, the Rev. John F. Mullany, now irremovable rector of St. John's Church in Syracuse. After a sojourn of three months in Europe he returned to America, and had since been stationed at De La Salle Institute in New York, teaching English literature and carrying on his literary researches. No more familiar face than his was seen in Astor library.

Brother Azarias's lecture on "Books and Reading" has grown

to be quite a book to the Catholic reading circles. He was also well-known to non-Catholic education bodies. In 1877 he lectured before the Regents of New York on "Psychological Aspects of Education." In 1884 he read a paper before the International Congress of Education on "Literary and Scientific Habits of Thought." The following year Brother Azarias read a paper on "Dante" before the Concord School of Philosophy, being the first Catholic ever invited to address that body. In 1890 he lectured before the Farmington School of Philosophy on the "Relations of Church and State." In 1891 he read a paper before the State Teachers' Association at Saratoga on "Religion in Education." He also lectured before the school of pedagogy in the University of New York. An article of his in the *Educational Review* on the "Primary School in the Middle Ages" elicited praise and commendation from the eminent French writer and historian of pedagogics, Gabriel Compayre. Brother Azarias lectured before the Catholic Summer School last year in New London, and this year at Plattsburgh. It was at that place that he died. In speaking of him in September, 1892, the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* said:

As a literary critic Brother Azarias is especially recognized; his judgment of books and authors is generally accepted. In one of his works he distinguishes between analytical and constructive criticism. Himself a literary artist, with his literary instincts tempered by severe scientific study, he forms his estimate of a work, not from special traits or specimen extracts, but from the central idea pervading the whole work. He has a keen perception of those unrecognized remnants—those more subtle elements that enter into an author's thoughts, and that are generally overlooked by critics. Perhaps it is as a literary critic that his influence upon literature is most permanent and far-reaching. His name has been eighteen years before the public as an author. In 1874 was issued the first edition of his "Philosophy of Literature." The last edition of this work (New York: P. O'Shea) has been greatly enlarged. All his other writings may be considered developments or applications of the principles there laid down. In 1879 appeared the first edition of his "Development of Old English Thought." (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) In 1889 he

published in London "Aristotle and the Christian Church," (Kegan, Paul & Co.; New York: W. H. Sadlier.) The principal chapters of this book were translated in "L'Instruction Publique," the organ of the University of France. In 1890 was issued "Books and Reading," (New York: Cathedral Library); in 1891, "Mary, Queen of May," (Notre Dame; *Ave Maria* Press); in 1892, "Phases of Thought and Criticism," (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.)

"THE HEROIC ACT."

BY A DOMINICAN PRIEST.

THROUGH love for God, the holy souls, and ourselves, we should endeavor to gain as many indulgences as possible, and deliver them, as well as all our satisfactory merits, to the Blessed Mother for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory. But it may be said that if we reserve no indulgence for ourselves, and if we give up the satisfactory portion of our works for the benefit of the holy souls, that we ourselves run the risk of having to remain a long time in the prison of Purgatory. On this point we need have no fears, for the voluntary whole offering of our satisfactions to the suffering souls is an act of charity of such high merit that it remits all our punishment. But even if some loss to us should exist by reason of the "Heroic Act," an occurrence not to be supposed, we shall certainly find ourselves more than compensated for that loss by the sublime degree of glory to which we shall be exalted in Paradise by reason of this act of boundless charity to souls so dear to God and Mary.

As rosarians, the associates of the Sodality, and even those of the faithful who do not belong to either of those associations, have, by reason of the Rosary, so many opportunities of amassing spiritual treasures in the form of indulgences, and as frequently they may be in doubt as to the best way of disposing of these treasures, we would most earnestly advise them to keep continually before their minds the principles just enunciated, and follow their grand teaching as proclaimed in the "Heroic Act."

The "Heroic Act of Charity" consists in a voluntary offering or surrender of all works of satisfaction in this life, and of all the

suffrages that shall be offered up for us after death into the hands of the Blessed Virgin, to the end that this tender Mother may distribute them in behalf of those holy souls whom it is her good pleasure to deliver from the pains of Purgatory.

But it is only the special personal fruit resulting to us from the satisfactions and suffrages we thus forego in their behalf. Hence such a transfer would not prevent priests from offering Masses for the intentions of persons who have given them *honoraria*; neither would it hinder a person from praying for himself, parents, or friends, nor from practising in his own behalf works of piety, because it is only the satisfactory portion, so to speak, that is applied or given over by this offering to the souls in Purgatory. The fruits of merit, propitiation, and impetration always remain with the doer of the acts, since they cannot be communicated to others.

The "Heroic Act of Charity" was first enriched with indulgences by a Dominican Pope, Benedict XIII., afterwards by Pius VI., and lastly by Pius IX., in a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, Sept 30, 1852. The privileges conceded to it are the following: 1. The indult of a privileged altar personally every day in the year to priests who have made this offering. 2. A plenary indulgence, applicable only to the faithful departed, to all the faithful who have made this offering, whenever they go to Holy Communion, provided they visit a church or public oratory, and pray there for some time according to the intentions of His Holiness the Pope. 3. A plenary indulgence every Monday to all who hear Mass in suffrage for the souls in Purgatory, provided they visit a church or public oratory, and pray as stated above in No. 2. 4. All indulgences granted or yet to be granted, even though not applicable according to the tenor of the grant to the dead, which are gained or which may yet be gained by the faithful who have made this offering, may be applied to the holy souls in Purgatory.

Finally, Pope Pius IX., having regard to the young who are not yet communicants, as well as to the sick, to those who are afflicted with chronic disorders, to the aged, farm laborers, prisoners, and others who are barred from communicating and unable to hear Mass on Mondays, has vouchsafed by another decree of the Sacred

Congregation of Indulgences¹ to declare that for all the faithful who cannot hear Mass on Mondays, the Mass heard on Sunday would be available for gaining the indulgences specified in No. 3, and that in favor of those not yet communicants, or who are hindered from communicating, he has also left it to the will of their respective ordinaries to authorize confessors to commute the works there enjoined.

Though this "Act of Charity" is denominated a vow in some printed tracts, in which also is given a formula for making the offering, no inference is to be drawn therefrom that this offering binds under any sin, neither is it necessary to make use of the said formula, since in order to share in the privileges and indulgences pointed out, no more is required in the case than an act of the will made with sincerity and determination.²

The "Heroic Act" may be made in this manner by any one who desires to practice it and to gain its privileges: "From this hour until the end of my life I freely give all the satisfactory part of all my works, and also all the suffrages that will be offered for me after my death, to the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, to be distributed by her according to her good pleasure for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory."

RECENT DECISIONS OF THE HOLY SEE IN REGARD TO THE HEROIC ACT.

In the course of time, doubts having arisen as to some of the conditions for gaining the indulgences already named, the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences has issued a decree solving five of those most frequently occurring. The decree decides, in the first place, that indulgences declared by the Holy See to be "applicable to the souls in Purgatory" are included among the *opera satisfactoria* which by the "Heroic Act" are offered for the faithful departed. 2. Those who reserve to themselves the indulgences granted to the living do not satisfy the conditions, and are bound to apply them all to the holy souls in accordance with the words of the Indult. 3. It is not an integral part of the "Heroic Act" that the dispensation of these spiritual favors

¹ Nov. 20, 1854.

² See *Raccolta*, and Maurel on *Indulgences*.

should be placed in the hands of the Blessed Virgin. 4. The plenary indulgence which a person who has made the "Heroic Act" will gain by going to Holy Communion, or by hearing Mass on Mondays, need not be placed at the disposal of the Blessed Virgin, but may be applied to any of the poor souls at the discretion of the donor. Lastly, that a priest who has made the "Heroic Act" and is using the privilege which some priests possess at Mass of what is called a "privileged altar," must apply the plenary indulgence gained thereby to the soul of the person for whom the Mass is offered."¹

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O.S.D.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

ST. DOMINIC IN BOLOGNA.

THE loss which had been sustained by the community of St. Nicholas in the departure of Reginald was abundantly supplied by the presence of the holy founder himself, who henceforth established himself at Bologna and made it his headquarters. He desired indeed at no great distance of time to revisit Rome, and to present to the Pope a report of his late visitation of the Order, but before doing so he remained for some time at Bologna, in order to consolidate the position of the convent in that city, and to fill up the gaps that had been made in the ranks of the community by the dispersion of so many brethren.

Like most other cities of Italy, Bologna was at this time a prey to rival factions, whose quarrels often enough ended in bloodshed, giving rise to lasting feuds, which troubled the peace of families and occasioned shocking scandals. The factions of Bologna were perhaps not greater or more bloody than those which reigned in other cities, but they had one element of danger in them which

¹ It is to be sincerely hoped that all those who read the explanation and the advantages of the "Heroic Act" may, for their own spiritual interest, as well as for the benefit of the holy souls, make and faithfully keep it.

did not exist to the same degree elsewhere, and which arose from the large number of young students, belonging to every European nation, who flocked to the university, and made a point of taking part in all the civic disturbances. To establish peace in such a society was a work worthy of a saint, and one which truly needed a saint to accomplish it. The influence of the friars, and of Reginald in particular, had already been beneficially exerted in this direction, but to the mediation of St. Dominic himself was reserved the glory of ultimate success. It is impossible to say with what unremitting fervor he sought to establish the reign of Jesus Christ among the citizens, to heal their feuds, and to unite their hearts in mutual charity. Advice, exhortations, reproofs—he spared none of them, while to the grace and power of his words in public he added in private the secret and more efficacious means of unceasing prayers and penances. Those who know the unhappy force and persistency of a spirit of discord can alone appreciate the success which crowned the saint's labors. In the course of time he entirely won the hearts of the people of Bologna, and the mutual love that sprang up between him and his fellow-citizens subsisted until his death. For with Dominic, he could not work in any other spirit save that of love, and it sufficed that he was called on to labor for any souls to make him speedily carry them in his heart. Henceforth Bologna and its people became very dear to him; he never left them but with regret, and however frequently he was called away on those apostolic journeys through Italy in which the last two years of his life were consumed, it was here that he always returned as to the home of his rest.

Meanwhile, the tide of novices flowed in without abatement. Among those received was Bonviso of Placentia, who enjoyed much of the confidence of Dominic, and was often chosen as his travelling companion. He was one of those who afterwards gave his evidence at the saint's canonization, and his deposition is of particular value and interest. During the time which he spent at Bologna in company with the holy Father, he temporarily exercised the office of procurator, and had to provide food for the brethren. On a certain fasting-day, all being seated in the refectory, the blessed Dominic gave the signal for bread to be set on

the table. Bonviso approaching him, made known to him the fact that there was no bread in the house. "Then," he says, "the holy Father, with a cheerful countenance, lifted up his hands and blessed God; and presently two young men entered the refectory carrying two baskets, one of bread and the other of dried figs, so that the brethren all had abundance." This was that *second* repetition of the miracle at Bologna to which Father Louis of Palermo alludes in his narrative. "The *second* time," he says, "after the loaves they gave a handful of good figs. And a Brother who made oath of the same to Pope Gregory IX. added 'that never had he tasted better figs.' Then replied the Pontiff, 'Grammercy to Master Dominic, for they were not gathered in your garden,' as though he had said, 'God did at that time produce them.' And the brethren who were thus fed, were more than a hundred in number."

Bonviso was afterwards sent to preach in his own country, and he tells us that being still a novice and quite unaccustomed to preaching, he tried to excuse himself on the ground of want of learning, for he had come to the university to study law, and had not as yet applied himself greatly to theology. But the saint encouraged him sweetly, saying, "Go with confidence, my son, for the Lord will be with you, and will put the word of preaching into your mouth." He obeyed, therefore, and went to Placentia, where he preached with so much success that he gained three men of considerable note to the Order.

The vocation of Stephen of Spain, another of the witnesses of Bologna, is related by himself in his deposition. He was a student in the university, and as a countryman of the holy founder appears to have been acquainted with some of the particulars of his early life in Spain, for he says, "Before knowing him personally I had heard much good of him from men worthy of credit," and he goes on to relate the story¹ of his selling his books at Palencia at the time of the famine. "After he came to Bologna," continues Stephen, "I went to confession to him, and I thought

¹ As Echard points out, not quite correctly, for he makes out St. Dominic to have been at the time subprior of Osma. It is just such a mistake as a man might make who was not relating facts that had come to his own knowledge, but was relating them from hearsay.

he loved me. One evening, as I was at supper in my lodgings with some of my companions, Brother Dominic sent two of the brethren to me, who said, 'Brother Dominic desires you to come to him at once.' I replied that I would come presently, when I had finished supper, but they said that I must come at once. Rising, therefore, and leaving everything, I went to St. Nicholas, and found him there surrounded by several brethren. As I entered, Brother Dominic said to the others, 'Teach him how to make the *venia*.' Having made the *venia*, I placed myself in his hands, and he clothed me in the habit of the Friars-Precursors, saying, 'I will give you arms wherewith you may fight against the devil all the days of your life.' I have often wondered much both then and later what moved him thus to call and clothe me in the habit, for he had never before spoken to me of entering religion; but I fully believe that he did so by divine inspiration."

Stephen has preserved several little traits of the holy Father which show him to have been much in his company, and a close observer. He dwells much both on his great love of poverty and the severe austerity he himself practised. If the brethren had two kinds of cooked dishes (he says), Brother Dominic contented himself with one, though, as another witness adds, he would taste of the second dish, to encourage the brethren to eat sufficiently. He nearly always slept at table, being tired out by his long watches, and because he ate and drank so little that he had finished before the others, and was thus overpowered by sleep. Stephen often served his Mass, and was witness of the copious tears he shed, and of the singular devotion with which he repeated the *Pater noster*. He also testifies to the extraordinary influence exercised both by the saint and his disciples in the extinction of feuds and the pacification of the cities and provinces into which they were sent. That which had passed at Bologna had taken place under his own observation, and the same followed on the settlement of the friars in the cities of Lombardy and the Marches. "Many of these cities," he says, "deliver their statutes into the hands of the friars to be changed and amended as they think good. They do the same in what regards the putting an end to wars and the making peace among themselves, as well as the restitution of ill-gotten goods, and other things it would be too long to enumerate."

In Paul of Hungary, another of his novices, St. Dominic had the consolation of receiving and forming in his own spirit, a disciple whose happiness it afterwards was to realize the two great desires of his own heart, and to win the grace of an apostolate to the Cumans, and the palm of martyrdom. Paul, a Hungarian by birth, had come to Bologna to study in the university, where he received the doctor's cap. But the charm of Dominic's preaching, and yet more the example of his life, determined him on abandoning all his prospects of worldly advancement, and embracing an apostolic life. During the short space of time which he spent under the spiritual direction of the holy Father, he was filled with so ardent an admiration of his virtues that he made it his one aim to imitate them. The saint, on his part, discerned in his new disciple the true spirit of an apostle, and hesitated not to send him while still young in religion to plant the Order in his native country.

To these names we must add those of two afterwards numbered among the *beati* of the Order, namely, John of Salerno and Nicholas Palca. Of the first of these, who was a native of the south of Italy and of Norman extraction, we shall have to speak more particularly in connection with the foundation of the Order at Florence. Powerfully tempted by his family to abandon his vocation, he owed his perseverance to the prayers of St. Dominic, who early discerned the rare gifts with which he was endowed, and fully understood the purpose with which the great enemy of souls sought to draw back to the world one so fitted to make war against the powers of evil. Singularly small in person, he was powerful in mind, and attaching himself to Dominic as to his true spiritual Father, he sought to imitate him in all things, but specially in his practices of prayer and mortification. He would spend entire days and nights in prayer, often rapt in ecstasy, and seeming hardly to belong to earth, but rather to heaven, so wholly was he detached from all thought or care of the body.

Nicholas Palca was likewise from southern Italy, being a native of Giovenazzo, a town near Bari, in the kingdom of Naples. Even from his cradle he had shown signs of singular sanctity, and seemed to have received intimations of his future vocation. When but eight years old he began to practise entire abstinence from

meat, and being reproved for this singularity by the priest who directed his education, the child crossed his arms on his breast, and kneeling down with great humility, replied, "Master, one day when I was alone in my father's house a young man of wonderful beauty stood before me and said, 'Son of obedience, from this day eat no meat, for the time will come when you will enter an Order which will observe perpetual abstinence.'" Being a youth of great promise, his parents sent him to study at Bologna, and there the preaching of the blessed Dominic made a speedy conquest of his heart. His angelic purity endeared him greatly to the saint, who often chose him as his companion in some of the expeditions which he made into the surrounding country for the purpose of preaching. The gift of miracles which he possessed manifested itself when he was still a young novice, for passing through a village with some of his companions, they met a poor woman with a withered arm, the sight of whom touched Nicholas with compassion. "Poor woman!" he exclaimed, "what have you done to your arm?" His companions sharply reproved him, saying he had broken the Rule by speaking to a secular. "I only did it out of compassion," he said. Then turning to the woman he added, "Have confidence in God, and He will certainly heal you." "Are you sure of that?" asked the woman. "Yes," he replied, with great simplicity, "your faith will save you if you will but believe;" and repeating the words, *In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti*, he had scarcely ended when the poor sufferer found she had recovered the use of her arm. At Giovenazzo, where he was sent shortly after his profession, many other miracles attested his sapctity, one of which was the raising to life of a child who had fallen into a well and been drowned. He became founder of a very famous convent at Trani, near his native place. Having preached the Lent in the cathedral of this city, the citizens with one accord entreated him to found a convent among them. He willingly consented to do so, but there was great difference of opinion as to the choice of a site. Nicholas recommended the people to cease disputing over the question and make it a matter of prayer, and next day in the sight of the archbishop, and many of the clergy and faithful, a cross of fire appeared in the air over the spot afterwards chosen for the convent.

The Blessed Nicholas is also famous as the undoubted founder of the great convent of the Order in Perugia. St. Dominic more than once visited this city and preached in it, and on one occasion, according to a constant tradition, he and St. Francis met here at the Gate of St. Angelo, and embraced one another tenderly. It was not, however, until 1233 that Nicholas, coming to Perugia to announce the Word of God, was entreated by the citizens to make a foundation in the city. The *podestà*, or chief magistrate, supported their petition, and taking the standard on which were represented the arms of the city (a griffin *argent* on a field, *gules*), he placed it in the hands of Nicholas and declared to him that wherever he might plant it the convent should be built. Nicholas took the standard and planted it by St. Peter's Gate, on a spot which overlooks the beautiful valley of Valliano, with Assisi in the distance. There rose a convent, with a magnificent church dedicated to St. Dominic, in which took place the canonization of St. Elizabeth of Hungary and St. Peter Martyr, which was consecrated by Pope Clement IV., and in which Blessed Benedict XI. lies buried.

It would take us too long to relate one-half of the beautiful legends which are attached to the life of Blessed Nicholas. He united the perfection of simplicity to that of learning. Preaching once at Brescia to a crowded audience, the unseemly conduct of two young men who were present drew from him a grave rebuke. But as they paid no heed to his exhortation, the saint, filled with a sudden inspiration, exclaimed aloud, "O God, Thou seest that men will not listen to Thy Word, but do evil even in Thy sacred presence!" and going forth out of the church he ascended a little hill hard by, and continued, "Birds of heaven, since men reject the Word of God, come and listen to it in the name of Jesus Christ!" Immediately a vast number of birds gathered about him, and remained as though listening to him until he had concluded his sermon, when having received his blessing, they flew away.

Such were some of St. Dominic's Bolognese novices. We need not wonder that among them were not a few who in later times have been raised to the altars of the Church, when we bear in mind by whom and in what manner they received their religious training. All the rich treasures of his mind and of his heart were poured out

on the task of rearing to maturity these precious souls on whom all the hopes of the future rested. He instructed them daily, and often shed tears as he did so, those who listened to him being moved to weep also. He cared for their health no less than for their spiritual training, and indeed it was necessary to set limits to the fervor which some would have pushed beyond the bounds of prudence. When the hour came for them to retire to rest it was necessary to look for them in different corners whither they retreated that they might devote themselves to prayer. Their silence was unbroken, and their devotions were accompanied with many mortifications. Frugal as were their meals, many added other practices of penance, such as passing eight days without drinking, or pouring cold water over their portions. These external practices, however, would have been of little worth had they not been united to a charity which embalmed their daily life. There was a holy emulation among them who could be most serviceable to his brethren. Constantly on the watch against temptation, they avoided everything that could tarnish the spotless purity of their consciences. When they considered the beauty and innocence of the life to which they were called, all their regret was not sooner to have embraced it. Neither the business nor the pleasures of the world were even so much as named among them, and the virtue which was thus so jealously guarded they were careful to place under the special protection of the Queen of Virgins.

Whilst carefully cultivating these religious virtues in the souls of his children, Dominic knew how to blend with them an ardent love of souls, without which they would have been no worthy disciples of his. Though more than one instance has been given of his sending out some to preach who were possessed of no learning and felt themselves unfitted for the task, this is not to be understood to imply that as a rule he neglected to train his novices for the work of preaching. On the contrary, we are assured that he attached very great importance to their pursuing those studies which best fitted them for the office, and if any showed a particular aptitude for it, he withdrew them from other occupations and employed them exclusively in what he regarded as the primary duty of the Order. The character of their preaching resembled his own; it was simple in form, and based upon the Holy Scrip-

tures. Following the example of their holy Father, when they went forth to announce the Word of God, they took with them no book save that of the Gospels.¹ This marked love of the Holy Scriptures on the part of St. Dominic and his religious was well understood by their hearers, as is illustrated by a story related by Nanni. There was, he says, a certain priest who, attending at the sermons preached by the saint and his brethren, was deeply impressed by their teaching, and conceived a great desire to embrace so holy a rule of life. But he was not so fortunate as to possess a copy of the New Testament, which he imagined to be a necessary condition to his becoming a friar. "Ah! how happy could I be," he said to himself, "could I but be received among them, but that cannot be till I can provide myself with a New Testament." As he considered within himself how he should set about providing himself with this treasure, an unknown youth accosted him with a Testament in his hands, and asked him if he would buy it. Eagerly accepting the offer, the priest took the book, but then a new trouble beset him. How could he be sure it was God's will that he should join the friars? At length he determined to seek a solution to this question in the pages of the book itself, and opening it at hazard he read these words in the Acts of the Apostles: "Arise and go with this man, nothing doubting, for I have sent him," and taking it as a word from heaven, he presented himself to St. Dominic, and was received among the brethren.*

A similar means for solving his doubts was resorted to by Conrad of Zähringen, bishop of Porto, a Cistercian monk, who at one time entertained grievous and perplexing suspicions as to the character of the Order. He opened his Missal, and read in the Preface to the Mass of Our Lady the words, *Laudare, benedicere, prædicare*; and embracing the saint the next time he met him, he exclaimed: "I am all yours. My habit is Cistercian, but in heart I am a Friar-Preacher." The above words have since been adopted by the friars as in some sort their motto or device, as briefly expressing the twofold character of the Order, at once monastic and apostolic. They are to be found sculptured over an ancient doorway belonging to the ruined convent of Grenoble.

The writers who have given us so beautiful an account of the

¹ Theodoric, c. 22, n. 255; Boll. p. 605.

² Nanni, lib. 4. cap. 20.

fervor which in these early times filled the cloisters of St. Nicholas with the odor of sanctity, do not, however, pretend to represent that the perfection which was there followed was without a flaw, or that faults more or less grave did not from time to time call for correction. On the contrary, they notice some of these transgressions with singular frankness and simplicity. Thus we read of a lay-brother who was tormented by the enemy in punishment for having eaten in secret the remains of some better food served to the sick in the infirmary. Gerard de Frachet in a remarkable passage takes notice of the various devices to which the enemy of souls has recourse in order to disturb those newly-entered into religion, which show plainly that even in these ages of primitive fervor human nature was not always proof against temptation. "Who," he says, "can number up the snares which the enemy employs to tempt novices? He makes use sometimes of indiscreet fervor, at other times of relaxation and the omission of small practices enjoined by the Rule. Sometimes he takes occasion of too great an attachment to friends and relatives, or again, of disputes among the novices themselves. He attacks them by the remembrance of worldly pleasures; he stirs up antipathy towards their companions; he excites an over-attachment to books, or even to more contemptible objects. I knew one youth who was greatly troubled at having to part with a little dog that he had brought up from puppyhood; in short, the devil is a skilful artisan and can ply many trades, and he is a wise man who holds himself on guard against his devices."

One anecdote, related by Malvenda, shows how keenly Dominic watched over the words and actions of his brethren, and how promptly he repressed the first approaches of evil. As he was one day engaged in giving them a spiritual conference, the sacristan entered, and calling out one of the priests, told him that a woman was in the church who desired to go to confession, adding in a whisper a jocular remark on the good looks of the penitent. The words were not so privately spoken as to escape the saint's ear, and levity of this kind was the last fault to which he ever showed indulgence. Sternly reproving him for a remark so unseemly, he bade him kneel down, and in the presence of all administered a severe chastisement.

But if the hand of the saint was prompt to correct, his heart was equally ready to console and to encourage; and in enforcing the Rule he continually led the way by his own example. Doubtless to men who had filled positions of importance and consideration among their fellow-citizens, it can have been no light humiliation to be sent out into the streets day by day to beg their bread, and to meet with scoffs and ridicule far harder for human nature to bear than even blows. If so, the humiliation was lightened and made easy when they beheld it shared by their venerable Father. He himself often went on the quest, accepting such scraps and broken morsels as the charity of the faithful saw fit to bestow on him. Once, indeed, he was so fortunate as to receive a whole loaf by way of alms, and in gratitude for so unusual a benefaction, knelt down in the street to thank the generous giver.

It can be no great wonder that, in presence of facts like these, the influx into the Order of so many men of note, and specially of so many scholars of the university, was regarded with great disfavor by friends and relatives. They sent their sons to Bologna to study canon law and fit themselves for worldly dignities, not to put on a coarse habit and beg alms in the public streets. Whatever might be the sanctity of Brother Dominic, fathers and mothers were to be found in abundance who keenly resented his attracting into a life so obscure and penitential those whom they desired should make a figure in the world. On one occasion special indignation was felt at the entrance into the convent of a young lawyer whose friends had conceived great hopes of his advancement. Not content with angry words, they were determined to drag him out of the convent by violence. The brethren became alarmed, and entreated the saint to apply to the magistrates for an armed force to protect the house. But he replied with his usual equanimity: "We have no need of soldiers to defend us; I see standing round the church more than two hundred angels who are sent to guard us." And, indeed, when the friends of the youth came, intending to attack the convent, they were suddenly seized with a kind of panic, and withdrew in confusion, and the novice was left undisturbed in his vocation, wherein he happily persevered.

Whilst St. Dominic was still at Bologna, there arrived in the city

a certain merchant of Florence named Diodato, brought thither in a somewhat singular manner. Having confessed certain sins of injustice which called for restitution, he had been required by his confessor to build a chapel, and to place some religious therein.

He had in consequence made choice of one of the faubourgs of Florence, called Ripoli, and having there built his chapel with a house attached, he was considering to whom he should offer it, when he heard such great things reported of the sanctity of St. Dominic, and the rare example of his brethren that he resolved to come to Bologna and judge for himself, intending, if he found the reports true, to make over the chapel to the new Order. Thoroughly satisfied with the result of his observations, he proposed to Dominic to accept the buildings at Ripoli for a foundation of the brethren. The saint joyfully accepted the offer, desiring greatly to establish the Order in the city of Florence. He therefore chose twelve brethren, at the head of whom he placed John of Salerno, in whom, though the youngest of the company, he discerned qualities that fitted him to undertake the direction of an important work. They accordingly set forth, and arrived at the little hermitage—for so it might more justly be called—which was situated about three miles out of the city on the road leading to Arezzo.

With great joy, singing hymns and psalms of thanksgiving, the brethren had taken possession of their new home, which narrow as it was sufficed for their accommodation, while their generous patron, Diodato, supplied them with all that they required in the way of food and other necessities. The retired position of the convent, however, seemed to fit it rather for contemplatives than for those whose calling was to labor for the salvation of souls, and remembering what manner of life Brother John had hitherto led at Bologna, it is possible that his brethren prepared themselves to enter on a course of prayer and penance rather than one of apostolic labor. They were therefore a little astonished when, a few days after their arrival, their young prior called them together and set before them in eloquent terms the true character of their vocation and the duties to which it bound them. They were come there not for themselves alone, but for the people; and in order to reap that fruit of souls which the Lord of the

harvest designed to give them, they must be prepared to devote themselves without sparing to the work of preaching and teaching, and to the drawing of sinners to true penance. This work they would begin on the very morrow, going into the city and preaching the Word of God, if need were in the very streets.

The brethren heartily entered into the spirit of their prior, and their apostolic labors were at once begun, and followed by most happy results, to which the sanctity far more even than the eloquence of Blessed John so greatly conduced as to earn for him the title of the Apostle of Florence. They continued to inhabit the same spot during the lifetime of Diodato, but after his death removed into the city, giving up their little hermitage to the use of some Franciscan friars.

One other visitor to Bologna must be named whose connection with a foundation of the Order has already been alluded to. Beranger de Palou, bishop of Barcelona, was returning from Rome into Spain, and, passing through Bologna, made some stay in that city. One object which he had in doing so was the hope of carrying back with him to his own country an illustrious ecclesiastic who had for nine years past fixed his abode in the university, where he had gained great renown as a doctor of canon law. Raymund of Pennafort was as distinguished by birth as by learning. His fame as a canonist extended far beyond the limits of the university, and attracted a crowd of scholars whom with characteristic disinterestedness he taught gratuitously; but the magistrates of Bologna, conscious of his value, had assigned him a yearly *honorarium*, in the hopes of thus keeping among them a man of such rare merit. Bishop Beranger was no less desirous of regaining possession of one who had been among the chief ornaments of his diocese, and succeeded in persuading him that he belonged of right to Barcelona, and could not lawfully prolong his absence. Meanwhile, he rejoiced in the opportunity of making a personal acquaintance with the founder of the Friars-Preachers, of whose fame he had heard at Rome, and whom he greatly desired to speak with. What if he could persuade the saint to give him a colony of his brethren, and should so be able to return to his cathedral city with ample spiritual treasures! He was fortunate enough to succeed in this attempt also, for, as

it will be remembered, Dominic in his recent visit to Barcelona, had already engaged to send thither a foundation, and could not hope to do so under more favorable auspices.

It can hardly be doubted that in the course of these negotiations, Dominic and Raymund must have become mutually acquainted, but on this point history is entirely silent. If the two saints met, as we may reasonably suppose that they did, there was nothing at the time to indicate the tie which was hereafter to connect St. Raymund of Pennafort with the Order of Preachers. It was not until two years later that he entered that Order of which, in the year 1238, nineteen years after his departure from Bologna, he became the third Master-General, and to whose Constitutions he was to give the form which, in the main, they preserve to the present day.

(To be continued.)

WHO ARE THE SPIRITS?

L. W. REILLY.

SIGNS are multiplying that spiritualism is making progress in this country. Among the millions of persons here who are not grounded in the Christian religion, are many who are craving the supernatural in the need of their souls for union with God, and who, having been told, "Lo, here is the truth at last!" have accepted the word of the spirits, and are now following whithersoever they are led. The way seems plain and straight and upward, but the place is not distant where the road becomes obscure and tortuous and descending; and the end of it is the abode of the lost.

No one who has thoroughly investigated spiritualism doubts that its phenomena are genuine or that they are produced by preternatural agency. This is not asserting that there is no trickery at any *séance*, or that no reputed medium is an impostor. But that noises are produced, that tables are raised in the air, that writing appears on closed slates, etc., etc., etc., without the action of any living human being, and through the instrumentality of some invisible power possessed of intelligence, no one who has made adequate inquiry can deny.

Admitting, then, the phenomena of spiritualism, this question is inevitable: By whose agency are they produced? In answer to

it, spiritualists, echoing the explanation made by the spirits themselves, say: By the souls of the dead; but the Church, teaching with that authority which gave St. Paul the right to declare that if an angel from Heaven should teach a doctrine contrary to his, the spirit should be anathema, affirms: By the agency of devils.

For their belief on this point, spiritualists have as reasons: 1. The assurances of the spirits; 2. The multiplied fact that the spirits have "identified" themselves by means of the revelation of family secrets and similar private information; 3. The evidence of their own eyes in beholding forms which more or less resemble in figure and feature their loved and lost.

But: 1. The testimony of a person accused of falsehood is not to be taken as conclusive without corroboration by witnesses of undoubted veracity or by other proof; 2. Of course the evil spirits know whatever has taken place outwardly since the world began, and it is easy for them to make this knowledge serve them to the deceit of their dupes; and 3. It is surely as possible for those potential intelligences, mighty still, though fallen, to personate the individuals for whom they wish to be recognized as it is for the souls of the dead to come forth from their eternal home, and to clothe themselves with a visible and tangible form, similar to the lineaments of their bodies that are mouldering in the graves.

In its teaching on this point the Church is supported: 1. By the Bible; 2. By the fact that doctrines of spiritualism are a denial of the doctrines of Christ; 3. By the fact that the messages received from the spirits are frequently false; and 4. By the fact that the tendency of the practise of communing with the spirits is to the loss of faith and to the corruption of morals.

1. In the Old Testament, the chosen people were repeatedly forbidden to have dealings with mediums, and the mediums themselves were to be exterminated. To quote one passage: "A man or woman, in whom there is a pythonical or divining spirit, dying let them die; they shall stone them; their blood be upon them." (Levit. xx. 27.)

The life of Christ is crowded with incidents in which He drove evil spirits away from persons. These incidents prove the proximity and the vileness of the spirits cast out by Him.

St. Paul, too, silenced a medium at Phillippi, although the devil

that spoke through her gave public testimony that the Apostle and his companions were "servants of the most high God, who preach unto you the way of salvation."

St. John testifies: "Every spirit that dissolveth Jesus [by denying either His divinity or His humanity] is not of God, and this is Anti-Christ, of whom you have heard that he cometh and he is now already in the world." This is precisely what the spirits evoked by mediums do—they dissolve Jesus Christ by contradicting His God-head, His mediatorship, His redemption, as shall be made evident later on.

With the Scriptures, therefore, pointing to these spirits as diabolical, who that believes in Holy Writ will believe in them?

2. Spiritualism gainsays Christianity. It teaches that there is no hell, that God is not the judge of the living and the dead, that Christ is not both God and Man, that Jesus is not the Saviour of mankind, that there is no forgiveness of sin, that baptism is not necessary to salvation, etc., etc. Its fabricators, therefore, are lying spirits, or the Christian revelation is an imposture.

3. Very frequently the communications received from the spirits are false. If the rule that a tree is known by its fruits is applied to them, they must be falsifiers, and therefore evil.

4. Frequent communication with the spirits leads to the loss of faith and to the ruin of morals. At first the neophyte at *séances* is advised to believe in Christianity and to be good, but, little by little, his creed is altered until it is no longer Christian. With faith departs grace, and in default of grace the commission of sin becomes easy.

The denial of the truth that Christ came in the flesh to redeem the world—that He died for men, that His blood has made a way for the forgiveness of sin, and that there is "no other name under Heaven given to men whereby we must be saved"—is the cardinal doctrine of spiritualism. It is not insisted upon at the start, but all the roads at the *séances* lead up to it, and when the deluded devotee is prepared to receive it, it is disclosed, then iterated, and finally made conspicuous.

It is the test of spirits. Let any spiritualist put them to the proof. Ask any of them, saying: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Is Jesus Christ both God and Man, the Redeemer of the world, who has made atonement

for sin, and through whose merits our salvation must come?" Listen to their answer. See, if tried by the touchstone supplied by Holy Writ, they do not demonstrate that they are evil.

Some years ago, a lawyer who resides in Baltimore attended a spiritualistic *séance*. After the usual preparations—the locking of hands in a circle around the table, the dim light, the silence and the trance of the medium,—raps were heard and answers to questions began to be received. Then a slate was laid in the centre of the table, with a pencil resting upon it, and when interrogations were made, the responses were written. The pencil would arise and scratch off the answers. It could be seen to move, and the grating noise made by its contact with the slate could be heard. Finally some one asked: "Is Jesus Christ divine and human, and the Saviour of mankind?" The reply came: "No!" Then the lawyer could not control his indignation, and cried out: "The spirit is a liar!" At once the table was raised and whirled around forcibly against the circle, the chairs were upset, and all who were present were dashed against the wall or cast sprawling upon the floor.

On another occasion, previous to this, the same lawyer took his sweetheart to a *séance*. She was timid, and, before the manifestations began, she took out her rosary and set out to pray. When the moment came to form the circle of clasped hands, she kept her beads in the hand that she gave to her lover. The medium then had like a cataleptic seizure—she foamed at the mouth, her eyes glared, she writhed in a sort of convulsion, and she groaned aloud. Then she announced that there was some one present obnoxious to the spirits, and after a moment's pause, during which she scanned her visitors closely, she turned suddenly and fiercely on the lawyer's sweetheart, and screamed: "Go out! go out! go out!" Not until the young lady had retired with the rosary could the usual manifestations be obtained.

Dealing with spirits is prohibited by God, is injurious to faith, is detrimental to morals.

1. God forbids it. To the Jews He said: "When thou art come into the land, which the Lord thy God shall give thee, beware lest thou have a mind to imitate the abominations of those nations; neither let there be found among you any one that shall expiate his son or daughter, making them to pass through the fire;

or that consulteth soothsayers, or observeth dreams and omens; neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, *nor any one that consulteth pythonic spirits*, or fortune tellers, *or that seeketh the truth from the dead*. For the Lord abhorreth all these things." (Deut. xviii.9-12.)

It is forbidden also by the First Commandment of the Decalogue.

It is interdicted by the Church under pain of mortal sin.

2. It is ruinous to faith. It withdraws the soul from the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and gives it over to the control of Satan. It rejects the office, authority, and teaching of Christ. It begets an aversion to prayer and penance; it gives rise to doubt; it leads to heresy first, and to infidelity later on, and it finally takes its victim to a complete denial of the Christian revelation.

3. It is detrimental to morals. It takes off the check which the fear of God's chastisements puts on the passions of men; it dulls the moral sense as regards falsehood, for it exacts condonation and excuse for lying spirits; it accustoms its votaries to the idea that there is to be no eternal punishment, and then it plies them with temptations against purity; it leads to nervousness, to melancholy, to discouragement, to despair; it frequently ends in suicide.

No one who believes in Christ, therefore, is free to believe in spiritualism, to attend spiritualistic *séances*, to consult mediums, or to hold communication with spirits, "For the Lord abhorreth all these things."

EXPLANATION OF THE HAIL MARY.

BY ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

"HAIL, MARY, FULL OF GRACE, THE LORD IS WITH THEE."

There are three things to be noted in the "Hail Mary." The first part of it was delivered by an Angel,—*Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee*. The second part was spoken by Elizabeth, the venerable mother of St. John the Baptist,—"*Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.*"¹ The Church supplied the third part by adding the sweet name of Mary. For the angel did not say *Hail, Mary*, but *Hail, full of grace*. But the stupendous announcements of the angel were addressed to none other than Mary, as we will make clear later on.

¹ It is commonly supposed that the sacred name of JESUS was first added to the Hail Mary by St. Dominic when he introduced the prayer of the Rosary.
—ED. ROSARY.

With regard to the first part of the Hail Mary—the part of the angel—we observe that in olden times it was considered a great favor shown to the human race to have angels appear to men in bodily forms. They were shown the respect and reverence which their high station demanded. Hence we read how the angels visited Abraham, and how he bowed down in reverential devotion before them, glad to be privileged to be their host. But never until Gabriel's Ave was spoken was it known or recorded that angels bowed down and paid homage to human individuals.

Now the reason why of old men revered angels, and not angels men, is this: Angels are greater than men in three ways: 1. In dignity, because the angel's nature is purely spiritual; "*Who maketh His angels spirits,*" says the Psalmist, (Ps. ciii.), but man's nature is corruptible. Hence Abraham said: "*I who am dust and ashes will speak to my Lord.*" (Gen. xviii.) It was not seemly, therefore, that an angel, a spiritual and incorruptible creature, should pay homage to a corruptible one, such as man is. 2. By reason of their close relationship with Almighty God. The angels are the familiars, the assistants of God. "*Thousands of thousands ministered to Him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before Him*" (Dan. vii., 10); but man is like a stranger, far removed from God by sin: "*I have gone far off, flying away,*" says the psalmist. (liv., 8.) It was only proper, therefore, for man to show respect and reverence to the angels on account of their nearness to the King. 3. The angels were above men because they enjoyed a greater share of divine grace. They possessed the light of glory in its fulness. "*Is there any numbering of His soldiers,*" asks Job, "*and upon whom shall not His light arise?*" (xxv., 3.) Therefore it is that angels always appear surrounded by a halo. But although men have a share in the light of grace, it is small and in obscurity.

It was not proper, therefore, for an angel to show reverence to a human creature until there was found an individual among men whose prerogatives would transcend those of the angels in the three things mentioned.

Such a privileged person was the Blessed Virgin. And to show that she did surpass the angels in *dignity* and *closeness to God* and *the possession of grace*, Gabriel saluted her by saying: Ave!—Hail!
(*To be continued.*)



FIVE LITTLE DOLLS ALL IN A LINE.

The Children of the Rosary.

PICKANINNY PETE.

ISABEL A. MUNDY.

I MADE his acquaintance during one of my morning rambles. I heard him before I saw him, for he was whistling a wild methodist revival hymn, which grated upon my Catholic ear, and struck me as savoring of the Salvation Army glory alleluia style.

The first I saw of him was his legs, which were bare, ebony black, and scratched by briars. He was swinging them vigorously from some elevated position, and a step nearer revealed the situation—a seat on the stile, where with his hands in his tattered pockets he was enjoying himself like a roguish black-bird, and he looked like nothing else. The boy's face took my fancy at once. I never saw anything quite so impish and saucy in either black or white, and I marked him for an incorrigible sprite. Yet his face was singularly attractive; whether the charm lay in its dusky singularity of feature, or its honesty of expression, I could not determine. I stood eyeing him over a bush that screened me, purposing to make his acquaintance presently, for I was devotedly fond of little darkies, and he was something new even in the darkey line. He saw me first, however, and took in at a glance that I had been crying. I suppose my eyes were red, and my handkerchief was still in my hand. He vaulted off the stile, deliberately walked around the bush, confronted me with no sign of embarrassment, and required with rather impertinent interest:

“Wat de mattah, missus?”

“Why?” I asked, quite gravely.

“You’s been cryin’.”

“What about it, pickaninny?” I said as coolly as himself, and felt a strong desire to laugh at his disconcerted expression. I added, to set him at ease:

“I have lost something over by the marsh, and I am silly enough to cry about it.”

“Wat did yo lose, missus?”

His eager manner bespoke a desire to help me, and I felt like thanking him. Perhaps he might, possibly.

"It is a string of red beads," I replied, knowing it would be useless to say rosary to this little heathen. It was my pet rosary I had lost that morning, one I had had for years, and as it had a long history, it was doubly dear to me. I had made it myself when a little girl at boarding-school, out of the beads of a bright red coral necklace my mother had given me on a birthday. It was my loved companion, and a few years later was my greatest comfort amid many sorrows—and only this morning I had lost it, and I felt quite heart-broken.

"A neck-luss, missus?" inquired my black sprite, intelligently.

"Not exactly a necklace," I said; "it looks like one, and perhaps you could help me to find it. Shall we go and look?"

"Yes, missus. You bet I kin fin' it, if its troo de oder side de swamp. I got eyes like de crocodile."

I glanced at his eyes, and thought they looked rather like moons, but I silently led the way to the marsh near by, where a foot-path wound near its edge, and then turned abruptly away, as though frightened at the oozy, black ground as treacherous as a quagmire.

"Dere's de place dat Brudder Screecher went in up to his elefan' ears," the boy remarked, pointing with his inky finger to a spot near by.

"Gracious!" said I; "is it really dangerous? I wouldn't send you near it for all the rosaries in the world."

By way of reply, he turned a dozen somersaults, which took him out into the middle of the slough, and stood on his head, laughing derisively. Then coming to an upright position, he squealed over at me.

"Te! he! he! Dis pickaninny know the soft spots. Don't look yaller. W'ere you drop the objek, anyway?"

"Not out there," I called, anxious to get him back, for I didn't want *him* to disappear up to his "elefan' ears," whatever Brudder Screecher might see fit to do.

"I dropped it somewhere near the edge, I think, over by the foot-path. I had it in my hand while I walked across lots, and it slipped from my grasp. I bent down to pick it up, and the remarkable thing is, it had disappeared."

"Went troo de groun', most likely. Yo wouldn't tink wot mushy places dey is roun' here. Nebber you min'. I fin' it in a jiffy," and he commenced bounding and pirouetting along the path. I stood watching him, wondering how he expected to *find* anything while cutting such capers. After a great deal of dancing and curveting he pounced on something, gave an ecstatic squeal, and held up my rosary, dripping with slime. Two jumps and he was beside me, handing it to me with evident reluctance.

"O thank you!" I cried, very heartily, in my delight.

"De ting am spiled wid de mud," he said, eyeing it earnestly.

"Don't you think you could wash it for me?" I insinuated.

"I have often washed it; it's coral, and the color don't come off?"

"You bet I kin. Dere's a well up de hill. Gib it here;" and grabbing it, he somersaulted off in great haste. I felt a minute's alarm, fearing he might not return, but the child's face was honesty itself—for a darkey, and I believed him sincere in his efforts to relieve my distress. So he was, for he reappeared presently, the beads ruddily shining from the water, and he held them up admiringly in the sunshine.

"Dey is pretty," he remarked, handing them manfully back to me, and grinning significantly. I took out my handkerchief and began to dry them.

"Do you know what coral is?" I asked. "It comes out of the sea, so of course the water doesn't spoil it."

"Did *dat* come out ob de sea?"

"The coral did, and then it was made into beads. Do you like it?"

"You bet," with a grin.

"Would you like to have some red beads?" I inquired.

"*Dat*?" he asked, wistfully.

"One just like it—that is, a string of red beads," I said, remembering a child's red necklace I had somewhere in my trunk.

"Wid a cross?" he inquired. The silver crucifix had evidently taken his eye.

"Yes, with a cross too. Come with me to my hotel and I'll get it for you."

"Right away now?"

"Right off."

He squealed, and gave a prance to manifest his delight.

"I'd radder have *dat*, dough," he said, giving me an arch look. I felt a strong impulse to gratify the wish, but a second thought checked me.

"Oh, the one I will give you is just as pretty," I said; "I am sure you will like it better, for the beads are larger."

"Is dat your *neckluss*?" he asked, curiously.

"No, it's not to wear."

"Wat it for den? De cross am to wear, aint it?"

"No," I said, "you couldn't understand me if I explained it to you. By the way, what's your name?"

"Wat's yours?" he replied, in such an unintentional impudent way that I had to forgive him.

"I asked yours," I said, with much dignity.

He seemed awed, and evidently began to fear for his red beads.

"You mad at me?" he asked with refreshing simplicity. "I is sassy, but den I don't mean dat."

"O no, I'm not displeased with you. What is your name?"

"Debbil Pete," he chuckled.

"I think I'll call you by your surname, then." He did not understand me.

"Is your name Peter?"

"Yes, missus."

"What is your last name?"

"Donno. Nebber heard." He evidently didn't care.

"De y calls me debbil, and dat's enuff."

I thought it *was* enough.

"I will call you Peter," I said.

"I radder you'd say Pete. Know who you mean den."

"Very well, if it obliges you. How old are you, Pete?" He stopped short and stared at me.

"Donno, missus. Aint got no idea."

"I should say you were eleven," I observed.

"How many's dat?"

"Why, its eleven. Can't you count?"

"Backwards," he answered. "I aint bin to school. Brudder Bunker dead sot agin school."

Who Brudder Bunker might be I couldn't imagine, any more

than Brudder Screecher, but his being "dead sot agin school" did not puzzle me. I knew the one solitary school in the place was a Catholic parochial, and the negro inhabitants being wild methodists kept their "chilluns" at home in spite of all persuasion. I was a new comer, but I resolved to try to change the order of things in this respect.

By this time we had reached the hotel, and leaving Pete at the gate, I went off to hunt up the necklace and a cross to reward my little benefactor. I chose a plain cross out of my collection of crucifixes, as the friends of Pete would certainly resent an "unortodox cross." I hurried back to the boy, and gave it to him with a smile. He almost snatched it from me, and as I expected, immediately hung it around his neck, screwing his eyes about in order to admire himself.

"Dis is boss," he said by way of acknowledgment.

"I am glad you like it," and then I produced a huge cream-cake I had procured on my way down-stairs, for I felt really grateful to the child for finding my beloved rosary. He howled in acknowledgment, and was going to stand on his head, but the fear of hurting his necklace checked his desire.

"Good-bye, Pete," I said, turning to go in, and enjoying the little rascal's countenance extremely.

"Tankee, missus,—and missus," he said hesitatingly, as though half afraid.

"Well?"

"Won't yo tell me yo name?" I saw he liked me, and I was very much pleased. I told him my name, saying:

"I hope I shall see you again," and went off up-stairs to rejoice over my beads, and recite a decade in thanksgiving for their recovery. And I added another for Pete, for I did wish I could do something for him. But I knew it was delicate work evangelizing the darkies, who were mostly methodists or baptists.

That evening, after tea, I went down to the post-office in hopes of a letter, and as I returned I chose a roundabout way, which led me, before I knew it, directly to the negro settlement of a couple of dozen or more dwellings. The feminine population were airing themselves over the gates and fences in parliamentary debates, while the men squatted on the steps, smoking their pipes in si-

lence, while pickaninnies swarmed over their legs and knees. I looked for Pete, but he was nowhere to be seen. My presence seemed to excite much curiosity, and I heard a few comments.

"Dat's de new Catolik teacher obd de parish school."

"My! aint she de swell!"

"Wat she doin' down here? She aint no business among sound metodists."

"Wat her name, anyway?" And the last I heard was:

"Dat's de gal young Debbil Pete was tellin' Brudder Bunker about dis noon. She gib him some flummery or oder for finin' sumpen she drop."

I turned the corner thinking that small as darkey world was in this village, news travelled fast. I was young enough to hope that they would not take a dislike to me.

One morning, a few days later, I sat in my pleasant school-room with my flock of picked Catholic children around me, wishing that those poor little pickaninnies might share their educational advantages at least, when a snicker from one of the lambs made me look up. I glanced towards the window and beheld a woolly head peering in over the sill, two broad black hands firmly grasping the sill, and an anxious but perfectly determined expression on the countenance of black Pete. He took my glance for a welcome, and somersaulted in before I knew what he was about. The children giggled hysterically, but as I was comparatively new, they stayed in order. Pete righted his person, and I beheld the neck-lace dangling under his chin, the cross somewhere in the rear of his left ear. He marched calmly between the rows of desks and walked up to my side. The children did not disconcert him whatever.

"I'se gwine to come to school," he informed me.

"So I see; but Peter, why didn't you come in at the door?"

"I got no use for de doah. De window am open."

The children tittered.

"But suppose we all came in like you did, at the window; what would you think? This is *school*."

"Yes, missus. I'se gwine come to school."

"Who sent you?"

"Sen' me? I come, and I'se gwine to come."

I knew there would be an insurrection in darkey town if I corrupted a pickaninny with a slate or book, so I said gently,

"Who is your father, Pete?"

"Aint got none."

"Who do you live with?"

"I live wid Brudder Bunker and *his* poperlation."

The children laughed out, and so did I.

"You bet he's got more pickaninnies dan de pastur hab huckleberries," continued Pete, emboldened by our appreciation of him. I sobered instantly, and said firmly:

"If you will go and ask—your guardian if you may come to school, I will let you come, but not unless you do."

"Ask who?"

"Brother—er—?"

"Oh, Brudder Bunker, de ole skeezicks! He don't boss me. I boss *him*."

"Well, you go tell him about your determination to come to school, and then come to me."

"He'se gwine ter kick me sky high."

I felt like saying, "I thought you bossed *him*," but said persuasively:

"My dear child, don't argue any longer. Do as I say to *please me*, won't you?"

I felt my speech was a mixture of firmness and weakness, but the boy was won by the kindness I sincerely felt towards him, and replied to my delight:

"Yes, missus, I doan keer if de ole man does holler. I tell him wat I mean. an den I come back."

I felt a presentiment that *he* would "holler," but I was relieved to see him go, as I knew Brudder Bunker would otherwise resent my detaining him for educational purposes or anything else. To my great surprise, therefore, he returned within fifteen minutes with a jubilant expression of face.

"De ole man aint got no 'jection if *you* aint—dats wat he tole me to say, missus. So I'se gwine to stay dis time."

A doubt of Pete's veracity made me pause, but his manner was so sincere I could not believe he was deceiving me. It would never do to doubt the child if I wanted to acquire influence over

him, so I let him take a seat at an unoccupied desk, and gave him a slate and pencil, resolving to call on Brother B. himself after school hours.

The morning was much enjoyed by us all, and our new scholar was docile and obedient, but brimful of mischief. I saw he would need careful treatment and judicious leading over the briery road of discipline. I did not discover for some time how bright he was, for he made use of his ingenuity to keep things lively, and so study was at first in the background. After I had dismissed the children, I said to Pete, whom I had detained,

"Is Brother Bunker at home this morning?"

"Yes, missus. He lazy ole nig."

"I think I will go with you, then, and ask him to let you come and see me at my hotel. Would you like that?"

He was delighted. So I let him pilot me through the downtown district, where the inhabitants flocked to see what I was at now. Brother Bunker's cottage was very small, and packed full of his family. He himself was smoking his pipe on the doorstep. His wife was in the kitchen, and I got a glimpse of her once or twice as she peered at me from the hall. The old man was a surprise to me in every way. He was very pleasant looking and well mannered, and received me with much cordiality, presently confirming Pete's statement of his permission to join our school.

"Dat's de fac, missus, and dough de niggers am up in arms agin me, I tell em I kin be ortodox and all dat to any degree, but I *doan* keer to see a smart boy like Pete grow up a know-notin' jes kase de pop'lar 'pinion am set agin de 'only school to be had. I aint of your 'ligion, missus, but I aint got notin to say agin it, an ef my chilluns warn't all too young for dere eddication to commence, I'd sen' de whole collection of em along wid' Pete."

I was delighted beyond measure, and felt that the rosaries I had already offered for these dark brethren had begun to take effect. Here was an opening. But I knew better than to hurry through the gap. So after making some arrangements for Pete's outfit as a scholar, both in regard to books and clothes, I took my departure.

After this the boy came regularly, and was soon famous among our children, who made a pet of him, and regarded him as a mar-

vel of wit and mischief. But the negroes were furious at poor Brother B. for allowing "an ortodox nigger chile to be brought up wid de heedden." They talked incessantly on the subject, and carefully guarded their own pickaninnies from a similar fate—much to my regret. Pete was, in fact, the only colored child we ever possessed, but he richly rewarded our interest in him. He was wonderfully studious, and so bright-witted that he became a great favorite with the parish priest.

He soon got some inkling of our " 'ligion," and of course was "converted" in the twinkling of an eye—I think the bright colored pictures the children gave him aided his " 'pinions."

Knowing so well the negro fashion of getting converted, we held the boy back a long time, but as he really grew unhappy and almost ill over the matter, Father Clarke told him that if he obtained Brother B's *written* permission, he would baptize him conditionally. Pete was jubilant, but B. B. delayed for some weeks, being held back by his wife for fear of the "niggers," who would "kick shindies," he said, and might even be violent.

But Pete made his intention public, and after a month of very hot "argifying" with the neighbors, the Bunker authority gave way, "for de sake ob peace," and the road was smooth.

I shall never forget the day of Pete's baptism. He made his confession the evening before, and I myself gave him a suit of plain gray clothes, with shoes and stockings for the occasion. He was instructed to go home and take a bath, and be in the church the next morning at seven to the minute, arrayed, of course, in his new suit. The first injunction he carried out by taking a swim across the creek, but one of our big boys of the parish saw him, captured him, and marched him home to Mrs. Bunker, and laying the matter before her, advised her to scrub him and put him to bed. All of which she did, having sufficiently overcome her prejudices against a "Catolik chrisinin'."

The following day revealed how he had spent his evening.

Next morning I knelt in my pew at quarter to seven, reciting a rosary for my black protege, when in he marched, gorgeously gotten up in a faded red velvet jacket, dark green velvet trousers, a broad yellow necktie, his coral necklace, while a pair of bright blue worsted stockings (it was July) decorated his legs, finished

off by a pair of Brother Bunker's No. 10 best red Morocco slippers.

Fortunately there was just time to send him home after his gray suit, and to dress him properly before Mass. His devotion during the ceremony of baptism *sub conditione* edified us all, Father Clarke especially. But *how* he laughed when I told him of the young catechumen's full dress performance previous to the same.

He was fully instructed by the day of his First Communion, and the day was unmarred. A beautiful day it was, too, the Feast of the Holy Rosary. I took him home with me to breakfast, and tried to make the day a happy one for the poor little soul. Father Clarke gave him a picture of St. Peter Claver—he was baptized Peter Claver, and always insisted on his full title—"Debbil Pete" was a thing of the past. He learned the Saints' Litany by heart, and recited it daily for the conversion of his negro brethren and persecutors. He had much to endure from them, poor child, for he was an alien among his own; even the Bunkers were inclined to resent his "'ligious 'pinions." Father Clarke and I did all we could to make it up to him.

On the day, week after his First Communion, he recited his rosary to me by heart, having taken great pains to master the mysteries to please me. And it was then I made a great sacrifice and gave him my cherished coral beads, feeling it had been the instrument of his conversion, and that he had a better right to it, than I. I am sure he appreciated it, and I was rewarded by his devotion to it.

My little Peter Claver! A few months later I came north on a visit, and circumstances prevented me from ever returning to the scene of my labors, so I have not seen him since; but Father Clarke sent me a photograph of him only the other day, taken in his altar-boy's costume of cassock and surplice. He is a black angel, but not of the fallen ranks, and to me he is a much loved darling. I would like to see him again, but he sends me frequent notes and messages, and I know he often says his rosary for my intentions, one of which is *himself*.

Notes.

Our rosarians will heartily co-operate with the Holy Father's repeatedly declared wishes of having this blessed month of October especially consecrated to the pious and persevering practice of the rosary. They will salute the Queen of Heaven with her own favored prayer; they will implore her intercession for the needs of the Church and the intentions of the Church's Supreme Pontiff, devoutly reciting the prayers of the beads.

Every day during this month the beads will be in the hands of all true and loyal Catholics, storming the very battlements of heaven to obtain help and comfort amid the scenes of the warfare that is relentlessly waged here on earth.

And if the Church's enemies never tire, if they are always on the alert to take advantage of any weakness discernible, surely the Church's loyal children here in America, while offering the tribute of their beads this month for the general intention, will be sure to pray for the welfare of the faith in the United States, which of late was so recklessly, wantonly, and injuriously threatened.

The soul of faith is authority. Now, it is beyond question that there was a painfully disedifying spirit of rebellion manifested, and an impudently bold challenge of authority by Catholics in high and low station.

Fortunately, the danger seems now to be past; at least the danger of a schism that was imminent, but the labor of healing ugly wounds remains, and the danger of a relapse, brought on by the bad example that was first set. If authority is once lightly and frivolously questioned, it takes little provocation to have a repetition of such unfortunate and miserable spectacles. One thing is clear, or at least ought to be clear for every true Catholic. There can be no faith without authority, no unity, no religion. And if there is authority there must be obedience. A Catholic must be docile,—he must obey. He must not fawn or cringe, because his is a reasonable service,—*rationabile obsequium*. He is a free-man; his faith has made him free.

But boldness and impudence are not the evidences of this freedom. Catholics must respect authority, therefore they must and will readily hearken to the voice of their superiors as to the voice of God. We need to remind our-

selves of these first principles now and then. Hot-headed, thoughtless men often fan the sparks which bring on a destroying conflagration in politics and religion, and before God they will be answerable for the destruction, whereas if there were the faintest spark of charity and humility, not to speak of prudence or even common sense, history would be spared many a black page.

Of all the foolish, not to say insulting and impudent things that were written and said during the late ecclesiastico-religious squabble, the most jejune inane called into question the fealty and devotion of our own Archbishop to the Holy See, some even going so far as to advise, yes, and demand him to lay down the mitre.

Happily, when the time came to speak. His Grace knew what to say, and how to put it forward in the most effective manner. In his address to Mgr. Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Corrigan said:—

"One who has enjoyed such advantages (as are accorded students who make their studies in Rome) counts it no glory, but rather a humiliation, that it should become necessary for him to avow that the thought even of resisting the Holy Father's will, much more of disobeying his positive enactments, never found acceptance in his mind. More than this, one cannot say. A virtuous matron shrinks from the very suggestion of proving that no stain has come to her womanly honor. After the guilt of offending God, a conscientious bishop feels no wounds more keenly than that of his faith being impugned, or his oath of loyalty called in question."

Very Rev. D. J. Kennedy, O. P., S. T. L., the talented young professor in St. Joseph's House of Studies, Somerset, Ohio, whom readers of THE ROSARY remember by his interesting biographical sketches and other religious papers, read a thesis before the Congress of Religions held in Chicago during September. The subject of Father Kennedy's paper was "The Justification of the Sinner by Jesus Christ."

The program called for Fr. Arthur V. Higgins, O. P., S. T. M., of New Haven, Ct., known to the students of Yale to prepare this paper, but a pressure of

other duties necessitated him to call on his confrère and quondam pupil to comply with the courteous invitation of the committee. The committee, by the way, while conferring a high honor on the Dominicans by selecting one of their number to expound the tenets of the Catholic Church on the subject of "Justification" undoubtedly judged that those tenets would be most ably presented by one pledged to promulgate the system of St. Thomas Aquinas. *Nec spem sefellit eventus.*

A decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Inquisition, dated July 14, '93, has placed St. George Mivart's "Happiness in Hell" among forbidden books. The subject treated by the distinguished author, a devout Catholic and convert, is in three articles, and were written with a view to smoothe the way for converts to the Catholic Church, deterred by reason of the rigid doctrine of hell-fire. The old Church evidently does not hold that the "end justifies the means."

The Dominican Fathers of St. Joseph's Province will hold their regular provincial chapter at St. Rose's Convent, near Springfield, Ky., for the election of a Provincial, about the first of October.

Another of our subscribers has left the world to seek peace and happiness in the religious life. He is Mr. Albert Reinhart, a young lawyer of Cincinnati. We tender him our prayerful wishes for the perseverance of his very laudable undertaking.

A year or so ago Mr. Reinhart's boon companion, Mr. J. Koehler, a young actor of much promise, who had supported Booth in his eastern tour, donned the Dominican habit at St. Rose's, Ky. In fact, both would have entered together, but one was detained by business transactions until quite recently.

We beg to assure "A Poor Little Servant of Mary" that we feel confident her anxiety for the reverence and veneration due to "Mary's beads" bespeaks true and deep love for the Queen of Heaven. Let her, however, preserve herself in peace. It is an observation of one of the saints that Almighty God is quick to punish an insult offered to His Mother, whereas His infinite patience endures the blasphemies heaped on His own sacred name. God will defend His own. "Mary's beads will never be dragged through the mire."

In the meantime pray to God that all men may be brought to the knowledge and love of Jesus through the gracious intercession of Mary.

The following letter will be read with interest, not so much on account of the corrections that are made in Father Cothonay's letter, as for the items of contemporaneous Dominican history, and the edifying apostolic work which these intrepid French missionaries are lovingly doing, far away from their beloved France:

Port-of-Spain, 20th July, 1893.
J. M. J. D.

Dear Reverend Father:—

I have read with great pleasure, in THE ROSARY of July, the letter of the Rev. F. Bertraud Cothonay, and I am happy to be able to declare that the Rev. Father described very accurately the state of our Mission in Trinidad.

Nevertheless there are some passages in his letter which may give a false idea of the climate of the island.

He says that, since the foundation of our mission, many Dominican Fathers and Nuns "have fallen victims to their zeal, in this *hot and rather unhealthy climate*." A little further he says that "the first Dominican Archbishop, the most Rev. J. Gonin, O. P., had not less than four successive coadjutor-bishops. Three of them died before him; the fourth one succeeded him in 1889, and fortunately is yet in good health." He adds that "a good many of our missionaries died prematurely. The year 1869 was especially terrible for Dominican Sisters in charge of the Leper Asylum. In less than two months, nine of the Nuns and two Dominican Priests were carried away by the yellow fever."

This account is very much calculated to frighten the young missionaries who might have some inspiration to come to Trinidad to help us in the good work we have undertaken. Fortunately the climate of Trinidad is not so unhealthy as this statement may induce you to suppose it is.

First of all, I must state that out of the three coadjutors of his grace, the Archbishop Gonin, who died before him, not one died from the supposed unhealthiness of the climate. The first,—Bishop O'Carroll,—who was well-known in America, died from heart disease; the second,—Bishop Hyland,—was a victim of his imprudence, having neglected to comply

with the advice given to him by his doctor and some other people. As for the third one,—Bishop King,—he never came to Trinidad; he died at Louvain, when going to Rome after his consecration.

The Rev. Father B. C. adds that a good many of our missionaries died prematurely. I venture to say that this statement is not very accurate; for out of eight Dominican missionaries who died during the twenty-two years I have been in Trinidad, three were more than fifty years old; one was forty-eight, and two forty-seven. As for the two others, they were about thirty-five. We may say that these two latter died prematurely, but is there any country in the world where no more than one-fourth of grown-up people die prematurely?

Now, out of seventeen Dominican Fathers who are in Trinidad, one is seventy-three years old; he has spent nearly twenty-five years on this island, without going once to Europe, and nevertheless he enjoys good health. Three other Fathers are sexagenarians, and they are still able to work very hard. This is sufficient, I think, to prove that Trinidad is not at all an unhealthy country.

Moreover, I do not know any other country where there are, in proportion to the population, so many centenarians. I have known two, a Spanish lady, who died one hundred and eight years old, and a black man, who perhaps is still living, and both, when I knew them, were able to walk about better than many sexagenarians in your own country. I heard of some other centenarians, but I had no opportunity of seeing them. In fact, the death rate of our principal town, Port-of-Spain, is lower than that of Dublin, Cork, or Galway.

With regard to the yellow fever, which, in 1869, carried away nine Dominican nuns and two priests, I must state that we had no such epidemic since that time. Is there any country in the world where no epidemic breaks out from time to time? Almost every year we hear that cholera, typhus, small pox, influenza,

etc., are prevalent in several countries, and carry away thousands of people; meantime we have had no epidemic at all in Trinidad, at least not during the last twenty years.

Trinidad is becoming healthier every year, for every year thousands of acres of land are cleared and cultivated, and everybody knows that the better a country is cultivated, the healthier it is.

As for the heat, it is much more tolerable than in your own country during summer. Temperature, in Trinidad, is almost invariable. In the morning we have generally 68° or 70° Fahr.; in the middle of the day the thermometer rises to 80°, and sometimes to 90°, but very seldom above 90°; therefore we are preserved from many diseases which are caused in your country by sudden changes of temperature.

Nevertheless, some people will think that a temperature which is continually between 70° and 90°, must be in the end almost intolerable. This is a mistake. All Europeans who come to Trinidad are astonished to find themselves able to endure so easily the highest temperature of the island. The reason of this is that there is almost always some cool wind, blowing principally from the north-east, which is very refreshing. Moreover, the dwelling-houses are built so as to render them very cool.

Therefore I dare say that one of the most pleasant dwelling places of the world is Trinidad; it is for this reason that a French writer called it "*le Paradis des Antilles*."

I have the honor to be,
Dear Reverend Father,
Your humble servant,
FR. M. DOMINIQUE BERTHEL, O. P.,
Pr. and V. G.

Rev. Dear Editor of The Rosary:—

P. S.—Please, send me henceforth your valuable ROSARY. I shall forward you my subscription as soon as I have received the first copy.

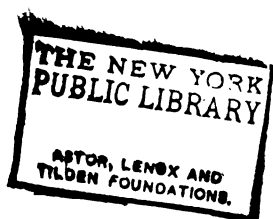
FR. M. D. B., O. P.,
Pr. and V. G.

OCTOBER ROSARY.

INTENTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

All rosarians will be especially devout and unremitting in their prayers during this blessed month. Their prayers are asked for the welfare of Holy Mother Church; for the intentions of the Pope; for the success of all missions, and es-

pecially the Dominican; and for several other intentions: the conversion of *seven*; restoration of two; a grace to overcome a temptation; the success in business of one; for five desirous to know their vocation, for a brother addicted to drink; for a sister in spiritual trouble; for God's blessing on all our priests and religious.





THE FIRST EXILES.



VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

No. 7.

IN DREAR NOVEMBER.

LUCILA J. SHAW.

In drear November
The weary year with sobbing breath
And tearful skies awaits its death.
Ah! then remember,
Kind Advocates, in prayer remember
Us, who have passed thro' Death's dark portal—
Have passed from Life to the Immortal.
But yet in anguish,
In outer darkness do we languish;
For that our souls through Purgatory
Must pass to glory.

In prayer remember
To plead our cause with Christ in Heaven;
Who, of His charity, hath given
Earth's drear November
To be this Limbo's time of blooming.
Upspring, glad souls, from out its glooming
Into the presence
Of all the blest, as flowers grow
And, nursed by Summer sunshine, blow
In some bright pleasure.

O friends! remember
For each bright leaf to earth that flutters
In drear November,
A soul ascends, if some heart utters
A prayer of pleading
And interceding.
Oh, hear us in the sobbing gale
That wafts to Heaven our weary wail!
So shall our sadness
Soar up to gladness,
Swift, swift as thought! if that our wailing
May bring from warm prayers unfailing,
Our drear November
To Heaven's joy is changed! Ah, friends! ye gave
To us, by prayer, this vict'ry o'er the grave.
We will remember!

A TRIUMPH OF THE ROSARY.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"How absurd for a great jurist, like Judge Arrington, to write sentimental poems in honor, as he tells us, of the Blessed Virgin, when everybody knows he is not a Catholic?"

"But you must remember that his wife and children are Catholics."

"O yes; we all remember the lively protest made by the Judge on their becoming Catholics. For the instant, it seemed as if Madame and her children were to have a separate establishment!"

"But this was only for the moment. Every one knew there was not a more devoted husband and father than Judge Arrington."

"Which proved, conclusively, the honesty and the violence of his opposition to the Catholic faith. He has never changed, apparently, excepting in a cessation of open opposition: when all at once we see him writing chivalrous verses lauding the Blessed Virgin, which might be very well for Spenser or even Chaucer, but certainly most extraordinary for a notable jurist of this century, who is known not to be a Catholic, to publish over his own name;" and the paper containing the offending poem was tossed across

the library table to the gentle-faced lady opposite, by a member of the Chicago Bar.

At the time of which we are writing, two great pleaders stood forth in our courts; both giants as to mental and physical force; both warming up into an eloquence which always seemed to take a jury by surprise, because of an exceeding weight of gravity in the face of both, until they became radiant under their own enthusiastic treatment of their case. Both were men of chivalrous honor and generosity, with a certain poetic dash in their natural temperament which took away the prosaic dulness of legal details. Judge Arrington was from Virginia; Judge Beckwith from Vermont; but there was a blaze of light in the eyes of each under the excitement of a defence, involving character, which told of deep wells of genuine human sympathy in the heart of each, rather than of national sections or any accident of birth. They were rivals, as the world calls such evenly-matched legal gladiators; but there was no venom in their rivalry. Perhaps there were never more brilliant scenes in our court-room than when the two held a jury under the spell of their logic, their sympathy, and their eloquence.

But in the midst of these legal triumphs, Judge Arrington, the older of the two, fell sick. At first it was supposed to be only a temporary attack; but as weeks wore on, it was evident that the strong man must yield. All this time, what of his wife? There was no putting forward of theological solicitude. The children were instructed to respect their father's convictions. When the failing strength took with it the desire for conversation, the Judge's apparently non-Catholic attitude was not commented upon even in the family; but nothing stopped the telling of the beads, especially in the hands of his devoted wife. Night after night as she kept her untiring watch by his side, his brief slumbers were counted not so much by the hands of her watch as by the decades said. One night as she sat thus by his bedside, her right hand in his while he seemed to sleep, the fingers of her left held the beads as they were told with perfectly silent lips, while the tears rolled slowly down her thinned cheeks. How awful it seemed to her to watch thus the drifting of a noble soul to Judgment without reasonable preparation! for she knew he had often responded to

grace even by those chivalrous poems addressed to the Blessed Virgin; and she also knew, that in the depth of his heart he believed the Catholic Church to be the true Church. To know all this, yet receive no sign from those lips, while the eyes, so eloquent even in their silence, were closed as if in a dreamless slumber—so like death seemed his sleep,—was to rouse every solicitude of which a true woman's heart is capable; when, slowly, the eyes opened, and he said: "Say your Rosary prayers aloud, my dear, that I may join in them."

For the moment her voice choked, but she controlled it, and without one word of comment recited decade after decade, one hand still in his. At last, as she paused, he said in perfectly quiet tones, as if she could not be surprised: "I wish you to send for Father Conway to baptize me."

"When shall I send for him?" she asked.

"Now!" was the prompt reply.

For an hour the tears had dried on her cheeks, and now, as she stepped from the room to send a messenger to Father Conway, all her strength of mind and body, all her steadfast nerve had returned to her. The order was given to go to the parish house with all speed, and to bring Father Conway to Judge Arrington without delay.

It was near to eleven when the priest was called, but it was only a little past when he stood by the bedside of the great jurist, who told him, in straightforward words, what he wanted of him. A little after midnight the conditional baptism had been given, and before one o'clock, Extreme Unction, the Viaticum, the last Plenary Indulgences. Father Conway left his penitent with a soul as humble and gentle as a child's, while a calm too deep for words, gave an exaltation to the lines which suffering had already left on his countenance. As the white dawn crept into his room, these lines of suffering were more apparent, but the intellect was on the alert. "Now that I have made my peace with God, let me set this house of mine in order for you, my dear. There is yet time."

He gave the names of the legal friends he wished to have summoned, and received them when they came, with his characteristic courtesy, which was always gravely sincere. There was

no need of explanations, for the signs were not to be mistaken of a rapidly approaching end. When the last will and testament had been duly witnessed, signed, and sealed, the judge said in his old judicial way: "I hope, gentlemen, you have found me of sound mind and memory?"

"Sound and clear as a bell; never more so in your best days, Judge," said his special friend of the three, pressing the hand of the dying man, while his smile lighted the tears in his eyes.

"Then," said the judge, with solemnity, "I trust that the court of heaven will consider my declaration of faith as valid as you consider this my last will and testament; for this morning I entered the Catholic Church."

Our barristers seldom allow their countenances to betray surprise; but these three, none of whom were Catholics, could hardly conceal their's; making amends, however, by a reassurance of the pleasure they felt in seeing him thus in full possession of himself, and even adding a congratulation which was forced from them in spite of prejudice, by the evident sincerity and even loftiness of his convictions. They knew it was no mere sentiment which had moved him to such a declaration.

Twenty-four hours from the time Father Conway left Judge Arrington, he had breathed his last sigh in the blessed hope of a true son of Mary, virgin and mother. As his faithful wife passed from the chamber of death, it was not with sobs of anguish, but with a certain exultation which made her feel the walls of her house too small, and throwing up the window-sash she leaned out into the cold winter night to see the clear heavens set thick with their beautiful constellations, and realized that the soul of her beloved one had passed beyond the stars to the throne of Him whose judgments are, indeed, past finding out, but are still merciful. Then she remembered that this was the first morning of the New Year! and a great act of thanksgiving rose from her heart to the same throne, before which her dear one had even then stood in judgment. It was so wonderful! and she kissed the Rosary on which her prayers had been said so effectually, with a fervor she had never thought of before.

The funeral was to be attended at Saint James', their parish church; Father Conway to celebrate the Mass, Father Roles to

give the sermon. Before going to the church, however, the members of the Bar, with whom Judge Arrington was such a favorite, passed voluntarily in slow procession before his body as it lay in its coffin within his own house. But there was one who did not keep step with this procession, but stood—not one moment merely, but many minutes—looking down on the grand figure and magnificently-chiselled face which death had rendered even more noble in its solemnity, with eyes full of the profoundest veneration; taking in with his penetrating glance the brown habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, with the IHS on the breast, and the Rosary twined around the marble fingers; all testifying to the open confession made by his friend in life, though so close to the hour of death, to a faith which he himself never indeed embraced, but of which he never spoke but in language of sincere respect; and this tribute of veneration was from Judge Corydon Beckwith, who had stood shoulder to shoulder with the great jurist; who, in the height of his fame, proclaimed himself a true knight of Our Lady—Judge Alfred Arrington.

ST. CECILIA'S FEAST-DAY.

J. A. ROCHFORD, O.P.

WHAT luring sounds are these that greet the ear,
Wafted on incense o'er the meads to-day,
That thrill the palmer, make the exile gay,
And tune the earth to happiness bright and clear?

Oh, list! 'Tis music from some radiant sphere,
Where love-made seraphs sweetest concords play,
While myraid angels grouped in glad array,
Hosannas chant to Mary's Son most dear.

'Tis Saint Cecilia, whose immaculate mind
Leads both the Martyrs' and the Virgin's band
To hymn their chorals to the dulcet wind;
Whose organ, Heaven-built, swept by her bright hand,
Resounds eternal hymnals to mankind,
While mortals chord their harps to songs so grand.

GIANTS.

JOHN A. MOONEY, LL. D.

THOUGH there was an old written tradition of pigmy peoples,—a tradition going back to Homer's time at least,—learned moderns refused to believe until the living pigmies asserted their existence and the truth of tradition. So positive was their testimony, that even blind men dare not further deny. Strangely enough, the scientists who were satisfied, by their own arguments, that no pigmies ever existed, had a firm, full faith in giants; not merely in sporadic cases of monstrously tall men, but also in giant peoples. Why were the scientists so willing to accept the tradition concerning the mighty men of long ago? Could vanity have had anything to do with it? "Next to virtue we admire force," said the witty Frenchwoman. And is not the tradition of giant ancestors most flattering to the virtuous man, especially if he be below the ordinary height?

Within the experience of mankind during several thousand years, there were no facts to establish the existence of giant races. Neither Herodotus, nor Pliny, nor Ctesias, had seen a monster people. If there be a single living tribe of giants, no recent traveller has reported its location. The Patagonians are the tallest people we have word of; and yet the average Patagonian does not exceed six feet three inches in height. The American Western-man, whatever his height, feels almost as tall as he talks. Of this we cannot doubt; and yet he never reaches that lofty altitude. His average height—we mean, of course, his average bodily height,—is only five feet nine and a half inches. The Western-man's modest, low-voiced Eastern brother, is really tall at five feet seven and a half; tall, compared with the Englishman, whose average is only five feet seven; tall, compared with the Swede, who, at five feet six and a half looks down upon the majority of his fellow-countrymen. A Belgian who reaches the five feet four and a half mark is a tall Belgian; and, down there, he stands a whole quarter of an inch above the North German. Only when among southern Frenchmen, however, does the Belgian appreciate how very tall he is. Above these frisky

little men he towers fully two inches. In their turn they are somewhat vain of their noble proportions, when they measure themselves with the Bavarian, the Italian, or the Chinaman. These people the southern Frenchmen overtop by half an inch.

A man over eight feet three inches high is a giant among giants. You will hear of taller men, but should you, in a lifetime, see one, you may well boast of your experience. Out of a million Americans not more than 47 reach a height of six feet six inches; only eleven grow to be six feet eight; and at six feet eleven it will be no easy matter to find two. The six feet six inch man is not called a giant. Only he who has attained a height of six feet eight is deemed worthy of the name. Occasionally outside of Ireland, we hear of a great man who is not an Irishman. But in no country can you find the incontestable evidence of a giant who surpassed the "Irish Giant." In Trinity College, Dublin, his skeleton is preserved. He was eight feet six in his stocking feet—scientific, not circus, measurement.

When we find that only eleven out of a million moderns⁹ reach the height of six feet eight, we begin to think that we would like to know on what foundation the old belief in giants was based. Inquiring, we shall find the authorities numerous and respectable. Open the Bible at the second page—or it may be the third, in your edition. There, in the sixth chapter of Genesis, we read of man's early sinfulness, and of the Lord's repenting that He had made man, and of the favor Noah found in the Lord's eyes, and of the threatened deluge. "There were giants upon the earth in those days;" such are the words of the translators. The science of chronology has not, as yet, been able to fix exactly the date of "those days;" but according to the text, there were giants before the flood. What did the writer of this text mean by the word "giants?" There's the rub! Turning to Numbers, chap 13., we have an answer—if it be an answer. The Lord ordered Moses to send men to view the land of Canaan, a promised land. A certain number of chosen men went up and viewed that land, and returning safely, reported their experience. Here are their words, according to the translators: "The people that we beheld are of a tall stature. There we saw certain monsters of the sons of Enac, of the giant kind: in comparison of whom we seem

like locusts." If we knew the size of the men who made this report we could, perhaps, guess at the height of the sons of Enac. "We are like locusts alongside of them," say the spies. What are we to infer from this simile? The Monbuttoos, you remember, call the Tikki-Tikkis "grasshoppers," and yet some of these grasshoppers are fifty-two inches high. We may be sure that no man ever called himself a pigmy, with deliberate meaning; and therefore we may fairly assume that the men who compared themselves to locusts really thought themselves men of normal height—just tall enough to be fine-looking. To a three feet Tikki-Tikki, a Swede would seem to be a giant; and a small Chinaman might well compare himself to a locust, after a visit to the Patagonians.

These are not the only testimonies to the existence of giants that the Bible affords. In Deuteronomy, chap. ii., it is related that the Lord warned the Israelites not to fight with the children of Ammon. Their land was accounted a land of giants: "And giants formerly dwelt in it, whom the Ammonites called Zomzommims, a people great and many, and of tall stature, like the Enacims whom the Lord destroyed before their face." Besides the Zomzommims, there was another giant people, the Emims, originally inhabitants of Moab, "a people great and strong, and so tall, that, like the race of the Enacims, they were esteemed as giants, and were like the sons of the Enacims." In the next chapter of the same book, we read of Og, king of Basan, who alone remained "of the race of the giants." All Basan was called the land of giants. What the word giant meant, in those days, is clear from the story told about Og's bed, which was even then in Rabbath. It measured nine cubits long and four broad. Og was of the remnant of the Raphaims—a giant people.

In the Old Testament, then, we find the record of a tradition of at least four giant peoples, all post-diluvian, and all living within a limited range of country: the Emim, the Enacim, the Raphaim, and the Zomzommim. Nor was the biblical tradition weakened by time. Josephus, recounting how the Israelites, after Joshua's death, fought and defeated Adonibezek, says, that having besieged Jerusalem, and finding it too well fortified, they retired to Hebron. "There were till then left," he writes, "the race of giants who had bodies so large and countenances so en-

tirely different from other men, that they were surprising to the sight, and terrible to the hearing." And here Josephus adds: "The bones of these men are still shown to this very day, unlike to any credible relations of other men." Josephus believed in a race of giants, because their bones were visible in his day. No one will charge him with being unreasonable, provided he was sure of the fact that the bones that were shown in his day were indeed the bones of "the race of giants."

The word of an Israelite, in our day, is valued as highly as the word of any other man. And yet it is the fashion, among people who assume to be very much above their fellows, to doubt the veracity, or the intelligence, of the early Jewish writers. How are we to explain this fact? Let us not try; but just take the fact as we find it. Elsewhere we shall find testimony supporting the Israelite tradition. The Greeks have never been charged with having more veracity to spare than have other men, and yet some scholars have supreme confidence in a Greek authority. To them the word "classical" imports vastly more than the word "biblical."

According to the Greeks, their ancestors leaped out of the earth, ready-made giants. In Rhodes, in Arcadia, in Lycia, there were traditions of giant peoples. To Homer, giants and giant races are realities. Every schoolboy recalls the experience of Ulysses with that "yelling monster," Antiphotes, king of the Læstrygons, whose worthy queen: "of size enormous and terrific mien (not yielding to some bulky mountain's height)," struck the beholders with horror. The Læstrygons, "a ghostly band of giants," rent fragments from "the cliffs high-pointing to the skies," and dash them on the ships below. In the ninth book of the *Odyssey*, the poet describes the giant Cyclops:

"A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature, or in face."

The giants are no more. They belong to the past. From Homer we learn that in his day it was commonly held that men had grown smaller and weaker. In the fifth book of the *Iliad*, he tells us of Diomed's killing of Pandorus, on the field, and how loyally Æneas fought for his friend's body. But the odds were against him. Tydides

....."stoops, and from the fields
Heaved with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.
Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degenerate days."

Otus and Ephialtes, who figure heroically in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, rear their towering heads nine ells aloft, and their shoulders spread full nine cubits broad. They are worthy rivals of Og; and even his giant bed would have groaned under the weight of either one of these monsters.

The Armenians and Babylonians had a legend of giant ancestors. Among the Arabs there is a tradition of a giant people that preceded them. In the *Talmud*, and in the early Christian apocryphal books, Adam is described as a man of immense size. The Northmen were proud of their giant forefathers; and the Peruvians, if not directly descended from giants, were no less proud because, of old, giant men, who came by way of the ocean, invaded their land. "It was a monstrous thing to see their heads," and "their eyes were as large as small plates." Think of it!

Josephus appealed to existing bones in order to substantiate the Hebrew tradition about giants. Herodotus, who lived five centuries earlier than Josephus, has a tale about the finding of a gigantic body in Greece. In chapter 68., book I., giving an account of the wars between the Tegeans and the Lacedæmonians, he relates that a certain Lichas discovered the coffin and the bones of no less a person than Orestes. The coffin was seven cubits long. A smith dug it up. Naturally he was astonished. "I had never believed," he exclaimed, "that men were taller in the older times than now." The body that simple Lichas found was that of a pigmy when compared with the giant remains unearthed after his time. The nine cubits of the Bible were doubled, trebled, yes, sextupled. Century after century, the rocks, the caves, the crevices, the river-beds, gave up their dead; and the living learned, as they supposed, what wondrous men there were in the days of Noah, as of Adam. Og and Otus and Ephialtes, what were they along side of Antæus, son of Terra, whose grave Sertorius opened in Africa—as Plutarch reports? The skeleton Sertorius found measured sixty feet in length. Imagine

a man seven times taller than the Irish Giant! Then the body of Orion, or of Otus—men differed about the name, was strangely brought in evidence. The island of Crete was shaken by an earthquake. A mountain was rent asunder. Lo and behold! a body stood upright in the rock; and that body was forty-six cubits high! Pliny is the authority. Phlegon of Thrallæ, who was a most patient, if not a critical, reporter of wonderful happenings, tells of a giant's grave that was opened near the city of Athens. The grave was no less than one hundred and twenty cubits in length. Of course the Athenian scientists identified the remains. They were all that was left of a gentleman by the name of Makroseiris,—quite a tall name.

During Nero's reign, after an earthquake in Pontus, giant bodies were disclosed. A tooth more than a foot long was sent to Rome. Tiberius handed the tooth over to Pulchrus, a mathematician, ordering him to design a body to fit the tooth. Whether Pulchrus did as he was ordered, we do not know. It is the fashion to puzzle our primary school children with questions that are not too practical. Perhaps some progressive teacher will tell this story, and then propound the helpful question: How tall was the owner of the tooth?

Coming to later times, we are referred to no less an authority than Saint Augustine. In the ninth chapter of the fifteenth book of his learned and beautiful work: "The City of God," the writer discusses the question of the size of those who lived before the flood. As Augustine's opinion represents that of the best scholarship of his day, we shall quote his words at length. Sceptics he refers to the twelfth book of the *Æneid*, where Virgil expresses a belief in the greater strength of the ancients. "And if in more recent times," Augustine says, "how much more in the ages before the world-renowned deluge? But the large size of the primitive human body is often proved to the incredulous by the exposure of sepulchres, either through the wear of time, or the violence of torrents or some accident, and in which bones of incredible size have been found, or have rolled out. I myself, along with some others, saw on the shore at Utica a man's molar tooth of such a size, that if it were cut down into teeth such as we have, a hundred, I fancy, could have been made out of it. But

that, I believe, belonged to some giant. For though the bodies of ordinary men were larger than ours, the giants surpassed all in stature. As I said, the bones which are from time to time discovered prove the size of the bodies of the ancients, and will do so to future ages, for they are slow to decay."

Saint Augustine was right, in his conclusion at least. Large bones were found all over Europe, and from these bones men proved, one to another, that the bodies of the ancients were large, and that there were once races of giants, surpassing all in stature. From Italy and Sicily we have stories of monster men. A body twenty cubits high with a head the size of a hog's head was found in 1516; and, in the books, there are notices of skeletons measuring all the way from 10 feet 3 inches to 33 feet long. The English unearthed, near Plymouth, the jaws of a giant, who, they would have it, was the famous Gog Magog. The French were not behind hand. They reported finds of a number of men, Paladius, whose height was from eighteen to twenty-three feet. And one enormous fellow was not only twenty-five and a half feet tall, but his width across the shoulders was ten feet, and his depth, from breast to back, five feet! The learned men of the seventeenth century were satisfied that they had recovered the remains of the great Teutobocchus, king of the Teutons and Cimbri—the same that Marius overcame. The Swiss brought out a giant nineteen feet high. What was he thought to the Bohemian Goliath—one hundred and ten feet long, and with a shin-bone twenty-six feet long? There are stories of a giant's leg-bone serving as a bridge, in Arabia; of skulls as big as a round table, found in Austria; and of enormous teeth, and shoulder and thigh-bones, in Spain. Could anyone doubt Pliny's wisdom in holding that "as the world grew older, men's bodies grew smaller?"

And yet, this very day, notwithstanding all the evidence here produced, there are men who refuse to believe that there ever were giant races. The doubters are quite as learned as their fore-runners who believed. Nor can it be denied that the doubters argue their case skilfully. All the evidence, say they, derived from enormous skeletons, large bones, great teeth, is valueless. Herodotus, Josephus, Augustine, were indeed rightly astonished at what they saw; but the mighty skeletons, twenty, fifty, an

hundred feet long, the capacious skulls, the big shin-bones, were not human. Our ancestors had been taught to believe in giant men. They knew nothing, however, about giant beasts. Having studied the rocks, and the caves, and the crevices, we men of the nineteenth century became scientific in a new way. Observation, comparison, the pick, the spade, the hammer, enlarged our knowledge of a kind, and, better still, enabled us to correct the erroneous deductions that our fathers were pleased to call "science." The wondrous bones out of which they constructed giants were neither more or less than the remains of extinct beasts. Orestes, Teutobocchus, Gog Magog, were neither more nor less than skeletons of the mighty mammoth. Show us the remains of a single giant people! You cannot. You find none in the oldest of tombs. The Egyptian mummies prove that the men of the Nile land have not varied in height during thousands of years.

If the bones that were supposed to belong to monster men are not human bones, and if we can produce no giant remains from tomb, or cave, or river-bed, how can we believe that there ever were giant races? We fall back on the traditions,—Greek, Roman, Hebrew, Arabian, Peruvian. We point to the Bible texts. The critics push aside both traditions and text. François Lenormant, a firm Catholic, and a believer in the inspiration of the Old Testament, a most learned man, a hard, honest student, and at the same time a very rash, fanciful writer, whose imagination was even more powerful than his reason, said, about ten years ago: "To-day it is scientifically proven that this (tradition concerning giants) has no real foundation." M. Lenormant is very positive, is he not? Has he any reasons to offer in support of his claim? Yes; here is one reason. "As far back as we tread in the footsteps of humanity, up to the very races that lived in the Quaternary period, side by side with the great extinct mammals, we find that the average height of our species has not been modified during the course of the ages, and that it has never exceeded its actual limits."

The argument is not as strong as M. Lenormant seems to think; but taking him on his own ground, you say—unfortunately the gifted man can no longer hear you—"There are the texts! How do you get over them?" "Very easily," he answers. "If you

will study all the traditions about the giants, you will find that they are always characterized as violent men, men of force, men who have revolted against heaven. This is an echo, an historical reminiscence of the corruption and brutality of men in the last days, before God let loose the deluge of waters. Among all the peoples who have the tradition of a deluge, there is likewise a tradition of an impious people. Violent and proud, they esteemed themselves like unto God. Those who came after them emphasized the idea of force and wickedness, by giving these two vices a physical dress. The wicked men, monsters of sin, became physical monsters. In time the idea of size took possession of the popular imagination, and, indeed, partly excluded the idea of moral monstrosity."

M. Lenormant is more ingenious than logical. Why, if men had no experience of giants, should they attribute giant proportions to moral monsters? The moral monsters must have ceased with the deluge, according to M. Lenormant's argument; and yet Og, the king of Basan, "remained of the race of giants," long after the deluge. Indeed if one cared to be as positive as M. Lenormant about uncertain things, one might easily assume that all the giant peoples named in Deuteronomy were post-diluvian. Let us never forget how ingeniously the pigmies were explained away by the learned M. Buffon.

M. de Quatrefages is not a Catholic, but he is a Christian, and his mind is cooler than was M. Lenormant's. As an authority among anthropologists, M. de Quatrefages is second to none. In his well-known work on the "Human Species," he says a word that may encourage those who still respect the intelligence of the ancients, and who are unwilling to assume, as many moderns do, that there was a time when men were most careful to be inexact in stating facts, or expressing ideas. "The restriction of the discovery of human fossils to Europe is much to be regretted"—we quote M. de Quatrefages. "We have no authority for regarding Europe as the starting point of the species, nor as the theatre of the formation of the primitive races. We should rather seek them in Asia." After reading this sentence, we can retort on M. Lenormant, with a better authority than he to back us, and say boldly: "It is *not* proven scientifically that the tradition con-

cerning giants has no real foundation. Treading in the footsteps of humanity up to the very races that lived side by side with the great extinct mammals, you found that the average height of our species had not exceeded its actual limits—in *Europe*. There are footsteps of humanity as yet untrodden. After you have explored the true scene of the formation of the primitive races, you may, or may not be able to speak more authoritatively."

Had M. de Quatrefages said no more than we have quoted, we, unscientific men, who have faith in our forefathers' writings, could feel that the giants had been spared to us, and that, however monstrously wicked they may have been, they were none the less men of tall stature. But the great anthropologist has still other words of comfort to offer us. "The primitive type of the human species," he writes, "must necessarily have been effaced, and have disappeared. The enforced migrations, and the action of climates, must of themselves have produced this result. Man has passed through two geological epochs; perhaps his centre of appearance is no longer in existence; at any rate the conditions differ very much from those prevailing when humanity began its existence. *When everything was changing around him, man could not avoid being changed also.* Crossing also has certainly played its part in this transformation." Evidently there is room for a "perhaps." Indeed, in matters called scientific the word "perhaps" is not only a convenient, but also a most scientific word. Let us be more modest than those who would annihilate the giants with a breath, and let us say: "Perhaps there were gigantic men, in those days."

Scientifically, it has not been proven that the tradition concerning giants is unfounded. It has been proven that large bones, which were supposed to be human, were not human. Nothing beyond this has been proven. Thus far no remains of a giant people have been found—in *Europe*. *Infer*, if you please, that there were no giant races elsewhere, but, pray, do not insist that we shall assume your gratuitous inference as proof positive! It is well to be wary, and to learn from our recent experience. The living pigmy rose up of a sudden and made us ashamed of our inferences. If you push the giants too far, they may, some fine day, rattle their bones—and the critics' brains—and when you open the long-locked tombs, lo! the pre-Noachian, the Emim,

the Enacim, the Raphaim, and the Zomzommim, may one and all confront and confound you. And then, once more, you shall painfully learn—what experience plainly teaches—how imprudent it is, not to say foolish, to doubt the common sense of ordinary men, whenever or wherever they lived; and how unscientific it is to argue that a widespread tradition is nothing more than a fanciful myth.

THY WILL BE DONE.

MORTIMER EDWARD TWOMEY.

ONE day within her Virgin life,
There came and dwelt alone with her
Another life, and Mary knew
No portion of herself might stir
Apart from her Creator-God,
Who now was her's, by what she gave,
His flesh and blood, His body formed
By God for pain, and man to save.

And she the Spirit reading true
Of His great spirit, Sacrifice,
Felt bound, as she had ever been,
To His high will in deed to rise.

That self-same day, when years had passed,
And He her Son was nigh to die,
Her sacrifice to His was joined,
Her heart to His was nigh;
And when His lips of strength divine
Gave John to her for son,
She bowed her soul, nor spake, nor wept,
But said her heart, "Thy will be done!"

THE MEANING OF "TELEMACHUS."

THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, DD.

EXCEPTING that of the canonized saints, few memories have been so universally cherished as that of Fenelon. By general consent he has been styled the "dove of Cambray," and we would as soon think of the hawk as his emblem, as imagine him capable

of an unkind act. And yet there have been men to charge him with worse than unkindness, even with ingratitude and malignity toward one who had benefited him much, and whom he professed to love and revere. Chief among those to make this accusation was the prince of calumniators, Voltaire; and the only basis of the charge was the philosophist's own distorted interpretation of a work by Fenelon which, if read by one not saturated with jaundiced prejudice, would be its own vindication. Now we would show that when preparing that charming classic, "*Telemachus*," the Archbishop of Cambray had not the slightest intention of satirizing Louis XIV., his sovereign, benefactor, and at that time, friend.

In the first place, when was "*Telemachus*" composed? If the intention of its author had been to satirize his sovereign, the book must have been written when he was suffering from some real or fancied injury at the hands of the king. Certainly he would not have risked the resentment of Louis at the time when he was in the full enjoyment of his royal favor, and had everything to lose by exciting his indignation. Now while we have many letters of Fenelon written before his banishment from the court, and couched in all the expansiveness of intimate friendship, to several of his dearest associates, we vainly search these for any mention of "*Telemachus*." But there is a Memoir¹ written by him some time after his loss of the king's favor, which gives us not only interesting details concerning this masterpiece, but also a very precise indication as to the period when it was composed. Here the prelate says: "I cannot doubt that the policy inculcated in '*Telemachus*' has been so represented to the king

¹ These Memoirs are not sufficiently known. In them Fenelon exposes the evils of the kingdom with great freedom. He descants on the injustice of the Spanish war, and the necessity of concluding peace. Above all, he insists upon a restoration of the olden franchises of the French people, and a more intimate union between the nation and the king. He would have the Estates General convoked as the sole escape from ultimate disaster. Perhaps his scheme would have prevented the days of '89 and their atrocious consequences. But it must be admitted that, as Cantù says: Fenelon often deals in chimeras. He perceives the good, but not the opposing circumstances. Thus he would do away with professional detectives, and have their duties performed by respectable citizens.

as to prejudice his mind against me, but I must suffer in silence. I wrote the work at a time when I was charmed by the marks of confidence with which the king overwhelmed me, and I would have been not only a most ungrateful man, but even insane, had I wished to depict therein a satirical and insolent portrait (of his majesty). Even the thought of such a design fills me with horror. It is true that I have uttered, in these adventures, many truths which are necessary for a ruler to note, as well as the defects which may develop in sovereign power, but I have indicated no one of these in such a way as to paint any particular portrait or character. The more one reads the work, the more he will perceive that I aimed at speaking plainly without alluding to any particular person. I simply intended to divert, and while amusing, to instruct, the Duc de Bourgogne.¹ I had no intention of giving the work to the public.² Everybody is aware that it got out of my hands only through the treachery of a copyist, and finally, the best servants of the king know how deeply grateful to his majesty I am for all his favors. Other persons may be more capable than I am, but no one is actuated by a sincerer zeal for his service." It is evident, therefore, that "Telemachus" was written while Fenelon was in charge of the education of the Duc de Bourgogne. It is supposed that the prelate had intended to present the work to his pupil when his education was finished, probably on the occasion of his marriage. During the entire period of his tutorship, Fenelon was in the highest favor with the king,

¹ The son of the Dauphin, and called, during his father's life, the "young Dauphin."

² A copyist employed by Fenelon, perceiving the beauties of the work, and therefore its market value, resolved to profit by it. He sold the manuscript to a printer, taking care not to reveal the author's name. This printer then issued, in 1699, the first 287 pages of "Telemachus," under the title: "Suite du Quatrieme Livre de l'Odysee, ou les Aventures de Telemaque, Fils d'Ulysse." Just then Fenelon's "Maximes des Saints" had been condemned by Pope Innocent XII., and great vigilance was being exercised to prevent any dissemination of Fenelon's writings. The pages of "Telemachus" already printed were seized, and measures were taken to annihilate the work. But some copies had escaped the vigilance of the officers, and the whole work was printed in a few months, at the Hague, but full of errors. Among the foreign critics who immediately proclaimed "Telemachus" a masterpiece was Basnage de Beauval, a leading mind among the Calvinists of the day.

as indeed the very nature of his office would indicate. Therefore there was no adequate reason why he should satirize Louis at that time.

But the testimony of Bossuet, hostile as he had become to his whilom intimate, proves that "*Telemachus*" was composed at a time when he and Fenelon were yet bound by ties of mutual confidence. The bishop of Meaux tells us that Fenelon communicated to him the first part of his manuscript,¹ and no one will believe that this would have been done, if any intention of attacking the king in such an insidious manner had been entertained. At least it must be conceded that this participation of literary confidence shows that "*Telemachus*" was written before any coolness had arisen between the hitherto intimates; that is, before the period when and after which only, Fenelon could have cherished any chagrin toward Louis XIV., and when he might have acted as a man of less noble spirit than his own would have naturally done, if opportunity offered. It is probable that the date in question was 1693 or 1694, for then the two prelates cherished their closest intimacy.

Saint Simon, who is a good authority, at least concerning dates of court happenings and such like, also shows that "*Telemachus*" was composed several years before the author's estrangement from the king. He tells us that the book was a subject of study for Fenelon's pupil, the Duc de Bourgogne.²

It is certain that Fenelon always and constantly professed the utmost attachment for his royal master. Even at the hour of his death, he protested that he had ever entertained "a profound esteem for the person and virtues of Louis XIV." The editors of the "*Bibliotheca Britannica*," remind us that we ought to credit such a declaration of a dying bishop, especially one like the archbishop of Cambray.³ But let us seek for a manifestation of Fenelon's spirit toward King Louis in his confidential correspondence. One of his dearest and most eminent friends was the Duc de Beauvilliers, governor of his royal pupil. In the depth of his disgrace, and that of his relatives and friends, the archbishop wrote to this noblemen: "I cannot avoid telling you, my good Duke,

¹ In the Manuscript of Ledieu.

² "*Memoires*," edit. 1853, vol. xvii., p. 176.

³ For the year 1743.

what is in my heart. Yesterday the festival of St. Louis, I offered my devotions for the king. If my prayers were good, he will profit by them; at least they were heartfelt. I begged for no temporal prosperity for him, as he has sufficient of that; but I besought God that he might use it well, and that he be as humble in the midst of his success as he would be if prostrated. I asked that he might be not only the father of his people, but also the arbiter among his neighbors, and the moderator of all Europe in order to ensure his repose. I entreated that he might not only continue to fear God, but also that he might love Him, and feel that His yoke is sweet to those who bear it through love rather than from fear. Never have I felt more zeal, and if I may so express myself, more tenderness, for his person. Although I am grateful, it was not so much his goodness to me that touched me; far from resenting my present situation, I have offered it joyfully to God. I even regard the king's zeal against my book¹ as a laudable consequence of his zeal for religion, and of his just horror for anything that might savor of innovation. I remembered his education without instruction, the flatteries that have been heaped upon him, the snares set in his youth in order to excite his pas-

¹ The "*Maximes des Saints*," written in 1696, and which, leaning toward the Quietism of Mme. de Guyon, gave occasion to Bossuet for his harsh saying that "the new Priscilla had found her Montanus." The eagle of Meaux denounced his ancient friend to the king, and there ensued a brilliant controversy such as might have been expected in the case of difference on so important a matter between such geniuses. Fenelon asked permission to depart for Rome, there to defend his views, but was ordered by the monarch to retire to his diocese and there remain. This, of course, was no punishment to so good a bishop, especially as he had accepted his promotion to the See of Cambray only on condition that he should not be prevented by his duties to his royal pupil from residing in his diocese nine months in the year, but still Fenelon felt keenly his disgrace and his entire separation from the Duc de Bourgogne, whom he tenderly loved. When twelve of the propositions from his "*Maximes*" were finally condemned by the Holy See, the humble prelate immediately read the decision from his pulpit, and with a calmness which astonished all France. Even during the controversy, nowhere was Fenelon more admired than at Rome, and some time afterward, the Pontiff naively remarked to the victorious Bossuet that his opponent had erred through an excess of divine love, but that he had sinned by a want of it; "*Ille peccavit excessu amoris divini, tu autem defectu.*"

sions, the counsels which he received, in fine, the perils of greatness, and so many delicate matters. I declare that, in spite of my great respect for the king, I felt much compassion for a soul so exposed. I prayed to St. Louis with my whole heart that he would obtain for his descendant the grace of imitating his virtues. . . . In all this I firmly believe that I had no interest for self; I was resigned to remain all my life without seeing the king. I would be willing to suffer perpetual disgrace, if I could know that his majesty lived entirely according to the will of God. Behold then, my good Duke, my occupation during the feast of yesterday."

So far was Fenelon from wishing to unduly criticise his royal master, so much did he try to avoid, in his "*Telemachus*," any allusions which malignity might distort, that his manuscript shows an erasure of the following sentence: "If kings make mistakes in regard to anything concerning sacred things, the more zealous clergy should influence them in favor of the good cause; they might even make use of artifice and intrigue." He feared that this reflection might recall the memory of painful controversies. Read the following passage of his masterpiece, and see how Fenelon acknowledges the great qualities of Louis XIV., and how he endeavors to excuse those weaknesses which are the share of humanity. "Are you surprised that even the most estimable men are yet men, and that they show, amid the innumerable pitfalls of royalty, some remains of human weakness? It is true that Idomeneus has been brought up with ideas of ostentation and loftiness, but what philosopher could have defended himself from flattery, if he had been in the same situation? . . . People always wear masks before a king, and they adopt every artifice to deceive him. Certain persons criticise a sovereign most pitilessly, while they would prove much less capable of governing than he is, if they were called to the task; they would commit the same, and infinitely worse errors, if they possessed the same power. Kings must be pitied and excused. To speak frankly, men also, who are destined to be ruled by kings, are to be pitied, for these sovereigns are men like themselves, and only gods can take proper care of men. Although I have reproved Idomeneus for many things, he is naturally just, sincere, liberal, and kindly. His valor is unquestion-

able. He abhors deceit when he discovers it, and when he can follow the real dictates of his heart. All his talents are proportioned to his position."

This and many other passages are additions to "Telemachus," made by Fenelon after the original publication, and when he was supposed to be suffering from indignation at his treatment by the king. They were not published until both Louis and he had died. It would have been easy, since innumerable editions of "Telemachus" were being continually issued throughout Europe, for the author to have confounded the evil interpreters of his intentions in regard to the king, but a certain noble dignity prompted him to simply write, in the secrecy of his study, such additions as the above for the benefit of those who would survive both him and the king. Among these additions there is one which treats of the delicate question of the influence of temporal rulers in affairs of religion. "Idomeneus regretted the departure of Telemachus and Mentor, and thought only of finding some means of retarding it. He told Mentor that he could not settle, without his aid, a difficulty between Diophanes, a priest of Jupiter Preserver, and Heliodorus, a priest of Apollo. 'And why,' returned Mentor, 'do you meddle with sacred things? Leave such to the Etrurians, who preserve the traditions of the most ancient oracles, and are inspired to interpret the will of the gods. Use your authority only to end such disputes at their very birth. Show no partiality or prejudice, but be content to support the decision when it is rendered. Remember that a king should be submissive to religion, and should never undertake to regulate it. Religion comes from the gods, and is above the sphere of kings. If kings concern themselves with it, they do not protect it, but enslave it. Kings are so powerful, and other men so weak, that if the former were free to interfere with holy things, their whims would provoke great danger of change. Therefore leave this decision to the friends of the gods, and limit yourself to repressing those who may not bow to the judgment given.'"

We have said enough to show the absurdity of the charge that Fenelon intended, in "Telemachus," to satirize Louis XIV., and it may be asked, what idea did he wish to inculcate by this work? Ask the question of any convent girl of average mind, as she pores

for sake of the French, and listlessly perhaps, over its pages, and she will show you that, unused though she be to discern political motives, she has imbibed the notion that Fenelon intended to plead the cause of the people, addressing the minds and hearts of their rulers. And such was the object of the gentle archbishop of Cambray. Prostrated by the calamities entailed by the anarchical doctrines consequent on the religious innovations of the sixteenth century, the peoples had resigned themselves to such happiness as could be found under the shadow of strong and respected thrones. This was particularly the case in France, where the constantly seditious course of the Protestants had contributed more than anything else to increase and consolidate the royal power. To this power Fenelon addressed himself in favor of the people, associating the true glory of monarchs with the prosperity of their subjects. If, like every true royalist, he regarded the king as the image of the Deity, he wished the sovereign to be the father of his people. Such was the intention of Fenelon, and the existence of "Telemachus" was to remain a secret between him and the Duc de Burgogne, whom he hoped to see on the throne of France, a worthy son of St. Louis.

THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

J. ETHELBERT M. RALEY.

WHEN shadows fall across my soul
As twilight o'er the day,
And e'en the seasons' constant roll
Drives not the gloom away.
With thoughts full sad to see depart
The quickly speeding years,
I haste to Him whose Sacred Heart
Hath silenced all my fears.
Within His thrice-blest temple kneel,
Where all is darkest night,
Save where the myriad rays reveal
The trembling altar light.
For Christ, the Light, unceasingly
Shines through the gloom of sin;
His Heart will e'er our refuge be,
We need but enter in.

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

(Continued.)

ST. DOMINIC'S FIFTH VISIT TO ROME.

1219, 1220.

IT was in the month of November, 1219, that St. Dominic set out for Rome, taking with him as his companions the two brethren, William de Montferrat and Bonviso of Placentia. The first place to which he directed his steps was Florence, where he found the community under John of Salerno in a good state of discipline, and making fair progress in their apostolic labors. In these labors he took an active part, preaching daily in the city and effecting many conversions. Among these was the notable case of a woman named Benedicta, who had attained an unhappy notoriety not only from her irregular life, but from certain extraordinary visitations to which she was subject, and which were commonly attributed to possession. St. Dominic addressed himself to the task of recalling this soul into the way of salvation, and having brought her to true penance and the desire to repair her past scandals, he also, by means of his earnest prayers, delivered her from the vexations of the enemy. He exhorted her to continue faithful to grace, and to persevere in the recitation of the Holy Rosary, and many wonderful things are related of the assistance she received from our Blessed Lady, who is said to have appeared to her and shown her five lilies, on the leaves of which were inscribed those holy truths the meditation on which should preserve her in the path of virtue. This conversion became widely known, and was much talked of in the city; and while some recognized in it the power of God, others were not wanting who remained in doubt as to the sincerity of the penitent. Among these last was a priest, who in his misdirected zeal not only caused much annoyance and suffering to the poor woman, but freely expressed his contempt for the friars who supported her. Benedicta poured out her trouble to the holy Father, who, as usual, showed

no disturbance at what was said against him and his brethren. "Have patience, my daughter," he said, "the time will come when he who now speaks evil of you and of our Order, will see things in another light, and will himself wear the friar's habit," and this prophecy was verified a few years later, when the priest in question entered into the Order of Preachers.¹

As one of the saint's chief objects in undertaking his present journey was to see and confer with Pope Honorius on many important affairs, he travelled by way of Viterbo, at which city the Pope was then residing. Not only had he to make a report on the general condition of the Order of which he had recently made the visitation, but he desired to obtain the sanction of the Pontiff to an important step which he was now contemplating, with a view to its more perfect consolidation. This was the convoking of a General Chapter, in which should be drawn up such laws as seemed necessary for preserving uniformity of observance and unity of government in an Institute now fast spreading over the length and breadth of Christendom. Needless to say, he was well received by the holy Pontiff, who fully entered into all his plans, and granted him several Briefs, one of which, addressed to the prelates of Spain, recommending all the religious of the Order to their favor and protection, is dated as given at Viterbo, on the 15th of November, 1219. Three weeks later, that is to say, on the 8th of December, the Pope published a second Brief, addressed to the prelates of the Catholic world, in like manner affectionately recommending to them "the prior of the Order of Preachers and his religious, . . . whose ministry for souls, as we are well aware, becomes every day more necessary." In the absence of more precise dates (a luxury with which the historians of St. Dominic rarely indulge us), we may take those attached to the above Briefs as fixing the time of the saint's visit to Viterbo, though it seems certain that he returned here on more than one occasion.

His stay was unfortunately prolonged by an attack of illness,

¹ The story of the conversion of Benedicta is related by Constantine of Orvieto, and other ancient authors, and is considered as perfectly authentic. But a great number of marvels have been introduced into it by later writers to whom less credit is due; and these, therefore, have been omitted.

of which he had felt the first symptoms at Bergamo, and which returned in a severe form before he reached Rome. William of Montferrat speaks of this illness as being a grievous one, "yet he did not on that account break the fast, nor eat meat, nor take any extra pittance, unless it were sometimes a few apples or radishes." Neither did it induce him in any way to change his ordinary manner of travelling, which is graphically described by his other companion, Bonviso of Placentia. "When I travelled with him to Rome," he says, "whenever he left any town, or village, he used to walk barefoot, he himself carrying his shoes slung on his shoulders, for he would not suffer me to carry them, though I much wished to do so. Thus he would travel on until we came to the neighborhood of another town, when he would put his shoes on again before entering. Once in the same journey there came on great floods of rain, so that the rivers and streams were much swollen, but he, praising God, sang with a loud voice the *Ave Maris Stella* and the *Veni Creator*, being always joyful amid tribulations of this sort. And as he came to a certain river that was much swollen on account of the floods, the blessed Dominic made over it the sign of the Cross, and bade me, who was much afraid of water, to enter in without fear, which I did, trusting in the name of the Lord, and we passed over without danger."

So travelling, they reached Rome, and took up their quarters at Santa Sabina, which the saint had quitted rather more than a year previously. Here he rejoiced to find his two communities increased in the number of their subjects, and flourishing in all good discipline. To the nuns of St. Sixtus he brought a welcome gift—doubly welcome as a pledge of his fatherly affection and remembrance of them. "When the blessed Dominic returned from Spain," writes Sister Cecilia, "he brought the Sisters as a loving little gift, some spoons of cypress wood, for every Sister one. And one day, having finished his preaching and other works of charity, he came in the evening to the Sisters, that he might deliver to them these spoons from Spain." Amid all his fatigues and journeys, and with his mind preoccupied with weighty cares, he still had room enough in his heart to think of the pleasure and comfort of his beloved daughters, and these spoons, carried in

his little bundle over the hills of Spain and Italy, were doubtless treasured by them as precious relics.

During his stay in Rome, Dominic resumed the discharge of his duties as Master of the Sacred Palace, as well as his customary work of preaching. A great number of signal conversions are said to have been effected by him at this time, which by the historians of the Rosary are attributed to the spread of that devotion. One of these shall be given as reported by Flaminius, though its authenticity is not undisputed. There was in Rome a woman named Catherine, whose house was the resort of the most dissipated society in the city, and who lived in the habitual neglect of all religious duties. Hearing much, however, of the preaching of St. Dominic, she one day went to hear him out of curiosity, and even received one of the rosaries he was accustomed to distribute among his audience. This she kept about her, and began to recite the prayers, though for long years previously she had abandoned every practice of piety. One evening as she was returning homewards, she was accosted by a man of majestic appearance, who bade her hasten home to prepare supper, as he meant to be her guest. Catherine did as she was bid, and they sat down to table; but she was surprised to see that everything the stranger touched was *tinged with blood*. Thinking he had perhaps cut himself, she offered to bind up his wound; but he said, "I am not wounded, but do you not know that a Christian should eat no food that has not first been steeped in the blood of Christ?" "For God's sake," exclaimed Catherine, "tell me who you are, and what you require of me." Then she beheld his aspect change into that of a child of wonderful beauty, whose head was crowned with thorns, while bleeding wounds were to be seen in his hands and feet. Presently, as she looked at him, the figure changed again to that of a Man fastened to a Cross. The vision lasted but a minute, and in its place appeared the same form, but glorious and beautiful, and shedding forth rays of light. "Oh, wandering sheep!" he said, "return to the fold, for in what has been shown thee, thou hast seen the way of salvation." Catherine understood that in what she had beheld, there had been represented to her the Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary, the contemplation of

which should indeed lead her into the way of salvation. She sought out St. Dominic, and making to him a general confession of her whole life, entered under his direction on a course of penance, distributing all her goods to the poor, and living for the rest of her life in prayer and poverty. She is said to lie buried in the church of St. John Lateran. Another story is told in connection with the Rosary, though without anything to indicate the precise date to which it belongs. When the holy Father was preaching the devotion in Italy, a certain knight came to confession to him. To whom, when he had finished, the Blessed Dominic said, "My son, you have confessed your lesser sins, but have omitted those that are graver," and he told him what they were, for the Lord often thus revealed to him the secrets of hearts. Then the knight, full of wonder, said, "Those to whom we commonly confess do not thus instruct us; who will guide me Father, when you depart?" "I will leave you a teacher who will instruct you," replied the saint; "it shall be this rosary, on which you see five large beads, on each of which you will say an Our Father, and fifty smaller ones for the *Ave Marias*. Now these five larger beads are of different colors. The first, which is variegated, shall represent to you the various ways in which a man can sin against God, himself, or his neighbor, in thought, word, and deed; and the ten smaller beads that follow shall stand for the particular sins of which you yourself have been guilty. The second large bead by its pale color represents the pallor of death, and the ten smaller ones that follow shall remind you that all men must die. The third bead, which is the color of fire, is the figure of the wrath of the Eternal Judge against sinners, Who yet in His mercy delays to pronounce against them the sentence which they deserve; and the ten smaller ones shall warn you of the peril which they incur who delay their repentance. The red color of the fourth bead represents the torments of hell, on which meditate as you recite the ten beads that follow. And the fifth bead, which is the color of gold, shall speak to you of the joys of heaven, on which dwell one by one in your heart whilst reciting the ten smaller beads. This is the guide that I leave you—it will teach you how to live well, and how to escape from the wrath of God, if you diligently consider these things." The knight took the rosary, and care-

fully complied with the saint's directions. He continued for the rest of his life to recite it daily, and before he died, was permitted in a vision to see an angel, who for each angelic salutation that he pronounced, placed a stone in the hands of our Blessed Lady; and out of the hundred and fifty stones so collected there was raised an edifice of surpassing beauty, which represented to him the heavenly palace into which by his sincere repentance he should be admitted. This story, which is given by Malvenda, bears a certain resemblance to that before related of Benedicta, the penitent of Florence, to whom our Lady gave the five lilies whose leaves were inscribed with salutary instructions; but the authenticity of both may be considered as somewhat uncertain.

Castiglio and other writers assign to this fifth visit of the saint to Rome the narrative of several miracles wrought by him, as well as others in which the malice of the enemy appears, as manifested in various vexatious ways, having chiefly for their object the disturbance and discouragement of the nuns of St. Sixtus. There was also one of the brethren of Santa Sabina against whom his attacks were specially directed, he being distinguished both for his rare virtue and his indefatigable labors for the salvation of souls. This was Brother Rao, or Raoul, who had received the habit of religion from the hands of St. Dominic, together with Giacomo di Melle and Audio of Rome. Portraits of the two latter brethren may be seen represented over a door which leads into the garden, near to the spot where stands the famous orange-tree of St. Dominic. Many wonderful things are told both of the sanctity of Brother Raoul and the torments he endured from the malice of the infernal enemy, insomuch that there was not a part of his body that was not bruised and torn by the blows of the demons, who feared him as their mortal foe. They also sought to terrify him by frightful apparitions and terrible howlings. Raoul had a most tender devotion to the dead, and was accustomed to say that he feared nothing so much as dying before he had accomplished the suffrages for them to which he was bound. He was most dear to the blessed Dominic, whom he regarded with unbounded love and veneration, and he was one of those to whom was granted a revelation of his glory after death.

Not content with exterior annoyances such as those inflicted on Raoul, the evil spirit sought to injure the holy Father in another way, by dragging back to the world the children who were dearer to him than his own life. "There was in the convent of Santa Sabina," says Theodoric, "a young Roman citizen named James, who, overcome by a powerful temptation, had one night resolved to leave as soon as the church doors should be opened in the morning. The venerable Father knowing this by the Spirit of God, sought him out and warned him gently not to abandon the holy company to which he was joined, but the youth, turning a deaf ear to his words, stripped off his habit and declared himself determined to go. Then Dominic, touched with compassion, and understanding that he was under the influence of a violent temptation, spoke to him, saying, "My son, wait a little, and afterwards you will not act as you now purpose to do." Then, prostrating in prayer, he prayed to our Lord for the son whom he saw was about to perish. Before he had ended his prayer, the young man came and cast himself at his feet with tears, entreating him to restore to him the habit which he had cast off, and promising to remain faithful to God in the holy Order into which he had entered. The next day some of the brethren, going to St. Sixtus, related to the Sisters what had passed, and the holy Father was forced to admit the truth. "My daughters," he said, "the enemy of God sought to tear from me a little sheep, but the Lord delivered him out of his hands."

It was at this time, according to the most probable conjecture of historians, that the interview took place between Dominic and Francis, in the palace of Cardinal Ugolino, which the Franciscan writers give as occurring at Perugia, in the year 1219, but which is placed by St. Antoninus and Malvenda as occurring in this year, at Rome. After a spiritual conference of some duration, the Cardinal asked them whether they would agree to their disciples accepting ecclesiastical dignities. Dominic was the first to reply. He said that it was honor sufficient for his brethren to be called to defend the faith against heretics. The words of St. Francis were equally characteristic. "My children," he said, "would no longer be Friars-Minors if they became great; if you would have them bring forth fruit, leave them as they are."

Edified by their replies, Ugolino did not, however, abandon his own views: when he was elevated to the Papacy, he promoted a great number of both Orders to the Episcopate, as many as forty-two of whom were of the Order of Friars-Preachers..

The marked preference shown to St. Dominic and his children by Cardinal Ugolino was fully shared by Pope Honorius, as is proved by the renewed favors which he liberally poured out at this period in the shape of Briefs and privileges, one of which constituted Dominic the Superior or Master-General of the entire Order, an office he had hitherto only held by tacit consent, and which was doubtless formally given him at this time with a view to the assembling of the brethren in the General Chapter which was now in contemplation. In another decree, dated the 17th of December, His Holiness ratified in perpetuity the gift of the convent of St. Sixtus to the Order of St. Dominic, for hitherto, owing to the circumstances explained in a previous chapter, it had only been granted to the saint conditionally, pending the conclusion of the negotiations with the Gilbertines and the final resignation of their claims. Moreover, in various letters addressed to bishops and prelates, the Pope made known his high esteem for the friars and his sense of the immense good they were effecting wherever they were founded. "In these latter days," he says, writing to the Archbishop of Tarragona, "when the charity of many has grown cold, we verily believe that God has in His goodness raised up the Order of Friars-Preachers not only for the extirpation of heresy, but to combat in general whatever is opposed to His glory and the salvation of souls."

Cardinal James de Vitry, who lived and wrote in the time of St. Dominic, thus describes the Order, and his words are interesting and valuable as giving us the impression of a contemporary. "There is in the city of Bologna," he says, "a new Congregation of Canons-Regular, very agreeable to God and man, who serve God under one Superior, whom they obey with fervor, promptness, and humility. Delivered from all temporal cares and living solely on alms, and that only to such an amount as suffices each day for the necessities of a most frugal life, they imitate the poverty of Jesus Christ and despise all superfluities for His love. They sing the Canonical Office according to the Rule of St. Augustine.

They follow the studies of the university, and one of their number each day delivers to his brethren a lecture on the Holy Scriptures. What they have learnt and meditated they then preach to others, for according to the will of the Pope, and by his authority, they join to the life of Canons the duty of preachers."¹

Another very singular testimony to the esteem in which the founder of the Friars-Preachers was held, is to be found in a Brief addressed by Honorius to various religious of the Order of Vallombrosa, those of St. Victor, and others, giving them leave to quit their solitude and employ themselves in active labors for the salvation of souls, provided always that without laying aside the habit of their respective Orders, they place themselves under the direction of Brother Dominic and obey him in all things connected with the ministration of God's Word.²

The exact time spent by St. Dominic at Rome is uncertain, but it is probable that it was from thence that he despatched letters convoking the assembly of the first Chapter General of the Order, which was appointed to meet at Bologna on the feast of Pentecost, 1220, not four years from the date of the confirmation of the Order. Having therefore taken every measure in his power for the good government of the Roman communities, the saint set out some time early in the new year on his return to Bologna, that he might prepare all things for the reception of the brethren who were coming to take part in this important assembly.

Flaminius tell us that on his road he stopped at a certain place in the diocese of Orvieto, called St. Christina, where there lived a gentleman whose custom it was to give hospitality to any of the friars who passed that way. He accordingly entertained St. Dominic with much joy, and showed him every kindness, and his charity met with its reward. For a terrible tempest visiting that part of the country soon afterwards, the fields and vineyards all around were completely laid waste by the hail, and their fruits entirely destroyed, the lands of this gentleman alone escaping: a favor he did not hesitate to ascribe to the blessing of Heaven

¹ Jac. Vit. *Hist. Occid.* c. 17, ap. Echard, t. i., p. 24.

² Bull. Ord. FF. Præd. t. i., p. 10.

which had been bestowed on him for the hospitality shown to the servant of God.

Thus passing on he arrived at Bologna, where it is probable that the first news which greeted him on his arrival was that of the death of Reginald of Orleans, which took place in the February of 1220; but the sorrow of this bereavement, deep as it must have been, has left no traces on the page of history.

(To be continued.)

“HOME AT LAST.”

[AN IRISH GIRL'S TALE.]

BY LAURA GREY.

CHAPTER I.

It is a holy spot to be buried in—that old Dominican Abbey which skirts the River Nore, where it rushes through the City of Kilkenny, Ireland.

Close by the tower the grey ruins of its twin sister, St. Francis' Abbey, both founded by two illustrious brothers, the Earls of Pembroke. One, Richard Marshal, lies with his corselet pierced by traitors' hands, beside the bubbling spring which waters the Franciscan graveyard, whilst the other, William, rests with mailed arms crossed, under the present abode of the Dominican friars of the “Black Abbey.”

“It is a holy spot to be buried in,” repeated Mary Maher, whilst she pursued her voyage of discovery amongst the tombs. When shall I revisit you, sweet City by the Nore, and hear the mighty bell booming across your pleasant waters? Who can tell?”

“Who can tell?” “Only God,” was the reply, and turning round she perceived the venerable Prior of the Black Abbey, who, like herself, was taking an evening stroll.

“Are you really going to leave us to-morrow?” he asked kindly.

It was only too true. This was Mary Maher's last evening amongst the haunts of her youth, and this was the last time she would again gaze for many a year on the hoary outlines of the Abbey against an Irish sky.

She was to start for Queenstown early next morning en route for New York, in one of those monsters of the deep—an emigrant ship, which lay awaiting its prey in the Cove of Cork.

She was leaving behind a mother and two young sisters. Three years previously her father had thrown aside his spade, declaring he would never turn another sod in hapless Ireland, and now that he had become comparatively rich, he had sent for his eldest daughter, who resembled him in her love of roving.

Thus it was that the old priest addressed to her his question: "Are you really going to leave us to-morrow?"

He had heard, in common with others, of her intended emigration, and he embraced the opportunity of giving her advice on her future life. In his younger days Fr. Patrick had shouldered a knapsack and crossed the Rocky Mountains in quest of booty, but when a graver mood stole upon him, he flung aside such allurements, and entered the Order of St. Dominic. Thus we find him pacing to and fro in the gloaming, instructing the young girl in her coming duties.

She had known him from her youth, and had grown up under the shadow of the venerable Dominican pile, regarding the white habit and black mantle as heavenly badges. Not that Mary Maher was religious. It was true she was fervent by fits and starts, but her character was one essentially wilful. Obstinacy formed her leading trait, and priest and parent might entreat and threaten in vain if her will jarred with theirs.

The Father gave her his blessing, and impressed on her not to forget her mother and sisters in her new home. Then taking a crucifix from his belt, he made the sign of the cross over her head.

"When tempted," he said, "recollect this sorrowful face and outstretched hands on the hard tree of the cross. This crucifix has accompanied me in all my travels, and has a special blessing attached to it for wayfarers."

Mary took the sacred symbol reverently in her hands and examined it. The figure of Our Lord was exquisitely carved in ivory, and the cross was of cedar wood. After many years she saw it again. She was then no longer the simple Irish maiden who craved a blessing at the Dominican Father's feet.

CHAPTER II.

On Mary Maher's arrival in New York she found no difficulty in securing a situation. Her father was employed in laying iron tracks for the cars, which overran the city, and therefore was a protection for his daughter. In the eyes of the world it was prudent to have a parent for a guardian, but there the boon ceased. Tom Maher was unreliable, and given to drink, and Mary derived but scant advantage from living near him.

The monotonous duties of indoor servant soon disgusted her, and after the lapse of three months we find her in one of those giant warehouses that line the thoroughfares in New York.

She wrote home and sent money, and said her morning and evening prayers regularly. Thus, so far, Father Patrick rested satisfied with his restless protégé, and penned a letter of encouragement for her in her new sphere.

An ominous silence followed.

The priest trembled for her perseverance, but did not despair. At last came a letter enclosing six pounds, and saying she was leaving New York, and going south. Further particulars she did not impart, but added if letters were directed to a certain Madame Lehon in the city, they would reach her. This shred of information reached Father Patrick at an opportune moment, when he found himself obliged to make an appeal in favor of Mary Maher's mother. To the husband he had applied in vain, and now he told the pitiful tale to the daughter with the like result.

Father Patrick had leaned on broken reeds.

From Tom Maher he expected little, but he trusted in Mary to prove true in the hour of need. In both he had been disappointed.

Death is a swift courier. Nothing blunts the point of his shaft, once his victim is marked for destruction. Mrs. Maher died after some months, of rapid consumption, and Father Patrick's heart bled when he heard the grating door of the work-house close behind the motherless children. There was no help for it. Again he wrote, and blank silence ensued as before.

Three years passed away without any clue of the wanderer. At length one morning brought a newspaper containing a minute ac-

count of a stage piece lately put on the boards by Madame Lehon, owner and conductress of the world-wide burlesque company, known as "The Mermaids." The principal rôle was played by the celebrated Irish actress, Madmoiselle Mehere, and under this thin disguise Father Patrick recognized his former pupil.

Advanced as he was in years, and inured to the phantasies of the world, he was unprepared for this revelation. Duty had ever been his watchword, and in the present crisis he was not going to lower his standard. His decision was speedily taken.

He despatched another letter to Mary Maher, representing the forlorn condition of her sisters. An anxious interval followed. Day by day he saw the pinched faces of the children grow sharper and paler, and an idea seized him.

He got photographs taken of them in the pauper garb, and despatched them to America.

The bait took.

In reply came a money-order for £30, coupled with a promise that this sum should be annually paid, and requesting that for the future all further demands should cease.

"That depends how the agreement is kept," said Father Patrick, folding up the welcome donation, and hurrying off to the work-house to arrange for the removal of the children.

CHAPTER III.

Parting day was flickering round the grey buttresses of the "Black Abbey," Kilkenny, when a lady dressed in all the vagaries of fashion wended her way through the graveyard surrounding the ancient pile.

Eagerly she scanned the head-stones one by one, and then, seating herself on the lid of a granite coffin, sighed. William Marshall, "the younger," Earl of Pembroke, founded this home for the Dominican Order in the year 1225.

Here he lies, a stone's throw removed from his brother Richard, founder of the Franciscan Abbey. Both sleep under the consecrated sod of the monastic institutions they had raised to God's honor, and their neighbor's edification. On the coffin-lid of some mailed follower of the doughty Earl, Mary Maher rested.

She had not attained the object of her search—a grave, and the

gathering shades of evening warned her that the darkness of night was about to fall.

She was returning by the same route she came by, when in the waning light she perceived the gleam of a white habit. It was Father Dominic who approached,—the newly-elected Prior of the "Black Abbey."

She paused to frame her question, and then in a high pitch enquired:

"Who is the head boss in yonder stack of buildings?" pointing to the gabled ends and gargoyles grinning through the ivied screen that concealed the Abbey.

"If you mean the Superior," replied the priest quietly, "I am he."

Subdued by the reproof conveyed so pointedly, and yet so gently, she acquainted him with her mission. It was to find the last resting-place of her mother, one Honoria Maher, who had died in the city some years previously.

"I am a stranger," continued Father Dominic, "but in the Abbey is an aged Father who knows every grave, though he is blind. I shall ask him, if you kindly wait."

They were not kept long in suspense. Advancing towards them with the help of a stick came Father Patrick. Father Dominic told him of the lady's request, and disappeared to finish his office.

Left alone with her companion, Mary Maher (for it was she) repeated her enquiry about the grave. Her voice trembled when she put the question, because she had recognized Father Patrick.

To those favored souls hemmed in by the cloister from the turmoil of the world, the lapse of ten years makes but slight havoc in their outward appearance, and the old Dominican Father proved no exception to this rule.

He was yet hale and strong, though his hair was bleached with the snows of seventy winters.

Father Patrick was unaware that his companion was Mary Maher. Even if eyesight had remained to him, it would have been difficult to reconcile in the powdered and painted dame who accompanied him, the fresh Irish face he had looked on a decade of years before.

Coming to a cluster of green mounds, he pointed with his stick.

"Under the middle sod rests Honoria Maher," he said, turning his sightless eye-balls on his companion. "Perhaps you are a relation of hers. Something in your tone of voice recalls her."

"Yes," was all Mary could command in reply.

The hesitating manner was not lost on the old priest.

"Your accent tells me that you come from America," he continued. If you have lived in New York, perhaps you have met a girl from this city,—Mary Maher, who left Ireland ten years ago. This is her mother's grave."

He ceased speaking. Mary walked away, and he could hear the rattle of her parasol against the railings as she passed along.

"Are you a Catholic, child?" he asked; "if so you will like to see our church."

Concluding that the dangerous topic had died out, she answered in the affirmative, and they passed under the ancient gothic portals.

Advancing towards the altar, he knelt down, whilst she remained standing, gazing at the carved windows and chiselled pillars, once so familiar to her.

Suddenly an object arrested her attention.

Far up the wall, between the lace-like windows of the Black Abbey, reposes the wonderful Group of the Trinity, carved by a master-hand six centuries ago, and before this quaint representation a lamp burnt in a niche.

Lower down hung a crucifix, and Mary Maher recognized in the delicately-cut features on the cross, the same with which Father Patrick had signed her ten years before.

That last evening in the grave-yard flashed before her mind, and the sentiment she had then uttered. "It is a holy place to be buried in, this old Dominican Abbey."

In her present state of feeling she did not wish to be buried anywhere; and death held nothing but terror for one whose life was spent in a whirl of wild excitement.

However, she approached nearer the beacon, and gazed up at the niche. Underneath the crucifix she read the words:

"A Prayer for the Wanderer's Return."

Unpleasant memories were thronging her mind and tears gathering in her eyes, and she felt relieved that no one witnessed

them. The aged priest still remained absorbed in prayer, his face turned towards the flickering lamp, though he could not see its light. A few moments more and he rose. They walked on in silence,—the actress and the Dominican friar.

Standing before the monastery door the latter extended his hand to bid good-evening.

Mary Maher's object in visiting the grave-yard had been to erect a monument to her mother's memory, and now that she was on the eve of departing for America, she lacked courage to reveal herself. She feared Father Patrick would recognize her, and sift the secrets of the past.

Striving to nerve herself, she said in a forced voice: "I am starting for Queenstown to-morrow, Father, and before I leave I am anxious to ascertain the cost of a monument over Honoria Maher's grave."

"Are you a relative of hers?" asked the priest.

It was beginning to dawn upon him who his companion might be, and with a practised hand he determined the confession should come from the girl's own lips.

"I am her daughter," answered Mary in so low a voice that he drew near to catch the faint accents.

He heard them, and he raised the latch of the door without a reply. Instinctively she followed him. Through a winding corridor they passed into the reception-room of the Abbey. A lay-brother entered, laid a lamp on the table, and disappeared. Then the floodgates of Mary Maher's soul were opened, and she poured forth the tale of her checkered career into the ear of the priest.

It had been ten years since she left Ireland, and seven years since she had joined Madame Lehon's troupe. Whilst there she formed an attachment to an actor of the same company, and the marriage-day was named. Her father in the meantime had become importunate in his demands for money, and his intemperate habits reflected disgrace on his daughter. Lying in ambush one dark night, he surprised her lover, and in the heat of passion the young man slew him. The actor fled for his life, was captured, and met his death on the gallows.

Such had been Mary Maher's history. The fate of her fiancé

had made a deep impression on her excitable temperament, and she was ordered change of scene to Europe.

Thus it was at the close of a six months' tour, we meet her, having wandered through the continent, and taken Ireland in at the finish. She had amassed a modest fortune, and when Father Patrick asked her to increase her donation towards her orphan sisters, she opened her purse and drew from it a check for £100.

"I shall give you more, Father," she said, "when I return next fall, because I always thought this Abbey grave-yard was a hallowed spot to be buried in, and I don't think I shall last much longer. When I return to America I am to undergo an operation for cancer."

"It matters little where our bones lie," continued the priest "provided our souls are prepared to meet God, and the life of an actress is one exposed to many dangers. Remain at home, my child. It is now five years since I first lit that lamp in the Abbey church before the crucifix, craving a prayer for the wanderer's return. I have prayed daily for that hour, and thank God, I have lived to see it. If you *must* leave, then make a general confession of your whole life. With the fell disease of cancer threatening you, it is madness to hazard your salvation."

Mary's sobs were the only response to this appeal. To the priest's ears it sounded as sweetest music. The wail of one who had wandered through sinful byways, and scorched by the world, and the devil was dragging her weary steps homewards!

She explained to Father Patrick how she had entered into a year's engagement in the United States, and was bound to return. If the operation proved successful she was to appear that day three months on the stage in New York.

He ceased to urge her to postpone her voyage. It was clear to him that if life remained to Mary Maher she was bent on returning to Ireland, but pending this he insisted on her making a general confession of her sins.

The lamp burnt low, and the wick licked up the last drop of oil, and still the stream of sin and sorrow continued to pour into the sympathizing ear of the priest.

Then the penitent stood erect, and looked into the calm, cold moonlight, and saw the silver beams playing on her mother's

grave. The placid scene was a fit picture of her own soul at that minute. The galling yoke had been lifted off, and she felt as cheery as the skylark rising into the morning clouds.

She kissed the hem of Father Patrick's habit in gratitude, and sallied out into the night air.

The old man's heart was overjoyed. His prayer had been heard. The Blessed Mother had answered his daily Rosary. The wanderer had returned.

"Good-night, and God bless you," were his parting words, and Mary Maher hurried up the narrow street, and bent her steps towards the principal hotel in the "Faire Cityê."

CONCLUSION.

Six months after her meeting with Father Patrick the wanderer returned home to die.

The best medical advice which New York could offer was procured, but all in vain.

The cancer was momentarily arrested, but not exterminated, and the doctors agreed the patient's case was hopeless.

Feeling her strength declining, she was siezed with a burning desire to see her old friend once again.

Her wish was granted. She made a second pilgrimage to Ireland, took lodgings close to the Black Abbey, and whilst energy remained paid a visit to Father Patrick each day, and underwent a preparation for death.

At times the devil sought to undermine her courage by exhuming dreary memories of the past. Then she would open her mind to her saintly director, and the temptation vanished.

Her disease belonged to the painless branch of cancer.

Painless, we term it, when compared with the more virulent kind, but the word is only used in a comparative sense.

Restless nights, days burdened with lassitude, are its accompanying symptoms, and seizures of pain at intervals.

When Mary Maher became too weak to visit the Abbey, Father Patrick attended her daily. Her beads, neglected during her wanderings, were a constant companion. He soothed her last moments with his paternal presence, and when the momentous hour of death hovered above its victim, the sting had been extracted from

the dread visitor. At her desire her sisters were present at the closing scene. She appointed Father Patrick their guardian, and left an ample sum of money for their maintenance.

A few nights before her decease she asked for the crucifix that hung in the church.

"You may take it down, Father," she said; "its mission has been achieved. The wanderer has returned, and is home at last. Lay me down beside my mother in the old Dominican Abbey, for it is a holy spot to be buried in."

And her request was granted.

THE END.

"OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE."

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

INTO the fields at eventide, I bore my heavy heart;
From anxious love's all-kindly eyes, I went to grieve apart;
My sorrow darkened noon and night, my days were filled with pain;
The singing of the brook was sad as leaden falling rain.

The golden dust of sunset rays streamed level on the grass;
The bramble blossoms, white and wet, dropped in the narrow pass;
A rounded slope of green hillside beyond the orchard rose:—
So still, so sweet the waning day that breathed but of repose!

I looked into the northern sky's vast depths of azure calm:
Eastward, I saw the placid moon float up through mists of balm;
In the far southern heavens pulsed a star of purest light,
And westward, every glorious flame burned slowly into night.

With folded hands, I stood before the loveliness of earth,
And in my soul, too sad for prayer, a strange, deep peace had birth.
Home from the fields at eventide, I came with glowing heart,
For Love Divine had met me there, and set my grief apart.

A PAGE TORN FROM LIFE.

BY JEROME TRANT.

III.

A WEEK passed away and found me no nearer the solution of the problem which I had set myself to solve. Chudleigh, however, seemed changed for the better; now and again it is true he abandoned our quiet sitting-room for the card-tables, but on the whole became less restless and brighter during the day; he appeared to find pleasure in my society, and together we took long walks along the cliffs and up the hills to Saint Adresse, which is a pretty suburb overhanging the larger town. Father Bernard accompanied us as often as his ever-increasing delicacy permitted, and enlivened our rambles by his cheery talk and quaint reflections. The inmates of the monastery where he was staying soon grew to know our figures, toiling up the ascent on which it was built; his simple cell became our "*rendezvous*" whenever he felt too fatigued to come down to the hotel, and many conversations held therein have come back to my memory since with painful distinctness. One evening in particular stands out in vivid relief against the background of the past. It was the hour of sunset; as far as the eye could reach lay stretched the heaving waves of the Atlantic Ocean, now gilded, now reddened, by the rays of the declining monarch who was about to plunge into a sea of gold. We were sitting at the open window enjoying the evening breeze, and listening to the strains of the hotel band which was playing on the cliff beneath; the sound of the "*Auf Wiedersehen*" waltz mingled with the soft wish-wash of the waves as they broke on the glistening sands, while the drowsy hum of voices reached us as from a distance. Father Bernard had risen from his seat, and leaned against the balcony, his eyes resting absently on the gay scene below.

"Until we meet again," sighed the music, as the long, wailing notes quivered on the air;—ah! yes, until we meet again! even to me, care-worn man of the world, the sad melody was speaking soft and low in language understood by my heart alone. Who can tell what the low refrain was whispering to the crowd beneath or

to those who stood at my side? What memories it was stirring! What dead it was summoning unto life! How little after all we know of our fellow-men, of those nearest and dearest to our souls! "Who can read the heart of man?" asks the inspired writer; ay! who? save God alone. A faint, but quickly-repressed sigh close beside me, roused me from my brown study; the young Dominican's face struck me as unusually pale as he turned towards me, saying:

"Music has a weird charm, but at times it is very painful; it searches one's very soul and seems to speak in tones of veiled sorrow.

"And yet you are fond of it," interrupted Chudleigh suddenly, with a quick glance at the speaker.

"Yes! and perhaps for that very reason most of us seem to take strange pleasure in turning the sword within our wounds; we know that a certain meeting will pain us, and yet we seek it; that a certain book will bring back painful memories, and yet we read it; we cannot explain it, yet it is so."

"And it were better so!" exclaimed Chudleigh, with the harsh look in his eyes which I had learnt to know and dread. "Why not have the courage to taste the fennel floating in the cup of life? We are doomed to misery from the cradle to the grave. Why not therefore learn to savor our bitterness, and welcome our pains?"

"Nay, Pius," answered the priest gently, "you mistake the true reading of life; we all must bear our burdens and must grow familiar with the disappointments and weariness brought by each rising sun, but we must not allow a spirit of repining to cast its shadow across the threshold, still less to greet troubles defiantly; besides, we are never tried beyond our strength; the God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will never allow too cold a blast to cut our lives in twain."

"That's all very well for you, Bernard," said Chudleigh, hurriedly; "you have passed almost all your youth within the shelter of a cloister; how can you know what kind of dead-sea fruit the world offers its votaries? what temptations beset our path from the very gates of our colleges? what meannesses, what littlenesses, what jealousies encompass our onward road? ay! and what stabs we receive from those whom we deemed our friends?"

The young friar paused for a moment before replying to this passionate speech, as if seeking some balm to pour on the hot and weary heart which had prompted it; he flushed slightly as he said in a low tone:

"The fact of my having passed many years of my short life within monastic walls, does not justify your reasoning about my incapability to understand the trials to which people in the world are exposed. You are a man with passions and feelings: so am I; you can be fiercely tempted: so can I; you are exposed to disappointments and contradictions: and am not I? When you were young you hurried forth to meet life with hopes and fears which time has swept away remorselessly; how can you tell what dreams I have buried in the past, or what illusions I have seen vanish as mist before the sun? Ah! no," he added, gently placing his hand on the other's shoulder, "none of us can say that he is burdened with too heavy a care, or weighed down by trials unknown to the rest of men. We all must accept what God sees fit to send, and endeavor to bear up bravely to the end. I am a little tired," he added, smilingly, as the evening bell rang for Compline, and gave the signal for our departure.

That night Chudleigh seemed peculiarly restless. We were smoking as usual after dinner, when I became aware that something unusual had disturbed the afternoon's peaceful influence; he kept roaming about the room, then took up a book, flung it down for a newspaper, and finally abandoned everything to come over to where I sat in the balcony. I had an instinctive feeling that he was going to confide in me at last, and threw away my cigar with a gesture of pleasure. At first he spoke on indifferent topics, then expressed his fears about Father Bernard's health, and finally mentioned the subject which was uppermost in my mind:

"I know you think I am going to the devil," he began abruptly; then, as if in answer to my deprecatory gesture, he went on: "Don't deny it, for it is true, and I will tell you why: Bernard showed you a miniature, did he not? Yes! Well the original of that painting is at the bottom of all my misery. After I left college I travelled on the continent for several years. Any religious ideas which I might have possessed, (mark you, I say might have)

soon grew misty and indistinct, and finally disappeared altogether to give place to complete indifference, if not unbelief; the society, which I frequented was courteous and polished, eminently refined and enlightened in the *fin de siècle* sense of the word, but utterly demoralized and incredulous. In its midst I learned finally to scoff politely at all creeds, and looked down with supreme contempt at the ignorant multitude who still called God the Creator of the world, and had not yet forgotten the road to the Church. In these dispositions I went to Rome, not, as you may imagine, for the sake of its religious souvenirs, but to assist at some excavations which a friend of mine was experimenting with scientific interest. He was a great favorite in Roman society, and introduced me to all the best houses then open. One night we went to a ball at the Palais Borghése, and there he presented me to Lady Hamilton and her lovely daughter, who had just made her *début* in the fashionable world. I will spare you unnecessary explanations and tell you simply that, from the day I met Irene I determined that no other man would ever be her husband. Her mother approved of my pretensions and soon sanctioned our engagement, which was made known to but a few intimate friends. Whether my promised bride ever cared really for me, I know not; she appeared to love me, and I was satisfied. About a month after we had settled our future, I had that miniature executed, and the artist, strange to say, was a young Dominican residing at San Clemente, the very monastery where I met Bernard, later on. One day, about a fortnight before our departure for England, where our marriage was to take place, Irene asked me about my religious views. Lady Hamilton, who did not appear over-burdened with scrupulosity on this score, had never inquired about them, and naturally I had not been in a hurry to enlighten her; my fiancé's question therefore placed me in a most awkward predicament. I would not tell a lie and pretend to sentiments which I held in ridicule, but at the same time I felt most reluctant to shock or wound her religious prejudices by avoiding a truth which could not but make a bad impression. Accordingly, I endeavored to parry her inquiries, saying that I would always respect my wife's convictions, without, however, feeling myself bound to share them. This view of the matter evi-

dently did not satisfy her conscience, for she summoned me on my honor to tell her the whole truth. What could I do? I had to acknowledge my utter scepticism concerning all religions, but endeavored to convince her that this unbelief would never affect our lives in any way. All my arguments were in vain; drawing the ring I had given her from her finger, she declared our engagement at an end, saying that she would never entrust her worldly happiness within the hands of a man who did not believe in the existence of a God, and who did not hope for a better life beyond the grave. I do not mean to imply any unkindness in her way of expressing her determination, but I must confess the cool manner in which she signified my dismissal from her side, did not tend to force my admiration for the religion in whose name she acted; the Christ whose doctrine she professed had, methinks, more charity in His dealings with unbelievers! However, that is a point which we need not discuss at present. Suffice it to say that I left Rome a more hardened infidel than I had entered it. Six months later I met Irene and her mother again in London; it was by chance, for you may imagine I was in no hurry to re-open my still smarting wound by intercourse with her who had dealt it. Lady Hamilton was sympathetic in her worldly kind of way, and endeavored to bring us once more together, but without result. It is true that I was fool enough to singe my wings a second time, and actually bent my pride to ask Irene if she could not learn to overlook the obstacle which had parted us; I even offered to read anything she imagined suited to my peculiar ideas, or to listen to any arguments which she thought might mitigate my views. Idiot that I was! she heard all I had to say in favor of my fruitless suit, and then calmly told me that her choice had fallen on another since our last meeting, and that she intended to inform her mother of it that day. I was like a madman, and frightened her, I believe, by my wild sayings, but her well-bred indifference and icy manner at last threw water on the inward fire which consumed *me*, without moving *her*. I left England immediately, without even seeking to know my rival's name, and wandered about on the continent in an aimless and listless manner, which soon fatigued without curing me. With that strange hankering after painful impressions of which Bernard

spoke this afternoon, I turned my steps toward Rome and tortured myself each day by revisiting all the places where she and I had wandered together—picture-galleries, churches, and museums; each and all spoke to me of *her*, and in each of them I sought for consolation which never came. One afternoon I wandered up to San Clemente and asked to see the Dominican to whose brush I owed Irene's picture. He had left for Ireland, they told me, but was expected back at the end of the year. Would I like to see his cousin, Father Bernard Glynn? I said yes, without knowing why, half intending to leave some message with the latter concerning another painting of my precious miniature. He came down in a few moments, and introduced himself with such a winning manner that involuntarily I prolonged the conversation. He struck me as remarkably well-informed, and was able to give me so much valuable information about old parchments, in which I was interested, that my preconceived opinion concerning the ignorance of monks in general received a decided check. When I left him, it was with the promise to return, and the following week saw the fulfilment of my word. We became friends (that is, as far as such a bond may exist between a follower of the Cross and a partisan of the world), and I found myself gradually drawn to confide to him my trouble and anguish of mind. When I mentioned Irene's name I noticed him becoming very pale, and wondered at the cause.

"'Miss Hamilton was married three weeks ago,' he remarked briefly. I felt stunned for the moment, although I knew that sooner or later I must have heard the news, but I had put the evil moment far off, and had even refused myself the painful satisfaction of seeing her name amongst the "Fashionable Intelligence." 'Married,' I exclaimed, almost roughly; 'and to whom?' 'To my brother, Reginald Glynn,' was the unexpected reply. I do not remember what ensued, for it appears that I fainted away like a weak woman; the truth was that my health was seriously affected by the events of the past year, and my wild journeyings over the continent had not tended to restore my shattered strength. A violent fever fastened on me that evening, and for five weeks I hovered between life and death. At last, my youth and naturally iron constitution prevailed over the disease, and I woke one morn-

ing as weak as an infant, but perfectly conscious. I found Bernard sitting beside my bed, which it appears he had hardly left since the hour I had been struck down. A brief explanation of matters had sufficed to procure him the necessary leave from his superiors to nurse me through my illness, and to this ungrateful and fatiguing task he had devoted all his time and care. You can understand now, perhaps, how such a reprobate as myself comes to be associated with a man of Bernard's calling and character."

Chudleigh had reached this part of his history, when the chiming of midnight from a neighboring church-tower brought him to his feet, exclaiming:

"I really am ashamed to have kept you so long, we must leave the rest for to-morrow."

"Where shall we meet, and when?" I enquired eagerly, for I was really anxious to hear the end.

"At four o'clock, in Bernard's cell; I would like him to hear the rest," he replied with a weary kind of smile, which passed, leaving his face graver and more worn looking than before.

(To be continued.)

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

MARY M. MELINE.

II.

THE affairs of the Netherlands having been settled, at least temporarily, Philip was enabled to visit Spain, embarking at Flushing on Sept. 5th, 1559. As soon as possible after his arrival at Valladolid, he arranged to make the acquaintance of his brother. Quixada was directed to bring the youth on St. Luke's day to the convent of San Pedro de la Espina, in his ordinary dress. This convent was about a league from Villagarcia, and to it the king came with a hunting party. Quixada summoned his vassals to join the royal sport, and before her foster-child took leave of Doña Magdalena, she was formally informed of what had for some time been an open secret to her. Then Jerome and his guardian mounted and rode away. Presently the usual sounds proclaimed the approach of the royal hunting-party, but in ad-

vance came a groom leading a very handsome horse. Quixada now dismounted, telling Jerome to do the same, when the groom knelt and asked to be allowed to kiss the latter's hand, saying: "You will soon learn from the king why I do this." Jerome hesitated; but finally extended his hand. Then Quixada told him to mount the new horse:

"Since you will have it so," said the boy, gaily, to his old friend, "you will have to hold the stirrup."

They rode onward towards the rocky pass of Torozos. Here a group of cavaliers came in sight, and immediately one of them, a short, spare man in black, with pale face and sandy, pointed beard, spurred his horse in advance, while the rest stood still. Once more Quixada dismounted and lifted Jerome from the saddle. The king was waiting a few paces off, and, reaching his side, Don Luis bade his companion kneel down and kiss his majesty's hand. As the youth obeyed he found bending above him a face that must have reminded him of the Recluse of Yust.

"Do you know, youngster," asked the king, "who your father was?"

The boy was silent, but Philip, dismounting, embraced him most affectionately, saying: "Charles V., my lord and father, was also yours. You could not have had a more illustrious sire, and I am bound to acknowledge you as my brother."

He then turned to the gentlemen of his suite and said:

"Know and honor this youth as the natural son of the emperor, and as brother to the king."

At these words a shout went up from all present, lords and peasants. Jerome, at Philip's request, remounted his horse and received the salutations and felicitations of the nobles. The real object of the hunting-party being accomplished, they all returned to Valladolid, the king saying that he had never before captured game which gave him so much pleasure. Jerome entered the capital, riding at his brother's side, amid the exclamations of the multitude. From this time the name Jerome was dropped, and the boy's style became—DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

The king had already prepared a house for his brother, in which he at once took up his residence. His household was arranged according to the Burgundian form established in the Spanish

court from the time of Philip the Handsome, the first of the Austrian kings. Luis Quixada, as ayo or tutor, held, of course, the first place. Besides, there was a chamberlin and vice-chamberlin, a steward, secretary, captain of the guard, also three gentlemen, and two grooms of the chamber. In attendance, service, and privileges, Don John was treated like an Infant of Castile, except as regards the style and title, and a few points of precedence. He was addressed as Excellency instead of Royal Highness; the right of lodging in the royal palace was not accorded him, nor was he permitted to sit within the curtain of the royal tribune in the chapel-royal. All this, without a word from the royal boy, in the mass of data for his life, as to his feelings regarding this stupendous change from shooting sparrows with his peasant playfellows in the Leganes meadows, to association with the king and princesses—the service from men of noble birth, with all the ceremonious etiquette of the Spanish court.

On the 23d of February the states of Castile met at Toledo to take the oath of allegiance to Don Carlos as heir to the crown. This important feudal ceremony was performed in the magnificent cathedral, in the space between the high altar and the choir,—the splendor of silken and velvet hangings about the buildings, the superb costumes of the nobles, the vestments of the clergy, adding to the scenic effect. Down from the rock-build Alcazar, through the steep and picturesque streets the procession wound up to the metropolitan church, and many marvelled at the contrasts between the figure and mien of Don Carlos and the splendor that surrounded him. For the Don Carlos of real life and history was a far different character from the hero of Schiller and Afere. He had unquestionably a taint of the insanity of the unhappy Joana, his great grandmother, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. He was short of stature, and if not hump-backed, had uneven shoulders; one leg was longer than the other, and his face was thin and wan from the intermittent fever to which for years he had been subject. On this occasion he wore a suit of cloth-of-gold, embroidered with silver, and glittering with gems, and rode a white charger. Beside him on his left, rode his uncle, Don John of Austria, two years his senior, dressed in crimson velvet, enriched with gold, his blooming cheek, gallant bearing, and

graceful horsemanship making more obvious the want of these advantages in the heir-apparent. In the Cathedral Carlos was seated between his father and his aunt, the Princess of Brazil. Don John occupied a lower place outside the canopy, between the throne and the seats of the ambassadors. After the princess had taken the oath, the crier summoned "the most illustrious Don John of Austria, natural son of the emperor king." After taking the oath Don John knelt before his nephew and kissed his hand. The proceedings closed with an oath taken by Don Carlos to respect and maintain the laws and privileges of the kingdom and the Catholic faith, and this oath was received by Don John of Austria as the official representative of the nation. Early in November, 1561, the latter, then in his sixteenth year, was sent with his nephews, Don Carlos and Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, to complete his education at the University of Alcalá. During his two years of student life Don John devoted more time to perfecting himself in the use of his fowling-piece and the management of his horse, than in acquiring knowledge from books. And while the youth was preparing himself for a career of arms, his brother, the king, was, with a very liberal interpretation of their father's wish to place him in the Church, endeavoring to carry it out. Philip asked the Pope to grant his brother a Cardinal's hat, and was promised that the matter would be taken into consideration.

Meantime, on the 18th of May, 1565, the famous siege of Malta by the Turks was begun. Don John's request to join the squadron fitting out at Barcelona to be sent to the assistance of the island being refused by the king, the former did what many a high-spirited boy has done before and since, he ran away! But before he reached his destination he was prostrated by tertian fever, and the fleet sailed without him. The king on his return to court readily forgave his insubordination, and the queen laughingly asked him whether he found the Turks good fighters? The boy, however, had done enough to show the bent and strength of his will, and nothing more was said of a Cardinal's hat.

In the winter of 1567-8 the king appointed Don John to the office of Admiral of the Fleet, or "General of the Sea." We may imagine our hero's joy at thus obtaining the fitting career for his

ambition. He had already been invested with the insignia of the Golden Fleece. In the limits of this paper there is no opportunity of following Don John through the first campaigns which convinced the king that he had made no mistake in his choice of an admiral, or in the second commission given him to subdue the rebellion of the Moors, in which short warfare Quixada received his mortal wound.

Don John left Granada for Madrid on the last day of November, 1570, summoned by his brother. It had been decided by the king, the Pope, and the Republic of Venice, the chief members of the holy league lately formed by the Pope for the defence of Christendom, to put him in command of the naval and military expedition to be sent against the Turks. The power of the Porte had reached such a height as to threaten all Europe, and not only in a political sense, but also in a religious one, for as all know, wherever the Moslem conquered, the cross went down before the crescent.

From his European dominions the sultan could call to his standard eighty thousand horsemen; from those in Asia fifty thousand. He had within easy distance of Constantinople twelve thousand Janissaries. His fleet consisted of two hundred and fifty light galleys, and ten or twelve heavy war-ships. The alarm which spread over Christendom when through Venice it was learned that the grand Turk contemplated the capture of Cyprus, thereby to inaugurate a war the ferocity of which could be easily gauged by previous ones, was not surprising. The first league, formed in 1570, did nothing but dispute among themselves on questions of precedence, while the Turks easily captured Cyprus, all but the town and fort of Tamagosta, which, bravely defended by both civil and military governors, Marantorio Bragalino and Astor Baglione, held out till the next spring.

Thanks to the untiring energy of Pope Pius V., a more efficient league was now formed, and publicly inaugurated at the Vatican, May 25, 1571. The principal members were the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Republic of Venice. The Pope was the first member of the league whose forces appeared at Messina, the rendezvous. Marcantonio Colonna was in command of twelve galleys borrowed from the Duke of Tuscany, and in these sixteen

hundred foot under Horatio Grelano embarked at Civita Vecchia in June, and on the 19th of the same month the squadron sailed. At Procida three galleys of the Order of St. John joined it.

On Wednesday, the 6th of June, Don John of Austria left Madrid for Italy. At Calataynd he was met by a courier bearing an autograph letter from the Pope; also missives from Colonna, the papal admiral; Cardinal Granvelle, vice-roy of Naples; Count Landriano, deputy vice-roy of Sicily; Don Juan de Zuniga, and Don Ambrio de Mendoza, the ambassadors of Spain to Rome and Genoa, all giving him intelligence of affairs. Don John arrived at Barcelona after an almost royal progress. Space will not allow of our following him closely while he made necessary arrangements here, nor as he proceeded through Genoa to Naples, everywhere greeted with applause and received with high honors. At Genoa he detached Santa Cruz with the Neapolitan galleys, and sent him to Naples. He also ordered Doña and Don Juan de Cardona to Spezia to take on board some Italian and German troops. On the 9th of August the whole fleet cast anchor at Naples. Here a brilliant and enthusiastic reception awaited Don John. On landing the next day he was met by Cardinal Granvelle and conducted to the palace. On the 14th of August he went in state to the church of Santa Clara to receive the general's staff and the standard of the League, the gift of the Pope, which Granvelle had been charged by His Holiness to deliver with all pomp and ceremony. The Franciscans met him at the door of the church, chanting the *Te Deum*, and led him, with the young heirs of James and della Rovere on either hand, to the steps of the altar. After the Mass, of which the Cardinal was the celebrant, Don John mounted the steps of the altar, and kneeling before it, received the gift of the Holy Father from the Cardinal's hands. The banner of the Holy League was of blue damask; in its centre was elaborately wrought the image of our crucified Redeemer; beneath that sacred effigy were linked together the scutcheon of the Pope, displaying three blood-red bars on a silver field; the Lion shield of the Republic of St. Mark, and the shield of many quarterings of the chief of the house of Austria; while, lower still, the design ended in the arms of Don John.

"Take, fortunate prince," said Granvelle, "these emblems of

the Word made Flesh, the symbols of the true faith, and may they give thee a glorious victory over our impious enemy, and by thy hand may his pride be laid low."

"Amen!" said the young commander, and the choir and the multitude replied "Amen!"

A week was spent in discussing plans and in superintending the embarkation of troops and supplies, which latter duty the Marquis of Santa Cruz was left behind to complete. On the 20th of August, Don John took leave of the Cardinal, and put to sea with thirty-five galleys, and on the evening of the 23d the combined artillery of the Holy See, of Venice, and of Messina awoke the echoes of Scylla and Charybdis in honor of the long-looked-for flag of the Commander-in-chief of the Holy League.

The delay of a month at Messina was spent in reviewing the fleet with the effect of an improved organization. Also in consultation.

At Corfu it was decided to go in search of the enemy, to follow him if he retired, and to spare no effort that might bring on a decisive battle. This decision necessitated sailing without waiting for Arguello and his great ships, which had not as yet appeared. At Gomeniza they learned from one of the squadron of observation the good news that Ali Pasha was certainly in the harbor of Lepanto, and that his force did not exceed two hundred sail, and that his crews had suffered so severely from sickness that sixty galleys and two ships had been sent with the sick and disabled to Coron.

Space does not allow us to follow the movements of the fleet, or to chronicle the councils held by Christian and Turk alike—let us get into the gulf of Lepanto. On the 5th of October the intelligence of the fall of Tamagosta and Cyprus reached them, and of the terrible fate of the Venetian commanders. The tidings of these horrors could not have reached the fleet of the League at a better time. Those who had advocated delay were now most urgent of action.

On the 6th of October Don John sailed as far as the Vale of Alessandria, a portion of the canal of Cephalonia. On the 7th, by sunrise, he was about three miles from the Curzolarian Isles. The day being Sunday, Oct. 7, 1571, Mass was celebrated with all

possible pomp throughout the fleet. From the main-top of Don John's vessel the watch called out that strange sails were in sight, and presently the whole Turkish fleet rose above the horizon. This discovery was made at the same time from the galleys of Cardona and Doira, and from the adjacent cliffs, where stood the scouts. Don John immediately ordered his foresail to be hauled to the wind,¹ a square, green ensign to be run up, a gun to be fired, and the sacred standard of the League to be displayed from the main-top. At the report of the gun, the signal to prepare for battle, every eye was turned towards the flag-ship. When the holy banner was seen waving in the breeze, the morning sunlight playing hide and seek among its folds, cheer upon cheer rang from every ship, and every heart already presaged victory.

(*To be continued.*)

EXPLANATION OF THE HAIL MARY.

BY ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

HENCE, the Blessed Virgin transcended the angels in these three prerogatives: first, by the fulness of grace, which is greater in her than in any of the angels. To show this, the angel Gabriel paid her reverence, calling her "full of grace," as if to say: "The reason why I show reverence to you is because you excel me in the fulness of grace."

The Blessed Virgin is *full of grace* in three respects. First, with regard to the soul, in which she possessed the fulness of grace. God's grace is given for two purposes,—to do good and avoid evil. In these two ways the Blessed Virgin had the most perfect grace. Wherefore the words of the Canticle are applied to her: "*Thou art all fair, my beloved, and there is no spot in thee.*" (Cant. iv.)

And St. Augustine writes in his book on nature and grace: "*The Blessed Virgin alone excepted*, if all the saints, whilst living here on earth, were asked whether they were free from sin, they would with one voice exclaim: 'If we say that we have not sin we would deceive ourselves, and the truth would not be in us.' All the saints would make this confession except the Blessed

¹ Diedo Lettre di Principi.

Virgin, on account of the honor due her Son. When I treat of sin there is no question of her whatsoever. For we know that the more grace was given her to overcome sin in every respect (*ex omni parte¹ vincendum*) as she merited to conceive and bring forth Him, who, it is clear, is without sin."

She practised the acts of all the virtues, whereas the other saints were noted for some special traits of virtue. One was humble, another chaste, another merciful, and hence they are held up as exemplars of special virtues as St. Nicholas, for mercy, and so of others. But the Blessed Virgin was a model of all the virtues. You will find her a model of humility: "*Behold the handmaid,*" etc. (Luke 1.). "*He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid.*" (Ibid.). You will find her a model of charity and of all the virtues, as is abundantly evident. Thus she was full of grace as well for doing good as for avoiding evil.

THE GREATNESS OF MARY'S DOLORS.

VERY REV. C. H. MCKENNA, O.P.

THE venerable Mother Barat said that no one can come near the Sacred Heart of Jesus without being pierced by the thorns by which it is surrounded. So uniform has it been found that all God's illustrious saints had to drink of the chalice of suffering that Father Faber called it a law; he said: "this same law of suffering which belongs to Jesus touches all who come nigh Him, and, in proportion to their holiness, envelops them, and claims them wholly for itself."

We can well understand why the wicked should suffer,—“For who hath forsaken the Lord and found peace?” But to many it is a deep mystery that God should humble and afflict His chosen servants in this life. I have often heard badly instructed Catholics, when visited by trials, exclaim, “What an affliction! Why this bitter trial? God has taken away my well-beloved son, who was my only support; what have I done to deserve such affliction?” Poor mother, you may not have done anything, or you may have done many things on account of which this has happened to you. In

¹ A clear indication, this, of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.—Ed. Ros.

the first place, if you were ever guilty of a mortal sin in your life, then you deserved not one affliction, but all the horrors of the damned, and the moment you committed that horrible sin God could justly have cast you into hell for eternity. He did not, but spared you. And now you murmur because of a temporal affliction? Ah, "beware lest something greater happen you!"

Truly are they to be pitied who prosper in the goods of this world, and are left to enjoy them in peace and tranquillity. Jesus said, woe to ye rich, for you have here your consolation; woe to you who now laugh, for hereafter ye shall weep. "When God does not visit me with trials and afflictions, I begin to fear that He has forgotten me," said one of God's saints. Some may ask, "Why should God's servants be afflicted, and above all, why should our Blessed Mother be the Mother of Sorrows? Would it not have saved her tender heart from the most bitter sufferings had she died before the crucifixion? Was not her sacred work accomplished before the death of Calvary? I answer, her work was not yet accomplished. It was the will of God that she should be at the foot of the cross, and before giving the reasons for so saying, let me mention a little of the sufferings of some of God's servants with whom I have been acquainted.

Some twenty-three years ago I was requested by the venerable Father Keenan of Lancaster parish, to visit a lady who had been confined to her sick bed for over twenty years. Her name was Miss McAnaney. She died a few years ago, after having completed forty-five years in that bed of bitter sufferings. I often heard her confession, and can testify that I firmly believe she never lost her baptismal innocence, yet I never knew one who suffered more or longer than poor Miss McAnaney. During that long period she could lie on only one side. Her whole body was wrecked with pain. Often her head seemed as if transpierced with iron spikes. Toward the end she became so weak, so sensitive, that the least touch, the least draught of air was enough to render her pain excruciating. Medicine was tried in vain. All that doctors could do, she said, only tended to increase her sufferings. Her only relief was experienced after she received Holy Communion. "Then it seems my sufferings leave me for a while," she said, "but soon they return again." Another time she

said: "Father, God only knows how I long for Communion. It seems an age from one Communion to another. Should the priest forget to come on the day appointed, or be called out of the city on duty, I must send word to the church, otherwise I shall surely be punished." I asked her in what way was she punished. She replied, "I gradually become so weak, a death agony seems to come over me, so that they have to send for the nearest priest to give me the last sacraments. But if I send, and no priest can come, I am not punished in that way." On another occasion she said: "I have noticed that for several years as soon as Lent commences my sufferings increase. Towards Holy Week I become so feeble and so afflicted that all believe my end is surely come. Frequently I was prepared for death by the administration of the last sacraments. But when Easter Sunday came there was a gradual relaxation of suffering, followed by a very slow improvement, until I reached my usual condition."

Her faithful companion of most of those weary years of suffering was her devoted widowed sister, Mary. Never were two sisters more attached to each other than they were, and no mother nursed more tenderly a delicate child than Mary did her afflicted sister. Often on my first visits the poor sufferer would say: "How good God is to me, Father, for giving me such a devoted sister! What would I do did I not have her to take care of me?" Their home, which was an unpretentious two-story brick building, was scrupulously clean. All who visited the poor sufferer remarked how spotlessly clean everything was in the sick room. Generally some beautiful fresh flowers were kept before a little statue of the Madonna. But the image of the crucified and the picture of the pierced heart of the Mother of Sorrows appeared to receive more looks of imploring pity. One day the poor sufferer said: "Father, the thought often comes to me that Mary will be taken away first, and oh, Father, what will become of me should that happen!" Then the big tears would course down her bloodless face. After this it soon became a settled conviction that Mary would soon die, though up to this there was no appearance of death in the devoted sister. In vain did each visitor to whom the gloomy fears were expressed try to banish them from the mind of the sufferer. It was a premoni-

tion soon, and the faithful Mary was afflicted with cancer of the tongue. She concealed her trouble from her sister as long as possible. But her speech betrayed her. Day by day the sufferer saw her sister become paler and more emaciated; finally, she was no longer able to discharge the loved duties which she performed so tenderly. A little longer and Mary could visit her sister no more. A few months later and poor Mary starved to death. "O Father," said the heart-broken sufferer, "why was I not taken first? Why did God require that I should live to witness this terrible death of my poor dear Mary?" Ah, poor sufferer! Again we ask why had our sorrowful mother to outlive the death of Calvary? Let me finish my little history. Mary was buried in the white habit of St. Dominic, which she loved so well, for she and her suffering sister were both devoted members of the Third Order of that great patriarch. The afflicted one lived about ten years after Mary, was carefully nursed by a devoted niece, prepared for her journey by the present devoted pastor of St. Mary's, and is now enjoying the rewards of forty-five years of most terrible sufferings."

Why have I given the above history? Simply to show that sufferings and sorrows, far from being an evidence of God's displeasure, are wonderful blessings which He sends, rich opportunities to reap immense treasures for heaven. In connection with the above history let me add a few more words. I said I believed Miss McAnaney never lost her baptismal innocence. By that I do not mean that she never committed any sin; venial sin may and often is committed by great servants of God. For the just may fall many times a day into venial sin, and yet continue just. Now one venial sin is enough to exclude the soul from heaven, nor can we ever enter that blessed abode until each venial sin is atoned for. Who then will dare say, "What have I done that God should so afflict me?" since "we all offend," says St. John, "in many things." All are often guilty of venial sins which merit the horrible flames of Purgatory. Yet, great God! all the sufferings of this life cannot be compared with the frightful flames of Purgatory, which, St. Thomas declares, are of the same nature as the flames of hell.

I said all are guilty of venial sin. Ah, no, thank God! not all.

There was one. Our tainted nature's solitary boast, as the Protestant Wordsworth called her. She alone of all creatures never committed the least stain of sin, yet after her divine Son she it was who suffered the most bitter pangs of agonizing sorrow. To her sorrows the Church applies, says Faber, the words of Jeremias: "O all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow. To what shall I compare thee, and to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of Jerusalem? To what shall I equal thee that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Sion? for great as the sea is thy broken-heartedness: who shall heal thee." St. Anselm says of Mary's sorrows that whatever cruelty was exercised on the bodies of the martyrs, was light, or rather, was as nothing compared to the cruelty of Mary's passion. St. Bernardine of Siena says, that so great was the dolor of the Blessed Virgin, that if it was subdivided and parcelled out among all creatures capable of suffering, they would perish instantly. Hence Mary had to be divinely supported, as it was revealed to St. Bridget, that she might be able to live through her bitter sorrows. Father Faber continues: "The immensity of Mary's dolors is especially shown in this, that they exceeded all martyrdom...all the united agonies of all the martyrs, variety and intensity, all duly allowed for, did not approach the anguish of her martyrdom." O God, how little we think of the bitterness of that cup of sorrows which our sweet Mother drank to the dregs! We have tears to shed for the sufferings and sorrows of those around us, of those who, no matter how good they may be, have offended God in many things, have richly deserved more than they are suffering, no matter how great their temporal sorrows; but here is one, pure, most tender, most innocent, drenched with the gall of affliction. Let us try to find some of the reasons for this red sea of sorrows through which our Mother had to pass.

THE sharp, woody shoots of trees and shrubs always to be found marring the beauty of the "Queen of flowers" can appropriately be used to typify the malice or ill-humor which is seen disfiguring human faces otherwise surpassingly beautiful.—*Anon.*

THE DOMINICANS IN BRAZIL.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O. P.

THE Provincial of the Province of Toulouse has just made the visitation of the houses under his care.

I translate some passages of the interesting report which he has submitted to the Very Rev. Father General:

The Provincial Chapter of Toulouse in 1882 accepted definitely the foundation of a convent under the title of St. Dominic, in the town of Uberaba, in the diocese of Goyaz, Brazil.

This small town, which was chosen to possess the first of our mission-convents in Brazil, is a city of recent and rapid growth. At the beginning of this century the territory in which it is built was an unknown wilderness. To-day, it is an important commercial centre, with railways and other indications of civilization and progress. The population, it is true, is but six or seven thousand, but the future is bright with promises and expectations of greatness and wealth. The house occupied by our Fathers was built by a Capuchin, the Rev. R. P. Paulins, who, recalled to his convent by his religious superiors, placed it at the disposal of the diocesan bishop, Mgr. Gongalvez.

Although its architectural style is far from that of the traditional convent, still with changes here and there it is possible to make it accommodate about ten religious.

A large plot of ground of about 5 acres, surrounded by high stone walls, belongs to the convent. This land, uncultivated when our Fathers took possession of it, is to-day planted in vines and fruit trees. Amongst them a young orange tree is worthy of special mention.

Before leaving Europe, a brother who was to be gardener in Uberaba took with him a few seeds from an orange of the historic orange-tree of St. Dominic of Rome. This seed of happy augury was deposited in the ground in proper time, and it has become now a pretty large tree, yielding its bounty in *tempore opportuno*.

The convent-church is dedicated to St. Rita. It is separated from the convent by a large wide space, which some day will be

a street, or even a boulevard. This church can seat about 290 or 300 persons. There are three altars in it. Behind the Sanctuary there is a choir, lately enlarged, in which it is possible to celebrate the Divine Office *more consueto et cum decore*.

Under the Choir of St. Rita is buried the body of the Rev. Father Damian Signerin of the Province of Lyons, who, sent by the Province of Toulouse, came to Brazil in 1878 to make a first essay of the foundation. The Rev. Father Signerin entered into negotiations with Mgr. Lacerda, bishop of Rio, but as Divine Providence wished us far from the large city, the good Father did not succeed in spite of all his prudence. He was preparing to return to France, when on the eve of his departure he fell sick with yellow fever, and was carried off in three days.

He was buried in the vast cemetery of Rio, where his remains rested till 1889. They were afterwards transferred to Uberaba, where our Fathers placed them piously in the middle of their Choir.

The community of Uberaba is composed at present of nine members—six Fathers and three Brothers. They have about the same occupations as in our convents of France. The Divine Office is recited in its integrity in the church, with all the ceremonies in use in the Order. The conventual Mass is said at 7 o'clock regularly. On Sundays and feast-days it is sung as well as Compline. The two daily mental meditations, and the other regular exercises, take place in conformity with our Constitutions and the customs of our Province.

The exterior ministry of our Fathers is of a twofold nature. There is the period of extreme activity, and the time of a kind of rest. The first is the Season of Missions, and lasts seven or eight months. This apostolic campaign begins at Easter, and continues without interruption till November.

At the appointed time, the three chosen Fathers to give the Missions start, leaving in the convent the three other Fathers to look after the local ministry and the obligations of the regular life.

The people always receive the missionaries very cordially; messengers have passed the word around in advance stating that a mission is to be given at such-and-such a place. It is truly edifying to witness the great sacrifices the people make to obtain the grace

of a mission. Entire families leave their homes, and set out on the journey, travelling a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles, and not unfrequently farther still in big, heavy, lumbering wagons drawn by eight and ten yoke of oxen.

They group around the missionaries, camping out, or rather turning their vehicles into dwellings. Each mission lasts from two to three weeks, varying with the numbers in attendance.

The work of the mission is very trying on the priests: speaking in open air, badly housed, and other little inconveniences innumerable, make their lot a hard one. But they do not complain—bless us! no. They are glad to have the honor of announcing the sacred name of Jesus and His Blessed Mother to the people. This is done most effectively by means of the rosary. The missionaries recite the rosary with the people; they explain the mysteries, and are rejoiced to note how quickly, how thoroughly, and how beneficially the scheme of the world's redemption is outlined by the rosary, and brought home to the minds of God's simple-hearted flock.

And so the round of work is kept up until the rainy season sets in in November. Then the missionaries return to the convent to recuperate and prepare for the next year's work.

The parochial ministrations are kept up with unflagging zeal and devotion. Pious sodalities are established, principal among which is, of course, the Arch-confraternity of the Rosary. The ceremonies on the first Sunday of the month are solemn and impressive. The rosary procession is made up of the people of the parish: first the children, then the women and men—whites, negroes, Indians, and creoles. In the town of Goyaz the Dominican Fathers have had a church and convent for the past ten years. Their occupations are similar to those of the Fathers in Uberaba.

The church in Goyaz was built by negro slaves, who after giving to their masters the greatest part of the day, found sufficient strength in their faith to build a place of worship for themselves and families. The church was dedicated to the Queen of the Rosary, and the Confraternity of the Rosary was established before the advent of the Dominicans, composed entirely of blacks.

In this church is buried the Rev. Father Artigue, of the first missionaries sent by the Province of Toulouse,—a holy priest, full

of zeal and promises for the future. He was drowned while still a young priest, and the body was found only three days after and buried in the sand by the shore, where it remained for two years. Then the remains were taken from the primitive grave, and laid in the choir of the church of Goyaz.

THE crucifix is only an image ; the Eucharist is Jesus Himself : Jesus, speaking to the soul more pathetically and pointedly than any earthly friend can speak. The Eucharist is taken out of the Tabernacle to enter into us ; it is the Bread of Strength. Do not say, Christians, when you are crushed under the weight of a great sorrow : " My soul is too dejected ; I cannot receive Holy Communion." Foolish ones ! it is precisely because you are about to succumb that you need to call to your assistance the divine Cyrenean. Call to mind the incident in the desert, when the exhausted prophet heard the words of the angel : " Arise, and eat, for you have a long journey before you ! "

Then he walked during forty days and forty nights towards the mountain of God, strengthened by the miraculous Bread.

You, suffering Christians, may be compared to Elias ; you have already traversed a long and painful road, but the way of the cross seems to lengthen beneath your feet. You suffer ; eat the Bread of Strength. You suffer more, eat it more frequently. Sustained by the God who embraces your exhausted soul, you will journey on to the end of your sorrowful life, you will climb the mountain of God, and when you knock at the door of Heaven you will hear behind you the voice of the divine Cyrenean, exclaiming : " Open, my Father, it is I ; we have carried our cross bravely ; give us the reward promised to those who bear their sorrows with resignation.—*Translated from the French of the V. Rev. Father J. M. L. Monsabré, C. P.*

LIFE is a real and earnest thing ; it has homely duties, painful passages, and a load of care.

Cultivate the will and the wish to meet it with a valiant spirit. Your imagination may clothe the future with gold and purple, but all this will fade as you approach, and everything will wear its own natural aspect when touched by experience.—*Anon.*



WAITING FOR DINNER.

The Children of the Rosary.

CHILDREN, BE THOUGHTFUL.

H. M. K. BROWNELL.

WHEN a weak and helpless child comes into existence, we see its sponsors hastening to secure its Christianity, and at the baptismal font pledge it by the grace of God to maintain that innocence it has there received.

Just as in civil law the guardians act for a child under age, the sponsors assume the obligations which are some day to be transferred to the individual himself. So that a person's first relationship toward God begins before he has a responsibility of his own.

Then follows the obedience of infancy and childhood. It begins with the mere fear of punishment, which is an obedience without merit, the person seeking to escape unpleasant consequences, from barren selfishness. Whoever carries this principle of action into mature life, will reap a meagre harvest, and show the dwarfed and crippled character of the self-indulgent, whose aim is low, trying to banish what is disagreeable only for his own comfort, and avoiding cross and pain from spiritual cowardice.

Soon we begin to observe in some children happier conditions. We find them regardant of home and school laws, because they are orderly and affectionate, loving to give pleasure to parents and teachers; we find sometimes generosity, an amiable desire to give pleasure to child-friends, and, better still, in higher natures, self-sacrifice appears, the readiness to deprive themselves of some joy that it may be given to another.

Here the child has begun to profit by the attributes of Christianity without knowing it, and some people go out into later life doing this very thing, and declaring that because they are orderly, and kind, and generous, and deny themselves, they can "do without religion." I have met too many such who have not thought deeply enough to see that "without religion," the very virtues by which they claim to replace it would never have existed.

Robbing God of the glory, they unconsciously glorify Him nevertheless.

It is at this point in the training of children that their instructors have a most critical duty, and to this I want to call the attention of Sunday-school teachers, and those who may anywhere influence children.

Teach them as early as possible to make the motive of every action the love of God. If they work, if they play, if they study, or if they are only at rest, show them how in detail to consecrate their little lives by the habit of offering the whole. Taking care not to make it a weariness, show them the difference of sitting down to a meal from mere hunger, or saying by their preliminary blessing: "I will nourish my body that it may work for God." Ask them in closing the door as they go out to school to give an instant's thought to God, asking His blessing on the school session, or the whole day.

If it is for a ride or an excursion, explain how one uplifted thought, like a flash of lightning for quickness, transforms the whole enjoyment into a loving act toward God, instead of the careless taking of what are His gifts, and so in a hundred ways which will grow upon you as you begin to think this over, the life, instead of being a mere animal existence, becomes a tribute to the God who gave it. Instead of being a weed in the garden of each soul, it blooms into a flower, transforming the spot to an Eden, and inviting divine perception of its spiritual fragrance.

Happy among you those whose instructors taught you early this love of God; it has half done your own work with your souls.

But, (returning to our advancing scale of existence) there must have come a time of recognition to every one of you, whether the training of parents, or unaided, you have seen that the great work of life is after all placed in your own hands, and that your characters are going to be exactly what the grace of God will enable you to make them, or that if you do not exert yourselves to grow better all the time, you will grow very rapidly worse.

There is no standing still this side eternity. The Christian soldier gets short furloughs.

The responsibility is now yours.

Sooner or later this recognition demands what you are going to

make of yourselves, whether your Christian characters are to be shapeless and imperfect, or whether you are going to adopt a high standard and live up to it. In your answer to this question lies all your welfare in this world, and the degree of your happiness in the next.

You must have some sense of corresponding to Almighty God's own generosity towards you in desiring to make of yourselves all that He has given you.

The means of becoming, and you hold in your souls some ideal of Christian perfection, that, we can never attain on earth, and as the work can never end, it would be truer description to say Christian progression.

The very first step that the eager soul should take is to bring itself into union with Our Blessed Lord, to seek the Sacred Heart.

Ask yourself for a moment, O seeking Christian! which one of the attributes of His divinity most strongly appeals to you.

Is it His humility, which led Him to veil his godliness in human form, and seek the lowly birth at Bethlehem, the unpretentious life at Nazareth, the ignominious manner of death on Calvary? Is it the compassion which looked on the multitude, longing for their salvation? Is it the omnipotent burning love which expressed itself throughout the Incarnation, from the very plan of salvation conceived in heaven, and executed to the last detail of the crucifixion? Is it the mingling of divine zeal which drove the profaning money-changers from the temple, and the gentleness which waited on the little children of His blessing, and entices us like them to Him by every persuasion still?

When you think of Him as He lived among men, the obedient child in the household, the returning wanderer, staying His God-like wisdom in the Temple, to go home and comfort a mother's heart; when you see Him the friend of St. John the Baptist, and Lazarus, and His beloved disciple, the Evangelist, warm your own hearts at the sacred fire this contemplation kindles, and then turn your eyes within upon your life and character.

Not to be crushed as you well might be by the overwhelming contrast, but to let a light shine in upon your darkness. Acknowledge freely the foremost fault or sin. Seize boldly upon

what you most dread to name in confession. It will have acquired a new light in the new revelation, and the more fully you have comprehended the Sacred Heart in your study the more abhorrent you will be of evil in your own. Implore His aid in destroying it, and that of our Blessed Mother.

Do not think that a besetting sin is ineradicable or everlasting. I have seen the most dangerous and insidious ones crushed, and to deem it otherwise would be to defeat the mission of the cross. If you will make real work of this, the aid you have invoked will follow your will as fast as you use it. It was prompted by the Holy Spirit, and is a pledge of fulfilment of the work. Not one true effort will be lost, and when the task is heavy renew your energies in fresh contemplation of the Sacred Heart, and her's near whose it first beat.

You will never draw Our Dear Lord to you thus, faithfully, without gaining some newer, keener perception of your wants. They will be humiliating, but the remedy is present. Turn back to Him who wounds you but to heal, hold up your own pride and apathy, your sharp and bitter tongue, your want of charity, or little zeal, as if they were diseases brought to your Good Physician, and such He will prove to your souls.

But be sure that you reach out your hand to the chalice which holds the remedy, and do not wait for it to be poured down, depriving yourself of the merit, and swallowing the bitter draught as must be if you wait the fashion sin compels.

This work of Christian progression, first looking at Our Dear Lord Jesus Christ with loving wonder at inexhaustible development, then bringing it to bear upon ourselves in mortifying contrast, this taking the fault or sin in self which lies uppermost, and dealing it by grace its death-blow; again studying His perfection, and from very necessity detecting new foes within ourselves, will be the beginning of our harvest, and yet our labor is for all eternity.

The more thoroughly we do it here, the greater our incalculable, proportional gain hereafter.

JOE RICKETTS IN NEW YORK.

EDWIN ANGELOE.

"PITTVILLE is altogether too slow to suit me," said Joe Ricketts to himself one day, as he was returning home from the village school. "I'd like to try my luck in New York. They say it's a great place. I don't see why a fellow couldn't get rich there very easily. I'm too smart for this place. I ought to be living somewhere in a big city. Then I could rise to fame and fortune."

Joe lived with his parents in a modest little house in the best street in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Ricketts were refined, educated people, and in comfortable circumstances. They were kind and considerate in every way to Joe, for they thought the world of him, he being their only child.

But Joe did not appreciate his home and parents. He longed for wealth and excitement. He grew more discontented each day, and told himself he could only find happiness away in some great city like New York.

"I am determined to leave Pittville," he concluded, after much thought on the matter. "I'll go to New York. I'll have fine times there."

Joe had no intention of consulting his parents about his going. He knew that they would not listen to such a thing. Furthermore, he was positive they would even forbid such a movement on his part. And for this reason he resolved to leave by stealth. So one afternoon, when school was over, he hurried home, wrote a short note and left it in his room, and then left the house.

Joe had about ten dollars in his possession, which amount had been the full contents of his savings bank. He also carried with him a small bundle of clothing.

He made his way to the railway station and purchased his ticket.

"I'll show Pittville people that I'm a somebody, if I am only fifteen," said he to himself as he stepped aboard the train. "I'll write father and mother a letter in a week or so and let them know how well I am doing. Then they'll see that they were wrong in

their country notions, and that I was right. It doesn't do for fellows like me not to see the world. Father and mother mean well enough, but they have a queer idea of things."

As the cars sped along, Joe fell to musing about his fortunes in the great city when he should arrive there.

"Maybe some rich merchant will engage me in his office. Maybe I shall get a position in a bank. I can write a fine hand. I wonder if New York has many good writers? Pittville hasn't. Maybe some rich invalid will hire me to read to him. Oh, there'll surely be something nice for me to do."

At last the metropolis was reached. Joe was completely bewildered at the sight that met his gaze.

What a number of people! He had never seen so many in all his life. What would the Pittville people say if they were there? Joe purchased an evening paper and searched the "want" columns.

"I see that some one advertises for a bright, energetic boy who can write a good hand. Just suits me, that. It doesn't say anything about salary. I suppose office boys get ten dollars a week in a big city like this. I'll call at that office now."

By many inquiries Joe finally found the office, which was in a large building on Wall Street. But Joe was too late. The place was closed, the hour being long after six.

"I'll come again to-morrow," thought Joe. "I must find a place to sleep to-night. Everything looks queer in this part of the city. I don't see any private houses."

Joe stood gaping about him with a perplexed expression on his face. Anyone looking at him could have told he was a stranger in the city.

"Why, Fred. Harris, how do you do!" exclaimed a voice at his elbow. "How surprised I am to see you! What are you doing in New York? I suppose you don't remember me?"

Joe turned and beheld a flashily-dressed young man with a blonde face and waxed mustache.

"No, sir. I never saw you before. My name isn't Fred. Harris, either; it's Joe Ricketts."

"So it is," declared the young man. "Whatever made me call you Fred. Harris! He's a young friend of mine. I must have

been thinking of him. Well, how is everybody at home? Father and mother well?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's good. Remember me to them when you go back. You are only on a visit here I suppose?"

"I've come to stay—that's if I can get a situation somewhere," replied Joe, wondering who his sweet-mannered friend could be.

"A situation? I know of a splendid one in my brother's office. I think I could get it for you."

"I was just down to this number," said Joe, pointing to the advertisement. "The place is closed."

"Why, that is my brother's ad. You may count on having the place. He'll engage you if I ask him to."

An expression of delight overspread Joe's face. Surely his new-found friend, though he did not recollect him, was a generous person.

"Where are you going to stop to-night?" asked the young man, who said his name was Gilbert Lane.

"I don't know. I should like to find some cheap place. I must be prudent."

"Certainly. I suppose you haven't over twenty dollars with you," said Gilbert Lane, with an air of indifference, and pretending to be interested in something across the street.

"I have only a little over nine dollars," said Joe, confidently, little dreaming how eager his companion was to learn the amount of his money.

"That isn't so much. I should advise you, though, to be careful of it. This city is full of pickpockets. If you want me to, I'll take care of your money. Just as you like, you know. By the way, I think it would be a good idea if you came home with me to-night. You could stay till to-morrow. My brother is there, too. You can talk together about the situation."

Joe was pleased with this proposition.

"Thank you, Mr. Lane. I shall be only too glad to do so. Here is my money. It will be safer in your keeping, for, as you say, some one might rob me of it if I keep it myself."

Gilbert Lane put the money in his pocket and both started off toward the elevated train station.

Gilbert Lane paid the fare, much to Joe's appreciation of his generosity.

"We live in Harlem, Joe. It's quite a ride there."

When a certain station was reached, Gilbert Lane said: "We change cars here."

Joe followed him out upon the platform among the crowd of other passengers.

When Joe found himself in the train on the opposite side, he suddenly missed his companion.

In another second the guard closed the gates and the train started.

"I wonder if he lost sight of me and went into one of the other cars by mistake?" thought Joe.

But at that moment he was amazed at seeing Gilbert Lane hurrying along the platform toward the exit to the street, an anxious, excited expression on his face, as if desirous to escape.

Now it was that the truth flashed through Joe's mind.

"What a fool I have been! That man has swindled me out of my money!"

Joe left the train at the next station and hastened down the stairs to the street, hoping to catch sight of Gilbert Lane.

In vain. No trace of the man could he see.

Imagine Joe's feelings when he thought of his position. A stranger, alone in a great city, without an acquaintance, with only some small change in his pocket; for Gilbert Lane had only taken the bills into his keeping, leaving Joe, fortunately, with just enough to pay for a night's lodging.

Joe spent the next day in searching for employment. He called again at the place in Wall Street.

He was amazed at the crowd of boys he saw waiting to be interviewed. He was astonished to see such a large number of boys without any work.

When it came Joe's turn to be interviewed, he was asked different questions about the city: "Where was the Cotton Exchange?" "Did he think he could find his way to Hoboken?" "Could he keep an insurance book, and make out bills?"

Joe answered in the negative, but said that he could learn how.

"You are from the country, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm afraid you won't do. I must have a New York boy."

Joe left the office, sick and disappointed.

"New York is not such a fine place, after all," he murmured bitterly to himself. "I wish I were back in Pittville. I'd stay there."

That very day Joe wrote home to his parents. In his poverty he had been forced to enter a drug store and beg the clerk to give him paper and stamps, and the use of pen and ink.

"Joe's letter was full of repentance, and in it he pleaded with his father and mother to overlook his folly, and permit him to return. He also requested them to kindly forward him the necessary amount to cover his expenses to Pittville.

At another time Joe would have been too proud to show his feelings. But now that he was disgusted with himself and everything about him, his pride lay dead.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ricketts received the letter, they were overjoyed to know that he was safe from harm.

They immediately sent him word to return home at once, and inclosed the money requested.

Joe arrived in Pittville in due time. He felt that he could have kissed the ground he now walked on, though he had once despised it.

His parents did not reproach him, for they saw that he had suffered enough, and knew that he had learned a little lesson.

Joe remained in the village all his life. He grew to be quite a prominent man there in after years.

"I was born to live in Pittville," he would often tell himself. "New York was never meant for me."

WHAT MONEY COULD NOT BUY.

K. O'MEARA.

It was the first snow-storm of the season, and all the school children were anxious to get out in it.

When Mr. Day's school was dismissed, there seemed to be not a boy nor girl who was not throwing snow-balls. But there was a

boy who did not wait to throw snow-balls, as he had to run home to see if his mother wanted him, and then he had to run errands for the store-keeper around the corner.

"Frank," said his mother, for Frank Hoyer was his name, "I want you to chop some wood and bring some water, and after you get the chores around the house done, you can go out to play, but remember to go down to the store first and see if Mr. Grant wants you."

Frank gave a little sigh, and then went about his work; when he got it done he took his sled and went down to the store. The grocer did not want him, and so he started for the hill to have a slide, when he met a little girl, one of the neighbors, who said in a pleading voice, "Frank, won't you please give me a ride on your sled? Tommy broke mine." Frank in his cheery voice said, "Get on; I will give you a ride around the block; will that be enough?"

When they were passing the hill, one of the boys cried out, "Oh, look at Hoyer running around the block with a little ragamuffin of a girl on his sled!" Maggie, for that was her name, thought he would tell her to get off, as boys do not like to be laughed at. But he did not, nor did he mind the boy's insulting words, but he began to run the faster. When he reached home he told his story to his mother, who sympathized with him, and told him not to ever be afraid to do a kind act, even if he was laughed at by foolish boys.

Frank was a kind-hearted boy, and glad to help anybody when he had the chance.

One day when Frank was coming home from school with a group of boys, he saw an old man standing on the corner waiting to go across.

Frank left the group, and stepping up to him, asked him if he wished to go across. And he answered with a grateful smile. When they reached the other side he laid his hand on Frank's arm and said, "God bless you, my boy." Frank then ran on, and soon caught up with the boys, who were far advanced. When he got to them, one of them said, "What did he give you, a dime? Before I would be seen helping an old fellow like him!"

"He did not give me a dime, but he gave me what money could not buy," said Frank. The boys thought a while and won-

dered what money could not buy. At last one of them said, "It could not be much if money could not buy it."

"It was God's blessing," said Frank with pride; "could money buy that?"

THE angel of little sacrifices has received from heaven the mission of those angels of whom the prophet speaks, who remove the stones from the road lest they should bruise the feet of travellers.

There is a place less commodious than another ; she chooses it, saying with a sweet smile: "How comfortable I am here!"

There is some work to be done, and she presents herself for it simply, with the joyous manner of one who finds her happiness in so doing. How many oversights are repaired by this unknown hand!

How many little joys procured for another without his ever having mentioned to anyone the happiness which they would give him!

Does a dispute arise, she knows how to settle it by a pleasant word that wounds no one, and falls upon the slight disturbance like a ray of sunlight upon a cloud.

Should she hear of two hearts estranged, she has always some new means of re-uniting them without their being able to show her any gratitude, so sweet and simple and natural is what she does.

But who will tell the thorns which have torn her hands, and the pain her heart has endured? And yet she is always smiling.

Have you ever seen her at work, "the angel of little sacrifices?"

On earth she is called a mother, a friend, a sister, a wife.

In heaven she is called a saint.—*Anon.*

CANNOT St. Joseph raise towards Jesus his hands hardened by toil for His support? Can he not show Him his heart, on which His divine childhood rested? Thus his prayers are all-powerful. The other saints cast before the throne of Jesus their crowns and palms when pleading, but Saint Joseph makes his requests as a father, says Origen, and Jesus grants them as a Son.

Notes.

The month of November is the month of the suffering souls, and in the affections and sympathies of the faithful, one that will be promotive of charitable actions.

For Catholics the world over there is no exhortation more acceptable than the one that urges them to pray for the souls of the faithful departed that they may be loosed from their sins.

Hence we deem it not unwise to call our readers' attention to an article in the October issue of *THE ROSARY*, on the nature and benefits of the "Heroic Act."

"Through love for God, the holy souls, and ourselves, we should endeavor to gain as many indulgences as possible, and deliver them, as well as all our satisfactory merits, to the Blessed Mother for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory. But it may be said that if we reserve no indulgence for ourselves, and if we give up the satisfactory portion of our works for the benefit of the holy souls, that we ourselves run the risk of having to remain a long time in the prison of Purgatory. On this point we need have no fears, for the voluntary whole offering of our satisfactions to the suffering souls is an act of charity of such high merit that it remits all our punishment. But even if some loss to us should exist by reason of the 'Heroic Act,' an occurrence not to be supposed, we shall certainly find ourselves more than compensated for that loss by the sublime degree of glory to which we shall be exalted in Paradise by reason of this act of boundless charity to souls so dear to God and Mary.

"The 'Heroic Act of Charity' was first enriched with indulgences by a Dominican Pope, Benedict XIII., afterwards by Pius VI., and lastly by Pius IX., in a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, Sept 30, 1852. The privileges conceded to it are the following: 1. The indult of a privileged altar personally every day in the year to priests who have made this offering. 2. A plenary indulgence, applicable only to the faithful departed, to all the faithful who have made this offering, whenever they go to Holy Communion, provided they visit a church or public oratory, and pray there for some time according to the intentions of His Holiness, the Pope. 3. A plenary indulgence every

Monday to all who hear Mass in suffrage for the souls in Purgatory, provided they visit a church or public oratory, and pray as stated above in No. 2. 4. All indulgences granted or yet to be granted, even though not applicable according to the tenor of the grant to the dead, which are gained or which may yet be gained by the faithful who have made this offering, may be applied to the holy souls in Purgatory.

"The 'Heroic Act' may be made in this manner by any one who desires to practice it and to gain its privileges: 'From this hour until the end of my life I freely give all the satisfactory part of all my works, and also all the suffrages that will be offered for me after my death, to the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, to be distributed by her according to her good pleasure for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory.'"

Very Rev. Arthur Vincent Higgins, O. P., S. T. M., was elected on Saturday, Oct. 8, at St. Rose's Convent, Springfield, Ky., to succeed Very Rev. F. A. Spencer, O. P., as Prior-Provincial of St. Joseph's Province for the next four years.

Dr. Higgins was born in famed old Perry Co., near New Lexington, Ohio. He entered the Dominican Order when quite young, and rapidly rose to positions of trust, his splendid talents recommending him to his superiors. He is an accomplished scholar, a brilliant theologian, an affable and kind-hearted priest. For the past nine years he has been connected with St. Mary's, New Haven, Ct., and is a prince favorite with both professors and students of Yale.

Talking about Catholic papers—or, rather, thinking about them, we cannot forego the pleasure it affords us to be able to state that we think *The Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee is a paper that gives weekly not *weak* evidence of being healthy, wide-awake, aggressive, and fearless.

It knows, too, how to be reverential and respectful of authority, and deferential and courteous to its contemporaries, and surely every well-ordered mind desires and requires this trait to be second to no other. *Sans peur et sans reproche*, like the valiant knights of old, it quails not in the defence of justice and morality. Just now *The Citizen* has a fight on in Mil-

waukee whose outcome will be watched with interest by all decent people. More power to your strong arm, old friend, and more subscribers to appreciate the honor and the pleasure, and the benefits of your hebdomadal visits.

Some of the attractions of the Midway Plaisance are to be drawing cards in several of the cities "after the fair is over," we are told. The effect of some of those same midway attractions, if we may credit the forecastings of the knowing ones, will tell on Chicago morality for many a day to come.

The suggestion of the Editor of *The Cosmopolitan* should, we think, be feasible. The "White City," in which the Columbian exhibition was held, should not be swept away. It was too great to be properly appreciated within the space of six months. It ought to be made permanent.

The following Invocation to St. Rose of Lima, Patroness of the New World, is being circulated in the West just now, thanks to the zeal of Chevalier Sevilla, who is touring the United States announcing the advantages of Peruvian citizenship:

Hail, St. Rose! our patron and sister.

Hail, joy of Lima! honor of your people, and advocate of the world. Hail, precious pearl of the Pacific! pure gold of Peru; precious balsam of the Andes, and inestimable treasure of America! Prostrate at your feet, we pray you, as a new Esther, never cease to supplicate with your heavenly spouse, Jesus, for your devoted brethren, in order that our iniquities may be forgiven, and the torrent of His mercy may fall upon us.

Give thanks to Him, because He deigned to illumine America with the light of His Gospel, and pray that it may not be extinguished, as in other ungrateful countries, but rather that it enlarge our hearts with a holy gratitude and veneration to His Representative on Earth, the Infallible Pontiff, that united by the same Faith we may form one flock under one shepherd. Through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Note.—Monsignor Benjamin Cavicchione, the Apostolic Delegate in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, granted, 24th of August, 1887, at the request of the author, Joseph Sevilla of Peru, Pontifical Zouave, Chevalier of Pius IX., 100 days' Indulgence once a day, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, to all who recite the above prayer. The Apostolic Delegate in the United States, Monsignor Satolli, approved the foregoing translation from the original Spanish and its publication, the 10th of July, 1888, in San Francisco, California; likewise at the author's request.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"EXERCITIA SPIRITUALIA PER MEDITATIONEM ET USUM SS. ROSARII," ETC. H. Dessain, Mechlin and Liege.

Here we have a little devotional work that will, we are sure, be heartily welcomed by the Rev. Clergy and by others who understand Latin. The book, if translated into English, would be entitled, "The Rosary Retreat," because it is a collection of meditations on the mysteries of the Rosary, so arranged that they could be used in making a spiritual retreat. One might think that the connection of the joyful, sorrowful,

and glorious mysteries with the purgative, illuminative and unitive life would require some far-fetched comparisons. Whoever reads these meditations will find that the application is very simple and easily made. The meditations are proposed in a simple, practical form, enough being given to aid the minds of those who meditate in their reading rather than read during their meditations.

The book is from the pen of the Very Rev. A. M. Portmans, O. P., whose practical writings on devotional subjects are so well-known and appreciated in Belgium.

NOVEMBER ROSARY.

NOVEMBER CALENDAR.

Nov. 1. Feast of All Saints.
Nov. 5. First Sunday of the month, Three Plenary Indulgences. Conditions are:

- a) C.C. Visit Rosary Altar.
- b) C.C. Visit Chapel.

c) Assist at Procession; Prayers.
Nov. 9. All Saints of the Dominican Order.
Nov. 10. Anniversary of Deceased members of Dominican Order.

Plenary Indulgence for those who assist at Office and Mass, fortified with the sacraments.



CHRIST'S TRIPLE BIRTH.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

I.

IN the beginning, ere the primal man
Was fashioned to God's image out of clay,
Or aught created was of that array
Of being beauty which our eyes now scan;
Before time first its measured courses ran,
Or the new sun announced the first glad day,
Or the pale moon, aflame with argent ray,
Her nightly path athwart the skies began:
Where reigns supreme the Godhead, Three in One,
In those immeasurable realms above,
Co-equal with His Father in all things,
The Lord of lords and, eke, the King of kings,
Begotten of omnipotence and love,
From all eternity was Christ the Son.

II.

The midnight orbs hung over Bethlehem,
And softly dropped their golden radiance down
Upon the sleeping village whose renown
Was scarcely known beyond its narrow hem;

When suddenly, eclipsing all of them,
A wondrous star shone o'er the little town,
As some great jewel in a regal crown
Obscures all others in that diadem:
And lo! within a stable there that morn,
In the fulfilment of His Father's plan,
That He might die one day upon the Cross,
And thus regain for us that Heaven whose loss
Was one dire sequel of the fall of man,
The Saviour of the world, a Babe was born.

III.

Had it been ours on that December night,
When the angelic choirs the shepherds led
Down from the hill-sides, and the star o'erhead,
The wise men guided on their way aright:
To gaze upon the Christ-Child, what delight
Had thrilled our souls, what joy had comforted
Our hearts, and how our doubts and griefs had fled
Before the glory whereof we had sight!
And yet we need not wholly envy them
Who knelt beside the manger on that morn;
For in our tabernacles, night and day,
He waits our homage, heeds our prayers always,
And daily on our altars He is born
As truly as He was of old at Bethlehem.

THE REDEMPTION OF SINFUL MAN BY JESUS CHRIST.*

VERY REV. D. J. KENNEDY, O. P., S. T. L.

IN the consideration of different plans for the restoration of fallen or faulty man, no thinking mind can fail to attach the greatest importance to the life, works, and death of Christ, the Saviour, revered, loved, and adored by Christians. Men have disputed and will probably continue to dispute about the true significance and value of Christ's life and mission. This will not surprise us if we remember the prophecy of holy old Simeon:

* A paper read before the Congress of Religions, Chicago, Sept., '93.

"This Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted" (Luke ii., 34), and that passage of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians: "We preach Christ crucified; unto the Jews indeed a stumbling-block and unto the Gentiles foolishness, but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God" (I. Cor. i., 23). In the midst of the confusion and obscurity of these doubts and disputes, one bright truth shines out clearly, namely, that the work of Christ is one of the most important facts recorded in the history of the human race. We Christians believe that it is not simply one of the most important, but the most important fact of all; we believe of Christ all that St. Peter expressed when he said of the Crucified: "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv., 12). We believe that Christ is the "Son of Justice" mentioned by the prophet Malachy (iv., 2), that there is "health in His wings and light in His path," for He is "the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world" (John i., 9).

"The law was given by Moses; grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." (John i., 17.) We think that all men should heed the exhortation of St. Paul, who wrote to the Colossians that they should continually give thanks "to God the Father, who hath made us worthy to be partakers of the lot of the saints in light; who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love; in whom we have redemption through His blood, the remission of sins." (Col. i., 12, 13 and 14.) And we feel that all men should desire to fall down in adoration before the Lamb and sing unceasingly the new canticle, "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and benediction." (Apoc. v., 12.) We are well aware that all men do not share in these opinions, that all do not entertain the same sentiments with regard to the Redeemer, whose name has made Nazareth illustrious and dear to the millions who are His followers. We are well aware that only "to those that are called" is Christ "the power of God and the wisdom of God." (I. Cor. i., 23.)

MYSTERY OF GOD'S TENDER MERCY.

The life, sufferings, and death of Christ for the redemption and salvation of sinful man are a mystery of God's tender mercy tempered with justice; we shall never fully understand the sacrifice of Calvary until that happy day, when in the heavenly kingdom we shall see God face to face; because never until then shall we fully understand the greatness and sanctity of God, the enormity of sin, and the value of immortal souls that Christ died to save. But in the meantime we and all who look upon Christ with the eyes of faith, shall see enough to convince us that He is the power and wisdom of God, the surpassing miracle of His omnipotent love.

Since we are here for a comparison of doctrines and not for controversy, it is not our intention to set forth in this paper proofs of the divinity of Christ, and of His mission; it is intended to give a plain, but necessarily brief and imperfect exposition of the divine economy for the redemption and salvation of man through Christ, according to the teaching of the Catholic Church. The subject is vast; the theme is grand. To many our words will be but a new expression of truths that they have believed from their earliest years; to others they will, perhaps, be less familiar; to all they will be an invitation to examine more closely the character and work of Him whom they call the Redeemer of the world, because He died for all men, and He is the propitiation not for our sins only, but also for those of the whole world (I. St. John, li., 2).

What will be said of the life and death of this Redeemer and of the benefits which He conferred upon mankind must not be regarded as the teaching of any one man or of any special school; they are the tenets of a Church which can claim 200,000,000 adherents, and are drawn principally from the decrees of the Council of Trent, the most notable, perhaps, and the best known of all the Councils of the Catholic Church. In the sixth session of that Council, held on Jan. 13, 1547, the justification of a sinner is called a "translation from the state in which the sons of the first Adam are born, to the state of grace and adoption of sons of God, by the second Adam, Jesus Christ our Saviour." (Chap. iv.) We are born "children of wrath," says St. Paul (Eph. ii., 3 and follow-

ing), "but God, (who is rich in mercy) for His exceeding charity wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together in Christ (by whose grace you are saved), and hath raised us up together and hath made us sit together in the heavenly places through Christ Jesus." For, "as in Adam all die, so in Christ all shall be made alive." (I. Cor. xv., 22.)

CONDITION OF MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

From these texts it is evident that in order to understand the doctrine of redemption and salvation through Christ it will be necessary to consider, first, the condition of man before the fall of Adam; secondly, the condition of man after the fall, and before the death of Christ; thirdly, the condition of man after the price of a redemption had been paid by Christ.

The universal tradition, attested by various legends concerning the "golden age" of man, assumes in the Catholic Church the form of a precise dogma which says that our first parents were constituted by Almighty God in the state of original justice (Conc. Trid., Sess. v., de Pecc., Originali Can. 1). The late lamented Cardinal Manning, in his book on the "Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost" (ch. i.), describes this happy state in the following words: "The general work of the Holy Ghost, as the sanctification of the soul in man, began before the fall in the creation of man, for Adam, when created, was constituted in the state of grace. He was not created in but constituted in the state of original justice. The distinction between created and constituted is this: Original justice was no part of the nature of man; it was a superadded gift, a supernatural perfection over and above the perfection or integrity of human nature. It was not due to man that he should have the gift of original justice; his perfection consisted in the body and the soul, the faculties and the powers—intellectual and moral—which constitute human nature. But original justice is more than this; namely, the gift of supernatural grace and state, by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the soul, illuminating it by the infusion of his light in the form of truth, and sanctifying it by the infusion of his grace in the form of sanctity. This was original justice; and therefore, Adam was in two ways the son of God: he was the son of God

by nature, because he was created by God; and a son of God by grace, because the Holy Ghost dwelt in him. Because he had this original justice he had also two other gifts. He had immortality in the body, because he was without sin, and he had perfect harmony and integrity or order in the soul, because the soul was under the direction and guidance of the spirit of God. Therefore, in Adam there were three perfections. There was the perfection of nature, the body and the soul; there was the supernatural perfection, or the indwelling of the Holy Ghost and of sanctifying grace; there was the preternatural perfection of immortality in the body and of harmony in the soul in and with itself." In order to make the exposition complete, it must be added that, according to Catholic doctrine, these perfections were not personal gifts granted to Adam as an individual; they were given to him, by the bounty of God, as to the Father and representative of the human race. He was to be their custodian, not only for himself, but also for his posterity. If he remained faithful, all these gifts, natural, preternatural, and supernatural, were to have been transmitted to his descendants. Had Adam not sinned, his children would have been born perfect in nature, adorned with grace and supernatural virtues by the power of the Holy Ghost; they would not have been subject to death, and there would have been perfect harmony between all the parts of their nature; the lower nature would have been obedient to the higher, because the higher and nobler faculties of man would have been subject to the commands of God by the direction of the Holy Ghost. Alas, this happy state was not to endure forever!

THE TRANSGRESSION OF ADAM.

God had distributed with a plentiful hand the wonderful treasures of His bounty; He had enriched and adorned Adam with His choicest gifts; He gave him control over the earth and all that it contained, placing him just a little lower than the angels (Ps. viii., v. 6), and raising him in dignity above all the creatures of earth by the gift of intelligence and of free will. By an act of this free will all was lost. Adam chose to listen to the suggestions of the tempter rather than to obey the command of God; he ate the forbidden fruit, and he had to die the death (Gen. ii., 17). "By

an act of disobedience," writes Cardinal Manning, "that first creation was shattered, the presence of the Holy Ghost was forfeited, and the soul and body of man were left in the substantial integrity which belongs to our nature, but it was wounded with the three wounds of ignorance, of weakness, and of passion." The Council of Trent (Sess. V., de Pecc. Orig. Can. 1) implicitly declares and defines that by the transgression of God's command the first man lost the justice and sanctity in which he had been constituted, incurred the anger of God, together with the penalty of death because a captive under the power of Satan; and the whole man both in body and soul, was injured and changed for the worse.

What an unfortunate change! He who had been the beloved child of God, and an object of complacency to the three persons of the most holy Trinity, is now the enemy of God because he freely and ungratefully disobeyed his Creator. Supernatural grace and the infused virtues and gifts of the Holy Ghost have departed; Adam is doomed to die. "God made man incorruptible," we read in the book of Wisdom (ii., 23), "but by the envy of the devil death came into the world." The harmony between the inferior and superior parts of man was dissolved, the sting of inordinate concupiscence was felt, and then began that conflict mentioned by St. Paul (Rom. vii., 23) between the law of the members and the law of the mind, which makes the life of man on earth what holy Job calls a continual warfare (vii., 1). Man's intellect was darkened, his will for good was weakened; passion and an inclination to evil was the rule, not the exception; the imagination and thought of man's heart were prone to evil from his youth (Gen. viii., 21), and he became the slave of Satan, for, writes St. Peter (II. Ep. ii., 9), "by whom a man is overcome, of the same also is he the slave."

Adam of his own free will upset the first order of God's providence, and he now came under another order; he had been innocent and just, he was now a guilty and fallen man; he could not enter into heaven, and he was doomed to suffer the other miseries brought on by his own sin until God saw fit to send him a Redeemer. He, no doubt, soon repented of his sin; and if he returned to God with a sincerely contrite heart, the guilt would be remitted and he would not be punished eternally for it. But he

was powerless to repair the injury done, because the gifts and graces he had lost were gratuitous favors, not due to his nature, but granted through pure love and goodness by God; hence their restoration was subject to his good pleasure.

POSTERITY AFFECTED BY ADAM'S FALL.

Unfortunately for us this fall of the father of the human race affected his posterity. The perfections of original justice would have passed to his descendants had he remained faithful, but he failed to comply with the conditions on which they had been granted, and, having lost them himself, he could not transmit them to his children. In consequence of his sin we, too, were deprived of the supernatural perfections that he possessed. Though not guilty of any actual, personal sins the children of Adam are, as St. Paul says (Eph. ii., 3) "by nature children of wrath;" they are displeasing in the sight of God, because He does not see in their souls the graces, virtues, and perfections He had intended for all, and of which they were deprived through the fault of Adam by an act in which he was morally the representative of the human race. This is what is meant by original sin; at least this is the explanation of its essence given by the majority of theologians; and if any one tries to see in original sin as taught by the Church a personal act by which men offend God, he will not succeed, because it is not a personal sin; it is the habitual state displeasing to God in which the souls of men are left since the father of the human race offended God by an act of proud disobedience.

With the supernatural grace the preternatural gifts were also lost. We became subject to death, not only as to a law of nature, but also as a penalty, for "by one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death, and so death passed upon all men, in whom all have sinned." (Rom. v., 12.) We also experience the stings of conscience, the war of the flesh against the spirit, which would, in the benevolent designs of Providence, have been prevented by the subjection of the mind to grace. Our nature, also, was wounded like the nature of Adam, with the three wounds of ignorance, weakness, and passion. Then began the rule of him who had the empire of death, that is to say, the devil (Heb. ii., 14), which was to

last until Christ came to destroy that empire by his death. St. Augustine, in one of his sermons, calls this unhappy condition a sickness of human nature that had spread over the face of the earth ("Magnus per orbem jacebat ægrotus.") And in another place he says that in consequence of sin, the nature of man, which should have been a beautiful olive-tree planted and watered and nurtured by the hand of God, and bearing fruits for eternity, became a miserable oleaster, contemptible and disagreeable by the ugliness of its appearance and the bitterness of its false fruits. (Serm. 342, No. 4.) The work of the gardener had been interfered with, and man was condemned to taste the bitter fruits of his own planting. He was displeasing to God, and he needed some one who could reconcile him with the heavenly Father by atoning for his sins; he had lost the grace of God, and of himself could not recover it; he was a slave under the power of Satan, and stood in need of a Redeemer.

PROMISE OF THE REDEEMER.

Immediately after the fall God promised this Redeemer—the seed of the woman who was to crush the serpent's head (Gen. iii., 15), but He did not send Him immediately; for 4,000 years man was left to experience the sad consequences of the fall. St. Thomas Aquinas (*De Incarn.*, Qu. I., art. 5 and 6) and other theologians remark that the Redeemer did not come immediately after the fall, because man, who had sinned by pride, should be humbled so that he might acknowledge his own poverty and the need of a Saviour. Neither was the coming of the Redeemer to be deferred until the end of the world, because then man might have fallen into despair, forgetting God and His promises, and the rules of morals. Moreover, had He come at the end of the world men would never have enjoyed the advantages of the sublime example given to all ages by the Saviour. Almighty God, then, who ordered all things in the manner that would best promote His glory and man's welfare, chose the most suitable time, and "when the fulness of time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that He might redeem them who were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." (Gal. iv., 4, 5.) This Redeemer was the babe of Beth-

lehem, the son of the Virgin Mary, and His name was called Jesus, because He came to save His people from their sins. (Matt. i., 21.)

And now that we come to consider the work of that Saviour, where shall we find the tongue of a Chrysostom to describe what St. Paul calls "the abundant riches of God's grace in His bounty toward us in Christ Jesus?" (Ephes. ii., 7.) The Apostle rejoices in having received the grace "to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ—that the manifold wisdom of God may be made known—according to the eternal purpose which he made in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Ephes. iii., 8). Men of all ages have admired Christ; even those who do not believe in Him must admit, in the light of history, that His preaching and His religion have changed the face of the earth. The greatest intellects the world ever knew have felt proud of the lines or pages which gave even a faint representation of His greatness and loveliness; bright minds, loving hearts, eloquent tongues, and powerful pens have been employed in His service, and yet we have no adequate description of the character and work of Jesus of Nazareth. They could not paint Him as man; much less could they tell us of the infinite wisdom and dignity of the divinity that was in Him; for Christ was, as all Christians believe, both God and man. The second person of the Trinity assumed to itself the human nature which was formed in the pure womb of the Virgin Mary by the power of the Holy Ghost. "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that the world might be saved by Him" (John iii., 16, 17). These are words which Christ spoke to Nicodemus; they are the key to a mystery which no man can fully explain; all we can do is to join with our feeble voices in the chorus of praises sung in honor of the Saviour, begging pardon of Him for the imperfections of our ideas and expressions.

THE PLAN OF REDEMPTION.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that God could, if He willed, have chosen another method of redemption. Being Lord of all things He might have condoned Adam's offence, and restored to man his lost prerogatives without demanding any atonement. He might, if He willed, have accepted in satisfaction for

sin the salutary penances of Adam, or of some of his descendants (see S. Thom. de Incarn. Qu. 1, Art 2 ad 2). But, says St. Athanasius (Serm. iii., Contra Arianos), in this we must consider not what God could have done, but what was best for man, for that was chosen. Away then, with all thoughts of excessive rigor on the part of God. He willed to redeem and save us through the sufferings and merits of Christ, because it was better for us; and at the same time He gave to the world the greatest manifestation ever known of His own goodness, power, wisdom, and justice, as we are told by Saint John Damascene and Saint Thomas Aquinas, two princes of theology.

This plan of redemption was freely and lovingly accepted by the second person of the Trinity, and the Son came into the world in the form of man that He might be our Saviour; and as a Saviour he manifested Himself from the first moment of His Incarnation until the day of His ascension; a Saviour He is still, for as St. Paul tells us (Rom. viii., 34), sitting now at the right hand of God He continually intercedes for us, offering to the Father in our behalf His superabundant merits. He was a Saviour by His teaching, by His example, and by His death. The prophet Isaiah had foretold 800 years before His birth: "Behold, I have given Him for a witness before the people, for a leader and for a master to the Gentiles (lv., 4); and when He came, after He had been baptized by St. John, the Father's voice from the clouds announced that He was the divinely-appointed teacher of mankind: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him," (Matt. xvii., 5), and St. Peter afterward proposed that his Master's doctrine was heavenly and salutary: "Thou, O Lord, hast the words of eternal life." (John vi., 69.)

MISSION OF JESUS FULFILLED.

Our Lord certainly fulfilled the mission of saving men by preaching; in private and in public, during the three years of His public life, on the mountain-tops and in the valleys, in the temple and in the houses of those whom He visited, at the sea-shore and on the waters—everywhere He was preaching, teaching men the truths of salvation; and the worst enemy the Christian religion ever had must admit that the doctrine of Christ was sublime,

pure, holy, and salutary. But it is not sufficient to teach. Whoever wishes to change men and convert them from their evil ways cannot be contented with mere words. To his words must be added the influence of his example, especially if his doctrine be disagreeable to those whom he wishes to convert. Thus it was with our Saviour. His teachings consisted principally in inculcating the two great precepts of love and of suffering, of charity and of the cross, of loving God above all things, and of denying ourselves in order that we might be free to follow Him. But he required of men nothing that He did not practice. He went about, writes St. Luke, "doing and teaching" (Acts i., 1); His life was so sublime and holy that He could stand before the world and dare His enemies: "Which of you shall convince Me of sin?" (John viii., 46). None could say of Him what He with so much truth said of the scribes and pharisees: "They bind heavy and insupportable burdens and lay them on men's shoulders, but with a finger of their own they will not move them." (Matt. xxiii., 4).

He taught that we should love God, and of Himself He could say that His daily food was to do the will of His Father (John iv., 34). He taught that we should not be over-attached to the goods of this world, since men cannot serve God and mammon (Luke xvi., 13); and of Himself He could truly say: "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head" (Matt. vii., 20). He taught obedience and submission to the will of God, and He was obedient unto death, even unto the death of the cross (Philip. ii., 8). He taught that we should be humble, becoming as little children (Matt. xviii., 3); and He could say without fear of contradiction or reproach: "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart" (Matt. xi., 29). He taught that we should be loving and kind toward our neighbor; and He was so kind and tender-hearted that the sight of a hungry multitude would cause Him to almost melt into tears, and on several occasions He performed miracles to supply their wants (Matt. xiv., 17 and fol.; xv., 36 and fol.). And so it is with every part of His doctrine; in all things He gave the example, that as He had done so also we should act. It is for this reason that St. Paul so often exhorts us to put on the new man (Eph. iv., 24), to put on Christ (Gal.

iii., 27; Rom. xiii., 14), to be in all things conformed to His example (I. Cor. iv., 16), for in the example He gave He was also our Saviour.

SAVING INFLUENCE OF CHRIST.

But the saving influence of Christ is to be found principally in His death; because by His death He reconciled us with God (Col. i., 19; Eph. ii., 14, 16), freed us from sin, and satisfied God's justice (Heb. ix., 13 and following; I. John i., 7; Apoc. i., 5), restored us to grace and justification (Rom. ii., 25; Col. i., 21, 22), freed us from the power of satan (Col. ii., 15) and made us once more the children of God (Col. i., 12, 13, 14). Christ came into this world, lived among men, and died upon the cross in execution of a sublime plan for man's redemption; of a plan which nothing less than the infinite wisdom of God could conceive, and nothing less than the omnipotence of God could execute. "We have thought Him as a leper and as one struck by God and afflicted," wrote the prophet Isaias, "but He was wounded for our iniquities; He was bruised for our sins." "He was offered up because it was His own will, and by His bruises we are healed." God had been offended, grievously offended by the sin of our first parents, so much so that from that time the gates of heaven were closed against men. Even the souls of the just who died under the old law could not enjoy the happiness of heaven; they were compelled to remain in a place called Limbo until atonement had been made for the sin of Adam. And besides this sin of the human race, there were other sins, black and shameful and hideous, some of them, and as numerous, alas, as the sands on the seashore. There were the personal actual sins committed from the time of Adam up to the last breath of the last man that will live in the world. All these had to be atoned for, and how could man hope to offer any satisfaction that would bear the least proportion to the infinite sanctity of the God who had been offended and insulted?

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

Then it was that our Saviour consented to be a voluntary victim offered up in expiation for the sins of the world. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us" (John i., 14); Christ came

into the world, true God and true man. Being man He could suffer; being God, any one of His actions would have infinite value, both for merit and for atonement. "God laid on Him the iniquity of us all," says Isaiah (liii., 6); by His death God's justice was satisfied and man was redeemed; for, says St. Peter (I. Ep. i., 18), we were "not redeemed with corruptible things, as gold and silver, but with the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled." Thus was blotted out the handwriting of the decree that was against us (Col. ii., 14). By His death Christ not only freed us from evil, He also merited for us the graces we need in order that we may do good, performing actions meritorious of eternal life. Without Christ we can do nothing (John xv., 5). All those who were saved under the old law were saved through faith in the Redeemer to come; grace was granted to them owing to His foreseen merits. In the new law all our sufficiency is from Him (II. Cor. ii., 3); all graces are granted, as we ask them, "through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." He merited these graces for us by all the acts of His life, but principally by dying for us; the precious blood shed on Calvary flows through the Church; it vivifies the sacraments, the channels of grace, by partaking of which we drink from that "fountain of water springing into life everlasting." (John iv., 14.)

MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

After His ascension into heaven He sent the Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth and love, to abide forever with His Church, which is to continue on earth the work of saving souls. Under the guidance of the Holy Spirit she is to teach men the way of truth; she is the depositary and dispensatrix of the graces merited for all men by Christ; she is the guardian of the sacraments, the ordinary channels through which grace is conveyed to the souls of men, whether they be infants or adults. Not that grace is conferred only by the sacraments; "The spirit breatheth where He wills" (John iii., 8), and if we ask anything in Christ's name the Father will give it (John xvi., 23). Nay, more, the spirit of grace is represented as continually standing at the gate and knocking, that the door of the sinner's heart may be opened to admit the grace of God (Apoc. iii., 20), which will excite within him horror for

sin and a desire to return to God. (Conc. Trid. Sess. vi., de Justif. cap. v.)

This grace is so powerful that after conversion the sinner must not boast as if he had not received the gift from Heaven (I. Cor. iv., 7), and yet he must not remain inactive. He must consent to grace and co-operate with the movements of the Holy Spirit (Conc. Trid. loc. cit.). He must prepare himself for justification by believing in God and His power; he must hope in Him and begin to love Him, desiring to do penance and receive the sacraments and lead a new life (Ibid., cap. vi.), thus disposing himself to receive through the merits of Christ the abundance of grace which will complete the work of sanctification. When the sanctification is complete his sins are blotted out, he is the friend and lover of God by charity, and an heir according to hope of life everlasting (Ibid., cap. vii. and Tit. iii., 7). Then the Holy Ghost dwells in his soul with the fulness of his gifts; and if he perseveres in the grace and love of God and the observance of the commandments, he will be one of those of whom Saint Paul writes: "Being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him." (Rom. v., 9.)

MAN'S INCLINATION TO EVIL.

Even after receiving these benefits, men must work out their salvation in fear and trembling (Phil. ii., 12, and Conc. Trid., ibid., cap. 13), because man is weak and can fall again. Our Lord's passion and death repair the injury done to the human race by the sin of Adam, but not all the prerogatives of our primitive happy state are restored in this life. Grace and the friendship of God and the right to heaven are restored; but our nature is still a wounded nature; the soul is not in perfect harmony; the unhappy inclination to evil remains in us even after baptism and justification, for a trial and as an occasion to practice virtue, say the fathers of the Council of Trent. These trials have been left by a merciful Providence to remind us of the fall and of the redemption; they are merely inclinations or temptations in which there is no sin if the will does not consent to them; they form the battle for good against evil, and those who strive lawfully will receive a crown, says St. Paul. (II. Tim. ii., 5.) This struggle will

last as long as we are in this world, and those who persevere unto the end shall be saved. (Matt. x., 22.) Only those who have been saved and are now with God can see the full extent of the benefits conferred upon mankind by the life, teaching, and death of the Redeemer; they alone see clearly how the redemption of sinful man through Christ is a manifestation of the power and wisdom of God; but even in the dim light of faith we understand enough to make us feel eternally grateful to Christ and to the Father with whom He reconciled us by His death. We see enough to make us believe and feel that all men should repeat with appreciation and gratitude the words of the new canticle, "sung by many angels round about the throne:" "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and benediction." Amen!

ENCYCLICAL LETTER

OF THE HOLY FATHER, LEO XIII., ON THE ROSARY.

TO THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS, AND OTHER ORDINARIES IN PEACE AND COMMUNION WITH THE HOLY SEE.

VENERABLE BRETHREN,—Greeting and the Apostolic Benediction.

The holy joy which we experienced at the opening of this fiftieth anniversary of our episcopal consecration was still more agreeably increased when we saw the Catholics of the whole world unite with us, like children with their father, in a common and striking manifestation of faith and love. Penetrated with gratitude we discover and note in this fact a special design on the part of Divine Providence at once of supreme favor to us and of great blessing for the Church. For this benefit we also feel a desire, not less intense, of thanking and extolling the august Mother of the Saviour, our good and powerful mediatrix with God. Always and in every way during the long years and events of our life we have experienced the protection of her maternal and exquisite charity, which continues to manifest to us in a manner more and more luminously striking. She pours into our soul a heavenly sweetness, and fills it with a confidence quite supernatural. We seem to hear the very voice of the Queen of Heaven encouraging us in the midst of our crosses, helping us with her counsels in the steps to be taken for the common good of the faithful, urging us to move the Christian people to piety and the practice of all the virtues. Several times in the past it has been a pleasure and a duty to us to respond by our acts to those desires of Mary. Among the happy fruits which, under her auspices, our exhortations have produced, it is fitting to point out the great development of the devotion of the Holy Rosary, the new confraternities erected under that name, and the reconstitution of old ones, the learned writings published with that object to the great profit of the faithful, and even certain works of art of remarkable merit and richness in-

spired by that very thought. To-day, urged by the voice of the Blessed Virgin Mother repeating to us "*Clama ne cesses*"—"Cry out and cease not to cry out." We are happy, venerable brethren, to confer with you anew on the Holy Rosary of Mary at the approach of that month of October which we have consecrated to this touching devotion, enriching it with numerous indulgences and graces. Still, the immediate object of our words at present is not to bestow new praises on that excellent form of prayer, but chiefly to move the faithful to have recourse to it with piety; we wish rather to remind them of certain very valuable advantages flowing from the devotion, and wonderfully appropriate to the present condition of men and things, for we are thoroughly persuaded that from the recitation of the Holy Rosary, practised in a way to produce its full effects, will follow, not only for individuals, but for all Christendom, the most valuable advantages. There is none who does not know how, in fulfilment of the duty of our Supreme Apostolate, we have striven, as we are ready to do again with the help of God, to labor for the happiness and prosperity of society. Often we have warned those who have the power not to make laws or apply them except in the sense of the Divine thought. We have exhorted those whose genius, merits, nobility of blood or fortune have raised them above their fellow-citizens to bring their united intelligence and power to bear in laboring more efficaciously to strengthen and defend the common interests, but in civil society, such as we see it constituted to-day, there are numerous and multiplied causes which weaken the bonds of public order and turn people aside from the way of honesty and good morals. These causes seem to us to be chiefly the three following: namely, aversion to an humble and laborious life, horror of all that causes suffering, and forgetfulness of future happiness, the object of our hope. We see with sorrow—and even those who only judge everything by the light of human reason and according to utilitarian principles recognize and deplore it along with us—that a deep wound has stricken the social body, since we see neglected, and as it were disdained, the duties and virtues which adorn the simple, common life. Hence, in effect, at the domestic hearth, that obstinate resistance of children to the obedience which nature itself imposes on them, and that impatience in bearing every yoke other than that of softness and voluptuousness. Hence in man, condemned to toil, that seeking to withdraw and fly from all painful labor, that profound discontentedness with his lot, that aiming at a higher rank, those thoughtless aspirations after an equal partition of property, and other ambitions of the same kind, which cause people to desert the country to plunge into the tumult and pleasures of large cities. Hence that disturbance of the equilibrium between different classes of society, that universal inquietude, those hatreds and poignant jealousies, those flagrant violations of right—in fine, those unceasing efforts of all the deluded to disturb the public peace by seditions and uprisings, and attack those very people whose mission it is to protect them. Let me ask for a remedy for these evils at the Rosary of Mary, at that co-ordinated recitation of certain formulas of prayers accompanied by pious meditation on the life of the Saviour and His Mother. Let one explain to them in suitable language adapted to the understanding of the simple, faithful,

I. THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES,

placing them before their eyes like so many images and pictures of the practice of virtue, and every one recognizes what an admirable and rich mine there is there of easy arguments, capable, by their sweet eloquence, of inculcating good morals and hon-

esty. We are in presence of the holy House of Nazareth, the dwelling of divine and earthly sanctity. What perfection of the common life! What a finished model of domestic society!

Therein reigns candor and simplicity, perpetual peace, ever perpetual peace, ever perfect order, mutual respect, and reciprocal love, not false and deceptive love, but real and active, which by the assiduity of its good offices, enraptures the gaze of simple spectators. A provident zeal there provides for all the needs of life, but that *in sudore vultus*, "by the sweat of the brow," like those who, knowing how to be content with little, strive less to multiply what they have than to lessen their poverty. Above all, what one admires in this domestic interior is the peace of soul and joy of spirit, the double treasure of the conscience of every good man. Now these great examples of modesty and humility, of good will towards their neighbors, of the perfect fulfilment of all the duties of private life and all the virtues, cannot be meditated upon nor thus fixed little by little in the memory without their insensibly resulting in a salutary transformation in the thoughts and habits of life. Then the obligations of each one will cease to press upon him and inspire him with disgust; he will like them and will find in their fulfilment a joy which will be a new stimulus to good. Manners will also become gentler, the family life more agreeable and more relished, intercourse with one's neighbor more penetrated with sincerity, charity, and respect. And if these transformations of the private individual extend to families, cities, peoples, and institutions, it will easily be seen what immense advantages will be derived for the whole public benefit. A second extremely lamentable evil, and which we can never sufficiently deplore, because it continually increases from day to day to the great detriment of souls, is the deliberate desire to shirk pain and employ every means to avoid suffering and repel adversity. For the great majority of men the reward of virtue, fidelity, and duty, of labor endured and obstacles surmounted, is no longer, as it should be, in peace and liberty of soul; what they pursue, as the height of felicity, is a chimerical condition of society in which there shall be nothing to be endured, and in which one shall at the same time enjoy every earthly pleasure. Now it is impossible that souls should not be sullied by this unbridled desire of pleasure; if they do not become its complete victims it always produces such an enervation that when the ills of life make themselves felt they shamefully bend beneath them, and end by miserably succumbing to them. Here, again, it is permissible to hope that by force of example the devotion of the Holy Rosary will give souls more strength and energy; and why should it be otherwise when the Christian, from his tenderest childhood and constantly since, has applied his mind with silence and recollection to the sweet contemplation of

II. THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

In these mysteries we learn that Jesus Christ, "the Author and Finisher of Our Faith," began simultaneously to work and preach, in order that we should find in Him, reduced to practice, what He had to teach us touching patience and courage in sorrow, and suffering to the extent of being willing Himself to endure all that could be most crucifying and painful to bear. We see Him overwhelmed under the weight of a sorrow which, compressing the vessels of the heart, caused Him to sweat blood. We contemplate Him bound like a malefactor, submitting to the judgment of the wicked, insulted, calumniated, falsely accused of crimes, beaten with rods, adjudged unwor-

thy to live, and deserving that crowd should clamor for His death. To all that we add meditations on the sorrows of His Most Holy Mother, whose heart a sharp sword has not only wounded, but transpierced through and through, so that she became, and merited to be called, the Mother of Sorrows. How should not everyone who will frequently contemplate, not only with the eyes of the body, but in thought and meditation, such great examples of strength and virtue, burn with the desire of imitating them ! Let the earth appear to him stricken with maledictions, and only producing thorns and briars ; let his soul be oppressed with pain and anguish, his body undermined by disease, no suffering will reach him, either from the wickedness of men or the anger of the demons ; no adversity, private or public, which his patience will not finally overcome. Hence the proverb : *facere et pati fortia Christianum est*—to act and suffer is the attribute of the Christian,—for whoever wishes to have a right to that name cannot do without following Jesus in patience. But when we speak of patience we by no means mean that vain ostentation of a soul hardened against sorrow, which was the characteristic of certain philosophers of antiquity, but that patience modelled upon Him Who, "having joy set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame"—*proposito sibi gaudio sustinuit crucem confusione contempla* (Hebrews xii., 2). We mean that the patience which, after having asked of God the succour of His grace, rejects no suffering, but rejoices at it, and, whatever it may be, considers it as a gain. The Catholic Church has always had, and at present counts, and in all places, illustrious disciples of this doctrine, men and pious women of every rank who, to walk in the footsteps of the Lord, bear with courage and in a spirit of religion all kinds of insults and crosses, saying still more by their acts than words with the Apostle of St. Thomas : *Eamus et nos et moriamur cum eo*—"Let us also go that we may die with Him." (John xi., 16.) May it please God to multiply more and more these examples of remarkable constancy ! They are a support to civil society, and the glory and strength of the Church. The third kind of evils to which it is necessary to apply a remedy is specially characteristic of men of our time. Those of former ages, even though they sometimes loved more passionately the things of earth, did not, however, absolutely disdain heavenly things ; thus the pagan sages themselves this life seemed like a guest house and a temporary abode rather than a fixed and lasting dwelling. Men of our days, on the contrary, although nurtured in Christianity, pursue the perishable goods of the present life in such a way that they would like not only to forget, but, through an excess of abasement even efface the memory of a better land in eternal happiness, as if St. Paul had warned us in vain that we had not here a lasting dwelling-place, but that we seek one to come—*non habemus hic manentem civitatem, sed futuram inquirimus* (Hebrews xii., 14). If we examine into the causes of this aberration, the first which presents itself is the persuasion of a great number that the pre-occupation of future things extinguishes the love of the earthly fatherland and is detrimental to the prosperity of the state. An odious and mad calumny.

As a matter of fact, the goods we hope for are not of a nature to absorb men's thoughts to the extent of diverting them from the care of present things. Jesus Christ Himself, in recommending us to seek first the Kingdom of God, has thereby intimated that it should not make us neglect the rest. In fact the use of present things and the honest enjoyment they afford when virtue finds a stimulus or a reward therein, as also the adornment and embellishment of the terrestrial city, when we see therein an image

of the splendor and magnificence of the heavenly city, presents nothing contrary to human reason or the Divine counsels; for God is the author at once of nature and of grace, and has not willed that one should injure the other nor should be mutually antagonistic, but that, united by a fraternal alliance, they should both lead us easily to that immortal beatitude for which we mortal men have come into this world. However, the voluptuous and self-lovers, those whose thoughts wander to lower and perishable things to such a degree that it becomes impossible for them to rise higher, those who, rather than feel awakened in them, by the enjoyments of visible creatures, the desire of invisible and eternal things, completely lose sight of eternity itself, and fall even to the lowest degree of the deepest debasement. God could not inflict a more terrible punishment on man than letting him forget superior things to pass his life in the enjoyment of lower pleasures. Now the Christian who, with pious Rosary in hand, will often meditate on

III. THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES,

can certainly never be exposed to such a danger. From these mysteries, in fact, comes a light which reveals to us those heavenly treasures and beauties which our corporal eye cannot perceive, but which we know by faith to be prepared for those who love God. We there learn that death is not destruction which leaves nothing behind it, but the passage from life to another, and that the way to heaven is open to all. When we there see Jesus Christ ascend, we recall His promise of preparing a place for us—*vrado parare vobis locum*. The Holy Rosary reminds us that there will be no more mourning nor groaning, nor any sorrow, when we shall be forever with the Lord, like to God, because we shall see Him as He is, inebriated with the torrent of His delights, fellow-citizens of the saints, and consequently of the Blessed Virgin, our Mother. How should not a soul nourished with such thoughts feel itself burn with a holy flame, and cry out with a great saint: "How vile the earth seems to me when I look up to Heaven"—*quam sordet tellus dum cælum aspicio?* How should we not be consoled in thinking that light momentary tribulation produces in us an eternal weight of glory—*Momentaneum et leve tribulationis nostræ æternum gloriæ pondus operatur in nobis*. In truth there alone is the secret of uniting, as in a fitting manner time and eternity, the earthly and the heavenly city, and forming noble characters. If these characters are the greater number, it will be safeguarded in its dignity and greatness; we will see the good, the true, and the beautiful like unto Him who is the principal and inexhaustible source of all truth, goodness, and beauty, flourish therein. And now, as we have observed in commencing, who does not see how grand and fruitful is the salutary virtue of the Holy Rosary of Mary, and what admirable remedies existing society can derive therefrom to cure its ills and prevent their return? But those naturally experience the benefits of this virtue in most abundance who, having joined some of the pious confraternities of the Rosary, shall have acquired a new and particular title, thanks to that fraternal union and their special consecration to the cultus of the most Holy Virgin. These confraternities, approved by the Roman Pontiffs and enriched by them with privileges and indulgences, have their proper constitution and discipline; they hold their meetings on fixed days, and are provided with means the most calculated to cause piety to flourish and to be useful even to civil society. These are like so many fighting battalions who are waging the combats of Christ for virtue with His sacred mysteries, under the auspices and leadership of the

Queen of Heaven; and at all times and still more on the day of Lepanto, has manifestly proved to them how acceptable to her were their prayers, feasts, and suppliant processions. It is, then, very fitting that not only the sons of the patriarch, St. Dominic who owe to their state and vocation, but also all priests who have charge of souls, and who notably exercise their ministry in churches where these confraternities are already canonically erected, should strive zealously to multiply them and maintain them in all their fervor. We desire, moreover, and that most earnestly, that those who are devoted to missions and the preaching of the Faith, either in Christian countries or among infidels and barbarous nations, should labor joyfully in this same good work. Their exhortations, we doubt not, will bear fruit, and multitudes of faithful will hasten to be enrolled in those confraternities and vie with one another in drawing from the Holy Rosary the valuable advantages which we have just enumerated, and which should be regarded as their essence and *raison d'être*. The example of these confraternities and their members will insensibly draw the rest of the faithful to imitate them in their esteem for that devotion to the Rosary of Mary, and, in their turn, the latter as we earnestly desire, will display more solicitude in profiting by treasures so salutary. Such are the hopes we cherish; they are a support and a consolation to us in the midst of the evils and sadness of the present hour. May it please Mary, the Mother of God and men, the institutor and Queen of the Holy Rosary, to realize them in hearing our prayer and supplications. We are confident, venerable brethren, that by the assistance of each of you these teachings and words will produce all kinds of good effect, and notably contribute to the prosperity of families and to the general peace of peoples. Meanwhile, as a pledge of heavenly favors and of our individual good will we give to each of you, your clergy, and the faithful confided to your care, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, the 8th of September, of the year 1893, the sixteenth of Our Pontificate.

IF manner is sometimes only a false enamel, we must still admire it. The graceful and respectful speech, the frank smile, the courteous bow, the kindness to the aged, the willingness to give place,—who does not admire it?

If we see these traits even in what used to be called a country bumpkin, we admire him.

A man can be a person of real breeding even if he has no conventional breeding. The latter is but the guinea's stamp, to use the good old simile once more, but it is not current coin until it is thus stamped.

THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING ASYLUM.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.



"FROM AN UNKNOWN SHORE."*

"THERE is no phase of human misery for which the Church does not provide some remedy or alleviation. She has established infant asylums for the shelter of the helpless babes who have been cruelly abandoned by their own parents, or bereft of them in the mysterious dispensations of Providence before they could know and feel a mother's love. These little waifs, like the infant Moses drifting in the turbid Nile, are rescued from an untimely death, and are tenderly raised by the daughters of the Great King, those consecrated virgins who become mothers to them. And I have known more than one such motherless babe, who, like Israel's lawgiver, in after years became a leader among his people."—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

In the records of the Catholic Congress of the World's Fair, in the paper of our esteemed and beloved American Cardinal, will be preserved the beautiful simile and touching tribute quoted above. To no institution or individuals in the United States may they be more faithfully applied than to "Sister Irene's," the incorporate title of which is "The New York Foundling Hospital," and to the devoted Daughters of Charity there. If we except

* By permission of the artist—B. LANDER.

the work entrusted to Dom Bosco and that to Father Drumgoole, those powerful agents of Divine Providence in the sheltering of helpless childhood, no work of wide celebrity presents more visible marks of divine inspiration in its origin, of divine support in its existence, than this for the saving of helpless, homeless infancy.

It is true that the wealthiest of New York Catholics, the most generous of her Protestants, have from its beginning freely helped this appealing work, and that the State has nobly given financial expression of appreciation of its aims, but what is all this material aid, this "good fortune," as the world would put it, but the help of Providence? What is the Catholic or Protestant of wealth, but the agent of Providence? "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

"Let this be the work of Divine Providence; if it be pleasing to Almighty God, He will sustain it." So spake Mother M. Jerome, superior of the Sisters of Charity, to Sister M. Irene, in giving her charge of the new work that so far had no visible existence. A story of real interest is that of its beginning and development.

There are many organizations of women bearing the name of Sisters of Charity, but commonly known by another appellation expressive of their work, as the Good Shepherd Nuns; of their dress, as the Grey Nuns; of their place of origin, as the Irish Sisters of Charity; or of the model of their life, as the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. But there are two great Foundations that look up to St. Vincent de Paul as to their Father, Patron and Model, and it is one or the other of these that the mind ever associates with the familiar and simple name of Sisters of Charity.

In 1662 St. Vincent de Paul founded the Sisters of Charity in Paris. Their earliest work was district nursing of the sick poor; their next work, a gigantic one in labor, in outlay, and in possibilities of a rich harvest of souls for Heaven, was the rescue and shelter, the earthly and heavenly saving of abandoned babes in a great city. In 1806 Mother Seton founded the Sisters of Charity at Emmittsburg, Md., adopting the rule of St. Vincent's congregation. They spread widely, one of the most prosperous houses being Mount St. Vincent's, New York. The American

work was one of general charity, devoting itself to the sick, the orphaned, and to the then even more necessary mission of education. A day came when Emmittsburg reached out to France, and became by affiliation a part of the older Order there, taking on the white *Cornette* and the grey blue habit, and paying filial tribute to the Lazarists, the priests of St. Vincent de Paul. But



SISTER IRENE, FOUNDESS AND PRESENT SUPERIORESS
OF N. Y. FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Mount St. Vincent's still clung to the constitutions as Mother Seton had given them, and to the black dress, cap, and bonnet she had worn, henceforth paying tribute of obedience to an ecclesiastical superior of the Diocese of New York.

Mount St. Vincent's became a flourishing mother-house. In 1850 Catherine Fitzgibbon entered there. In March, 1852, she made her profession. As a young novice she was sent to the mission of St. Peter's, Barclay Street. It speaks much for her executive ability, as well as for her worth otherwise, that after but six years of community life she was named superior of her convent. There her life was passed till 1869, when the work of Divine Providence for the foundlings was given to her. For the young novice was none other than Sister Irene. Where "the Mound" stood in those days is Central Park to-day. It was a long journey then from the mission of Barclay Street.

Father Burlando, a Lazarist, was ecclesiastical superior of the Emmittsburg Sisters; Father Starrs, Vicar-General of New York, superior of the Sisters of the Mound. Barclay Street convent was in easy reach of the railway stations, and when travelling, Father Burlando now and then visited there, a welcome guest. The work of the foundlings, so dear to the heart of St. Vincent, was dear to his son in Christ, and naturally he talked about it. It appealed to the heart of Father Starrs; it appealed, too, to the heart of the Archbishop of New York, later Cardinal McCloskey, for it met a great need. "Scarcely a morning passed," to quote the *Souvenir* report of the work, "without it being recorded that the body of a new-born babe had been found floating near the docks; buried in an ash-barrel, or flung into some lonely area. Each day an armful of little unfortunates, picked up by the police on their night beats, were carried to the alms-house on Blackwell's Island, to be bottle fed by the aged paupers there, rarely surviving their infancy." And what of the immortal souls of those little ones? What of the glory of God so ruthlessly ignored?

The Archbishop's heart was in the work of salvation, of these the very least of Christ's fold. It may seem strange to read that he "urged upon the Sisters the duty of saving these little deserted ones." Why was there a need of his *urging* this upon Sisters of Charity, whose glorious Father and Patron, St. Vincent, bore in his own arms the shivering little deserted waifs?

There are two mighty gifts of God that we see blended effectively and in goodly proportion in Religious Orders, more so perhaps than in individual souls. They are zeal and discretion.

Zeal yearns to spend itself in labor for the glory of God; discretion yearns to spend itself in the labors of God's choice, rather than in that of its own choosing. Zeal lays plans of its own, and readily takes up those of others, for increasing God's glory; discretion recognizes fully the existence of a divine plan, perfect in outline and detail. Where both of these exist, in an Order or in a soul, discretion bids zeal await light. Once that light has revealed the divine plan, then foundations are laid, and structures are raised, and they are strong and enduring with the strength of God-fashioned materials put together by God's trained builders.

The greater the human obstacles to the doing of the presented work, the greater the need of awaiting the sight of it in the divine plan. Well did the Sisters know the little sympathy the world offers to any work that apparently screens sin. No wonder they did not give a hasty assent to the appeal even when presented by an Archbishop! But they did assent. In the humble convent on Barclay Street, as well as at the Mound, the work was considered in all its aspects, for the helpless, newborn babes had no more earnest advocate than Sister Irene, the superior there. But how little she dreamed it was, in God's design, marked out as her own life work!

It was given to her. Three Sisters were assigned to duty as her helpers. The funds placed at her disposal were, at the highest figure, five dollars. But God and a trusting soul effect that at which a world marvels. From the world's beginning faith has worked wonders. God has never failed; when it has *seemed so*, it is faith that has faltered.

A house, small for the work, was rented, 17 East Twelfth street, for \$3,000. It was in Monsignor Preston's parish, and no more devoted friend had the Sisters than he, from the beginning till his lamented death. Good friends among the laity had come forward. Perhaps the very first was Mrs. Paul Thebaud; who from then till now has never failed in generous devotion, be it in the giving of temporal means or in the rendering of personal service. Placing herself and her carriage at the service of Sister Irene, she introduced her to her many influential friends, and the little outcast babes of New York were homeless and friendless no longer.

In poverty the Sisters entered their new home which was not even furnished in the attic, the part chosen for themselves. The empty parlors were thrown open to all who would respond to their appeal for the Foundlings, and "the best people of New York," as the world terms those of wealth and high standing, both Catholic and Protestant, gathered there. "The Foundling Asylum Society" was then organized. On the 11th of October, 1869, the Asylum was formally opened. Owing to the want of furniture and other necessities for the institution, the Sisters did not intend to admit any foundlings until November 1st; but Providence made known its will, as in many other cases, by permitting circumstances to overrule preconceived intentions.

At dusk of October 11th, the bell rang; a bundle lay at the Sister's feet; it was the first little one left at their doors. "And," say the annals, "it was surveyed with wonder and pity by the Sisters." An amusing incident will ever be associated with this first little babe. In the name of St. Joseph, guardian of the Christ-Child, and of St. Vincent, the father of foundlings, they welcomed the little waif, and in that first burst of heart welcome, they named the babe *Joseph Vincent*. But it was a premature naming: *the baby was a girl!* Pinned upon its clothing was found its name. In the night came another infant waif. Though the rain was falling in torrents, it had been left upon the stoop. And thus they continued to come. The date upon which the Sisters had intended taking the first, they found themselves giving mother love to eleven foundlings, whilst by January the number had reached one hundred and twenty-two! Yet Sister Irene counted upon fifty as being the farthest upon which they would venture!

The naming of the fast growing nameless family afforded the Sisters some thought, and amusement likewise. There was scarcely a great and good man or woman in their memory whose name was not reproduced in some one of their little ones, the child being placed under the protection of a saint bearing the same Christian name. As new foundlings came in and the stock of names in the Sisters' memory became exhausted, they looked about them for a further supply. Naturally the names of government officials being familiar, were called into requisition, and once there was no little amusement among the gentlemen of City Hall,

when a list of names from the Asylum came under their notice, so many of their own were duplicated there.

In this connection, though a little early in point of time, we mention one beautiful gift from Mrs. Paul Thebaud to the Asylum : a marble Baptismal Font, bearing the inscription : "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me."

To do aught for the mothers had not at all entered into the Sisters' plans. Again circumstances unveiled the will of God. A young woman came one day and craved not to leave her child, but to be admitted with it. She was refused. Again she came; friends had cast her off; it was night; she was very young. "My babe has a shelter, but I have none," she moaned; "what will become of me?" Again she pleaded. Then through her lips came a proposal that was indeed a revelation of a God-ordained extension of their work, and one meaning life for thousands of babes and salvation for many an unfortunate mother. If admitted she would *nurse another child with her own*. She was taken in; others likewise; bottle-nursing, as far as possible, was gradually discarded. The nurseries of the Foundling Asylum became a refuge for the poor unfortunates upon whom the world looks but to condemn; and also for needy mothers whose husbands were dead, imprisoned, ill, out of work, or guilty of desertion of wife and offspring.

In 1870 the Asylum was moved to healthier and more commodious quarters, in Washington Square. God's material blessings had multiplied through human brains and hands. Hon. S. S. Cox had given a lecture that realized \$10,000; and Mr. Augustine Daly, two matinees which realized \$15,000; Mr. Dennis O'Donoghue had gotten up a Subscription Ball which brought \$6,500; Mr. Louis White had given \$10,000; Mr. Ceballos and Mr. Higgins \$5,000 each; from \$1,000 to \$4,000 several others gave, while donations of smaller amounts and of goods were of daily occurrence. Then spoke an appreciative Legislature inaugurating a scheme of aid, and authorizing the City to grant a site for an asylum, with an appropriation of \$100,000, on condition that a similar amount should be raised by subscription. The leading Catholic gentlemen of the city formed a committee, under the auspices of which a fair was held that realized \$71,500; Mrs. R. Connolly personally col-

lected \$21,500 to add to this; in donations of \$5,000 and \$1,000, the amount was completed. The present site was assigned by the city to the great work, and the massive buildings were begun.

But the cross had not been wanting, that blessed seal with which God stamps the work entrusted to human agency. The year 1872 had dawned dark indeed. The treasury then held but fifty-two cents. The allowance for each child from the city had been reduced, so as to fall far short of the expenditures. January 4th, the Sister Superior was obliged to borrow her car-fare when going to attend a meeting of the Board of Managers. Again were cases of infanticide found in New York, for the Asylum was compelled to limit admissions. It was a critical moment. A crucial test. A new bill, presented by Hon. John Fox, which would secure the finances of the institutions had passed the Legislature, but so strong was the opposition that the Governor had long withheld his signature. An interview with him was arranged for Sister Irene. It took place at the residence of Hon. Thurlow Weed, E. 12th St. Kindly were the Sisters received. Well did Sister Irene plead the cause of the little outcasts; with interest was her story heard. Governor Dix promised to act conscientiously in the matter. "Trust me," he said; "I will do for you all that I can."

But when do God's servants trust His interests wholly to human promises, though the most assuring? A trusting, suppliant cry went up to St. Joseph when, with faith unwavering the Sisters sought his shrine, and placing in one hand of his statue a pen, and in the other a copy of the bill, they bade the dear saint *hold the pen till he signed the bill*. What mattered then the wrangling of the State Legislature? Could not he who while on earth had held the unquestioning obedience of the Omnipotent One, now make of a human hand the instrument of his will? Fully two months went by. One afternoon a few Sisters, praying in the chapel, heard a faint noise: the pen had fallen from St. Joseph's hand. Going to the Superior, one of the Sisters said confidently: "The bill must be signed; St. Joseph has dropped the pen." An hour passed; a telegram arrived from Albany: "*I have signed your bill.*"—JOHN A. DIX.

The Foundling Asylum occupies the block of ground bounded by Third and Lexington Avenues, Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth



NEW YORK FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

NURSERIES.
QUARANTINE.

ADMINISTRATIVE.

CHAPEL DOME.
EAST WING.

ST. JOHN'S CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

streets. It is within the boundary lines of the Dominican parish of St. Vincent Ferrer. We present it as it stands to-day, the buildings having been erected as the work demanded, and its means justified. The Administrative Building, 90x60 ft., six stories high, stands in the centre, facing on Sixty-eighth St. It contains the offices, reception parlors, the Sisters' apartments, and dormitories for the larger children. To the east and west are wings, 90x30 ft., four stories high, each containing three nursery wards for the infant foundlings, clothes-room, bath-ward and daintiest little kitchen attached to each ward. What bright, crowing babies in cosy cribs or in nurses' arms, and what happy run-arounds one finds in these spotless, sunny nurseries! At either end of the wings is a pavilion forty feet square.

(To be continued.)



IN THE CARBERIES OF CORK.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

A TRIP through the Carberies of Cork during the pleasant summer season ought to be decidedly interesting to most travellers. That southern seaboard of the Emerald Isle appeals alike to the lover of scenery and to the antiquarian; to the artist eye that can admire the russet brown tint of heathery crags basking in the crimson glory of the sun as it sets on the bosom of the Atlantic; to the fanciful mind that longs to revel in the rich legendary fare with which his palate will be tickled while he roams those quaint, quiet fastnesses where fairy tales are still told in whispers, and romantic traditions are still remembered by the humble hearth-side of the Irish peasant. The Carberies, East and West, are two ancient baronies—dating back almost from the Norman invasion of Ireland. Yet for centuries after that event they continued to enjoy the rights of liberty; they had their own native kings and princes, their royal palaces in the shape of castles, and their kerns and gallow glasses ready to defend them when the occasion required. These baronies are forty miles in length, contain forty-six parishes, and cover 360,000 acres of land. Travelling through these picturesque defiles one is struck by the antiquity of many of the sights he sees:—the circular raths situated on green mounds, reminding us of the Danish invasion; druidic remnants of architecture of a still more distant epoch, and boulders or *cromleachs* which look to the gaze of the dreamy beholder like those giants of old, who, as the poet tells us, were turned to stone by a magic spell in these romantic regions. These *cromleachs* are several tons weight, and are believed to have been used by Finn McCool and his body-guard as finger-stones with which to amuse themselves during their hours of leisure. Finn was a big, brawny chieftain who flourished in the glorious dawn of Ireland's history. He and his Fenian militia were the wonders of the generation in which they lived. Phenomenally tall, they were as strong and robust as lions. A man, standing six feet six in his vamps, would be reckoned quite a pigmy among these flesh-and-blood pillars of Hercules. A Gaelic writer discourses thus of them: "Their sinews were like well-knit thongs, their muscle was hard as granite, they

had ribs of oak, and frames of iron! There was pointed out at one time on the banks of the river Ilan, near the town of Skibbereen, a *gallaun* or boulder at the base of which was a tomb, the upper stone of which was of globular shape. The upright pillar, I was told, is believed in the vicinity to have been the hurly or *camaun* of Finn McCool, and the round reclining stone was the ball with which he played that popular old Irish game, which, bye the bye, is still patronized by the Gaelic clubs of New York City.

One of the most interesting spots on the coast of the Carberies is the sand island of Inchidony, situated within a few miles of the town of Clonakilty. Jutting out into the sea is an elevated headland, green with verdure, which forms a pleasing contrast to the desert behind it. This beautiful little oasis has been known for centuries as the Virgin Mary's Bank—a name given it in the legendary lore of the locality. A Cork poet, J. J. Callanan, crystallized in verse a visit paid by the Blessed Mother of God to this spot several hundred years ago, and tells in stanzas of sweet melody what occurred on that occasion. His opening lines are as follow:

"The evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall,
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of them all."

He then proceeds to tell us that a gallant barque hove in sight on the sheet of waters in front. The crew saw our Lady, and "marked the whiteness of her robe," while her arms were folded gracefully on her breast, and her eyes looked up to the stars to see the face of Him whom she loved the best.

Instead of assuming a respectful attitude on such a solemn occasion, the sailors jeered at the kneeling lady, whereupon:

"The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen."

Clouds rushed in mad-cap speed over the heavens. The figure on the bank disappeared. The thunder clapped: the waters swept over the vessel, and "her timbers flew like scattered spray on Inchidony's rock," drowning the shrieks of the guilty crew. The poet thus concludes:

"When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunmore,
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's shore,
And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank,
And still he calls the hillock green the 'Virgin Mary's Bank.'"

On the other side of the bay is situated the ruined Abbey of Timoleague, which was originally built in 1320 by Donald MacCarthy Reagh, Prince of Carbery, and dedicated to St. Molaga. Franciscan monks occupied this holy house till they were driven out of its cloisters by British bayonets in the dark ages of religious persecution in Ireland. Like most other Irish Abbeys, it stands within earshot of the loud resounding billows of the Atlantic. Within its ivy-clad dismantled walls are the graves of the great Carbery chieftains of yore, the O'Heas, the Barrys, and the O'Donovans. The oldest monastic institution in the baronies is that of Saint Mairus near Myross, which was founded by Dermot McCarthy, king of Cork, in 1170, and handed over by him to the Cistercians. The remaining Abbeys which flourished in the Carberies in the days of religious freedom, were those of Abbeystrowry near Skibbereen, and Sherkin, the latter of which was built in 1460 by the O'Driscolls, and is still in a state of good preservation.

The ecclesiastical capital of the Carberies in the golden era of Ireland's Christian history was Ross, now known as Rosscarbery, situated some eight miles westward of Clonakilty. This interesting little town was at one time a city. Surrounded on all sides, save that of the sea, by bastioned walls and ramparts, it was the seat of a bishopric, a university, and a cathedral. The university was the chief sanctuary of learning in the 4th century, when it became the rendezvous of students who gathered within its classic halls from all portions of Ireland. Its board of professors had a very high reputation for scholarship in a country which was then known all over Europe as the land of doctors, and the leading luminary in the firmament of knowledge. The old Gaelic tongue was the language of the city, but the lectures in the university were given in mediæval Latin. The course of studies included philosophy, moral and dogmatic theology, and the Sacred Scriptures. The first settler known to have resided in Ross was St. Fachtnan, who is now the patron of the diocese. He arrived here in 590.

and founded an Abbey for Regular Canons. Every trace of this monastery has long since disappeared, but a few of the ruins of the little chapel which was attached to it, still survive the ravages of time. St. Fachtnan himself was called MacMongach because—so ancient annalists say—he came into this world provided with a plentiful supply of hair on his head. He was a disciple of St. Finbar, the founder of the diocese of Cork, and had been in early life an abbot of a monastery near Yonghal.

The chroniclers of the period refer to him as a saint in piety, and a scholar in education and intelligence. He it was who founded the famous university, the immediate success of which was phenomenal. The cathedral was a fine massive building, cruciform in shape, and bearing a remarkable resemblance to the church that now graces the Piazza del Popolo in Rome. It had its dean, archdeacon, chancellor, canons, and vicars, presided over by the bishop of the diocese. The episcopal revenue, it may be interesting to note, was derived from corn, tithes, and pasturage, and amounted to sixty marks, or \$200 yearly. This may seem quite an insignificant amount to modern readers, but it must be remembered that in those far-away times the present money value of that sum would be something like \$4,000. When the myrmidons of the so-called Reformation swept down like a horde of vandals on the classic town of Ross, they drove the monks from the abbey, they closed the doors of the university, scattering its students all over the land, and seized on the cathedral, which they "re-dedicated" to the purposes of the new and heretical creed. The bishop and his priests had to seek shelter in the mountain fastnesses of Glengarriffe from the brutal tyranny of the saxons, and the glory and prosperity of Ross had ended forever. I may add that before the Protestant invaders came along some pious hands, thanks to a warning received from a friendly quarter, were enabled to remove from the cathedral the precious vestments and holy vessels which were buried in a spot the exact identity of which has not since then been ever discovered. The cathedral itself disappeared in the course of time, and on its ancient site there now stands a Protestant church. The city, of which it was for years one of the proudest architectural monuments, has been for centuries but a hamlet. It no longer boasts of being the epis-

copal seat of the diocese which is now situated in the town of Skibbereen.

Several of the bishops of Ross have been martyrs in the cause of religion. Like true and royal pastors they defended their flocks against the wolves that were seeking to devour them soul and body. In thus championing the faithful under their spiritual charge these heroic prelates met death and torture with the utmost fortitude and resignation. Dr. Owen McEgan, acting bishop and vicar-apostolic of the diocese, had to have recourse to physical force to combat the despotism and intolerant fanaticism of the English Protestant settlers in Cork-county. His revolt, however, was a failure, and he himself was slain in 1601, leading on his clans against the common enemy. His surviving followers bore off his remains from the battlefield the night of the day of the battle, and while it was still dark conveyed them to the abbey of Timoleague, where they were interred by reverent mourners. Sixty-four years afterwards Dr. Boetius McEgan, another of the bishops of Ross, took the field against the English on behalf of faith and fatherland. He commanded 4,000 foot and 300 horse soldiers. Leaving the infantry in the fortress of Carrigdrohid he rode to Macroom with his cavalry to fan the smouldering ashes of rebellion in that district. On returning in the direction of Carrigdrohid, he and his men were taken prisoners by a strong English force headed by one Broghill, who immediately proceeded to besiege the fortress where the prelate's infantry were temporarily quartered. The garrison fought bravely in their various sorties outside the ramparts, and refused absolutely to surrender when summoned to do so by Broghill. The latter, seeing that he had no immediate hope of capturing Carrigdrohid by assault, appealed to Dr. McEgan to advise his ex-comrades-in-arms to give up the fight. The bishop indignantly refused to accede to such a request. "When you had my men in your power," he observed, "you would massacre them, and I shall not have their blood on my head." "Remember, sir, that you are my prisoner," exclaimed Broghill, very excitedly; "I now order and command you to carry out my wishes, or else I shall have you hanged. If you obey me, you shall be pardoned." The bishop again indignantly refused. In a few hours afterward the devoted ecclesiastic suf-

ferred the penalty of death, mounting the scaffold with a firm step, and dying with a smile on his face. The records of this, as well as other tragic events, in which prelates and priests were the victims of brutal oppression, have come down from generation to generation, and will live in the memory of the inhabitants of Carbery forever.

Not far from Ross is a village called Leap, which owes its name to a leap made by a hunted priest over an abyss in its vicinity in the dark days of persecution. The clergyman was found by the "authorities" celebrating Mass in a cavern by the seashore. At that time the celebration of the holy sacrifice meant high treason on the part of the celebrant, and was punishable with death. The good father, however, fortunately escaped from the hands of the red-coats, and miraculously cleared the abyss at a jump without injury to himself,—a feat to which he owed his liberty. The locality where this incident occurred became known in after years as the Priest's Leap, or Leap, simply, for the sake of abbreviation.

Further west on the coast is the pretty little hamlet of Glandore, with its dense woods, the dark shadows of which are reflected in the azure blue waters of the loveliest of bays. Glandore has been the theme of many a poet's pen. Dr. Murray, one of the presidents of the Irish ecclesiastical college of Maynooth, paid it a glowing tribute in stanzas that do ample justice to its natural beauties of flood and field. The gentle slopes that, so to speak, glide down to the harbor, are poetically picturesque. Crowning one of the heights are the ruins of a castle, once inhabited by Donal na Caston O'Donovan, chief of the clan Loughlin of West Cork. The weird, mystic, solitary grandeur of this dilapidated pile contrasts curiously with the sparkling sheen of the sheet of water in the bay beside it, when the skies are cloudless, and a summer's sun shines down brilliantly on the smooth surface of the sea. Four miles outside the harbor is Cliodhna, or Cleena's rock, whereby hangs a tale. It seems that in the days when *leprechauns*, *cluricauns*, and fairy folk of every other "set" or degree were as plentiful in Ireland as blackberries are in the fall, Cleena, the queen of the Munster elves, had on one occasion some differences with the members of her council, who objected to her arts of

witchery and sorcery. The feud between the fair enchantress and that body waxed so hot that the entire fairy-world of Ireland was summoned to a convention, at which it was decided that the queen should be dethroned, as she was evidently in league with the devil. Hereupon the elves, who acted as the police or executive officers of the convention, bound Cleena to the rock already referred to, which is situated at the water's edge, and to which the unfortunate lady has been attached, as Prometheus was for centuries, by bonds stronger than death. As she is a spirit she is, of course, invisible; yet when a descendant of any of the old princely chiefs of the Carberies is about to die, a pale blue vision of a sylph-like and well-shaped woman clothed in artistically wrought drapery, rises from the rock, and her voice is heard awaking the echoes of Glandore to strains of the deepest anguish and melancholy. Her wail, or *cavine*, on such occasions is that of the *banshee*, who always makes her appearance on the scene whenever a death is about to occur in a family of Irish royal lineage.

Of course, the philosopher or man of the world will shrug his shoulders, and look on this legend of Cleena as a foolish superstition. Others nevertheless of a dreamy and imaginative turn of mind, will only see in it the glamour of innocent romance. The policy that would shut out the romantic in life on every possible occasion and acknowledge solely the realistic, is just as savagely cruel as the conduct of the fossilized cynic in Wordsworth's poem, who would go to the length of botanizing on his mother's grave!

Baltimore, situated on the sea-coast, four miles from the town of Skibbereen, has had a stormy and historic past. It became a city in the 16th century, when a charter was bestowed upon it by James I. of England. Prosperity blessed this seaport for several decades. Swarthy-cheeked Spanish, and sallow-complexioned French sailors and fishermen, traded with the merchants of the city, or spread their nets over the waters outside the harbor in quest of mackerel. Baltimore had then its sovereign and its burghesses, as well as two representatives in the Irish parliament. Soon, however, an almost overwhelming catastrophe swept away its happy homes and busy quays. Pirates in their Algerine galleys, invaded the city and slaughtered most of its inhabitants,

taking the remainder away with them in their ships to bondage. Baltimore never wholly recovered from this staggering blow. It dwindled into a miserable hamlet, and remained a poverty-stricken spot till some fifteen years ago or so, when, thanks to the money supplied by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, and the tact and business capacity of its late pastor, the Rev. Charles Davis, the poor fishermen became well-to-do and comfortable, owing to the opportunity afforded them of purchasing on the instalment plan, through the Baroness's loans, proper boats and fishing tackle, with which they are now enabled during the spring and autumn to relieve the deep of much of its mackerel wealth. Baltimore is since then slowly but surely rising like the phoenix bird from its ashes. Before dismissing this seaport from further consideration, I may add that one of Thomas Davis's best and most pathetic poems dealt with the sack of the town by the Algerines.

Two miles beyond the coast in this locality, the island of Sherkin guards the western boundary of Baltimore against the tempestuous surges of the Atlantic. I spent a delightful summer Sunday afternoon in this primitive corner of Irish soil. Everything about Sherkin struck me as primitive. Here, as well as in Cape Clear, an adjoining island, old times were not changed, nor were old manners gone. The mellifluous Gaelic tongue echoed among the crags, and was spoken by sire and son, mother and daughter, few of whom knew or cared to know the language of the Saxon invader. The men were tall and sinewy, the women rosy-cheeked and graceful—splendid specimens of the Celtic stock, weakened by no intermixture of alien blood. The same remarks apply equally as well to Cape Clear, an island situated still further out amid the ocean's foam-capped billows. The Cape has bold, shaggy headlands, and is able to defy the Atlantic even in its wildest moods—shielding the homes within its borders against the boiling surf and spray with the strength of a giant, and yet with all the tenderness of a mother guarding her young. The Capers, as they are called, have been for generations massive types of Irish manhood. We are told by a writer who knew the island and its history intimately that little over a century ago a celebrated giant named Cruathur O'Careavaum, *Anglice* Cornelius O'Driscoll, was born and bred amid these rocky fastnesses. He was eight feet

high, stout in proportion, and a man of incredible strength. Many strange stories are related about him, amongst others the following: On an occasion when a whole ship's company in Cork harbor failed to weigh a ship's anchor, even with the assistance of a windlass, Cornelius O'Driscoll raised it easily, all alone, to the great amazement of the spectators. A short time before his death he retired as a hermit to Dunanore Castle, on the island, where he died in the odor of sanctity. His colossal shin-bone used to be exhibited as a curiosity to strangers, but continuous contact with the open air long since reduced that portion of the giant's anatomy into common dust. Cape Clear, I may add, enjoys a reputation which, so far as I am aware, it does not deserve. It is regarded in certain quarters as a nursery for New York politicians. The Cape is undoubtedly "the nearest parish to America;" but here I believe its Americanism ends. The mistaken notion in question arose, I was told, from a dialogue which occurred on a transatlantic liner between a New Yorker and a Connecticut man. "Do you see that little spot of verdure surrounded by heather and crags yonder?" said the denizen of the Empire city, pointing to Cape Clear, as the vessel swept by the island on its way to the New World. "Yes," drawled the Connecticut man; "what about it?" "Well," said the Gothamite, "it is there we raise our New York Board of Aldermen!"

The two chief towns of the Carberies are Skibbereen and Clonakilty. The former contains some 3,000 and odd inhabitants, and is, as I have already said, the seat of the bishopric of Ross. The latter is a very old borough, and was once a thriving centre of the cotton and linen industry. It is now, however, shorn of much of its former prosperity, though it still has a population of almost 3,000 souls. If the Carberies of Cork are, generally speaking, not as a prosperous as they used to be at a time when an Irish Parliament sat in College Green, there was one commodity which no act of a Union could wrest from them, and that was, and is, their salubrious climate. No act passed by British Legislators can prevent the subtle ozone of the Atlantic from perfuming the western breezes that sweep the crags and ripple through the wooded slopes of the shore of West Cork. The keen coldness of the ocean winds is tempered to a great extent by a branch of the

great gulf stream which strikes this portion of the Irish coast, and renders the climate of the south of Ireland, in the words of one of her poets, "sweet as a mother's smile, and warm and pure as a mother's milk" throughout the long and balmy summer. A more prosaic authority would have it that the Irish skies are eternally pouring down oceans of rain on that verdant land; that a residence in its humid valleys is liable to beget rheumatism in the human frame, and that it is on the whole a good place to live out of. These, however, are the opinions of bilious critics and snarling scribes who detest everybody and everything Irish. A direct contradiction to the truth of their assertions may be found in the fact that there is no people on the earth less addicted to rheumatic complaints than the Irish. I have spent many pleasant days on the coast of the blue Mediterranean under sunny skies of an intensely vivid azure, wandering through the orange and the mulberry groves of the delightful Riviera, and inhaling the fragrant odors that stole like incense from the roses in the *part-erres*, and the luscious fruits that decked the orchard trees of that voluptuous clime. Yet, weighing both in the balance, I have come to the conclusion that I found more enjoyment at an earlier epoch of my life cruising along the shores and rambling through the romantic glens of the Carberies of Cork.

A PAGE TORN FROM LIFE

JEROME TRANT.

IV.

THE following afternoon saw me toiling up the steep ascent which led to the Dominican Monastery: Chudleigh had gone for a sail in a friend's yacht, leaving word for me to meet him up there at four o'clock, as had been agreed; it was now about half-past three, which gave me the time to have a quiet talk with Father Bernard before his friend's arrival. I found the young friar sitting as usual by the open window, and engaged in reading a leather-bound volume, which he closed at my approach.

"You are alone," he said, with a smile which lit up his calm face like a ray of sunshine.

I explained why, and then proceeded to give a hasty account of what I had heard the previous evening.

"I am glad Pius spoke to you," he remarked, when he had listened to the end; "pent-up bitterness never yet did good to the human heart; it hardens the feelings, and turns all things into gall. So he wishes *me* to be there when he tells the end?"

"Yes! I suppose he does not care to go over painful ground twice, and therefore wants both of us to be present."

"No doubt! for I know nothing more than you do concerning what has occurred lately. It must be something serious to have called up the phantom of his unhappy past in such a vivid manner."

"When I met you both at Munich, he had become almost resigned to his disappointment, had he not?"

"In a measure, yes! returned the Dominican in a thoughtful tone, as if engaged in reviewing the period to which I referred. I had even some hopes of bringing him to inquire into the dogmas of Christian faith, and parted from him somewhat reassured, but now—. However," he added, with a swift glance towards the cloudless sky, "Our Lord knows best; He will show the propitious day and hour."

As he spoke, I was again painfully struck by the delicate transparency of the wan features. If Pius Chudleigh was to be drawn from his dangerous path by those frail hands which lay clasped so quietly beside me, methought he would have to hasten his forward steps, for the rustle of angel's wings seemed to hover in the air above.

"Do you feel stronger, Father?" I inquired at last, so as to break the painful spell which had kept me silent, as I noted the paleness of the hollow cheek.

"Better? I shall never be better in this world," he answered gently. "Nay! do not grieve," he continued, laying his emaciated hand almost caressingly on mine; "I am glad to go Home, though sorry at having so little to lay at my Master's feet."

"You do not fear death, then?" I asked, almost breathlessly.

"Yes! and no! When I think of the dread account which the soul must render of its stewardship, I must confess that my heart feels afraid; but on the other hand, when I remember the infinite mercy which encompasses and follows us from our very birth, bearing with our weaknesses, forgiving our ungratefulness, and lov-

ing us through it all, oh! then I cast away my dread, and remember only that I am the child of a Heavenly Father whose delight is to lead me safely to Himself."

A strange huskiness in my throat prevented me replying at first to the speaker's words. At last, to give myself some kind of countenance I took up the book which he had laid down on my arrival, and asked if I might look at it. "Yes! do," he said brightly, as if to chase away my sadness; "it is a volume of Longfellow; my brother sent it to me last week."

"You like his works?" I inquired, turning over the heavily-scored pages.

"Yes! immensely; he was a true poet, with a purity of soul and a refinement of feeling which I have never seen surpassed and seldom equalled by any writer. Do you see that writing at the end of the book?" he continued, turning to some pages of manuscript which lay loosely between the leaves; "that is a quotation from another author, an Irish priest, of whom I am very fond likewise. Would it fatigue you to read it out for me?"

"No indeed!" I replied, as I took up the loose sheets; "it will be a pleasure for me."

I think my voice must have faltered more than once as I went on, for the writer seemed as if uttering a solemn warning to the white-robed listener at my side.

"We are but in the desert travelling home. We have not here a lasting city. Who can build of desert sand a house that will not crumble even while he builds? If some rare days of happiness be given, they are meant to be as wells in the desert to cheer our fainting spirit for its onward journey. Wise travellers drink and are gone. It is madness to linger, and death to stay; for desert-wells go dry inevitably and soon. Better even follow the *mirage* than pitch your tent on any oasis, however fair. Better still to learn and take to heart the lesson the *mirage* teaches; that not in *it* is the home and happiness we seek: that on beyond the desert-verge, many days' journey, or it may be only a few. There is a golden city where there is rest for wayworn feet and weary hearts, and where, and where *alone* we may rest and be happy.'"

"It is sad," I remarked, as I lay the manuscript down and cleared my glasses, which had become suspiciously dim.

"It is true," replied the young Dominican, quietly, "and therefore good to remember."

"Your married brother sent you that copy of Longfellow?" I asked abruptly, so as to change the conversation, which threatened to fall back into its former grave lines.

"Reginald? yes! he knows my tastes and is always seeking to gratify them. Poor Reggie! how I should like to see him before—to see him soon," broke off the speaker hurriedly, as if anxious not to pain me by any further allusion to a sad subject.

"Have you seen his wife?" I inquired, as a strange idea flashed into my mind.

The same look of pain which I had seen when in the grotto in the Tyrol, now swept over the friar's pale face, to be succeeded as then, by the same glance of peaceful resignation.

"I saw her in Rome six years ago," he said; "Reginald brought her to see me at San Clemente."

"And was she as beautiful as her picture?" I asked inquisitively.

"More so, I think; but indeed I did not look very closely," replied Father Bernard half smilingly.

"Strange!" I remarked, "that so fair a face should belong to so cruel a character, for you must acknowledge that Chudleigh was treated very cavalierly by her ladyship.

"Irene Hamilton was always as cold as she was lovely," rejoined the priest significantly, as he rose and looked at his watch. "Half-past four, and Pius not yet here," he added, going over to the window and scanning the sky, which had become overcast during our recent conversation.

"What can be detaining him?"

"Perhaps the yacht went further out than he expected," I replied, as I rose likewise and cast a somewhat anxious glance at the rapidly-increasing darkness. A storm was evidently preparing, for the wind had risen and was cresting the waves with foam, while an inky bank of huge clouds rapidly stretched their gigantic arms across the distant horizon.

"Whom did he go out with?" asked the Dominican, after looking at the gloomy aspect of the threatening elements, with a somewhat nervous tremor in his voice.

"Some friend, I forget his name; but I know the yacht is the Sabina."

"The Sabina!" ejaculated Father Bernard with a start; "she is most dangerous, though very swift; what could Pius have been thinking of?"

I endeavored to calm the young priest's evident agitation, and suggested my going down to the pier for news.

"Then I will accompany you," he said firmly, and nothing that I said could prevent him from venturing out.

I was most reluctant to have him for a companion, not alone on account of the weather, which had become more and more boisterous, but also to spare him shock of any evil intelligence, which a secret instinct made me involuntarily expect. A quarter of an hour's brisk walk brought us down to the pier, where a large crowd had already collected, watching the enormous waves which dashed over its head, and asking questions about some boats which were still out at sea.

"Is the Sabina in?" I asked a pilot, who came hurrying past our two wind-beaten figures.

"In? no! and I don't think she will ever come in again!" was the terribly significant answer.

"Is she in danger, then?" enquired Father Bernard, very quickly, but with a set look in his face which alarmed me.

"*Eh! mon Dieu! certainement,*" said the pilot, somewhat pitifully, as he looked at the slender figure and white countenance of his questioner: "the English gentleman would go out, though his friend warned him that a storm might be expected during the forenoon."

"Did his friend not accompany him, then?" I asked, quickly.

"*Non monsieur:* Monsieur le Marquis de Beaucourt, to whom the Sabina belongs, returned to the hotel alone, but the English mylord did not seem to mind."

The black clouds above our heads burst at this moment, and poured down their relentless cataracts. I insisted upon Father Bernard driving with me to the hotel, where I hoped to find out something about our unfortunate friend's departure, from the yacht's owner.

The Marquis de Beaucourt, a most polished specimen of the

old French *noblesse*, came to us at once and courteously gave us the scanty information at his command. Alas! it was but little. Chudleigh, who was evidently in an excited frame of mind, had refused to listen to his friend's warnings, and had insisted upon the frail boat putting out to sea.

"I shall come home all right," were the last words he had shouted from the deck, as the wind filled the Sabina's white sails, and rapidly bore her out of sight.

Alas! he came home, indeed, but not as he had hoped and expected.

All night the storm raged and tore through the lightning-lit darkness; then lulled, and finally sank to rest as the early rays of the summer's sun pierced the grey clouds, and scattered them into mist. Father Bernard had passed the long hours of that awful waiting, in my rooms at the hotel. I had sent a messenger up to his Prior to relieve the latter's anxiety, and then devoted all my energies to cheer the flagging spirits of my sorrow-stricken guest. To all my arguments in favor of a probable rescue he returned but one answer:

"He is dead, and has met his God unprepared."

At about eight o'clock whispering groups of men in the hotel grounds attracted my attention. The young Dominican had noticed them too, and with one bound gained the door and passed down-stairs. His presentiment had not deceived him: a party of fishermen were carrying in a heavy weight, which was hidden from view by the folds of an English flag.

"We threw it over the body," whispered a gentlemen beside me; "he was washed ashore close to where my yacht was anchored."

I motioned to have the silent burden taken up to the sitting-room, and there they laid the stiffened form on its velvet couch.

The young Dominican having sent for some Sisters of Charity to come and watch by the dead, came over where lay the mortal remains of his friend, and knelt down in silent prayer. The waves had pressed back the bright hair from the noble-looking forehead, and had dried on the worn cheeks in tears of foam. Closed were the eyes which had flashed so proudly, sealed the lips which had spoken so bitterly, and silenced forever were the pulsations of

the poor, restless heart, which had beat through life to so sad a melody.

"*De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine!*" whispered the kneeling form, as he bent down and kissed the icy brow.

"He is dead, but great is the mercy of God," said the young priest, as he turned and met my sorrowful gaze; "how inscrutable are His judgments! How incomprehensible are His ways!" he concluded, with a soft sigh and upward glance.

"Take that away!" he added, pointing with a quick gesture to the miniature which looked down at the quiet dead from its velvet frame, with the appealing look in its eyes which I had noted so well.

I obeyed, and covered the smiling face with a feeling of repugnance for its beauty, which I could not explain.

"Have you telegraphed to his lawyers?" asked Father Bernard, as he rose from his knees and came over to me.

"Yes! and to the next of kin," I replied; "a distant cousin, I believe."

"I must send word to my brother; he would like to attend the funeral," returned the Dominican quickly.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"In Paris with Mrs. Glynn, but *she* must not come," he added; "Pius would not have liked it, I know."

* * * * *

Although more than two years have passed away since the events which I am recording, I cannot yet bring myself to speak or write about them with the unruffled calm necessary to an author who wishes to interest his readers to the end. Forgive me, therefore, you who read these lines, if I seem to hurry over ground which you fain would linger on still longer. Someday, perhaps, when time's effacing finger has smoothed down the asperities of my sorrow, I may take up the pen once more and tell you of all the scenes which memory at present guards beneath the key of silence.

Let it suffice to know that Pius Chudleigh's grave is ever green with fresh-culled flowers, laid there by hands who once clasped his in tenderest love. The bell of the adjacent Dominican Priory still flings out its summons to prayer and recollection on the

evening air, and a white-robed figure still comes to kneel each day in the silent sanctuary, praying for the soul who had met death so unprepared.

Even as I write, I find myself laying down the pen and pondering once more over the events of the past three years. I had met Pius Chudleigh and his holy friend in the desert of Life, resting awhile by the brink of a cooling well. I had seen the calm face of the one bending towards me from out of the *mirage's* mist, with courage and resignation shining from his kindly eyes, and the other I had lost in the great Sahara with the hope of meeting once again in the Goldenland beyond.

TO A BLIND SINGER.

M. E. H.

THY world is Night. Affection's silent hand
Hath sealed thine eyes, and robbed thee of thy
Sight-life. 'Tis thine to dwell in darkened fancy, and
Commune with mystery's fitful vestal; to trace
Strange dreams unknown, to touch of daylight's sky
Unknown to our blest seeing. And yet
Why grieve? If sight is taken, thou hast song.
'Tis thine to charm with voice of deepest heart-power,
To tell of love's sweet throbbing, and of life's strange fret.
—She shows thee of the day's rare grace,
And of the summer's beauty,—the splendors that belong
To budding nature and thy friend's dear face.
Why sigh for more? In vision's favored bower
There lingers not a fuller portion than thy place!

"Do you wish to soothe and release the dead? Say your Rosary continually. It is the golden chain which binds earth to purgatory, and both to heaven. It is the mysterious ladder of Jacob erected by the hands of Mary between the place of expiation and paradise. The Ave Maria of the beads resounds like a benediction in the abode of the sufferers, and strikes a jubilant chord in the midst of the sad concert of groans, sighs, and incessant aspirations towards eternal happiness."

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

II.

MARY M. MELINE.

THE gulf of Lepanto, as will be seen from the map, is a long inlet of irregular shape, extending east and west, and bounded on the north by the shores of Albania, the ancient Epirus, and on the south by the coast of the Morea, and closed at its eastern end by the Isthmus of Corinth. The gulf is divided into two unequal parts by the headland on the north, guarded by the castle of Roumelia and the promontory on the south with the Morea castle. The westernmost portion, a lake-like basin, forms the gulf of Patras. The eastern division was anciently called the gulf of Corinth, now of Epakte, or Lepanto. When the hostile fleets came in sight of each other, that of the League was entering the gulf near its northern shore, while that of the Turk was about fifteen miles within its boundaries, his vast crescent-shaped line stretching almost from the broad swampy shallows lying beneath the Arcanian mountains, to the margin of the rich lowlands of the Morea. As the fleets advanced the sea was rough, and the wind blowing from the east. But in the course of the morning the wind changed, coming directly from the west. At the signal-gun each captain began his preparations for battle. By order of Don John the spurs (*espolones*) of the galleys were cut off to ensure the working of the guns on the forecastle and gangway, and the bulwarks had been strengthened and heightened by means of boarding nettings. In some vessels the rower's benches were planked over to give more room to the soldiers. Throughout the fleet the Christian slaves had their fetters knocked off, and were provided with arms, freedom being promised as a reward of bravery. The chains of the Moslem slaves, on the contrary, were carefully examined, and they were hand-cuffed in addition to prevent the use of firearms. The weapons of the various bands of soldiers were looked to; the officers put on their strongest casque and best wrought cuirass; the stewards placed supplies of bread and wine in convenient places, ready to the hands of the combatants, and the surgeons prepared their instruments and

bandages and spread tables in dark and sheltered nooks for the use of the wounded.

The order of battle agreed upon at Messina, was in the main, followed in the gulf of Lepanto. The six Venetian galeasses of Francesco Duodo were ordered to a position about three-quarters of a mile in advance of the fleet, two of them being in front of each of the three divisions of the main line. The first of these divisions, or the left wing, consisted of sixty-three galleys, chiefly Venetians, with a few vessels of Naples, the Pope, and Doria. It was commanded by the commissary Barbarigo. He sailed next the Albanian shore. The galeasses in front of this wing were commanded by Antonio and Ambrozio Bragadino, relatives of the hero of Tamagosta. The central division of the fleet also consisted of sixty-three galleys. Don John of Austria sailed in the centre of the line, supported on the right by Marcantonio Colonna in the flag-ship of the Papal squadron, and on the left by Veniero, in that of Venice. Immediately behind Don John came the flag-ship of his lieutenant, the Grand commander Requesens, and the Patrona of Spain. The strength of the division was in Spanish vessels. In the right wing were sixty-four galleys, vessels of the Pope, the Duke of Savoy, and other members of the League, and the larger part of those belonging to Giovanni Andria Doria, who commanded the wing and sailed on the extreme right.

The reserve was under the orders of the Marquis of Santa Cruz.

While the galleys were taking up their positions, Don John of Austria, in complete armor, and attended by Don Luis de Cordova and his secretary, Don Juan de Soto, ran along the right wing in a frigate remarkable for speed, and armed with a single German gun. He addressed a few words of encouragement to the officers and men of each galley, reminding the Venetians of the cruel outrages received by the Republic from the Turk in the Adriatic, Corfu, and Cyprus; to the Spaniards he said: "My children, we are here to conquer or die, as Heaven may determine. Do not let our impious foe ask us 'where is your God?' Fight in His holy name, and in death or victory you will win immortality." His words were in all cases received with applause. While the commander-in-chief was thus making his final inspection, Requesens was on a similar mission along the left wing. Colonna

also went about encouraging his men. As he passed the Venetian flag-ship compliments were exchanged, Veniero hailing him as the stoutest pillar of Holy Church.

The Turks advanced to battle shouting and screaming, and making a great uproar with ineffectual musketry. The Christians preserved complete silence. At a certain signal a crucifix was raised aloft in every ship in the fleet. Don John, sheathed in complete armor, and standing in a conspicuous place on the prow of his ship, knelt in prayer, while every man in the fleet followed his example. The soldier, poising his firelocks, knelt in his place by the bulwarks; the gunner knelt with his lighted match beside his gun. The October sun was reflected from the mail-clad warriors kneeling there, while among them stood Franciscans, Dominicans, Theatines or Jesuits in their black, white, and brown robes, crucifix in hand, bestowing the last absolution, and praying for victory.

In the night, between the 6th and 7th of October, about the same hour at which the Christians had weighed anchor at Cephalonia, the Turks had left their moorings in the harbor of Lepanto. While Don John, baffled by wind and waves, was beating off the Curzolari islands, the Pasha was sailing down the gulf before a fair breeze. Every Turk believed that he was about to assist in conveying the Christian armament to the Golden Horn. The three hundred sail of the Sultan moved in the form of a crescent, with Ali in the centre. Both commanders had been deceived as to the numbers of their opponents, but the Turks were led further astray than the Christians. When the latter first came in sight nothing was visible but the small vanguard of Cordova's Sicilian galleys and a portion of the right wing under Doria, the rest being hidden by the rocky headlines to the north of the gulf. For awhile the Turks were buoyed up by this in the belief that their forces greatly exceeded the Christians. But as the long lines of the centre under Don John himself, and of the left wing under Barbarigo, came galley after galley into view, they began to see their mistake. When Ali found that the Christians had adopted a straight line of battle, he also caused his fleet to take the same order. As they drew near, the Leaguers were encouraged to find that the Turks had no reserves.

Ali soon discovered that the victory was not to be as easy as he had anticipated. A kind-hearted as well as a brave man, he had treated the Christian captives in his galleys with consideration, and now he promised them freedom if he was victorious; if not, "God will have given it to you."

When the Christians had ended their devotions, and stood to their guns or in their ordered ranks, each galley in the long array seemed on fire, as the noontide sun blazed on helmet and corselet, and pointed blades and pikes with flame. The bugles sounded a charge and the various bands began to play. Caracciolo, in his "Commentarii," says that Don John, with two of his gentlemen, "inspired with youthful ardor, danced a galliard on the gun-platform to the music of the fifes," before he took his proper place on the quarter-deck, and Scipio Ammirato gravely cites the story as a parallel with that about Alexander the Great; that he, on debarking on the shores of Asia, "*scaglio un asta lietissamente in atto di ballare.*" The Turkish line, to the glitter of arms, added yet more splendor of color from the brilliant and variegated dresses of the janissaries, their tall crests and nodding plumes, and from the multitude of flags and streamers which every galley displayed. The first Turkish shot that took effect carried off the pennant of Don Juan de Cardona, who in his swiftest vessel was hovering along the line, correcting trifling defects of position and order, as a sergeant drills recruits. About noon a flash was seen to proceed from one of the galleasses of the Christian fleet. The shot was aimed at the flagship of the Pasha, conspicuous in the centre of the line, carrying the green standard of the prophet. Passing through the rigging of the vessel, the ball carried away a portion of the highest of the three splendid lanterns hanging from the lofty stern as symbols of command. The Pasha from the quarter-deck heard the crash, and looking up, exclaimed at the sight of the mischief done: "God grant that we may be able to give a good answer to this question." The next shot split off a great piece of the poop of an adjacent galley. Thus the battle was fairly opened.

Space does not allow of following the fortunes of each commander; suffice it that the Venetian and the Papal leaders covered themselves with glory, as did, in fact, all the Christian cap-

tains. Nor were the Turks wanting in bravery and generalship. As the central division of the two fleets meet, the wisdom of Don John in cutting off the forepeaks of his vessel became apparent. The Turks had neglected this precaution, and therefore the efficacy of their forecastle guns was greatly impaired. Their prows were also much higher than the prows of their antagonists, so that while their shot passed harmlessly over the enemy, his balls struck their galleys close to the water-mark with fatal precision. The fire of the Christians was the more murderous because many of the Turkish vessels were crowded with soldiers, both on deck and below.

The objective point with each chief was the vessel of the other. The two galleys soon met, striking each other with great force. The lofty prow of the Pasha towered high above the lower fore-castle of Don John, and his galley's peak was thrust through the rigging of the other vessel until its point was over the fourth rowing-bench. Thus linked, the two flagships became a battle-field, which was strongly contested for about two hours. The Pasha had on board four hundred picked janissaries, three hundred armed with the arquebus, and one hundred with the bow. Two galliots and ten galleys, filled with janissaries, lay close astern, the galliots being connected with the Pasha's vessels by ladders, up which reinforcements came when needed. The galley of Per-ton Pasha fought alongside. Don John had with him three hundred arquebusiers; but his forecastle artillery was, for the reasons above mentioned, more efficient, while his bulwarks, like those of the other Christian vessels, were protected from boarders by nettings and other devices with which the Turks were not provided. Requesens lay astern with two galleys ready to reinforce the flagship. Veniero and Colonna fought each side of Don John. The battle between the two leaders was not unequal. The Turkish arquebusiers on the forecastle at first did considerable damage to the Christians, as did the bow-men, with whom the masts and spars bristled. Several arrows came from the bow of the Pasha himself, who was, perhaps, the last Commander-in-chief who ever drew a bow-string in European battle. The fire of the Christians was, however, far superior to that of the Turks. Twice the deck of Ali was swept clear of defenders, and twice the Spaniards rushed

on board and advanced as far as the mainmast. Thence they were driven back by the janissaries who, although led by Ali himself, were unable to obtain a footing on the Spanish vessel. A third attempt was made, in which the Spaniards passed the mast and approached the poop. The Pasha led his janissaries to meet them, but with faint hopes of success since, according to one chronicler, Torres y Aquilera, he threw a casket, supposed to contain his most precious jewels, into the sea. A ball from an arquebus soon after struck him in the forehead, and he fell forward on the gangway. A soldier from the Malaga cut off his head and carried it to Don John, who had just boarded the Turkish vessel, leading reinforcements. The trophy was raised on the point of a lance, to be seen by friend and foe. The Turks paused panic-stricken, the Christians shouted victory, and hauling down the Turkish standard, replaced it with a flag bearing a cross. Don John ordered his trumpets to sound, and the good news was soon proclaimed in the adjacent galleys of the League. The Turks lost heart after the death of the Pasha, and the battle was over about four o'clock in the afternoon, having lasted two hours.

* * * * *

Besides a dispatch to the king, the gallant Don Lope de Figueroa was the bearer of the green standard of the prophet. Don John sent, at the same time, letters to friends in Spain, not forgetting his "aunt," Magdalena. A letter of compliment to the Pope, with the banner of the sultan, was carried to Rome by the Count of Priego; and Don Pedro de Zapata and Don Ferdinandino de Mendoza were the bearers of similar letters to the Doge and Senate of Venice, and to the Emperor Maximilian.

But the Pope had already received information of the victory. He had from the beginning of the expedition ordered prayers and fastings, and had not ceased to solicit Heaven, says Alban Butler, like Moses on the mountain, besides afflicting his body by watchings and fasts. A zealous son of St. Dominic, and knowing well the gracious willingness with which Our Lady of the Rosary grants favors asked of her through her beautiful chaplet, he had ordered that form of prayer to be recited daily. At the hour of the battle the procession of the Rosary, in the Church of the Minerva, consisting of prince and prelate, cardinal and priest,

laymen and women, noble and peasant, was pouring forth solemn prayers for victory. The Pope was then conversing with some cardinals on business, but on a sudden he left them abruptly, opened the window, stood some time with his eyes fixed on the heavens, and then shutting the casement, said: "It is not now a time to talk any more on business, but to give thanks to God for the victory He has granted to the arms of the Christians." In consequence of this miraculous victory, the Pope ordered the festival of the Rosary to be kept on the first Sunday of October, in perpetual thanksgiving to God, and in the Litany of our Lady inserted the words "Help of Christians." To the Spanish commander-in-chief he confessed the obligations of the whole Christian world, by a remarkable application to him of the words of the Evangelist: "*Fuit homo missus a Deo, cui nomen erat Joannes,*"—There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

Meantime the intoxication of joy over the victory was spreading. Everywhere Masses of thanksgiving were celebrated with all possible pomp and splendor. Triumphs were decreed to the returning heroes, and painting and sculptor vied with poetry in celebrating the event. The son of Charles V. was the general favorite; he was styled the Great Defender of the Cross, the young Alcides of the Austrian line. If ever a young head ran the risk of being turned by the applause of princes, the blandishments of statesmen, the idolatry of nations, it was that of this boy, for he was little else, being only a few months past his twenty-fourth birthday.

The pope and the king both wrote to him letters of benediction and thanks, the latter unbending to a veritable glow of gratitude and affection.

Before the effulgence of Lepanto all other achievements of Don John of Austria pale their ineffectual fires. Although ever true to the ideal he had taken to himself, his after-acts partake of the nature of an anti-climax, the glory which overshadowed the conqueror of Lepanto, was considered sufficient to efface the bar sinister upon his quarterings, and to render him eligible for the hand of the captive Queen of Scots, a prisoner since 1566. We may not, however, follow the young hero through his subsequent

career, during which not only the crown-consort of Scotland, but regnant ones of the Morea, and some subsequently conquered promises in Africa were offered ; nor may we make more than mention of his success in Africa, the esteem he won in Naples.

On the 8th of April, 1576, Don John was appointed Governor of the Netherlands. And now for the first time since his babyhood he saw his mother. There are no details of the meeting.

It was in September, 1578, that our hero sickened, and from the beginning of his illness despaired of recovery. On Sunday the 28th, the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered at his bedside, and he received the Holy Communion. Later in the day he found himself so much worse that he sent for his nephew, the Prince of Panna, and transferred his authority of Governor-General and Commander-in-chief of the Netherlands to him, until the pleasure of the king could be known. Then he made his will and all his personal arrangements. During the 29th and 30th of September he appeared to suffer great pain, and was most of the time delirious. He raved of battles, sometimes calling to his captains, or dispatching couriers ; sometimes finding fault with his men, or encouraging them, or shouting "victory !" During these paroxysms, if it was necessary to perform any of the services of the sick-room, the only words that recalled him for a moment to reason were the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. On the night of the 30th he received Extreme Unction, and the next morning the holy sacrifice was again offered at his bedside, but as his sight had entirely failed he required to be told when the elevation of the Host was about to occur, when he tried to raise himself on his elbow, and drew off the skull-cap he wore. From that time till one o'clock in the afternoon he continued murmuring the names of Jesus and Mary. His death at that hour was easy, "passing," as his confessor said, "out of our hands like a bird of the sky, with almost imperceptible motion." The funeral took place the next day with small pomp, owing to the shortness of time. In the following spring Philip had the body removed to Spain, and after a funeral service of great pomp and royal splendor, they rested in a chamber of the Escorial adjacent to that reserved for the sovereigns.

De Tassis, a member of Don John's Belgian council of state,

speaks thus of him : " He died in the thirty-second year of his age, just as some experience of affairs had given keenness to those remarkable mental gifts with which nature had adorned him. Of a clearly royal nature, he was a man altogether brave and full of energy, as he showed in the great naval defeat inflicted on the Turks at Lepanto ; he hated nothing so much as malevolence ; splendid, full of piety, very observant of religious duty and of faith, nature had endowed him with so gay and pleasing a cast of countenance that there was hardly a creature whose good will and love he did not win, and he was in all things worthy of a long life." Of him it may truly be said in Shakespeare's words :

His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe,
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature, and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

W I N T E R.

BY MRS. JOHN E. NEWMAN.

He comes at last,
In a howling blast,
Old Winter—the stern and gray ;
And Autumn fair,
With her golden hair,
He has rudely chased away.

The flowers so bright
Turn pale in affright,
And meekly prepare for death ;
For well they know
That their deadly foe
Is old Winter's icy breath.

The brave old oak
Has felt the stroke,
And he raises his arms so bare,

To the low'ring sky,
As if to defy
The dark storm-spirit there.

From the forest lone
Every bird has flown,
And all is quiet and still,
Save the murmur low
Of the last death-throe
That comes from the freezing rill.

And list to the wail
Of the chilling gale,
As it sweeps the old trees among ;
Whose branches moan
Like the dying groan
Of a giant fierce and strong.

He has laid his hand
On the beautiful land,
And, stiffened, it lieth low ;
While its features once bright
Are now hid from the sight
By its virgin shroud of snow.

Oh, sorrow and pain
He bringeth again
To the half-clad shivering poor,
Who tremble with fear
When his steps they hear
Approaching their humble door.

RELIGION is, at the same time, a torch against error; a resource against impenitence. Man is blind: it is a guide which leads him, a most perfect guide. Man is sinful: it is a voice which restrains him, a powerful and divine voice. These motives should make us esteem it, and impel us to do everything, to suffer everything rather than lose or change it.—*Translated from the French of Rev. Father Perrin.*

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

C. a

THE FIRST GENERAL CHAPTER, 1220.

It was on the 17th of May, 1220, that the Fathers of the Order met in the convent of St. Nicholas at Bologna. Jordan of Saxony, who was one of the four brethren sent from Paris to represent that house, ' has left us a brief and most unsatisfactory account of the proceedings. "In the year of our Lord, 1220," he says, "the first General Chapter of this Order was held at Bologna, at which I was present, having been sent from Paris with three other brethren; for the blessed Dominic had ordered by his letters that four brethren should be sent to Bologna from the house at Paris. When I was sent I had not yet spent two months in the Order. In that Chapter it was decreed by common consent that a General Chapter should be held every year, at Bologna and Paris alternately, in such sort, however, as that the Chapter of the ensuing year should be held at Bologna. It was also ordained that henceforth our brethren should hold no possessions or revenues, and that they should renounce those which they held in the neighborhood of Toulouse. Many other things were also there ordained which are observed to this day."

This extremely meagre account is supplemented by the narrative of Theodoric of Apoldia, who writes as follows: "In this Chapter, presided over by the venerable Father, Master Dominic, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and with the consent of the illustrious men whom he had gathered together, were laid the foundations of the laws of the Order. The chief foundation-stone thereof was the obligation of Evangelical poverty. In fact, by a perpetual statute, they agreed to give up all possessions

* Abbot Matthew could not himself attend the Chapter, being detained in Paris in consequence of the troublesome negotiations which were still being carried on with the cathedral authorities. Easter having that year fallen on the 29th of March, Whit Sunday (on which day the Chapter opened) must have fallen on the 17th, not the 27th of May, as is sometimes incorrectly stated.

and temporal revenues, renouncing even those granted to them at Toulouse, and perfering the poverty of Christ to the riches of the Egyptians. After this the humble servant of Christ, who presided over the Chapter, said to the assembled brethren, "I deserve only to be dismissed from my office, for I have grown cold and remiss, and am no longer of any use." Thus he who was above them all, both by his sanctity and his authority, humbled himself before all.

"But as the brethren absolutely refused to accept his resignation, he decided with their consent, that definitors should be appointed, who should have power both over him and over the whole Chapter, to define, decree, and ordain all things so long as the Chapter should last, the authority of the Master-General continuing unchanged after its conclusion. Moreover, in order to extirpate those abuses which might spring up as weeds, and to plant the germs of all virtue, it was further decreed that the Chapter General should be held every year."

It would have been of interest to have known more particularly what were the "other things" of which Jordan speaks as regulated in this first Chapter. Of one ordinance we are certain, that, namely, which provides that in each cell there should be a crucifix and an image or picture of the Blessed Virgin.¹ "For the crucifix," says Gerard de Frachet, "is a book ever open which teaches us the art of loving God; and this decree was made to the end that, in all they did, in their studies no less than in their prayer, nay, even in their very sleep, the brethren might accomplish every act under the merciful eyes of the Virgin Mother and her Divine Son."²

We also know that in this Chapter the alteration in the form of the habit, which had been introduced after the vision granted to Reginald of Orleans, was fixed by law. During the lifetime of Reginald, Dominic had been unable to explain to the brethren his reasons for making the change, but now that Reginald had departed to God, they were made known to all.

These are all the details which we possess regarding the proceedings of that venerable assembly. The number of friars present

¹ Const. FF. Præd. dist. i. c. ix. 175.

² "Ut pote liber expansus, et liber de arte amoris Dei (*Vit. Frat.* part iv. c. i.)

at the first Chapter of his Order, held by Francis, has been carefully preserved; but no similar reckoning was made of the Friars Preachers. We know only that France, Spain, Italy, Poland, and as some say, Scotland, had their representatives in that assembly. Dominic was then fifty years of age, having lost nothing of that manly vigor of mind and body which ever distinguished him. If we seek amid the scanty materials which history has left us, to find some token which may reveal to us the secret feelings of his heart at a moment of such deep interest, we shall find that power, and success, and a government over other men which gave him a personal empire of souls extending over half Christendom, had produced no change in the simplicity and humility of his heart. It tended Godward as it had ever had done; and his first act, as we have seen, was to implore permission to renounce a superiority of which he accounted himself unworthy. Some, perhaps, may be tempted to look on this as an easily assumed modesty, and to doubt how far he hoped or expected his resignation would be accepted. But the evidence of Brother Paul of Venice shows that even at this time the darling hope of his soul had never been abandoned; he still cherished the thought, so soon as the Order was firmly established, of carrying the light of the Gospel among the heathen. "When we shall have fully instructed our brethren," he was wont to say, "we will go to the Cumans, and preach the faith of Christ;" and this deeply-rooted intention was no doubt in his mind when he made the effort to rid himself of the government of his Order.

By far the most important regulations of the Chapter were those which bore reference to the law of absolute poverty, henceforth to be embraced as an obligation by the brethren. That they were not made without opposition on the part of some is abundantly evident. The expressions used by John of Navarre seem to indicate that it cost the holy Father some labor to bring all to accept these decrees, especially the brethren of Toulouse, where the Order held considerable possessions. "When the brethren had many lands in the neighborhood of Toulouse and Alby," he says, "and carried money with them on their journeys, and went on horseback, and wore surplices, Brother Dominic labored much, and brought it to pass that they should renounce all temporal

goods, and should not go on horseback, and should live on alms, and should carry nothing with them on their journeys. And so the possessions in France were given to the nuns. And that the brethren might devote themselves more entirely to study and preaching, he desired that the unlettered lay-brethren of the Order should have the management and administration of temporal things; but the brethren who were clerics would not allow the lay-brethren to take precedence of them in this, lest the same thing should befall them that had befallen the brethren of Grammont with regard to their lay-brethren."

St. Dominic, with characteristic humility, deferred to the very reasonable objection raised by the other brethren to this last-named proposal. Nevertheless as we learn from the deposition of Rodolph Faenza, he succeeded in obtaining such regulations as should limit the care of temporal things to certain officers. Speaking of his great love of poverty, and his dislike of all show and superfluity in the convents and churches of the Order, Rodolph goes on to say: "He would not have the brethren mix themselves up with temporal things, or with the management of the house, nor with consultations about temporal matters, excepting those to whom the care of the house was entrusted. The others he wished to be always intent on study, prayer, and preaching, and if he knew any Brother who was specially useful for preaching he would not allow any other office to be imposed on him."

These words partly explain to us the motive which the saint had in establishing in his Order the absolute poverty he so highly prized. What he aimed at was the deliverance of the brethren from the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches. He lived in an age when monasteries were in possession of extensive lands, over which they often exercised the rights of feudal lords. Such institutions were productive of enormous benefits to the society amid which they were planted, but it was a condition of things which could not fail to weaken the apostolic spirit of those who were engaged in it. But the mind of the Blessed Dominic was formed entirely on the apostolic standard, and this was the character he desired to preserve among his children. In the lands and revenues so liberally granted to the convent of

Toulouse by Bishop Fulk and the Count de Montfort, he saw the germ of institutions which would in time place the brethren so endowed with worldly possessions on the same footing as the monks of Cluny, whose riches had been a stumbling-block even in the eyes of St. Bernard. There was but one means for averting this result, and that was the enforcement of the Evangelical law of poverty, and hence the saint rested not till he had obtained the consent of the Chapter to its acceptance.

That in the course of six centuries a change should have been effected in the legislation of the Order, whose brethren are now no longer bound to the same rigorous form of poverty, need cause neither surprise nor scandal. Experience, the altered circumstances of the times, and the decision of the Holy See, afford the necessary explanation. It must be remembered that, highly as St. Dominic prized this absolute form of poverty, he never put it forward as an end, but only as a means, and as he deemed it, the most efficient means for delivering his brethren from the distracting solitudes incident on the possession of lands and revenues. Had it ever come before him as likely to prove an obstacle rather than a help to the spiritual well-being of his brethren, we can have no manner of doubt that he would have rejected it. And it is not difficult to understand in what way it actually became so. The anxieties and solitudes attendant on a state of want and indebtedness are certainly no less hostile to the religious spirit than those which accompany the possession of property. The picture which has been presented in a former chapter of Prior Gerard de Frachet "breaking his head" to know where he could find six thousand *sols tournois* with which to pay for the site of his convent, does not strike one as particularly conducive to the habit of serene contemplation. He probably sang his *Salve Regina* on the following day with much greater devotion, when his debts had been paid by the good-natured Canon Aymeric.

Yet such examples can have been by no means exceptional, when the friars had to build convents and churches, and supply large communities with the necessities of life, with no available resources, for it would hardly have been safe for all Superiors to reckon on the timely relief afforded to Gerard. The whole principle on which the present legislation of the Order is framed, is

expressed in the Constitutions in words at once luminous and conclusive. "The possession of revenues in common (it is said) is not contrary to the Rule of St. Augustine which we profess, neither does it necessarily diminish religious perfection, for poverty is not perfection, but a means to perfection. As, therefore, an instrument is not used for its own sake, but because of the end to which it serves, it is not to be considered better in proportion as it is great, but rather in proportion as it meets its end; just as medicine is not said to be better, because of its quantity, but because of its fitness for expelling disease. A religious Order, therefore, is not more perfect simply on account of its greater poverty, but rather in so far as the poverty it professes adapts itself either to the general end of all religious life, which is the service of God, or to some special end, such as contemplation, or the instruction of our neighbor. And this seems best secured by that kind of poverty which provides frugally for the necessities of life procured without incurring great solicitude, and used in common; and such is the poverty embraced by our Order."¹

St. Antoninus explains the reasons of the change in very simple way. "In earlier times," he says, "there were no other mendicant Orders, and hence alms were then given in abundance. But now these Orders are greatly multiplied. Moreover, wars, and the greater habits of luxury prevailing among lay persons, have diminished their resources, and restricted their alms; and they are now more disposed to spend their means on the fabrics or ornaments of churches, than to provide for the needs of the poor." In other words, what was a possibility in the thirteenth century became under altered conditions of society impracticable.

It is evident that the rule of absolute or mendicant poverty was not established without a certain amount of opposition on the part of some present at the Chapter. Neither did the decrees passed on this head find universal favor among the brethren at a distance. Flaminio tells that the community of Toulouse in particular were by no means willing in obedience to these decrees, to renounce the possessions which had been granted to them, neither did they relish exchanging the habit of the Canons Regular which up to this time they had continued to wear, for the

¹ Const. FF. Præd. dist. ii. c. 1, dec. vii. 486.

rough and poor garb substituted for it. They therefore resolved to appeal to the Pope, and despatched a deputation, who made the journey mounted on horseback and well provided with money. But St. Dominic was warned of their intention, and, furnishing himself with aid from the magistrates of Bologna, he took measures for arresting the malcontents as they passed through the city, so that when they dismounted at their inn they found themselves prisoners: their horses and money being taken from them, and they themselves delivered over into the hands of their holy Father. Having dealt with them as the occasion demanded, he sent them back to their convent, on foot, and clad in the friars' habit; and thus was promptly extinguished the spirit of insubordination.

This is the story as told by Flaminius, and repeated from him by Malvenda, Castiglio, and others. Touron rejects its authenticity on the ground that it is to be found in no writer earlier than Flaminius, and Père Réchac devotes a chapter to the refutation of this statement, drawing up his argument under eight distinct heads. Without presuming to decide between the disputants, it may be observed that there is a certain similarity between the points enumerated by Flaminius, as those on which the brethren offered resistance, and the words of John of Navarre (quoted above) which suggest the possibility of some facts having come to the knowledge of the latter not altogether unlike what Flaminius has reported.

Another particular in which the practice of the Order has gradually changed regards both the place and time for the celebration of the general Chapter. The inconvenience of limiting the place for their assembly to the two university cities of Paris and Bologna quickly became apparent, and other cities, such as Rome, London, Cologne, and Bordeaux, were soon included. In the year 1370, the yearly Chapter was exchanged for a triennial one. In 1625, by authority of Urban VIII., the interval was prolonged to six years, which remains the present term, though in our own day a yet longer interval has been allowed. The article which directs that every cell should contain a crucifix and an image of our Lady, remains in force, a venerable relic of ancient legislation. It was very befitting to the children of him of whom from

early years the crucifix had indeed been "the book of charity," and to religious whose tender devotion to the Mother of God had already earned for them the title of "the Friars of Mary."

The beautiful words we have quoted from Gerard de Frachet had indeed a deep significance. They might truly be said to remain even in their sleep under the eyes of the Queen of Virgins, whose dormitories were visited by her, and blessed by her gracious hand. And in their turn they expressed their loyal devotion to her by letting the first words which fell from her lips on waking be those of the *Ave Maria*, with which they began the Office of the Blessed Virgin, which they recited before quitting the dormitory. This practise was most acceptable to her in whose honor it was performed, but she desired that it should be accomplished devoutly. And we read how on one occasion, when perhaps the Office was being recited a little sleepily, she appeared in the dormitory accompanied by other virgins, and animated the brethren to greater fervor with the words, *Fortiter, fortiter, viri fortes*.

Before breaking up, the Chapter named certain religious to fill various offices, whilst others were set apart for distant missions and foundations. Jordan of Saxony was appointed lector for the convent of Paris, and on returning thither delighted his audience by his Commentaries on the Gospel of St. Luke. John of Waldeshusen, commonly called John the Teutonic, was despatched to Germany, where he effected great things for the extension of the Order. Of this holy Father, one of the most distinguished religious of his time, it is said that whilst only a child of ten years old, it was revealed to him that he should one day enter into a new Institute having for its title the name of Preachers, of which he should in due time become the head.

(To be continued.)

THERE is no such word as revenge in the lexicon of Calvary.
—*Anon.*

LET what will happen, let things look as they may, I bow my head, and submit myself as a child to Him who rules us, and sends the sunshine or the storm as He wills.—*Anon.*

¹ "In principio Fratres Ordinis dicebantur Fratres Virginis Mariæ." (St. Anton. *Chron.* part iii. lib. 23, c. 3, § 1).

THE SORROWS OF MARY.

BY VERY REV. C. H. MCKENNA, O. P., P. G.

IN his article on the martyrdom of Mary, Father Faber thus writes: "He who is growing in devotion to the Mother of God, is growing in all good things; his time cannot be better spent; his eternity cannot be more infallibly secured. But devotion is, on the whole, more a growth of love than of reverence, and there is nothing about Our Lady that stimulates love more effectually than her dolors." Faber never wrote truer words.

It is impossible to advance in the love of the Blessed Virgin without, at the same time, advancing in the love of God. She is, as de Montfort said, the shortest way to Jesus, as Jesus is the shortest way to our Heavenly Father. The surest way to find the Son is to seek Him through the Mother. Her whole aim, the most ardent desire of her immaculate heart, next to its burning love for God, is to draw all hearts to her Son. Nor is she singular in this. It is the characteristic of all God's saints. It was the proof which Our Lord required of Peter's love for his Master: Simon Bar Jona, lovest thou Me more than these. Feed My sheep...feed My lambs. Nor do we read of any one who ardently loved God that did not, at the same time, desire to attract all hearts to their Master. Was not this the spirit of the Baptist? Did not St. Paul desire to be an anathema for his brethren? Was it not the burning desire of St. Dominic and of St. Francis? St. Ignatius was willing for a time to forget the joys of Heaven that he might still longer labor for the salvation of souls. And next to the ardent love his noble son, St. Francis Xavier, had for God, was his burning love to convert whole nations to Jesus Christ. We read that St. Teresa, in her love for the salvation of poor souls, desired that her body might be torn in shreds, and made into a net to be spread over the mouth of hell in order to prevent souls from falling into it. And of St. Catharine of Siena we read that she would willingly suffer the pangs of hell to the day of judgment, in order to save one soul from damnation.

Now no creature knows so well as our blessed Mother how much it cost her Son to redeem souls. O blessed Mother, how much more ardently than all the other saints do you desire our

salvation! If the Apostle of the Gentiles was in labor that Christ might be formed in his followers, how much more, O lover of souls! do you desire to see each of us sinners a true copy of your adorable Son, Jesus Christ!

“Our time cannot be better spent; our eternity cannot be more infallibly secured,” than in growing in devotion to Mary, according to Faber. We all realize how sluggish we are in advancing in the path that leads to perfection. We know also that our days are getting short, and that, as we must answer for every idle word, so we must answer for every idle hour and moment. For time is lent us to labor for eternity. Are we not, then, consulting our best interests in meditating daily on the sorrows of Mary, since according to our author this is the best way to advance in her love, and in the love of God?

But besides increasing our love for our sorrowful Mother, and thereby our love for God, reflection on her dolors has another wonderful effect. We are but too ready to speak of our little sufferings and sorrows; some of us go further, and murmur and complain of the cross. Yet according to à Kempis, the cross is the royal road to heaven. We cannot be a disciple of the Master if we do not take up our cross and follow Him.

In the last issue of *THE ROSARY* we saw a brief sketch of one who was a life-long sufferer, and who yet led a pious life. How many of us have to confess that we offend God “in many ways!” yet one venial sin incurs the punishment of Purgatory, whose fire, according to St. Thomas, is of the same nature as the fire of hell. Now the pains of Purgatory are immeasurably greater than all the sufferings of all the martyrs put together. Alas! how sad it is to hear Catholics murmur and complain of their little trials! We have heard them even ask, “What have I done that God should send such a heavy cross to me?” How many men seek to drown their sorrows in the intoxicating cup! How many women there are who, because of poverty or of some slight or disappointment, will plunge into a life of shameful crime! Nay, how many of both sexes are daily going unbidden before the judgment-seat of God through the horrible crime of suicide, as if to dare Him to do His worst! And what is the remedy for all murmurings, complaints, rebellions? None more powerful than daily to ascend

in spirit the heights of Calvary, and meditate with Mary on the sufferings of Jesus. She will teach us how much our sins cost her Son and herself. O blessed Mother! thou art all pure. Never didst thou offend God by the least venial sin. Yet we behold thee destined to approach nearest thy Son in His bitter sorrow, and with Him endure more that was ever endured by the rest of the human family on earth. Here let our murmurs cease. Let us meekly carry whatever cross God may send us, knowing that we deserve much more on account of our sins.

Besides those aiming at perfection, and those who are in open rebellion, there is a third class which should seek the powerful assistance of the Mother of Sorrows. Many poor souls, conscious of their guilt, dreading the judgment of God, are tempted by the wily enemy to despair. Oh, if they realized the powerful intercession they have in the Mother of Sorrows, they would soon hasten to the Great "Refuge of Sinners!" Pagan History furnishes an example of a mother's power over her son, which it would be well for our dissenting brethren to consider. Coriolanus, a Roman General, who, after having fought many battles and gained many victories for Rome, was driven in exile from her gates. Determined on revenge, he joined her enemies, and, with a large army, returns to effect her destruction. In vain did the noblest senators go in embassy to supplicate for mercy. In vain did the priests, in their official robes, plead before him for pity. To all there was but this answer,—humiliating terms or utter destruction. One advocate remains,—the mother of Coriolanus. To her, says Plutarch, the Roman matrons hastened to beg her intercession with her son. Volumnia consents and hastens to go at the head of the procession to her son. Coriolanus is seated in his tent, surrounded by his Generals. At the sight of the strange procession his soul was moved to its depths. Nature overcame revenge. He saw his mother, his wife, and the other noble women of Rome in sorrow before him. He ran to his mother and lovingly embraced her; tears of affection streamed from his eyes. The mother begs for pity. He cannot refuse. The victory is won and Rome is saved. Ah! if the prayers of a pagan mother had such influence over a proud, haughty, tyrant son, what power will Mary the Mother of Sorrows exert in behalf of all

who fly to her for refuge! O Blessed Mother! never was it known, says St. Bernard, that any one who fled to thee and sought thy aid was abandoned by thee. What hope is here for the most sinful! May all sinners avail themselves of the powerful intercession of the Mother of Sorrows.

EXPLANATION OF THE HAIL MARY. •

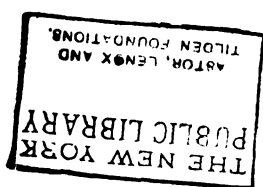
FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

SECONDLY, she was full of grace in as much as there was a superabundance of grace in the soul conferred on her pure body. It is indeed a great blessing for the saints to have as much grace as will sanctify their souls; but the soul of the Blessed Virgin was so filled with grace that her body also partook of it, by which she was enabled to conceive the Son of God. Therefore does Hugo of St. Victor say: "*Because the love of the Holy Ghost was kindled in her heart in a very exceptional manner, therefore did she work wonderful things in her flesh, so much so that of her was born God and Man.*" "*For the Holy One that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.*" (Luke i.)

Thirdly, by reason of its outpouring on all men. It is a great privilege for any saint to have sufficient grace to procure the salvation of a few, but it would be a very great and inestimable privilege to have grace sufficient for the salvation of the whole world. This was in Christ and in the Blessed Virgin. Because at all times and in every danger that threatens you, you may obtain your salvation through the gracious intercession of the glorious • Mother of God. Hence in the Canticle of Canticles (iv.) we read: "*A thousand bucklers—that is, the remedies against danger,—hang on it, all the armor of valiant men.*" Moreover, in performing the acts of any virtue you may rely on her for assistance. Hence the words of Ecclesiasticus are applied to her: "*In me is all hope of life and of virtue.*" (xxiv.)

Thus, then, is she full of grace, and above all the angels in the fulness thereof. With great aptness therefore is she called MARY, which means enlightened in self. Wherefore the words of Isaias are addressed to her: "*He will fill thy soul with brightness.*" (lviii.) She also enlightens others the world over, and that is the reason why she is compared to the sun and the moon.

(*To be continued.*)





AFTER CHRISTMAS.—A TURKEY CAROL.

The Children of the Rosary.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

A TURKEY CAROL.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

'Twas the day after Christmas. Out on the farm,
The gobblers—left living—seemed filled with alarm;
They gobbled so long, and they gobbled so fast,
I thought I'd investigate things at last,
And learn, if possible, what was the matter
When turkeys keep up so constant a clatter.

'Twas in the barnyard I found the brood;
Around a music-stand they stood.
And some sang high, the tenors you know,
And some the bass, sang very low.
The song was embellished with many a trill;
Now it was soft, again it was shrill;
But soft or shrill, or high or low,
That song was a "gobble" all through, I know.

When night came on and the brood was asleep,
At the song they had sung I took a peep.
And ever again I'll know the matter
When turkey gobblers keep up such a clatter
Just after Christmas or Thanksgiving Day.
What did it mean, you ask? Why they
Had been singing an anthem of Jubilee
That they were living, and happy, and free,
While many a turkey, as good at least,
Had been killed and stuffed and cooked for a feast!

TONY'S CHRISTMAS, OR, THE ANGEL'S QUEST.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

It was Christmas-eve in Heaven. The dear Christ-child smiled on the hosts of angels carolling His praises, but His divine heart was filled with sorrow because all the unhappy little children living in the great, cold world so far away could not share in the joys of His beautiful kingdom.

Beckoning to a white-robed angel, he whispered softly: "One at least shall rejoice with Me and My blessed Mother this holy night; he shall carol My praises with the angels, but his soul must be without stain, his heart free from guile. Go forth, dear angel, to seek such an one for Me; he shall share in the love of My father, and grief shall be his no more."

So the golden gates were opened wide, and out floated the angel, white-winged and radiant.

Down to earth he fluttered, and folding his glistening wings, flitted softly up great thoroughfares and down dark alleys reeking with sin; along quiet country lanes and across frozen rivers, into the palatial homes of the rich and the squalid dwellings of the poor; now hovering round a group of merry children, now pausing by a tiny bed to scan the sleeper's soul; again listening to little street waifs, and shedding sorrowful tears as childish lips profaned their maker; thousands of little children passed in review under his searching gaze, but not one soul was without stain, not one childish heart was free from guile; one was dark with envy, another cherished hatred; pride, anger, avarice, deceit, disobedience and falsehood, all were made plain to his sorrowing eyes; faults that loving parents never dreamed of passed in startling array before the heavenly messenger. Once he flitted into a luxurious home and paused beside a Christmas tree loaded with gifts; merry laughing children clamored for their prizes, light and warmth and love seemed to reign within, while out on the snow-covered pavement a little lad shivered with cold, and looked with hungry wistful eyes at the happy scene in which such as he had no part. A beautiful boy stood by the tree distributing the gifts his mother handed to him; and, attracted by his lovely face and winning manner, the angel drew near to read his heart.

Suddenly the child's face darkened, his voice grew shrill with anger, and rudely snatching a toy from his mother's hand, he cried out: "Maurice shall not have it, mamma! he killed my Twinkle Toes, and I hate him!"

"I'm so sorry now that I killed the squirrel, Paul. Please forgive me," pleaded another child.

"I shall never forgive you!" screamed the enraged Paul. "You were jealous and killed it for spite!"

"Even so, my son," said the mother's gentle voice, "you must try to forgive Maurice, he is truly sorry now; forgive him for the dear Christ-child's sake."

For answer the boy scowled angrily, and ground the toy under his foot.

The angel shuddered and turned away.

"So fair and so sin-stained," he murmured. "Dear Christ-child, even thy love cannot soften his stubborn heart."

On again, weary and disheartened. A sigh burst from the angel's lips and was echoed by the little waif on the pavement.

"A child in distress," murmured the angel; then, suddenly, "Ah, dear Heaven, what a silver voice!"

The little waif was singing

"Wassail to the kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

The childish voice rang out so sweet and clear that the frosty air quivered with the bird-like notes.

The angel drew so near that the light from his shining robes fell on the upturned childish face, making it divinely beautiful.

"Sing again, Tony," he whispered.

And Tony sang again. There was sublime faith in the childish tones. "Christ is born to set us free," rang out from his aching heart as a protest against the cruelty of the world, and thrilled the hearts of the passers-by. Many a silver piece was thrown to the starry-eyed singer, and gathering up the coins the weary child turned from the crowded thoroughfare to seek his wretched home.

"Pure and free from guile; spotless and worthy to sing Thy

praises, O Lord!" murmured the angel, and spreading his wings to save the child from the defiling touch of sin he flitted along beside him. The streets were narrow and dark, save for a few twinkling lights here and there, and a yellow gleam from the open door of a church down in the poorest part of the city.

"I wonder if Heaven looks like that," whispered Tony, pausing in the doorway; "all lights and flowers, and the beautiful lady with the Christ-child in her arms; and the music! O mamma, dear mamma, ask the good God to take your little boy to-night!"

Poor little Tony! poor little motherless lad! his aching heart seemed ready to burst from his frail body; creeping up to the statue of the "beautiful lady," he laid his weary head on the stone step and sobbed out: "Dear Christ-child, how happy you are! help a poor little boy like me! take me to my mamma! Ask the beautiful lady to love me too."

"I do love you, Tony," answered the beautiful lady, and bending down she fastened something round his neck; "it is my chaplet, my child; wear it always in my honor, and I will ask the little Jesus to grant your prayer to-night." And with a heavenly smile she vanished, still holding the Christ-child in her arms. Tony was alone.

Alone? Ah, no! the angel was very near; so near that Tony might have touched the shining wings. Strangely soothed and comforted he nestled down on the stone floor, his tiny hand grasping our Lady's gift that seemed so like the worn rosary his own dying mother had placed around his neck a year ago.

Presently the church was aglow with light; long, quivering rays from the chalice formed a halo above the spot where the beautiful lady had stood with the Christ-child; people moved softly to and fro, and the air was soft with incense.

"Gloria in excelsis!" throbbed the organ.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo!" sang the choir.

The exultant strains seemed to pierce the vaulted roof, and the little waif lying on the stone floor beheld such a glorious vision.

Choirs, and choirs of angels, beautiful, white-robed figures with fluttering wings and happy faces,—all joining in the triumphant strain, "Gloria in excelsis Deo," while the Christ-child with a luminous circle around His divine head, listened and smiled.

"Take me, dear God; take me!" pleaded Tony, stretching out his tiny arms. "Let me sing with them to-night!"

With a tender light in His holy eyes, the Christ-child looked down on the little waif, and the waiting angel whispered, "Are you willing to go, my child?"

"Willing and glad," sobbed Tony. "Oh, so glad!"

The angel drew still nearer. "Think again, Tony. It is hard to die on Christmas eve when all the world is rejoicing. Are you afraid, my child, or sorry?"

"Afraid? oh no! the beautiful Lady is holding out her hands to me—and the Christ-child—and mamma—I'm tired, so tired; please take me to Heaven," again stretching out his tiny arms.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo!" sang the angelic choirs.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo," murmured Tony in ecstatic joy.

The angel passed his hand gently over the sweet lips and starry eyes, and with the pure soul floated out through the vaulted roof. His quest was ended,—Tony's Christmas was kept in Heaven.

SOME young girls exert a great influence on all who know them. Peace and purity, charity and cheerfulness seem to be with them, like angels protecting them from harm, and causing their companions to love them, and to love their virtues for their sake.

Where they go quarrels cease; where they are no one would dare to be rude. Their parents find in them the comfort of their old age; their brothers are fond of them; their sisters cling to them; their friends admire them.

They themselves seem unconscious of their power, and will not know, until all things are revealed, the extent of their responsibility, and of the good they do.

EARLY rising is healthy. It causes the strong man to become still more vigorous, especially where it is cultivated as a daily habit. It strengthens and refreshes the mind, which is capable of greater exertion during the first six hours of the day. The morning increases happiness. Cares, and sorrows, insupportable as they seem, when viewed in the gloom of night, are lightened by the bright beams of the sun, which expose their shallowness.—*Anon.*

Notes.

"We are thoroughly persuaded that from the recitation of the Holy Rosary, practised in a way to produce its full effects, will follow, not only for individuals, but for all Christendom, the most valuable advantages."—From the Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII. on The Rosary.

May the sweet and holy joys of Christmastide be with all THE ROSARY's readers, and remain with them always.

The Peace of Christ which the angels announced to the shepherds, which the Saviour promised to His followers, which the Church is empowered to bestow, is obtained in no better nor more thorough way than by a thoughtful, earnest confession, and a prayerful worthy communion: the best gift we could make to our dear Lord; the one that would please Him most of all and redound to our own greatest good.

By the three Masses on Christmas is symbolized the threefold birth of the Son of God:

1. His eternal birth from all eternity, by which He is God, equal to His Father in all things;

2. His birth in the stable of Bethlehem, by which He is the son of the Virgin Mary, true man, the first born of many brethren, the Infant Saviour;

3. His spiritual birth in the hearts of all those who receive Him and do God's holy will. In this sense is to be understood that declaration of the Saviour which some unthinking persons have been pleased to call a rebuke to His mild and meek Virgin Mother, but in which we by the grace of God are able to read a great mystery setting forth the incomparable dignity of the true Christian. The evangelists relate that on one occasion when Jesus was teaching in a certain house, He was told that His Blessed Mother and relatives awaited Him without, He replied: "Who is My mother?" and answering His own question He gave utterance to this sublime truth: "He that doth the will of My Father, he is My mother, because he causes Me to be born in his heart."

Here, Christians, is an important duty to which we must look well, disregarding which, must leave the joys worse than empty and fruitless!

So, then, by all means let us grasp the true significance of the Church's rejoic-

ings at this holy season. Let Christ be born into our hearts!

We respectfully request our subscribers who write to THE ROSARY to give their names and addresses. It is not at all satisfactory to receive payment of subscriptions with no tale or tidings as to whence it came, but the often blurred and well-nigh undecipherable post-mark. We call the attention of those who desire to discontinue that we cannot take back soiled and thumbed copies. We have no use for them. In fact, we will not take back copies that have been ordered. We send the magazine in good faith, and we expect those who order it to pay for it.

Our attention has been called to a statement in the August, '91, number of THE ROSARY, page 227, fourth question.

The question was asked if the different mysteries for the different days of the week were of obligation, and answered in the affirmative. The fact of the matter is that there is no obligation urging us to recite, e. g., the joyful mysteries on Mondays and Thursdays; the sorrowful on Tuesdays and Fridays, and the glorious mysteries on Wednesdays and Saturdays, but there is, as THE ROSARY truly states, a custom of so portioning out the mysteries. See the question answered in ACTA Sedis, Vol. II., page 868, quæst. 5.

The Dominican Fathers of the French Province of Lyons recently purchased a large hotel in a northern suburb of New York City, known as Sherman Park. They purpose remodelling the structure and making of it a house of studies for their novices whose education and calling are sadly hampered, sometimes destroyed by the present iniquitous military laws of France.

The young exiles will equip themselves here in free America, and then return to their beloved country to labor among their own people.

We would not mar the peace and joy of a single one of our subscribers, but we will merely throw out a gentle hint to those whom it concerns that we would take it as a first-class Christmas present to have a year's subscription—in advance or for arrears,—offered us.

While in this mood we announce that our collector, Mr. J. V. Leap, will visit Philadelphia during the present month in the interests of THE ROSARY. W

bespeak for him a cordial welcome in the City of Brotherly Love.

We would wish to have THE ROSARY introduced into every city and parish in the land. To this end we would like to make arrangements with good agents and canvassers. Write us, enclosing a letter of recommendation from your parish priest.

The Dominican Sisters of St. Rose's Convent, San Francisco, Cal., have our sincere sympathy for the great and trying loss which they sustained Oct. 6, '93, in the burning of their Convent Academy. The insurance, we learn, was only \$5,000, whereas the furnishings alone are estimated at \$10,000, and the building at \$25,000.

But it speaks volumes for the chivalrous spirit and charitable principles of San Francisco's people to note how promptly they took action in coming to the relief of the devoted nuns, whose first care was to find suitable quarters for their pupils and themselves. In the appeal which the noble-minded citizens of San Francisco sent out, they pledge themselves to give of their own substance, and they call on the friends of education to be prompt in sending in relief, saying rightly that whatsoever would cripple the Sisters in their noble and exalted vocation, also entails a loss on the community. THE ROSARY is glad to take up the echo of this appeal, and send it on its mission. Subscriptions are to be sent to the Dominican Sisters, 550 Filmore St., or to Rev. T. A. Fitzsimons, O.P., St. Dominic's Church, Bush and Steiner Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

We cannot refrain from observing that it is no wonder the people of San Francisco recognize the worth of these refined and devoted instructors of their children. Their exhibit at the Columbian Exposition was one of the most notable and striking.

"A. P. A." ism having run rampant and "to seed" in the West, is reported to be cropping up now from the effete soil of the East.

Well, let it crop! It is only a matter of allowing a malignant form of disease run its course and pass away.

We will try not to disturb it. It will in that event die a-bornin'. If you stir up a putrid mass you have an offensive odor for your pains. Turn the light on it and it will vanish.

Let Catholics be true to the principles of their Church, and then if persecution

comes, it will try them and do them good. If they are delinquent, it will punish them, and bring them to their senses, and do them good, even in the latter instance.

We are glad to be able to record the fact that the intelligent non-Catholics of the West utterly repudiate the "A. P. A.'s." Here is the view of the "A. P. A." oath taken by Rev. A. Milne, (Plymouth Cong. Ch.) of Columbus, Ohio. Addressing his congregation, he said:

"It is but stating the naked fact in the case when we say that the meaning [of the oath] is: 'I will do all in my power to hurt Roman Catholics, except when it will involve hurting myself.' That is, selfishness is added to sectarian prejudice and hatred, and men imagine that the injection of this selfish consideration makes it harmless and unobjectionable. Understood, then, in the logical outcome of its principles, are we not justified in denouncing it as un-Christian? Sometimes human language is inadequate to express our thoughts. And I find a difficulty in properly characterizing this oath. It is not only un-Christian, it is absolutely selfish, inhuman, and despicable. It seems harmless at first, but it is like a nest of devils, hidden among fair and innocent-looking flowers. * * * This oath calls for a violation of the great principle of freedom of conscience. * * * This movement, although started in the name of our Protestant Christianity, is a reproach to it. Our American Protestantism has been disgraced by it. The literature it has sent forth is a reproach to our public school system, an insult to our intelligence, and a damage to our churches. * * * I warn you solemnly, as I never warned you before, that if you have taken that oath you have not only taken a stand against liberty, but you have joined yourself with the forces of the devil. And I exhort you in the name of our country, and for the honor of our Protestant churches, and for the glory of Christ, to come out of the midst of it and cleanse yourself from its defilements. * * * For liberty we plead, liberty for Roman Catholic as well as for Protestant. He who strikes at liberty when she appears by the side of a Roman Catholic is seeking to drive a dagger into the heart of his own best friend. Whether a Roman Catholic shall be elected for this or that office, or whether he shall be employed to do this or that piece of work, may be in itself a small matter, but that any man, Catholic or Protestant, Buddhist or Free-thinker, shall have the

right to live and enjoy the privileges of citizenship in this country: that is a principle worth fighting for, and, if need be, worth dying for."

Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, according to the news despatches, that the "hard times" felt even in the mining districts of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, have been responsible for a decided boom in the matrimonial market. The boom was brought about in this wise: The mine-owners, in the spirit of economy during the dull and depressed season, were compelled to "lay off" some of their hands. They made a rule that inasmuch as the married men were providing for others besides themselves, the single men could better afford to be unemployed, and accordingly began to drop them from the pay-roll. "Since then," observes the veracious news-gatherer, "six and eight marriages a day have been reported."

We are always deeply grateful for the kind words of encouragement which we are constantly receiving. We believe that the candid experience of one of our Philadelphia subscribers has been verified in many another besides herself. We cherish the conviction that THE ROSARY has been the humble means of making Our Lady's Beads better known. But as yet we have only been wandering along the shore of that ocean of graces, the Rosary.

We ask our Philadelphia subscriber's pardon for thus making public her glad acknowledgment, but we cite it as one instance among many of the esteem in which THE ROSARY MAGAZINE is held.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 16th, '93.

REV. R. H. GOGGIN,

Dear Sir:—Enclosed find order for two dollars for subscription to THE ROSARY for the year ('93) ending May ('94), and accept my regrets for not forwarding sooner, but will endeavor to be more prompt in the future, as that is the least I owe it in payment for the many happy moments the perusal of your magnificent work has afforded me. It is due to it and you, I may add, that I have become possessed of a more thorough knowledge of the beauty of Our Lady's Beads, and have gained many blessings through the devout recital of them, which some time ago always proved more of a burden than a pleasure to recite.

Hoping that God will heap many blessings upon you and your work is and will always be the devout prayer of

ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Rev. Victor F. O'Daniel, O. P., has been sent to the Dominican Convent in Louvain, Belgium, to complete a course in theology. For the past two years Fr. O'Daniel has been teaching Logic at St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, Ohio. There are now five American Dominicans making a special course of studies in Europe, four of them reside in Louvain, one in the Dominicaner-Kloster in Vienna.

The Rev. James M. P. Heaney, O. P., well-known to readers of the "*Ave Maria*" under the *nom de plume* of "*Enfant de Joseph*," is engaged on a piece of literary work which, if not of the *fin de siècle* order, will, so he surmises, be the *fin* of his prolific pen. While waiting to pay our respects to his latest literary offspring, we hope that the veteran writer may be spared many days of usefulness to himself and others.

Miss Margaret E. Jordan has, at length, devised a way for having a favorite plan and devotion of hers see the light. It is called the "Apostolate of Thanksgiving." She takes her inspiration for the work, which she modestly places before the reading and praying soul in the shape of a little folder, from the text of St. Paul: "*In all things give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ concerning you all.*" 1. Thess. v.

There is, indeed, a wonderful amount of thought-producing suggestions in this same little pamphlet.

The headquarters of the Apostolate, which we should have said has obtained the archbishop's imprimatur, are at 523 W. 142d St., N. Y. C.,—the convent of the Sisters of Our Lady of the Cenacle. "The aim of the work of the "Apostolate of Thanksgiving" is to perpetuate the fervent spirit of gratitude and the public action of thanksgiving. There is exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the second Sunday of every month, from Mass at 7 A. M. till Benediction at 5 P. M.

"The Sons of the patriarch St. Dominic, owe it to their state and vocation," says the Holy Father in His recent encyclical, "to strive zealously to multiply the confraternities of the Most Holy Rosary and to maintain them by their fervor."

Five cases of beatification of martyrs of the Order of St. Dominic are now undergoing an examination in Rome by the S. Congregation of Rites, as we learn from the *Couronne de Marie* (October). The first is that of the Ven. Father

Francis Capillas, who was beheaded Jan. 15, 1648, in the town of Fogan, China, and four other Dominicans, who about the same time suffered martyrdom in China.

Father Capillas is believed to have been the first martyr of the Catholic Church in the empire of China. His case, begun once before, had been abandoned, either on account of some omission of apostolic procedure, or of the loss of important documentary evidence. The Holy Father, Leo XIII., has, however, ordered the resumption of the case. There is evidence to show that the recently beatified Dominican martyrs were in possession of the relics of Ven. Fr. Capillas, that they whom the Church has placed on her altars revered the relics of one whose beatification is now sought.

The second case is that of V. V. F. F. Francis Gil, Frederic Matthew Alonzo Leziniaux, beheaded on the 22d of January, 1745, in the kingdom of Tonkin.

The third is that of V. V. F. F. Hyacinth Castranda, and Br. Vincent Lieus, put to death on the 7th of Nov., 1773.

The fourth is that of V. V. F. F. Ignatius Delgado, Vicar-Apostolic of E. Tonkin, who died in prison July 12th, 1838, and Dominic Henares, Coadjutor Bishop of the same Vicar-Apostolic, put to death June 25th, 1838. Also 80 companions put

to death by the pagans during the years 1838, 1839, and 1840.

The fifth case is that of V. V. F. F. Joseph Mary Diaz Laujargs, Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of Central Tonkin, beheaded June 20th, 1859; Michael Garcia San Pedros, Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of C. Tonkin, cut to pieces July 28th, 1858; Jerome Hermosilla, Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of E. Tonkin, beheaded Nov. 1st, 1861; Valentine Berrio Ochoa, Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of C. Tonkin, beheaded Nov. 1st, 1861, and of their companions, either religious of the Order of Friars-Preachers, or faithful of both sexes, the most of them members of the Third Order of St. Dominic, about 1,500 in number, who suffered a glorious death between the years 1856 and 1862, in the Dominican missions of Tonkin. This last case is the most illustrious of all, whether we consider the number of martyrs or the heroism of those called upon to shed their blood for the sake of Christ.

Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., the Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, died on All Hallow Eve, '93, at Notre Dame, Ind.,—the monument which he himself erected, and which will perpetuate his memory to the latest day.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

NOTE.—In answering the subjoined questions we have been guided by the *Acta Sancta Sedis*, a collection which we warmly recommend to our Reverend subscribers.

Q. 1. If a person, knowing that it is impossible to gain indulgences on beads which have been blessed for another, loans his beads *for this purpose* to one who is not aware of the fact, is the blessing lost?

Ans. Yes. By decree of Pope Alex. VII., Feb. 6th, 1657. See *Acta Sancta Sedis*, Vol. 1, No. 101.

Q. 2. If a person does *not* know that one cannot gain indulgences on borrowed beads, but loans his beads to another with the intention of giving him a chance to gain the indulgences, and the borrower also believes it to be lawful, is the blessing lost?

Ans. Yes.

Q. 3. If the latter knows that it is unlawful to use another's beads, but thinks

it possible to gain the indulgences, must the beads be blessed again?

Ans. Yes. *Ibidem*. The fact is, it is *not* unlawful to use another's beads; It is unlawful to loan them *for* the gaining of indulgences.

Q. 4. If a person believes that he can gain indulgences on another's beads, and uses them for this purpose without the other's knowledge, is the indulgence lost?

Ans. No. *Ibid*.

Q. 5. Is it probable that any person would loan his beads with the intention of giving the borrower the indulgences, if he knows that the latter cannot gain them, and that by so doing he loses the blessing himself?

Ans. It is not.

Q. 6. Would a person use another's beads if he knows that he cannot gain any of the indulgences?

Ans. Hardly; except to guide him in reciting the requisite number of Hail

Marys, and to lead him from mystery to mystery.

Q. 7. Can a person possessing a medal to which the Papal or Apostolic indulgences have been attached, gain these indulgences by reciting five decades of the Rosary, if he has not a pair of beads?

Ans. No. There is no connection between medals and the beads.

Q. 8. If he does not keep the medal about him, must he say the rosary *before* the medal, as one would judge by the Ritual?

Ans. Be guided by the above answer.

Q. 9. Are there any indulgences granted for the recitation of five decades of the rosary by one who does *not* possess a pair of beads nor any blessed object?

Ans. None, unless he recites the rosary with one who holds the beads.

Q. 10. We are told that when several say the rosary together, it suffices if *one* holds a pair of beads blessed with the Dominican indulgences. Is this only for rosarians, and can they gain the indulgences if they do not possess a pair of beads?

Ans. This privilege was extended to all the faithful on the 22d Jan., 1858, by Pope Pius IX. See *Acta Sanctæ Sedis*, Tertia Pars. No. cccxcvii.

Q. 11. If one holds a pair of beads, to which have been attached the Bridgettine indulgences, can others by following him, gain these indulgences without having beads?

Ans. I think so, not knowing anything to the contrary.

Q. 12. Does a person who does *not* possess a pair of beads blessed with the Dominican indulgences become a rosarian simply by having his name registered?

Ans. No.

If so, what indulgences can he gain?

Ans. He may gain all indulgences gainable by the faithful in general.

Q. 13. In churches where the confraternity of the Rosary has not been erected, can the faithful gain the indulgences of the October devotions by assisting at the church, even when they do not possess a pair of beads?

Ans. Yes.

DECEMBER ROSARY.

INTENTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

The prayers of Rosarians are asked for the Church, the Pope, for Dominican missionaries, and for several other intentions: For a husband addicted to drink; for a distracted mother; restoration of health; reconciliation between four at variance; for a temporal and a spiritual favor; for success in business; restoration to the faith of eight; means for three persons to pay debts; a Parochial school and its teacher; buyers for town property, and two farms that must be disposed of; a special intention; success in a business; restoration of the health of a young lady; restoration of eyesight; employment for a brother; the frequentation of the sacraments by three; the grace of a happy death; for one to know her vocation; fidelity in time of temptation; a mother's permission to enter the convent; for two who drink to excess; means to pay certain debts; for the souls in Purgatory; health, hearing, and peace of

mind. The following grateful acknowledgment is cheerfully inserted:

St. Dominic's Church.

Sept. 11th, 1893.

EDITOR OF ROSARY:

Thanks are returned for obtaining means to so far complete a new church, to be dedicated to St. Dominic, as to place it under roof, and fit it for completion.

This favor was asked of the Sacred Heart through the intercession of SS. Joseph and Dominic.

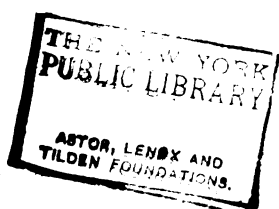
We hope through the same means to obtain what is yet wanting, for the entire completion of the work.

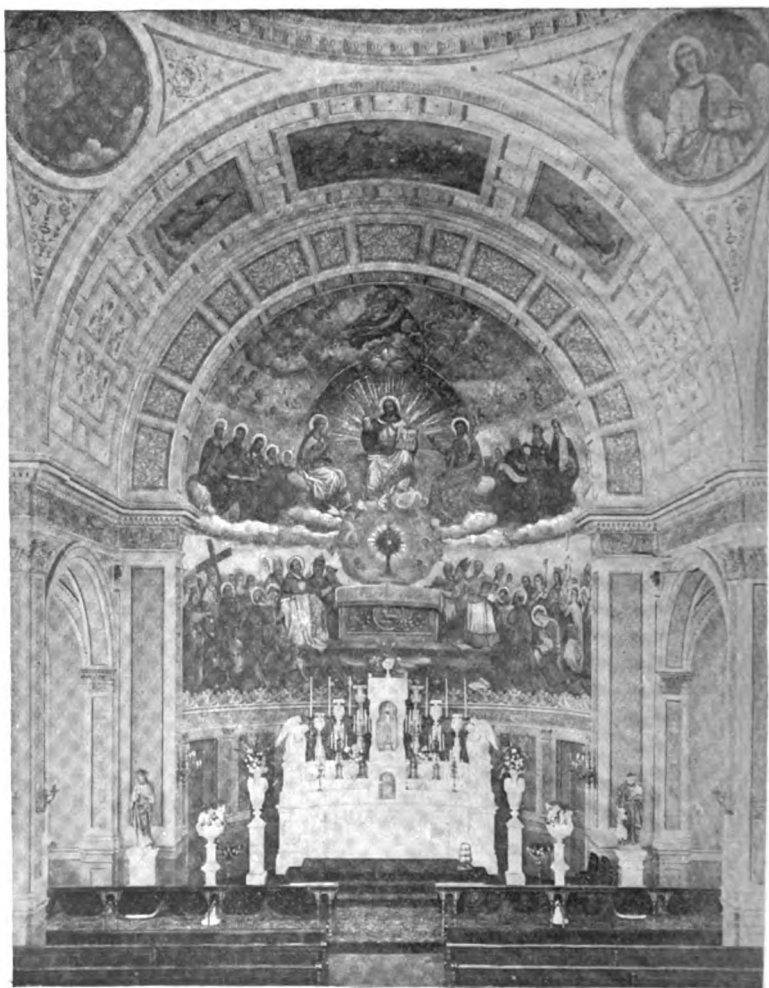
CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

Dec. 3.—1st Sunday of Advent and of the month. Three plenary Indulgences.

Dec. 8.—Feast of the Immaculate Conception, B. V. M. Plenary Indulgence.

Dec. 25.—Christmas day. 3d Joyful mystery. Plenary Indulgence.





CHAPEL OF THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING ASYLUM.

CENTRE-PIECE,—"*Triumph of the Blessed Sacrament.*"



VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1894.

No. 9.

LOOK UP AND STRIVE !

FRANK DESMOND.

JANUARY 1st, 1894.—CHRISTIANUS.

THE future vast looms up before thee, O my soul !
Again on this the echo of life's primal day:
What lurks in its abyss profound of truth's rare gold
To help thee on thy dark and lonely way?

FIDES.

The choicest blessings in God's love are thine—
To hold or squander with thy potent will.
The jewelled crown of life's before thine eyes;
Look up, and strive and pray—God's with thee still.

TREASURES OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

BY A DOMINICAN PRIEST.

CHAPTER I.

ST. DOMINIC AND THE ROSARY.—ORIGIN OF THE SALUTARY DEVOTION
OF THE ROSARY.

THERE is such an analogy between the Rosary and heavenly wisdom that the former, like the latter, can truly glory in having "come out of Paradise."¹ Indeed, this devotion has come to us

¹ Ecclesiastic. xxiv. 41.

not only from Paradise, but even from the "Seat of Wisdom" itself, verily from the "Mother of fair love," from the most holy hands of the ever blessed Mary. It was Mary herself who revealed it, who taught its practice to her well-beloved champion, St. Dominic, and who commanded him to make it known to the faithful.

In the beginning of the 13th century, the prince of darkness, by means of error and filthy crimes, inaugurated a most formidable and cruel war against the spouse of Christ, the Holy Roman Church. The heresy of the Albigeois blasphemed against all the mysteries of our holy Faith, and being sustained by the force of arms, made rapid progress in the work of the destruction of every thing religious. Its impious leaders, promoters, and followers, flushed with victory, and living more like brutes than man in the gratification of their wildest and most carnal passions, audaciously insulted and despised the people of God.¹ Vice was unfortunately to be met with in every state, rank, and condition of mankind, and, indeed, to such a degree, that even among many Catholics the most vile irregularities and the most dissolute libertinism reigned unchecked. But whilst God was permitting the infernal Goliath to become emboldened, He was preparing the David who was soon to prostrate and crush him. The sling was the Rosary, the stone Jesus Christ proposed in the mysteries for our meditation, and the hand that was to direct the fatal blow, the Mediatrix of the great victory, was Mary.

St. Dominic, on witnessing the great and frightful evils produced by the Albigensian heresy on Religion and morals, notwithstanding the many heroic efforts that had been made by ecclesiastics of all grades, and by himself especially, for its extirpation, saw now more than ever that extraordinary help was needed to eradicate the foul and disgusting product of perdition. Many were the tears that he shed, most fervently did he pray to the Living God, earnestly and unceasingly did he offer himself as a victim of expiation, in order that the Lord, in His mercy, might be moved to put an end to so many evils and restore peace to the Church. Not only did he mortify himself by rigorous fasts and abstinences, but he also subjected his innocent body to the

¹ 1. Kings, Chap. xvii.

most unmerciful treatment. But it was to Mary especially, the Mother of Divine Mercy, to whom he had recourse with the greatest confidence and the most earnest supplications, as to her to whose mediation with her Son, are reserved the most signal graces, and against whom the heresy of the Albigeois belched forth the most horrible blasphemies. The sweet Mother of God heard benignly her beloved servant Dominic, not only to the extent that he had entreated her, but even far beyond what he had looked for from the unbounded generosity of her maternal heart, for surrounded with heavenly light and holding a rosary in her hand, she appeared to him, and with sweetness indescribable, thus addressed him : " Be of good courage, Dominic; the fruits of your labors shall be abundant. You know well how much the salvation of this people has cost my Son. Certainly He does not intend that the work of redemption shall be brought to naught. Remember, then, that the redemption of the world was begun by the salutation of the Angel to me, that it was completed by the bitter passion and death of my Divine Son, and established and secured by His glorious resurrection. The remedy, therefore, for so many evils is meditation on the mysteries of the life, death, and glory of my Son, joined to the recitation of the Angelic Salutation, through which the great mystery of the redemption was announced to the world."

After having fully instructed him on the nature of the devotion of the Rosary, its excellence, utility, and manner of reciting it, she continued to say to him with great tenderness: " The earth shall remain barren until watered with the heavenly dew of this devotion. This, therefore, is the great remedy for so many evils. *Establish the Rosary, and teach men this form of prayer which I now give into your care, and inform them that this mode of praying is most pleasing to my Son and to me. This is the most suitable weapon to annihilate heresies, expel vices, introduce virtues, and obtain divine mercy ; it will prove itself a salutary help to the people, and a ready remedy and protection against every species of affliction: it is a mighty and singular weapon for the defence of the Church.* But I wish and ordain that you during your own life, and your successors in the Order after you forever, shall preach and promote this heavenly rite devised by me, through which immense benefits will result to

the faithful. Never shall I be wanting in the protection of this my devotion, nor shall signs and wonders fail to accompany its propagation. Let this extraordinary and singular gift be an everlasting covenant between me and you, and also between me and your Order, which is soon to be called into existence.”¹

Blessed Alain relates in the following manner, from revelations made to himself by the Blessed Virgin Mary, the origin of the Rosary: “After St. Dominic had labored in many places for three years and over, unceasingly and zealously, by preaching, disputing, writing, and by performing prodigies for the conversion of the Albigensian heretics who were so hostile to the Mother of God, and after he had discovered that, notwithstanding all his efforts, he had reaped but little fruit, he betook himself to a forest near Toulouse, and, there adding the most severe bodily castigations to prayers and tears, earnestly entreated the protection and help of the August Queen of Heaven, to whom alone it is given to crush the head of the accursed serpent and to annihilate all heresies.

At length, on the third day of this terrible ordeal which he had marked out for himself, and when debilitated and prostrated on the earth from the frightful chastisements which he had inflicted on himself, the Gracious Mother of God appeared to him and thus addressed him: “My Son, Dominic, because you have valiantly fought against the enemies of the faith and mine, I am come to bring to you the help and assistance which you have so fervently and perseveringly besought me to grant you.” When the Mother of God had thus spoken, three noble virgins raised him from the ground and presented him to her. Then again she addressed him, saying: “Most beloved Dominic, do you not know the arms which the Triune God used when He wished to reform the world?” Dominic replied: “O my Sovereign, thou knowest my heart: through thee did salvation come to the world; through thee was the reparation of the whole human race commenced.” Then the ever Blessed Mother said: “Beloved Dominic, certainly the Blessed Trinity did not select any other arms to wipe

¹ Bzovius, *Annal tom. xiii. an. 1213. num. II.*; Just. Mechov. *tom. ii. discurs. 310. num. 15*; Croiset, *Exercices de piete, 7. Octobre*; Leikes, *Rosa aurea, pp. 41-46.*

out all sin than the Angelic Salutation, which is the foundation of the whole New Testament. Therefore, if you desire fruit from your preaching, commend and inculcate the Psalter (the Rosary) to the people: in a very short time there will be through it an end to all those evils you so earnestly deplore." After having most fully instructed the saint on the rite, excellence, utility, and wonderful efficacy of the Rosary, she bade him proceed to Toulouse, preach the Rosary there, and to be of good cheer. But a new anxiety began to disturb him from the fact that he could not well understand how he could succeed in getting furious heretics to listen to his preaching, and hence, again prostrating himself before the ever blessed Mother, in a sad voice, he thus spoke to her: "O my Sovereign, thou knowest with what violence these heretics oppose my preaching; thou knowest their many and wicked plottings against me. How then shall I be able to preach thy Psalter (Rosary) to them?" She made answer to him: "Go to Toulouse; boldly enter the city, and fear not the machinations of your enemies, for I will be with you, and I will be the protection of your life. Go in my name, and I will gather around you an immense crowd of people, and I will take care that they shall receive your words, even though, in the beginning, they should manifest unwillingness to do so."

Animated with celestial courage, St. Dominic returned to Toulouse. On his arrival there all the bells in the tower began of themselves to ring, and the people all left their homes at the unusual sound, and flocked to the church to learn what had happened. They found St. Dominic in the pulpit, his eyes flashing and his brow shining with heavenly light, preaching the Rosary of Mary, developing its mysteries, and exhorting all Christians to offer up frequently to Heaven this prayer, which fills the devils with fear and the angels with joy, moves the heart of the august Mother of God, and obtains pardon and salvation for men. The people were moved, but they still hesitated: the battle was not yet won. A still more powerful voice was needed, and lo! God Himself spoke through the voice of the tempest. A violent hail-storm broke over the city, the winds roared with fury, vivid flashes of lightning followed each other in quick succession, and thunder shook the earth with its terrible and continuous roar: It seemed

as if the last day had come, and that the earth was about to be destroyed. Then Dominic cried out: "These are the signs of divine anger; my brethren, submit yourselves to God. Tremble before Him, if you wish to be saved. Turn towards Jesus and the Mother of Jesus. The Virgin Mother of our Saviour is also the Mother of mercy; take her for your advocate; the Son never refuses anything to His Mother. Love the Rosary, the prayer of Jesus and Mary, and abjure your heresy. In the name of the Blessed Virgin I promise you that, if you embrace her devotion, the storm will abate and the sky become clear. Do not hesitate, for I see before me a hundred and fifty angels armed for vengeance, and sent by Christ, our Lord, to punish you for your sins." At the same time the voice of the evil spirits was heard crying out: "Woe, woe to us, for by the power of the Rosary we shall be bound as with chains of fire in the very depths of hell."

Now there was in the church an image of the Blessed Virgin, which was seen to stretch out one of its arms towards Heaven three times, and then to point in a threatening manner to the earth. St. Dominic explained this miracle to mean that there were terrible punishments and misfortunes in store for the people if they did not abandon their heresy, and seek refuge in the holy Rosary. At last these rebellious people were conquered: they prostrated themselves upon the earth, and with a profusion of tears and many sighs, they begged for mercy. St. Dominic, turning to the statue of the Mother of God, entreated the powerful Queen of Heaven and earth to hear the supplications of the people, in as much as they repented of their sins and promised to abjure that heresy.

At the saint's prayer, the statue was seen to draw back the arm that had been raised in anger, the winds abated, and the thunder rolled away in the distance. The next day the inhabitants of Toulouse came to the church, clothed in garments of penance, bearing torches in their hands, to make reparation to the Mother of God. St. Dominic reminded them of the great events which had taken place under their very eyes the day before, and preached to them a powerful sermon on the Rosary. They all determined to practice this devotion, had themselves enrolled in

the Confraternity by the saint himself, and received their rosaries from his holy hands.¹

We can, at least to some extent, understand how much the holy Patriarch must have been encouraged and consoled by the cheering words of the ever blessed Virgin in reference to himself and his Order, and by the wonderful things that had happened, and of which he was the singular instrument. Mary's words, besides being a clear proof and pledge of her marked predilection for himself and his Order, gave him an assurance most certain that the Albigensian heresy would be uprooted, that morals would be reformed, and that the holy Church—the very thought of his noble heart—would soon triumph over her boastful and unclean foes. The saint, filled with confidence in the most holy Virgin, set to work with his brethren to announce to the people the favorite devotion of Heaven.

Whilst he and his *confrères* were earnestly and zealously engaged in preaching and propagating the Rosary, they practised it themselves with the greatest fervor. We are informed by trustworthy authority that St. Dominic often recited the Rosary as many as eight times in the day,² that his companions in the service of Mary, said it at least once every day, and that they regarded that day as lost to them on which they could not recite the full Rosary.

¹ Ex "Beati Fr. Alani redivivi Rupensis tractatus mirabilis de ortu atque progressu Psalterii Christi et Mariæ ejusque Confraternitatis."—2. p. cap. iii.

The description given above perfectly agrees with the local traditions of Toulouse and its environs, as recorded in many books, and notably in the book of F. Perein, *Monumenta Conventus Tolosani*, and in another work still more modern, *Notice sur les Sanctuaires dédiés à la très Sainte Vierge dans le diocèse de Toulouse, par le Vic de Juillac Vignolles*, pag. 287. The substance of the narration given above is taken from Blessed Alain, who declares that the Mother of God visibly and sensibly declared to him that these statements were most true—*narravit visibiliter et sensibiliter essa verissima*.

There is no doubt but the Most Blessed Virgin urged St. Dominic in several places to preach and establish the Rosary, hence, the various opinions as to the special locality in which the commission was given to him to proclaim the Rosary. St. Antoninus affirms that the Blessed Virgin appeared to St. Dominic during his apostolate, over one thousand times. Voir Pradel, O. P. Manuel du T. S. Rosaire, 5^{ème} Edit. pag. 297.

Alanus de ortu et progressu Psalterii.

In order that they might be able to recite it at any moment, profess openly special devotion to the glorious Mother of God, and continually and defiantly protest against the horrid blasphemies poured out by Lucifer's emissaries against the Queen of Heaven, the saint and his sons continually carried on their girdles their rosaries, and were on that account called the "Brothers of Mary."¹ The results which this divine devotion effected among the people were incalculable and highly beneficial under every consideration, as might be expected both from the promise made to her chosen champion by the Mother of God, and from his own saintly and apostolic life. History proclaims him the *hammer and vanquisher of heresies*.

Verily, St. Dominic was on earth a perfect image of the Saviour, as the Eternal Father revealed to St. Catharine of Sienna.²

NOTE:—It has been the constant tradition of the Dominican Order that even in his exterior the great St. Dominic bore a strong resemblance to his Divine Lord. A number of striking testimonies to this fact are brought together by Rev. Mother Drane, O.S.D. (in her life of the saint) from the writings of contemporaries of the great Patriarch.—See also THE ROSARY, vol. I. p. 357.—and it is curious and interesting to compare the description of our Lord's person by Nicephorous Callistas, the Greek historian (which is given in a foot-note of the life referred to) with the extremely graphic description of St. Dominic left us by Sister Cecilia, who knew him well, and whose portrait bears unmistakable evidence of having been drawn from life. We may also add here that St. James, one of the three favorite apostles who accompanied our Lord on the night of His Passion into the Garden of Gathsemani, bore a most striking resemblance to the Saviour. It was for the purpose of making sure the seizure of Jesus by the mob, that Judas had previously arranged with the officers of the law that he would designate the Master by a kiss. S. Ansel Dialog.

Christians who had the happiness of having their souls illumined and their hearts warmed under the guidance of such a saint, and by the recitation of the Rosary and meditation on its mysteries, soon not only detested the impious doctrines of heretics, but also renounced their own disorders. The children of the Church became so inflamed with holy zeal in the service of God, that the followers of heresy were either sweetly induced to return to the bosom of the Church, or compelled by their discomfiture to hide themselves in retirement and shame. The direct result was that

¹ *Imitat. du S. Dominique, Mardi 13.*

² Life of St. Catharine of Sienna by Blessed Raymond of Capua. C. VI.

Christian piety everywhere flourished among all classes of people. The Rosary therefore proved itself to be at the same time, the *odor of death to error, and the odor of life to the Church.*¹

In a very short time the excellence of this admirable devotion was everywhere recognized, says Croiset, S. J. More than one hundred thousand heretics who had been brought back to the one true fold, and a prodigious number of other hardened sinners who had been dragged from the mire of their abominations, and clothed with the garments of sanctity by means of the Rosary, fully attest what this devotion can do with God for man, no matter how despicable may be man's condition.² As in the days of old the prophet Eliseus had no sooner sprinkled the waters and land of Jericho with his mystic salt, than the waters that had been corrupt became limpid and sweet, and the land that had been sterile became rich and fruitful; so, when Dominic made known the devotion of the Rosary to the world, heresies disappeared, the enemies of faith were completely routed, morals were changed for the better, the waters of the Church, that is, the people, became purified, and the field of the Lord became enriched with the choicest products.³ Indeed, it was from a spirit of the deepest gratitude to the Mother of Jesus, and for the purpose of erecting, as it were, a monument to commemorate the destruction of heresy through her favorite devotion, the Rosary, that the Church of God felt herself moved to introduce into Mary's Office the following celebrated antiphon: "Guade, Maria Virgo: cunctas hæreses Sola interemisti in universo mundo—Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, because thou alone hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world."⁴

(*To be continued.*)

In purgatory Jesus is loved and glorified. There are millions of suffering souls there who bless the hand of the just Judge; exiles who aspire to enter their country, and who, in spite of their anguish have only words of praise for the King of their heart; desolate spouses who, from the isolation of their martyrdom, exclaim: fire and flames, bless the Lord!

¹ 2 Corinth. ii. 16.

² Exercises, 7 Octobre.

³ Journal de Bologne, lettr. du Dimanche, ann. i. page 44.

⁴ This antiphon is believed to be the production of St. Sophronius, Bishop of Jerusalem—Morassi, *Il Rosario*. pag. 68.

THE SORROWS OF MARY.

VERY REV. C. H. McKENNA, O. P.

FATHER Petitalot begins his work, entitled "The Virgin Mother According to Theology," by telling us of Mary's predestination from eternity. He would have us go back in thought before time was. God then existed alone. Outside of Him was the silence of nothingness. There was no sun, no moon, no stars, no earth, no heaven, no men, no angels, for God had not yet uttered His creative word. But the decree of creation and creation itself, in all its fulness, existed in the mind of God from eternity. And foremost in this decree was Christ, accompanied by His virgin Mother. "He is the first-born of every creature." (Col. i. 15.) And in the Office of the Blessed Virgin, the Church places on Mary's lips these words of holy writ: "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways . . . the depths were not as yet, and I was already conceived . . . before the hills I was brought forth." (Prov. viii. 28, etc.) Around Christ and Mary gravitated all worlds: the angelic world, the material world, and man—at once material and spiritual,—man whose body is of the earth, but whose soul is of the nature of the angels. All these worlds were made as an inheritance for the Christ, the King's Son. And Mary was predestined the first woman, the Spouse of the Holy Spirit, in whose chaste womb the King's Son was to be united by the Holy Ghost in eternal marriage with our nature.

"Human nature, being thus deified," says Bishop Gay, "and rendered infallible and impeccable in its Head, and Mary, the instrument in whom the wondrous work of the Incarnation was to be accomplished, rendered immaculate through the foreseen merits of her Son, God can now call angels and men into existence." He can give them freedom of will; He can permit sin, and allow its dark billows to rise and swell, and inundate and defile the fair creation. It may lay waste the human race, scale the heights of heaven, and ruin one-third of the angel hosts. There is one creature whom it cannot defile. High and above all, the Christ, the Head of creation, remains infallible, and like the pure fountain on the mountain-top, which pours its streams on the plains beneath, from that Divine Head grace will flow through

Mary its channel, over all the members of Christ, and drive back the dark flood of sin, and purify and cleanse and sanctify. "And where sin abounded, grace did more abound." (Rom. v. 20.)

Some writers tell us that the Son of God would have become incarnate, even if man had not fallen. All that has hitherto been said in this article is based on this theory.¹

He would then have come, not to suffer, but to elevate man to a union with the Deity. Mary would not then be the Mother of Sorrows, but the Mother of Joy and of Glory.² Some say that the incarnation and the foreknown dignity and superiority of Mary

¹ The more solid, and certainly a better known doctrine, taught by the Thomists with their great leader St. Thomas (who has indeed declared that both opinions are probable), holds that *Christ would not have become incarnate had man not sinned*. They prove it in this wise: 1st, those things that depend on the free will of God transcending the bounds of nature, can be known by us by Holy Scripture or by tradition, *and in no other way*. But scripture and tradition assign no other motive for the Incarnation than the Redemption of man. (See Luke chaps. v. and xix.; 1 Tim. i.; Galat. iv.; John v.) In the Nicene creed we say: "Who for us and our salvation descended from heaven," etc. On Holy Saturday the deacon sings: "*O Felix culpa*,"—happy guilt; "*O necessarium Adæ peccatum*,"—O necessary sin of Adam! If Christ would have come, sin or no sin, the Church would hardly give all the credit to sin.

According to Thomistic teaching as explained and defended by Billuart (*De Incarnatione* Dis. iii. Art. 3, in fine) although in God there is no such thing as successive acts, because He is *pure act*, and understands, sees, wishes, and decrees all things by one most simple act, and only *one*; nevertheless, as it is by discursive methods, by piecemeal, that we attain knowledge, we are necessitated to distinguish in God a succession of acts, consecutive instances, marking a difference in the objects, not in God.

Accordingly in this all-important matter of the acts of God *ad extra*, the creation, Thomists note the following consecutive instances: 1st, God understanding seeing Himself and all things possible in His essence, *wished His own glory* by the diffusion and participation of His attributes; 2d, to procure this glory He chose *this* world out of many possible ones; 3d, He determined to elevate His intellectual creatures (angels and men) to the supernatural order; 4th, by an inscrutable act He *permitted* these creatures to fall; 5th, He willed to heal this foreseen sin; 6th, to this end He willed that His Son should become incarnate; 7th, in Christ He chose some efficaciously to be saved, the rest He passed by; 8th, He ordained all things in creation to the glory of Christ, subjecting all previous decrees to His only-begotten Son. *Omnia propter Christum*.—ED. ROS.

² Thus, the Scotists and Suarez.

over the angels were the cause of their rebellion, that, during their probation, they foresaw what would be required of them for eternity. Some of them murmured when it was made known that they would have to adore a Man-God, but when they saw they would have to reverence and obey a mere creature—a woman,—as their Superior, their Queen, then these proud spirits rebelled, and swore an eternal war against the Man-God and the Woman.

And, when at length, Adam and Eve appeared, “here” they said, “are the Man-God and the Woman. Let us accomplish their ruin.” And when our first parents did fall, great was the exultation of the demons. But, soon their triumph ceased, for they heard the sentence uttered against their chief,—“I shall put enmities between thee and the woman, between her seed and thy seed. She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel.” As if God would say to the demon, “Foul demon! thou hast indeed triumphed over this weak couple, but the God-Man, and the Woman in My mind from eternity, after whose images these weak creatures were made, they shall never fall, and that unfallen Woman shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel.”

Man having lost Heaven through Adam's disobedience, redemption became necessary. With the foreknowledge of sin came the eternal decree of sufferings of Jesus, and the sorrows of Mary. If according to St. John the “Lamb was slain before the foundation of the world,” so we can say of Mary that the sword of sorrow pierced her heart in the decrees of God from eternity. The same law that prepared the bitter chalice for Jesus determined the character and extent of the sorrows of our Immaculate Mother.

The actual commencement of the sorrows of Mary is unknown to us. Theologians believe that she did not know of God's choice in her behalf before the angelic salutation. Faber says “she might have such a gift of prophecy as to foresee confusedly that her life was to be one of great sorrow and heroic endurance But when she actually bore within herself the Eternal Word made flesh, a great change must have come over her in this respect. She was in such unutterable union with God, and understood so deeply and truly the Mystery of the Incarnation, and

such a light was shed for her on the depths of Hebrew prophecy, that it is impossible not to believe that the passion of Jesus lay clearly before her, with the thirty-three years of poverty, hardship, abandonment, and consequently, at least in its main outlines, her own compassion.... At all events, from the time of Simeon's prophecy, if not from the first moment of the Incarnation, her sorrows were life-long. Like those of Jesus, they were ever before her."

St. Thomas tells us that our Lord was especially susceptible of exquisite sufferings, owing to the perfection and delicacy of His humanity.¹ Next to Him in beauty and delicacy, and perfection of soul and body, was His Immaculate Mother. If His body was fitted for suffering, as David would seem to teach (Ps. xxxix. 7.), Mary could say of herself, "I was prepared for scourges, and my sorrow is ever in my sight." (Ps. xxxvii. 18.) The child that she nourished at her virgin breast, the fair, beautiful boy that walked by her side, the graceful youth who so lovingly obeyed her every wish, was always as the Man of Sorrows. Calvary was growing day by day nearer, and more distinct before her.

Let us resume. God from eternity decreed to create for His Son a body and soul, and to give that Son a rich inheritance. Heaven and earth, men and angels, were made for Him to serve and adore Him.

God decreed that the first in this kingdom of His Son should be a woman, who should be at once Mother of His Son, through whom He would unite all creatures with Himself. God decreed also that this woman should be His favorite daughter, sublimely elevated above all other creatures, the most perfect type of human personality, in whom there should be no spot nor stain. He decreed that all men and angels should adore His Son, and be subject to His daughter. Men and angels rebel; but in vain. The Son must be adored; the Daughter must be honored by all who will share in the glory of Heaven, as man, even of good will, could not gain Heaven on account of the Fall. Redemption is decreed as a means of salvation, provided still, that the God-Man should be adored, and His Mother honored. Jesus and Mary are true to their dignity: the one by dying for His Father's glory and

¹ Summa Theol. 3a Pars. Quaes. 46, Art. 6.

the salvation of His own inheritance, the other by offering her greatest treasure—her Son, her all—for the same sublime object.

THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING ASYLUM.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

Conclusion.

THE chapel building, 60x60 ft., occupies space in the rear of the main building, running back towards Sixty-ninth Street. The chapel itself, exquisite in every detail, was built mainly through the generosity of Mrs. G. W. Guion. It is in the style of the early Italian Renaissance—cruciform,—the sanctuary occupying a semicircular apse extension. The four great mysteries of Redemption, the Birth, Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord, are represented in fine frescoes in the beautifully proportioned dome, supported by the converging arms of the cross; but, to justly describe the frescoes, or to choose the finest for description where all are beautiful, is not possible. Viewed as a whole, awe fills us as we lift our eyes above the altar and gaze at the pictured glory of the Eternal Trinity, flooding with its light the monstrance delineated below. And the glory of sanctified humanity, in its various states of life, awakens a new zeal within us, as the eye wanders from saint to saint so vividly portrayed. In the presence of the four great Sacrifices of the Old Law so clearly depicted, the heart silently exults that it lives under the New, whose Sacrifice is the realization of all others, which, though real, were yet but its symbols.

A large building, 90x40 ft., facing on Sixty-ninth Street, contains the large general kitchen; above is the quarantine department. On the corner of Third Avenue and Sixty-ninth Street stands the Children's Hospital, 75x45 ft., four stories high. Corresponding with it in exterior detail, on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Sixty-ninth Street, stands the Maternity Hospital.

This group of buildings, massive, substantial, commodious, fire-proof, lighted and ventilated by the most approved methods, was erected at the cost of \$700,000, two-thirds of which represent the subscriptions and donations of generous friends.

During the earliest years of the Asylum the Foundling Basket

stood in the vestibule. Infants could be placed within it without enquiry or observation, the little occupant being announced simply by the ringing of the door-bell. There they were found, the poor, little, deserted ones, deserted at ages varying from one hour to several months, while babes have been left there within *twenty minutes after birth*. Did this privilege of disposing of the child encourage the commission of evil, as many assert? Nay, nay; was it not the prevalence of the evil that called the work into existence? The fact that twenty-eight unfortunates were admitted during the first month of its existence is proof conclusive that the need was mother to the work. Thirty-seven children found in the basket during early years were nearly frozen. But this noble attempt of the Sisters to shield the poor mother from the shame of being known even to the Institution was sadly abused. It was discovered that heartless wedded mothers abandoned their offspring; and that dying children were left there simply to save the expense of burial. A new plan then adopted is in force to-day. The Basket was no longer left in an outer vestibule. "The mother herself, when possible, is obliged to bring her babe, and answer any necessary questions, no inquiries being ever made as to her name or history. She, too, must lay it in the Basket, and thus declare her willingness to resign all further claim upon it." In the twenty-four years of its use 24,334 babes have laid in the Foundling Basket.

"Children have died while mothers have been in the act of handing them over to the Asylum." But "the mothers are always urged by the Sisters to enter with their babies, and remain with them twelve or fourteen months in the Asylum nurseries." They need not be there as paupers. By nursing another child with their own they purchase independence. Nor are they there marked with any badge of misfortune, for they are not in any way distinguishable from the married mothers who are there employed as infant nurses.

The glorious seed-time of the Sisters is when the unfortunate mothers who enter with their babes are abiding in the Asylum. Many of them are young girls in their teens. In their souls their protectors endeavor to sow seeds of a better life, and, thank God! successfully. Humble, repentant, hopeful, they go forth

to begin life anew. Upwards of 9,000 mothers have been received. With many of these they keep up an intercourse, and how few ever again fall from the level of womanly virtue! Some have gone back to their families in other places, and have ministered lovingly to parents in their old age,—parents who, had they known of the disgrace a city sojourn had brought upon a beloved child, would have gone down in sorrow to the grave. Mayhap the little one is called early to Heaven. Maybe it is a "happy



A HAPPY TOT.

little tot" in the home, to be cherished some day by a new mother in the distant West; or maybe, by the mother who bore it, for the Sisters desirous of keeping alive the maternal instinct, care for the little one far beyond the usual age, if there is any desire on the part of the mother to support and reclaim her off-

spring. Children thus kept are sent after six years of age to the country home in Spuyten Duyvil. There too, the little invalids are nursed back to bright eyes and rosy cheeks.

The year 1881 is memorable for the opening of the Maternity Department. Christian charity in this advance-step in its work, raised a barrier against the temptation to a suicide that with it would combine the crime of murder of soul and body. A haven is not only offered to the unfortunate, but also to the mother who is a stranger in the city, and to her who, in her own home, cannot be provided with necessary skill and care. This department does not draw help from the city; its aim is to be self-supporting. Charges vary, according to the patient's means, and necessities or luxuries desired. Yet many a mother from Christ's destitute poor has been sheltered and attended. 2,200 mothers have been harbored here.

In August, 1882, the long desired Children's Hospital was opened. It is perfect in every detail. There are no long wards of suffering infancy, but cheery rooms, with half a dozen cribs in each. Contagious diseases are not there, but in quarantine, in a special building. The second floor belongs to the little cripples, who enjoy also a sunny veranda. Poor little ones, doubly burdened! They are bright and happy, many of them, and their resignation is pathetic to see. A touching case was that of a fragile little fellow, long thought to be near death. He was looking forward, young as he was, to a happier home. A visitor who knew him, said one day: "You have not gone to Heaven yet, Jimmie?" "No ma'am," he answered sweetly, "but I guess I'll go to-morrow."

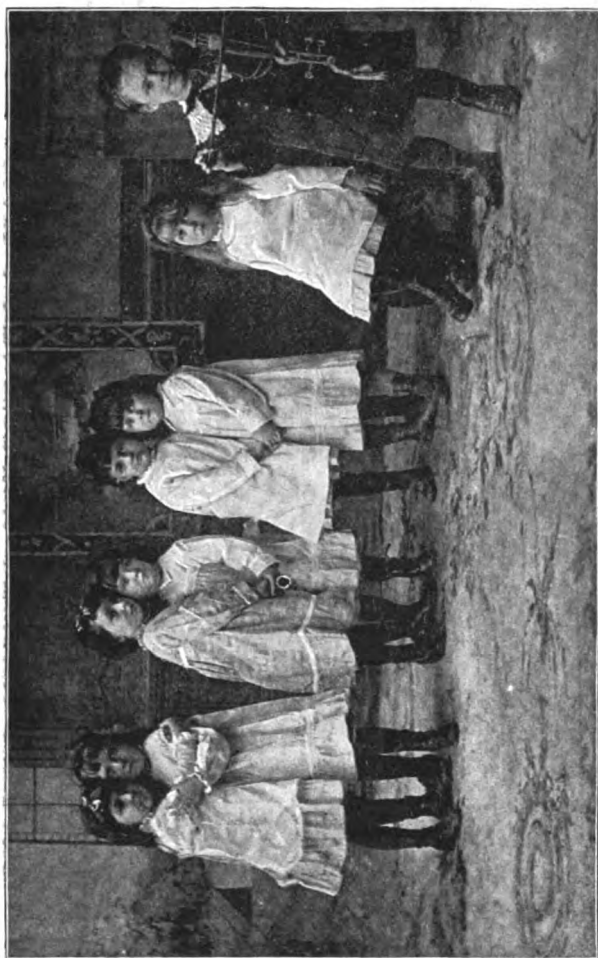
A word here of the medical profession of New York. Generous has it been to the stricken infant flock. From the very first, Dr. Paul Thebaud as consulting, and Dr. James B. Reynolds as regular physician, gave themselves generously. They lived to see a splendid Medical and Surgical Board established. An incident, one out of many of a like nature, we cite: "A member of the Board was called upon one night by a young physician for consultation in the case of a child dangerously ill from Pneumonia. 'I ought to tell you,' he said, 'before taking you out on such a night, that my little patient is a foundling.' 'All the more reason

why I should go at once,' was the prompt reply, as they went out to meet the cold Winter's night on their errand of charity."

Not yet have we touched upon the great Out-door Department of Nursing. 1,100 babies are being nursed out by worthy women living in New York City or vicinity, in easy reach. \$11,000 a month is paid out to these nurses, or \$10 per month for each child. Every possible means is taken to secure good nursing mothers for this department, and to ensure good care to the little ones. At first the Sisters endeavored to visit these homes themselves, but this work outgrew their strength and time, and a detective was secured for this duty. The services of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul were also generously placed at their disposal. The vigilance of these is seconded in securing the well-being of the Foundlings by these two rules: *a)* "No money will be paid to any nurse who comes without the baby in fine weather; who weans it without permission, or who transfers it to another nurse; and any nurse taking such child will not be entitled to any payment whatever. *b)* Any nurse who does not present herself, with the child intrusted to her, at the Asylum on each pay-day, except in cases of sickness or inclement weather, *shall be deemed to have forfeited, by such omission, all claims against the Asylum.*" In cases of sickness of the children notice must at once be given to the Asylum.

Upon pay-day, the first Wednesday of every month, women of all nationalities flock to the great Institution, bearing in their arms, or holding by the hand, the neatly, comfortably clad little ones. Many of them are beautiful children to human sight; all in sight of Heaven are beautiful in baptismal innocence. All day long the work goes on. Two officers maintain perfect order; two devoted ladies assist the Sisters at the pay-desk. The cards are examined and compared with the books; the babies are examined; the monthly stipend is paid to each nurse. It is but a small amount—ten dollars a month, but to many it means the walls that shelter them, and to others various material blessings. "God took my baby from me," said one of the nurses, "and gave me one of His little ones to pay the rent for us last Winter, while my man was out of work." "God bless the baby," exclaimed another; "sure, she's bought me an elegant sewing-machine, and we've had

nothing but luck since the day I took her." "My heart warms when I think of the Asylum," said another; "when I first took a baby to mind from the Sisters, we had a hard struggle to get on, and my boys could not get their schooling, but now, thanks be to God, we've a nice little place of our own all paid for, and a cow,



CHILDREN AT PLAY.

and I've taken back to the Sisters two as fine little boys as any in the Asylum." This nurse was in the suburbs. But usually the money goes for the rent, and thus its circulation goes on: from the tax-payers to the city, from the city to the Asylum, from the Asylum to the laboring poor, from the poor back to the tax-pay-

ing landlords. And by this circulation souls are saved, hearts are uplifted, and hands are strengthened. Nearly \$130,000 a year goes to this Out-door Department.

Usually the children are returned to the Asylum when they reach the age of three years. As soon as advisable they are admitted to the Kindergarten Department, where in rooms that in marvels of form and color rival fairy-land, their real education begins.

But years pass, and children grow; the baby Foundlings of the past two decades are men and women, youths and maidens, growing boys and girls, to-day. And yet in the Asylum one still sees only the babies and run-arounds of six years and under. Where are they who grew up with the walls that sheltered them? As they come and go, 600, under six years of age, are kept in the Asylum.

It was the Sisters' original intention to provide institutions to which they could send the run-arounds when older grown, and thus care for all their foundlings till fully able to do for themselves. But the rapid growth of the work made plain God's plan. It must be kept sacred to the baby foundling. In a meeting of the ecclesiastical, religious, and lay-managers of the Institutions, the vital question was decided. Good homes must be found for the little waifs. The city, over-crowded, was not the place of refuge; the South had not recovered from the devastation of civil war; but the great open West was theirs. An agent investigated; correspondence was opened; homes were found. In bands of fifty or so, each with its name, and the name and residence of the family to which it is going, sewed in its comfortable travelling garments, the wee ones were then, and are now, sent out, under careful protection, to their "papas and mammas" awaiting them with loving hearts. The children are taught to look forward to this meeting, and when to one of them it is said: "Little one, where are you going?" the answer unhesitatingly comes: "To my papa and mamma."

But the Sisters do not sunder the tie that binds them to their little ones in God. They do not use the system of adoption, but, instead, that of indenture, by which they still hold the right to watch over the interests of their great flock, and to recall a

foundling at any time, if all is not well. They have done so where the education of the children was being neglected. Thank God! the need of a recall has rarely been occasioned by unkindly treatment.

Many interesting letters from the children have been preserved for years. We have enjoyed perusing them, breathing as they do the gladness of child-hearts in their new homes; gratitude for the guardians of their babyhood; hopes, ambitions, for the future. Many ambitions have been realized: girls are successful teachers or nurses, boys energetic professional or business men, though all yet are young in years. Some found homes of wealth and comfort; others have already left their adopted homes with happy congratulations and blessings, for many have married well.

But for years past, the children are sent to their new homes when much younger than those were sent out in the beginning. Their lives are happier so. Many, therefore, retain no recollection of an existence anywhere but with the kind ones who are "papa and mamma." In such cases the parents write. More than a thousand of such letters have been received since January, 1893. One but repeats another. The new parents are grateful for the little ones, whose affection fills a want in their lives. They are doing all they can do for the welfare in soul and body of those who were once poor little foundlings.

Everything that possibly can be done to meet the wishes of these generous new parents of God's parentless little ones is done by the Sisters. Some of the "orders" are touching; some amusing. We quote a few :

"Please send us a fair complexioned little girl of three,—blue eyes, light hair, (not red) healthy and good-looking; would prefer one of German extraction."

"We would like a little girl between three and five years old, with dark auburn, or brown hair, and blue eyes; must have a pretty nose."

"Your agent has promised me a nice little red-haired boy. I have a red-haired wife, and five red-haired girls, and we want a boy to match."

"Will the good Sisters send my wife and myself a smart, stout, saucy boy of six;—Irish parents?"

During the past twenty-four years about 9,000 children have been placed in good homes. They have been visited by the agent; and at one time two of the Sisters went West to assure themselves that the good reports could be relied upon. They visited 165 of the children, in six or eight counties of Illinois. They were well satisfied.



A FOUNDLING.

But to many of the little outcasts the opening of the Asylum doors was the opening of Heaven's gates. How could they live? What could the Asylum's charity do to instil new life into baby forms that were frozen, starved, or disease-stricken before they reached that blessed abode? Ah me! it was a blessing in many a case when, in a brief time after the baptismal waters had made the babe an heir to Heaven,

Silently, sweetly, the Angel of Death,
Near to us always, with his soft breath
Soothed unto slumber the suffering child;
Sleeping it dreamed, and dreaming it smiled,
Out of its slumber how soon to awaken!
Never in wrath little children are taken.
They are not dead, nor so long are they sleeping;
They are rejoicing in Jesus' fond keeping.
Sheltered forever from sorrow and strife,
Angels of death have a mission of life.

The Sisters of Charity are themselves the managers of the foundling work. There are thirty-five resident in the Asylum on Sixty-eighth Street; eight in the country home in Spuyten Duyvil. One gigantic work connected with the foundlings is the provision and making of clothing for the little ones. In this they find unflagging helpers in the Ladies' Foundling Asylum Society, which has been in existence since the very opening of the institution. Many of them meet at the Asylum to sew, every Tuesday, from October till June inclusively, while others congregate in the homes of the members, or sew in their own homes; 6,000 garments were provided and made last Winter. These ladies are indefatigable in promoting the material interests of the work in every way. In the many business details connected with so immense an undertaking, the Advisory Committee, composed of the leading Catholic business men of the city, has been untiring in securing its constant advancement. John E. Devlin gave his services as legal adviser till death, and, since then, his partner, Mr. Miller, though a Protestant, has generously continued the work of love. Mr. John O'Brien as treasurer, has been always devoted. Of the devotion of the medical profession, we have already spoken; of that shown by his Grace, our Archbishop, and the priesthood of New York, we can but say that they reproduce nobly the generosity of those in charge of Christ's flock in the days of the Asylum's struggles. To the City and the State, the press and the people, too much cannot be said in gratitude.

But what nobler incentive to generous toil could be given than this that is divine?—"Whatever ye have done unto the least of Mine, ye have done unto Me." But how much is yet to be done!

Truly and beautifully has it been said: "The most divine of all works is to co-operate in the salvation of a human soul." To how many souls has salvation been given through the instrumen-

talities of Sister Irene's Foundling Asylum during its existence of nearly a quarter of a century! And what have we personally done that in gratitude some ransomed soul may plead with the King for us, when upon the tide of death we drift alone to the shores of eternity?

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.

SWEEPS through Judea a wild lamentation,
Threnode of heart-riven, piteous woe,
Wailings of Rachels whose sad tribulation
Solace nor comfort nor batement can know:
Bursts forth in Heaven a pæan of gladness,
Jubilant chorus of conquest and praise
Greeting the victims of tyranny's madness,
Martyrs of Christ in their infancy's days.

Babes and yet heroes, for dowered with reason
Clearly they saw and accepted their doom,
Bartering life in its yet budding season,
Choosing in preference martyrdom's bloom.
Fuller of triumph than pathos their story,
Little ones blest 'mongst all children of earth;
Infants with Christ and first fruits of His glory,
Innocents crowned with the death that is birth.

SOME IRISH DOMINICAN MARTYRS.

BY REGINALD WALSH, O.P.

INTRODUCTORY.

MOST, if not all readers of THE ROSARY, are aware that the cause of the beatification of the Irish martyrs is now happily begun. The first preparatory steps were taken a few years ago, when a diligent search was made on all sides for such manuscripts and printed books relating to the penal times as contained the history of those heroic children of St. Patrick. The names of nearly all the printed works may be seen in the very interesting articles

entitled, "Our Martyrs," where the Rev. Denis Murphy, S. J., procuor of the cause, enumerated the chief sources of information on his subject. The list of manuscripts will be published later on when all have been collected. Meanwhile it is gratifying to know that some have come to light, which, but for the present search, might never have been discovered.¹

When this stage had been reached, that is, as soon as sufficient evidence to begin with had been procured, and the various officials had been appointed, then early in 1892, his Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, commenced the preliminary investigation in the cause of beatification. Several witnesses have already been examined, but their depositions, given on oath, are, of course, inviolable, and will ever remain in the strictest secrecy.

A "revelatio," even on their part, would be punished most severely. But what is not the testimony of a witness, nor connected with it, does not fall under the "sigillum;" for instance, the statements of other persons to be found in print or in private

¹ Here in the first place the writer would observe, in conformity with the Decree of Urban VIII., that in designating as "martyrs," those of whom he proposed to treat, he must be understood to do so solely on account of the unanimous consent of historians, the local traditions of Ireland, and the authentic records of his own order, &c., in which these servants of God are so called. But in no sense does he anticipate, or wish to anticipate, the infallible judgment of the Church to which exclusively belongs the power to confer the glorious title of martyr. Hence he feels justified in thus using for his present purpose proofs of the various kinds mentioned above, since for it they are unquestionably sufficient; while, on the other hand, he knows and freely acknowledges that the statements they contain have not the seal of public ecclesiastical authority. Everyone would protest with Dr. Burke, in his *Hibernia Dominicana*, page 588: "nec velle me, aut cultum aut venerationem aliquam per has meas narrationes ulli arrogare, vel faman et opinionem sanctitatis aut martyrii inducere seu augere, nec quicquam ejus existimationi ad jungere, nullumque gradum facere ad futuram aliquando ullius beatificationem vel canonizationem aut miraculi comprobationem, sed cuncta in eo a me relinqui statu, quem seclusa hac mea lucubratione obtinerent, non obstante quocunque longissimi temporis cursu." At the same time, we cannot but rejoice, because what our forefathers so ardently desired, and Irish ecclesiastical historians—as Burke, Rothe, Bruodin, and others—worked so well for, it has been granted us to behold. That the day may soon come when the approbation will be given, when we shall see those whose cause has now been introduced raised to the altars of the Church, is the hope and prayer of all.

manuscripts, or in papers preserved in a Record Office, and more or less accessible to everyone. All that is said here is taken only from such sources, namely, the *Hibernia Dominicana* of Dr. Burke, and a few old manuscripts, some of which he apparently never saw, and two legal documents which it would have been impossible for him or any other Catholic of his time to inspect. These will be reproduced in full. Their text is most valuable and interesting, and many readers will, it is thought, be glad to see it, and to be thus enabled to judge for themselves of the nature of the collateral evidence at present available for a few of the Irish martyrs.

Of the number now before the Archbishop's court (two hundred and seventy-six, to whom others will presumably be added in course of time), a very large proportion, viz., one hundred and thirteen, belong to the Dominican Order. The present total may seem a surprisingly small one, when we call to mind the statements regarding our forefathers, which are made in contemporary narratives, and repeated in well-known works, such as Cardinal Moran's *Persecutions of the Irish Catholics*, &c. There is, indeed, every reason to believe that the multitude of Ireland's saintly sons who died for the faith, should be reckoned, not by hundreds, but by thousands. In the reign of Henry VIII., and still more under that of Elizabeth, Ireland had her martyrs, many and glorious; yet, all this pales before the splendor that succeeded. During the period of Cromwell's savage cruelty, and the years that followed it, Ireland literally filled heaven with her white-robed children. In what other land can the Catholic Church point to such a record? What nation has a history comparable to ours? Ever the Island of Saints, Ireland then became the Island of Martyrs. Other countries may have their rolls of famous men, and the chronicles of great worldly events, but none can dispute Ireland's right to wear this double crown. She has the priceless privilege of proclaiming that she alone among the nations received the Gospel with unstained hands. Her peerless intellect and warm heart, filled with rarest grace, at once received Divine truth, and welcomed those who brought from heaven the tidings of peace. The virgin soil of the Emerald Isle was not reddened when Palladius, and then Patrick, came. It was

the alien that first saturated it with martyrs' blood. And when he did so, from sea to sea, when, generation after generation, all the powers of darkness were leagued against her, then the virtues that her great apostle had instilled, shone forth brighter than ever. Ireland stands foremost among the nations also in her fidelity to the faith; that fidelity, like gold thrice tried, has been, through centuries of unrelenting persecution, put to the test, and that faith has come out of the conflict victorious.

Of general statements, worthy of all credit, about those to whom religion was dearer than life, there is indeed no lack. But these regard a nation's woes, and the wholesale destruction of life. When we descend to particulars, in how few instances, comparatively speaking, do we find still extant well-authenticated and detailed accounts of the martyrdoms of individuals, or of certain numbers of individuals such as could be accepted as evidence by an ecclesiastical tribunal. As Cardinal Moran says:—

“Unfortunately, however, we have no regular acts of our martyrs, nor special histories of the unexampled sufferings which they had to undergo during the three centuries of persecution and penal laws through which our country has passed. Our forefathers acted like true servants of Christ, and preserved the faith, covering the country and religion with glory, and securing for themselves an imperishable crown; but the circumstances of the country were so deplorable, and war was carried on so actively against religion, that few written records could be kept, and the glorious achievements of so many Christian heroes were preserved only in the memory of the faithful. As an instance of the difficulty of preserving documents, it may be mentioned that the martyred Archbishop of Armagh, Dr. Plunket, in a letter to Rome, states that on a certain emergency, when an outburst of persecution was feared in Armagh, he had to burn all his foreign letters, even the brief of his consecration.”

Hence the official list drawn up after long and careful research contains at present, for the most part, only the names of bishops, priests, noblemen, and others whose position in life distinguished them, or the circumstances of whose deaths were so remarkable that they were spoken of through the length and breadth of the land, and evermore cherished with special veneration. When

we ask ourselves why does the history of our country not furnish more names at first sight, the answer is, that in the penal days suffering was so usual that it caused no surprise, and so general that there were none but the sufferers to record it. If Ireland had not quite so many martyrs, more names might have reached us. During the long dark period of persecution, even if men tried to chronicle all the fearful sights they witnessed at certain times, this would have been impossible, and still more so that their narratives could have been penned and safely preserved at home. Hence nearly all the historical works on the subject containing circumstantial descriptions of individual cases were written or published by the Irish refugees on the continent; they all agree in the tale of general persecution; while the particular value which any one of them will be found to possess is owing either to reminiscences of the author's early life at home, or to information directly supplied for his work often by the Irish students and soldiers abroad. Those of Bruodin, O. S. F., and O'Daly, O. P., (Dominic of the Rosary), both so invaluable now in the process with that of O'Sullivan Beare, may be mentioned here as instances. We could not expect to find everything in books of this kind, indeed, the wonder is that notwithstanding such disadvantages, so much history has been preserved. Let it not be supposed, however, that we are indebted only to such as these. At home, too, in spite of every obstacle, far more than could have been expected has been saved by Rothe, Lynch, Burke, and others. Thus, concerning some martyrs, most valuable information is extant. Many similar accounts of others may have been written during exceptional intervals, but so far as we know at present, so far as researches now being made with the greatest care extend, it is with these accounts as with the countless shrines, churches, and cloisters that once covered our native land, a few remain; here and there vestiges of some others may still be seen, but of the most "*perierunt etian ruinae*,"—even the ruins have perished.

It must be remembered that in Ireland the cruelty of persecutors knew neither methods nor bounds. It was satiated, if it ever was satiated, only by a recklessness and a contempt of every feeling of humanity which baffles description. No pen could de-

pict it nor keep account of its crimes. For the greater portion of the penal times there was no law but the sword, and the country was deluged by the blood of its victims. That was no time for writing history.

What is true of the Church in Ireland in general, will be better realized if we now confine our attention to the history of a portion, to that, namely, of the Dominican Order in this country. Though the Irish Province suffered severely under Queen Elizabeth, yet the only definite accounts apparently extant, if we except that of the martyrdom of two priests and seven novices, in company with forty-two Benedictines and Cistercians,¹ regard but two houses, Derry and Coleraine. In the former, thirty-two religious were slain in one night, and about the same time the whole community of twenty-five in the latter. Only one escaped from Derry, a Father John MacQuillin, and to him we are indebted for our knowledge of these events. He, too, suffered for the faith.

Soon after the death of his brethren he was apprehended in consequence of his wearing his habit, and ministering as a priest. Two or three times a week he was tortured on the rack. On one occasion while his body was thus violently stretched out, his jailors with fiendish cruelty let him suddenly fall, and fracture of the spine was the result. This confessor of the faith, however, continued his missionary labors, and lived till 1637. Father MacQuillin's narrative, handed down by a Father Patrick O'Derry, who was, when the two communities had been replaced, subsequently at various times Prior in both Coleraine and Derry, and by his own niece had been preserved for us by a Father Michael MacQuillin, apparently of the same family, who wrote at Rouen, in 1706. There is not in his MS.² a single remark which would indicate that the double massacre was considered as extraordinary in those days; it is simply set down without word of comment in the brief chronicle of these houses; and this very circumstance, this eloquence of silence, gives us a truer idea of the times of Queen Elizabeth than any mere rhetorical description could convey. Then, though we find it repeatedly stated that there were one thousand Irish Dominicans when she ascended the throne,

¹ O'Heyne, *Epilogus Chronologicus*, page 18.

² *Archives of the General of the Order, Coll. Annal.*, E. 655-8.

it does not surprise us to find in another MS. ¹ that there were only four Dominicans in all Ireland a year before her death, nor to read in a third, written in 1729, ² that the Irish Province was at least four times almost annihilated by persecution: *first*, under Elizabeth, "Tum omnes Fratres conventus Culraniensis una nocte trucidati sunt, quod pluribus Fratribus per Hiberniam contigit" ³ (there were then forty-three Dominican houses in Ireland); *second*, under James I., at the end of whose reign there were again only four Dominicans in Ireland, all living under the protection of Lord Clanrickarde near Athenry (at Brosk, not far from Esker), one of them the saintly Father Roche MacGeoghegan, subsequently Bishop of Kildare, being Provincial (1622-6); *third*, under Charles II. (Titus Oates' Plot), when, as the author of the MS. says: "Memini in hac sævissima persecutione nos convenire in cavernis aut sylvis (ab omni habitaculo procul) pro missa post mediam noctem furtim audienda, ut singuli ante diem ad suas se retraherent ædes; idque per triennium. Ecclesiastici ut vaccarum custodes de die excurrerant, noctu sua munia occulte peragentes;" *fourth*, under William of Orange, by the general banishment of Regulars in 1698. At all these epochs there were some martyrs. This MS., from which we shall quote again, appears from intrinsic evidence to be written by a Father Edmund Burke (born 1655, professed 1683, died 1739), ⁴ who was a boy at the time of the Titus Oates' plot. It is remarkable that he does not refer to the Cromwellian persecution, the severest of all, in which so many Dominicans gained, as we hope, the martyrs' crown. The names of more than thirty belonging to the period of the Commonwealth are lodged in the Archbishop's court. It is evident that in the

¹ *Compendiosa notitia Provinciae Hib. ab anno 1600-1736* (*Archives of St. Clement's, Rome.*)

² *Archives of the General of the Order, Coll. Annal.*, pp. 389.

³ All the brethren of the convent of Coleraine were put to death in a single night. So, too, many others met a similar fate.

⁴ I remember that in this most cruel persecution we met in caves, or in dark forests, far from human habitation, to hear Mass. which was celebrated just after midnight, so that each of us could be back to his own home before daybreak. Priests were cowherds by day, and after nightfall they administered the sacraments.

⁵ Vid. *Hib. Dominicana*, p. 548.

intervals of comparative quiet, heroic efforts were made to fill up the vacant places; that, as soon as the foremost fell, other soldiers of Christ stepped into the breach. Thus, a fourth and last MS. "Brevis Relatio, &c." ¹ states that in 1646 there were six hundred Dominicans in Ireland just before the Comwellian or Puritan persecution, though there were less than one hundred and fifty when this reign of terror was over:

"Ex conventibus quadraginta tribus quos Ordo possedit, omnes fuerunt diruti aut flammis combusti præter paucos quos Hæretici sibi conservarunt, ita quod et sexcentis Fratribus quos habuit Provincia Hibernia ad annum 1646 quarta pars hodie non supersit, et hi qui residui sunt et hinc et inde peregrinantur in continuo mœrore et tristitia consummantur, quod eis non pateat via, aut aditus ad carissimam Patriam pro solatio Catholicorum et Fidei conservatione, quamvis non desint qui inter tot pericula redierunt et alii qui parati sunt redire nacta quacumque furtiva occasione; alii in cruces acti, alii gladiis occisi et diversis tormentorum generibus martyrium compleverunt, quorum pleniores notitiam expectamus." ²

And so, in the century that followed, many laid down their lives for Christ; till at length we reach the close of the penal times, when so-called legal proceedings seemed to have been more frequently resorted to. It was deemed advisable then to make a semblance of justice. This very hypocrisy, however, turns out now to be of considerable assistance in the preparation of the evidence for the Congregation of Rites. Thus does God defeat the wiles of men, and turn all things to the good of those who love Him. As will be seen in this article, the Procurator can quote for two, almost the last on the list, the testimony of their persecutors themselves.

While most of the English martyrs, at whose beatification we rejoice, fortunately had the advantage, as it now appears, of being submitted to a legal investigation, of which full and accurate records were kept on both sides, most of those who suffered for the faith in Ireland were summarily executed in crowds by martial law, or, when discovered, were slain on the spot. Thus, in many cases, almost all we can bring forward for the Dominicans, is a brief notice of the death in the Acts of our General Chapters.

¹ *Archives of the General of the Order, Coll. Ann.*, N. 958-9.

² All of the forty-three convents belonging to the Order were razed or given over to the flames with the exception of a few, which the heretics kept for themselves.

But when we come to what may be called "the period of Clemency," a new factor appears, the official statement preserved in the archives of our law courts attesting that, in this individual case, the sole offence was the being a regular priest. Does it not seem that there is here the explicit avowal of *odium fidei*? We do not anticipate the final decision, whatever it may be; but we think that collateral evidence of this kind will have a special interest for our readers; and, therefore, passing by many of the Irish martyrs, some account of whom may soon appear in these pages, we come to two, whose deeds of Christian heroism will be recounted for our edification next month.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

JOHN A. RAYMUND.

THE wealth of all this world is not enough
To fill the measure of this life. And fame
And worldly glory are naught but a name.
Like health and joy, these all are fleeting stuff,
And may be gone as swiftly as they came.
'No earthly good can satisfy the heart;
Of God on high it yearns to be a part!
But oh! may mortal heart to that lay claim?

The Saviour, He who said, "I am the vine,"
Hath grafted man into His pierced side,
With him the Godly sap thus to divide.
If, thriving there and bearing fruit divine,
He yield not unto sin's unceasing strife,
Then shall he ever live the higher life.

A LEGEND related that a young man who had sinned deeply, became a monk and resolved to do penance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the Bible that he might learn every letter of the divine commands he had violated. Each letter was wrought in reverence and love, and the patient soul found his only companionship in the saintly faces which were portrayed in those pages. When the last touch was given to the last letter, the old man reverently kissed the pages, and folded the sheets together. Soon after, he died.

"THE ROSARY" IN AN IRISH COUNTRY PARISH.

MAGDALENE ROCK.

It is an October evening in an Irish country parish. There is a "long, gold, billowy sweep of sky" in the West where the sun has gone down, and the fields are brown and bare. In the snug haggards that surround the farm-houses their produce has been gathered, and now there is nothing to be done but to dig out the potatoes before "the coming November rains," as L. C. Irving sings. In the dim light one can see the women and girls leaving the scenes of their labors, and hurrying homeward "to make ready," as they phrase it, for "the Rosary."

Leaves of russet and red and gold are drifting from the trees with each chill blast, the wind pipes loudly amid the vocal reeds, and, as the bell of the little church proclaims that it is half-past six o'clock, groups of people begin to appear from deep boreens and meadow ways. There is a moon almost at the full in the East, and the number of people is increased by that circumstance, for the old try to make their ten visits while there is moonlight enough to enable them to pass with some degree of security along paths made treacherous and slippery by heavy rains and fallen leaves; and now they come to the broad road that leads to the little church, that looks gray and sombre, though its long, narrow windows are all lit up. There is an almost imperceptible pause as each group passes the low, comfortable, thatched cottage, with its little garden in front, where a few late roses and dahlias and hollyhocks still bloom, for there the curate resides, and you can hear, "We're in time after all, thank Goodness," as they notice that the lamp is burning brightly in the priest's sitting-room. They have learned from observation in this, as in many previous Octobers, that "his Reverence" turns down his lamp till it only sheds a faint glimmer ere he leaves his domicile, and there is a slight slacking of the pace that has been kept up for the remainder of the way.

"The bell rang just as we were putting the last sod on the potato pit," a young fellow remarks, wiping his brow. "Well, this is my tenth visit anyhow."

"You'll need to make two or three extra," some one rejoins, "since you were late more than once, Ned."

"That's sure, but I set out with a good intention, and that's everything," Ned makes answer, and so they move on past the churchyard, where cypress and yew and weeping willow cast fanciful shadows on the grave-mounds, and where the last shivering leaves on the aspens quiver. The headstones and crosses have a ghostly look, and the little river that runs close by seems to be chanting a plaintive requiem for the dead that lie so near. Many prayers and petitions will be offered up for the fathers and mothers and husbands and wives and friends that sleep here in these last days of October.

There is something touching, yet not dismal, in those old graveyards in Ireland, with their lines of ancient elms and slender aspens, where the rooks gather at eve. There are very few expensive monuments or columns of marble raised above the dead, but plain gray stones, moss-grown and ivied, bear not one or two names, but those, maybe, of husband and wife and their children and children's children. There are rose-bushes without number planted at nameless graves, where white lilies, too, and clove pinks bloom in the summer days, and graves where the grass grows rank and tall, and where a mourner seldom kneels. Are they waiting, those forgotten ones, I wonder, for All Souls' Day, when they too will be remembered by that mighty Mother who forgets not her children's needs?

Up the church-steps the people throng, and passing to the little chapel,—a church among the Northern Irish generally means the building where Episcopalians pray,—and we can see the congregation plainly. The men have come in their everyday fustians, and the women and girls wear no head-gear in the shape of hats and bonnets. They are wrapped in shawls, and not a few of the elder women wear the heavy blue cloaks that were so fashionable in the days of our grandmothers. They are not an elegantly attired congregation, sure enough, but there can be no question as to their devotion. You can judge that by the murmur of voices, rising and falling as they make the responses when the priest recites Rosary or Litany, and when Benediction is given one recalls Aubrey De Vere's beautiful lines:

"The low wave yearns along the coast,
With sob suppressed like that which thrills,
When o'er the altar mounts the Host,
Some chapel 'mid the Irish hills."

But now the Angelus is said, and the people slowly disperse. The moon has mounted higher, and the sky is of a deeper blue, with clouds scattered over it that look like "carded wool." Neighbors wait on each other, and the walk home is by no means unpleasant for those hardy country folk who know pass and fell. There are a hundred and one beautiful things to observe; from the moon "like a spirit glorified," to the half naked trees outlined against the sky, and the gleaming drops that cling to the thorns; and innocent jest and merry laugh ring out as the people pass homeward from "the Rosary."

IN MEMORIAM.

The Late Rev. Albert Guglielmotti, O.P., S. T. M.

By M. M. O'K.

ON October 31st, Father Guglielmotti passed quietly away, at the hospice of the Dominicans, Rome.

By his death the Dominican Order has suffered a great loss, and Italy mourns one of her most illustrious writers. The fame of the learning and literary attainments of this great man was not confined within the small circle of his brethren; he was known throughout Italy as a great writer. His diligence brought to light periods of glory that had been forgotten, and illustrated events whose history had suffered utter neglect. His works are monuments of his industry and genius, and promise to remain till the language has ceased to propagate them.

Guglielmotti was born in Civitavecchia on the 3d of February, 1812. His early youth was, we suppose, pretty much as the early youth of other men; but we may justly say, if we can judge from the fruits of later years, that it was diligently spent in close application to study. At the age of sixteen he entered the Dominican Order, and received as his patron, Albert the Great, whom, in diligence, he closely imitated. When the time came for

his profession, he was admitted among the students, and showed his great abilities in the study of philosophy and theology. After he had graduated in the schools, he was put to teach the junior students, many of whom still remember the great abilities of the young professor, in conducting his classes. His elementary training being finished, he was appointed Regent of the Minerva, Rome, and lectured, for some years, on S. Thomas, with great success. But the school was not the field for the display of his genius. Literature and the physical sciences had for him a far greater attraction, and to these he devoted himself with all the energies of his mind. His first efforts in literature were directed to the continuation of the history of his native place, and many and valuable additions to it were made by the young Dominican. We find him next employed on a history of the Dominican missions in China. The efforts of his brethren to propagate the faith in that country, elicited his sympathy, and he gave to the world a narrative which, on account of the beauty of its style and the valuable researches which it contains, reflects great credit on the author. Nearly every year, from 1859, he gave some new work to the public, but that which has conferred the greatest glory on Guglielmotti is his "History of the Pontifical Navy." In this monumental work of ten volumes the narrative is continued from the first beginnings of the Pontifical Navy down to our own time. The valuable documents which he has brought together, and the great judgment displayed in arranging them, secure for this history a very high place in Italian literature. The crowning work of Guglielmotti's life is his "Italian Vocabulary of Naval and Commercial Intercourse." This is recognized as a standard book in all Italian schools, and the members of the *Accademia della Crusca* consulted it, as an authority, in the compilation of the great Italian Dictionary. "These two works alone," says the *Voce della Verità*, "irrespective of his other works, which entitle Guglielmotti to a place among the illustrious band of Italian historians, will immortalize his name, and hand on to posterity the wonderful energy which he expended in compiling them. The fruit of forty years of unremitting toil," continues the same paper, "these works, on their appearance, received the highest encomiums of European scholars, and proved to the world that

science and literature had not yet departed from the cloister."

The works of Guglielmotti are not only valued for richness of documentary research, but also for simplicity and purity of style. Though he always treated matter, in itself dry and uninteresting to most readers, yet he clothed his subject in a beautiful flow of language, which carries the reader pleasantly to the end. An Italian thus speaks of his style: "Guglielmotti has the rare gift of combining, with the sobriety of historical narrative, always vigorous in expression, a singular propriety in his choice of words, a classical purity of language, a clearness and elegance of narration, which never fails to interest the reader and fix his attention on subjects rather above the reach of common intelligence. It is not, therefore, wonderful that qualities so varied and praiseworthy in a writer won for him the esteem, even of those who despised his religious habit."

The Italian government, though corrupt and hostile to religion, ever admired in Guglielmotti the great talents which have deservedly made him the first Italian writer of the century. Admiral Brixio, who in 1868 had declared in Parliament that Guglielmotti was the greatest authority in naval matters that Italy has ever known, was in continual correspondence with the historian, consulted and asked his opinion on several important undertakings. He was officially invited to the launches of the Italian war-ships. The late Garabaldian Orlando invited him, in most courteous terms, to the launch of the *Lepanto*,—"that ship," writes Orlando, "which bears the name of the glorious battle so ably described by the pen of Your Reverence." These were not the only occasions on which the Italian government honored the humble religious. General Cadorna, requiring information about military fortifications, waited upon Guglielmotti at the *Minerva*, and obtained all that he desired. The world thinks, sometimes, it can get on without the Church, but, even in merely temporal matters it has often to seek aid and counsel within her pale. Guglielmotti expressed this once with some bitterness, when a government official had come to him on an errand of inquiry. "They despise the habit that I wear," said the religious, "and the religion which I serve, but when there is question of having their doubts solved they have to betake themselves to the poor Dominican friar."

Of all the notice that has been taken of Guglielmotti in the domain of literature, none was so gratifying to him as that of the great Pontiff who now sits upon the throne of Peter. Leo XIII. knew the eminent services which the Dominican had rendered in giving to the world a history of the splendid efforts which the Church has made in all ages, to stem the torrent of barbarism and infidelity which threatened to overwhelm the West, and showed his appreciation by ordering a new edition of the Pontifical Navy, allotting the large sum of thirty-five thousand francs for the realization of the project. The preparation and correction of this edition was the last work of Guglielmotti. It must have been to him a labor of love, of gratitude, and veneration for his illustrious Patron; and scarcely had the last sheets gone through the press, than the hand of death was upon the author, and he was borne, for ever, from the scene of his triumph, where, we doubt not, a reward greater than all that earth can give, was in store for him. The Pope wrote a letter of great kindness and encouragement, while the work was going on, from which we shall take the liberty of submitting to the reader the following extract: "Whilst you are narrating these glorious achievements, holding the reader captive by your splendid diction and the singular harmony of your periods, embracing, in an eminent degree, the two-fold gift of doctrine and literary excellence, it is particularly gratifying to us to write this letter, that, while the learned are bestowing the highest praise upon your labors, you may not be deprived of this public testimony of our sincere esteem. Continue, therefore, the work which you have so nobly begun, and hasten its completion; you will not only thereby glorify your own name, but your work will be useful to many, an ornament to the Catholic Church, and a new glory to the Dominican Order." It was very edifying to see the old man, in his eighty-first year, working so industriously. His younger brethren, we hope, will be incited by his example, to imitate him and labor for the promotion of truth and the interests of the Catholic Church.

As a student and religious all praise can be justly given to Guglielmotti. Some who knew him intimately say that he was always as one riveted to his table. A man of regular and systematic habits, he never wasted any time, but was always occupied

in prayer and study. He spared no pains in accomplishing his noble designs, and made many journeys both East and West, examining old documents which were in any way connected with the subject in which he was interested. He might say truly with the man in the gospel, "Lord, Thou hast given me five talents, behold I have gained other five." Guglielmotti did not devote his time to literature to the neglect of other branches of knowledge. He had a great love for the physical sciences, and was a good linguist. The observatory at the Minerva, and the fine collection of astronomical instruments owed, in a great measure, their existence to his scientific tastes. Alas! since the entry into Rome of the usurping sovereign, and the confiscation of Church property, this scientific establishment has disappeared. Guglielmotti often used his influence on behalf of his persecuted brethren, but was not always successful. When the Dominican Convent in his native city was seized upon, he begged that a few rooms might be left for his own use. But in vain! His Alma Mater was occupied by tyrants, and he was cast aside by the city which his fame has immortalized. Perhaps as they gathered around the last remains of their great fellow-citizen, they felt a pang of remorse for the cruel act; but now he is far beyond the reach of tyrannical persecution, and the world can but say that he lived long and well, and his memory will ever find a place in the hearts of men. On the 29th of October, the great and good religious received an apoplectic stroke, and expired peacefully on October 31st, 1893. The Italian government thus officially announced the sad event: "Father Albert Guglielmotti died yesterday. He did not follow the profession of arms, but narrating in fervid language, with consummate ability, the glorious exploits of Italian sailors, he sets before us noble ideals, and spurs us on to imitate the splendid achievements of our ancestors. We, therefore, feel it our duty to publish the loss we have sustained, and to officially pay this tribute of respect to his memory." The feeling in Civitavecchia, when the sad news of his death arrived, showed how greatly Guglielmotti was respected by his fellow-citizens, who have petitioned that his body should be interred in their midst. On the day of the funeral all business was suspended, and the entire city had the appearance of deep mourning.

On Thursday, the second of November, the remains of Guglielmotti were conveyed from the hospice of the Dominicans to the church of the Minerva, where preparations were made for the burial service. The funeral was large and representative. All classes came to do honor to the great man who had been so suddenly called away. Around the bier reserved places were prepared for the friends of the deceased. The Marine Department of the government was represented by the Minister, and Admiral Cerruti. The municipality of Civitavecchia, headed by the banner of the corporation, and a representative of the municipality of Rome, occupied a reserved place in the sanctuary. The Cathedral Chapter of Civitavecchia also sent representatives, and members of the different Religious Orders and secular bodies of Rome came to honor the great Dominican. On the casket were several beautiful wreaths, one especially presented by the Marine Department, on which was inscribed, in gold,—“*La Marina Italiana.*” The different decorations which Guglielmotti had received in life were placed around the bier. Among these the insignia of Master in Theology, and the green sash and mantel of the Roman University, of which he was formerly a professor. The requiem Mass began at ten o'clock, and among his brethren who took part in the ceremonies were Italians, French, English, Irish, Germans, and Spaniards. During the Mass, the church was filled with people, all trying to get a look at the mortal remains of their illustrious countryman. When the last absolution had been given, the casket was placed in the hearse, and the religious now rests, among his brethren, in the Dominican Mausoleum, at the Campo Verrano. His life was spent worthily in the service of truth. He attained to great eminence, but remembered that he was still a man and a religious, and he seems to have had always before his mind the words of the inspired writer, “*Quid habes quod non accepisti.*”

THE fruit which the tree of life in each man's garden bears, though sour and displeasing to another's taste, is the fruit of fruits to him. What business have we to destroy it? With our numerous and choice flocks and herds, why need we go about to kill the one ewe lamb of the punsterling?—*Anon.*

A FIGHTING CLERGY AND THE CANONS.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

FOUR years ago the Third French Republic resolved to drive the clergy into the army, its ostensible purpose being an enforcement of an equality of all the citizens before the law, but its real intention being to weaken that "clericalism" which Gambetta, its most brilliant champion, had pronounced "the enemy," to be combated with tooth and nail. Then a novel lesson in ecclesiastical jurisprudence was given to the Catholic world by the Chamber of Deputies. Hitherto it had been generally understood that the Church so "*abhorret a sanguine*—is so averse to the shedding of human blood," that she does not allow her priests, or even her simple clerics, to enter the military service, unless as chaplains or nurses, or in similar guise. The name of the new professor of Canon Law is Hanotaux. We record it because it ought to be remembered, and it is very improbable that it will ever again be mentioned. According to this parliamentary canonist, neither ecclesiastical tradition nor the Canons are opposed to the enrolment of priests and seminarians in the fighting ranks of the army. Does not that great Jansenist leader, Saint-Cyran, so insist? Is not the Abbé Houssay, the editor of that one-time famous "Tribune of the Clergy" which was so Catholic that the French bishops were constrained to condemn it, of the same mind? With these "authorities," then, to support his audacity, our deputy proclaimed to his amazed but admiring colleagues that the Catholic episcopate and priesthood stultified themselves when they branded the infamous project as destructive of clerical discipline, as scandalous and sacrilegious, and as expressly condemned by the Canons.

In order to arm ourselves against the presumed effective engines with which the confident deputy has been equipped by Saint-Cyran and others of that ilk, we shall open the immense arsenal of controversial weapons furnished by the Collection of Canons. But first we must anticipate the reader, who probably has been recalling to mind some of the instances of clerical, aye, even episcopal fighting with the sword of the flesh in the halcyon days of old. In the first place, these instances are by no means

as plentiful as is frequently supposed; and even though they all, and a hundred times their number, were capable of verification by the light of history, they would stand forth, not as being in accord with law and custom, but rather as abnormal examples born of peculiar circumstances. From the very beginning of the early Middle Age, the piety of the great and wealthy had endowed the churches and monasteries with lands; the interest of sovereigns had prompted them to give the rank of temporal lords to men upon whose fidelity they could depend. Therefore nearly every bishop and abbot was a feudal dignitary, and subject, as such, to the same obligations, either personally or by substitute, as the secular noble; giving, of course, before he received his investiture, *hominium* or homage to his suzerain.¹ But in nearly every case the obligation of military service was discharged by a lay substitute, styled, for that purpose, the prelate's "man." Again, very many abbays were frequently usurped by laymen, who assumed the title of abbots, and personally fulfilled an abbot's temporal duties. In such cases it should not be surprising to find a record stating that such and such an abbot fought in such and such a campaign. And even in the case of some abbots who were canonically elected, we read that sometimes they were impelled, by the exigencies of the feudal system, to provide themselves with military protectors, if they wished to escape spoliation. Recourse, therefore, was had to some powerful secular lord, who would lead the vassals of the abbey in war, receiving, in reward, some of the abbatial territories in fief, and bearing as his standard the abbatial insignia.² In these instances we also encounter allegations of military experience on the part of abbots. Certainly the appearance of clerics in the military ranks must have been quite exceptional, even in the early Middle Age, since the olden annals inform us that veneration for the sacred character of the priesthood caused the soldiers to flee in terror from a field which

¹ Undoubtedly there were many inconveniences in the system, and also many abuses which gave rise, in the eleventh century, to the vexatious question of Investitures; but it was considered, in the beginning, that the inconveniences were more than counterbalanced by the elevation of the prelates to a position among the temporal rulers of the earth.

² Cf. Boutaric; "Institutions Militaires de la France," Paris, 1863.

had been stained by such a sacrilege as the killing of a minister of God. We read in the "Capitularies" of Charlemagne a prohibition of soldiering on the part of clerics, and the emperor seems to have thought that priestly combatants were not a source of strength to an army. "Those nations and princes have never been victorious in the long run, who have allowed priests to fight in their armies. Certain rulers in Gaul, Spain, and Lombardy, have thought that they could grant such permission; but the audacious sacrilege brought about their defeat and the loss of their patrimonies. I would rather be victorious at the head of a few professional warriors, than be forced to retreat with a large number of unpermissible soldiers."

But let us consult the Canons of the Church, if we desire to penetrate her mind on this subject. In the year 453, the Council of Arles declared that clerics who entered upon military service were properly deprived of their benefices, that is, in popular parlance, they were suspended. Pope Innocent I. ordered the fathers of the Council of Toledo, in 406, to refuse Holy Orders to all who had served in the army; and he wrote to the same effect to Victricius, Bishop of Rouen. In 538, the Council of Orleans excommunicated clerics who, having doffed the military insignia, resumed them. In 743, a German Council held at Ratisbon, forbade "the servants of God" to march against the enemy, unless as celebrants of the Divine Mysteries; and it allowed each prince to have in his train, for that purpose, two bishops, and a certain number of chaplains. We find St. Boniface and Archbishop Egbert of York prohibiting, in 747, the English clergy to bear arms. The "Capitularies" of 789 insist that clerics carry no weapons; even the army chaplains are bound by this regulation; the parish-priests will send "their men" to the king's aid, well equipped, but they themselves must be content with praying for the national welfare. In 816 the Council of Aix pronounced military dignities incompatible with the ecclesiastical state. A Council of Meaux deposed, in 845, every priest who accepted military employment. Archbishop Herard of Tours decreed deposition and imprisonment against any clergyman taking part in an armed sedition. When Charles the Bald and Louis of Germany excused themselves to Pope Nicholas I., for not sending

their prelates to a Council, alleging in extenuation of their remissness that said prelates were then engaged in operations against pirates, the Pontiff replied, "The duty of the soldiers of Christ is to serve Christ; let the soldiers of the world serve the world." Several English Councils depose an ecclesiastic who has killed a person; and he must fast for ten years, five of which are to be on bread and water. Excommunication is pronounced against clerics who bear arms, by Councils at Rheims in 1049, at Rome in 1078, and at London in 1175 and 1268. The prelates of Hungary, assembled at Buda in 1279, forbid all fighting to priests, unless in defence of their churches or country; and even in those cases, they must not attack, and they must never combat in person. Finally, the General Council of Trent (1545-63) confirmed all these prohibitory enactments, taking care, also, not to recognize in ecclesiastics the right, which some canonists have claimed for them, to repel force by force.

No Catholic can be at a loss to understand the aversion entertained by the Church at the prospect of her priests shedding human blood, for he realizes how pure should be the hands, how gentle the disposition of him who handles the Body of Christ. And so possessed is the Church by this idea, that she turns aside her ministers from everything that may tend toward a deadening of their sensibilities. Thus she interdicts their presence at duels, and even at capital executions, unless, in the latter case, they attend in the capacity of strengtheners and consolers of the condemned in their dread emergency. Neither can they assist at surgical operations, if curiosity is the impelling motive. They are not even allowed to hunt; but the reader need not take scandal if he meets, some day, his pastor enjoying a bit of recreation with the aid of a fowling-piece, or mayhap evidencing, in a practical way, some little sympathy with the joys of the gentle Isaac Walton. When the fathers of certain Councils prohibited hunting to the clergy, saying that "Esau was addicted to it because he was a sinner," probably, in their own minds, they added the qualifying clause, "saving all due respect to St. Hubert," whom our reader knows as a famous sportsman. Indeed, some decrees expressly state, and all canonists so interpret the law, that only hunting *cum spremitu* is forbidden to ecclesiastics, that is, the species of

dangerous and noisy diversion which goes by the name of "the chase."

But some innocent may wonder how we are to account, if the Church is so determined in this matter, for those Military Religious Orders, such as the Templars, the Hospitalers, the Knights of Calatrava, etc., which the Church herself founded, in the ages of faith, for the defence of Christendom against the ferocious and uncivilizing hordes of Islam. Such an objection would betray a knowledge of history such as is derived from the theatre or the novel, rather than from proper and reliable sources. In his entrancing novel, "The Talisman," Scott portrays the character of a soldier-priest, a grand-master of the Templars, and represents him as entering upon an administration of the Sacraments, when almost fresh from the battle-field. This is but one among a hundred instances of gross ignorance of Catholic laws and customs, evinced by our charming Wizard of Fiction. The Military Religious Orders were certainly religious organizations in the strict sense of the term, their members being bound by the solemn monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. But their fighting members, the chevaliers, were not priests. A man could be a Templar or a Knight of St. John, or such like, just as to-day he can be a Benedictine, a Dominican, a Jesuit, or some other kind of religious, without entering the priesthood. Each of these religious military associations was composed of three classes of brethren: the knights, who performed military duty; the chaplains, who ministered to the spiritual needs of the community; and the squires, pages, grooms, and menials, who followed the chevaliers to the field, if so commanded. ¹ The Military Religious Orders, therefore, furnish no argument for those who contend that the Church could consistently allow her priests to enter the fighting ranks of an army. But do not the bellicose Pontiffs, such as St. Leo IX., and Julius II., and the many scarlet-hatted commanders, such as Vitelleschi, Albornozy, and D'Aubusson, militate against our position? Not at all. St. Leo did not himself draw the material sword when he fought the battle of Civitella in defence of his

¹ Cf. "Vite dei Granmaestri del Santo Ordine di San Giovanni di Gerusalemme, scritte dal Comm. Fra Girolamo Marulli," Naples, 1636. Also, "Histoire des Templiers," by Peter Dupuy, Paris, 1650.

people, and of the patrimony of the Church, but remained in prayer on an eminence overlooking the field. As to Julius II. and such of the cardinalitial commanders as were in Holy Orders (for many of these latter, though cardinals, were laymen), we do not read that they themselves personally entered the melee; and this absence of testimony in favor of contrary supposition is a sufficient justification of our position.

There is a poetico-religious aspect in which one may profitably view the picture furnished us by the anti-clericals now dominant in the government of France, of a forced association of priest and soldier in barrack and field. There is a kind of natural grandeur in the idea, but which of course, the Masonic lodges did not perceive when they conceived what is one of the most grotesque efforts of modern statecraft. Both priest and soldier are the most magnificent ideals which can be offered to the admiration of men; there is a strange identity of sublimity between these principles apparently so contrary; for both priest and soldier the greatest glory is attained by sacrifice. The soldier devotes his life to his country; the priest dedicates his to the good of souls. Each is the protector of civilization. The soldier is the apostle of the God of battles; the priest is the apostle of the God of peace. But we are wandering; the idea of a Christian soldier has invaded our imagination, and alas! not every French barrack can produce a Druot. And it is not a Christian soldier that the Third Republic, perhaps in punishment for its other crimes, is ambitious of forming. It pretends that the new law will render priestly vocations more sincere, but we do not know that the French Chamber is such an adept in things of the sanctuary, that it can truthfully exclaim, "*experto crede*," especially since it assigns as a reason for its confidence the belief that the ecclesiastical ranks will now lose definitively the many (?) who would have become priests, merely to escape the conscription. And on the other hand, this fancied judge of priestly character flatters itself that many of the clerical recruits will become hardened by their military experience, and will therefore adopt what it styles "republicanism" for a religion. Let us hope that the sanguine expectations of a sagacious Catholic publicist¹ may be realized, and that

¹ E. d'Argill; "Le Centenaire de 1789," 30th edit., Paris, 1889.

though some of the clerical conscripts may become "hardened" even unto roughness, "they will not adopt the principles of Masonry, but will be hardened in their faith and their apostolate." How easy it would have been, had the anti-clericals ever so little of sincerity in what does duty for the heart in their breasts, to have utilized the pretendedly needed services of the few ecclesiastical recruits in a sphere which they would have willingly entered, and for which the military history of France has shown that they are pre-eminently fitted! And for a time it did appear that the hospital and ambulance service was to be again benefited by their well-proven and admitted devotion; but at last the Senate (what a grand name for such little men!) determined that the clerics should be soldiers, and the priest-eaters were satisfied.

WHAT?

M. E. K.

* * * * WHAT have we done

Since first bright rays of Old-Year's sun
Adown life's way shed guiding light,
Tracing lines 'twixt wrong and right?

What hearts in sadness cheered have we?
What battles fought our souls to free?
What wrongs forgiv'n—hopes secured
To hearts in sin's dread night immured?

In Heaven's Book, where rests our name
(Where naught but virtue counts as fame)
Is blank our page of deeds well done,
As sinks for aye the Old-Year's sun?

Is found therein a page well fraught
With deeds of love—with kindly thought?
Whate'er there is, may the New Year hold
More love and kindness than the Old!

EXPLANATION OF THE HAIL MARY.

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

SECONDLY, she surpassed the angels in her close relationship with the Divinity. Hence, Gabriel made mention of this prerogative when he addressed her, saying: "*The Lord is with thee*," as much as to say: "I pay thee reverence because thou art closer to God than I am; the Lord is with thee." The Lord—the Father with the same Son,—a mysterious relationship indeed predicable of no angel, of no other creature. For that which shall be born of thee is holy, and shall be called the Son of God. God the Son in thy womb. "Exult and give praise, O dwelling of Sion," exclaims Isaias (c. xii.), "for great is the Holy One of Israel in thy midst."

The presence of the Lord with the Blessed Virgin is therefore quite different from His presence with angels.

He is with her as Son; with the angels as Master. The Lord, the Holy Ghost, is with her as in a temple, wherefore she is called the Temple of the Lord, the sanctuary of the Holy Ghost, because she conceived of the Holy Ghost. "*The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee*." (Luke i.) Thus, then, was she nearer to God than any angel ever was. God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the Adorable Trinity, was with her,—"*Totius Trinitatis nobile Triclinium!*" There is then a very comprehensive and exalted meaning in the terms: "*The Lord is with thee*."

It was altogether fitting that the angel recognize this and salute the Blessed Virgin accordingly. And because she is the mother of the Lord, therefore is she LADY. There is deep significance, then, in her name,—Mary, which in the Syrian tongue means *Lady*.

THIRDLY, she surpassed the angels by her purity; because the Blessed Virgin was not only pure herself, but she likewise procured purity for others. She was most pure, free from all guilt, mortal as well as venial; free from all punishment. Three curses have been entailed on the human race on account of original sin. Woman feels the first,—in conception, gestation, and delivery. But the Blessed Virgin was preserved from all the inconveniences, pains, and sorrows attendant on these. She conceived and

brought forth the Saviour in joy. To her are applied the words of Isaías (xxxv., 2), under the figure of the Land of Israel: "*It shall bud forth and blossom, and shall rejoice with joy and praise.*"

The second curse was pronounced on man; he is condemned to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. From this, too, the Blessed Virgin was free, according to that dictum of St. Paul. (1 Cor. vii.) "Virgins who give themselves wholly to God are not mixed up with the cares of the world." The third curse was pronounced on all men and women: "Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return." Even from this curse the glorious Mother of Jesus was preserved. Tasting death, her body did not go down to the corruption of the grave, but was assumed into Heaven. "*Rise, Lord, Thou and the ark which Thou hast sanctified.*" (Ps. cxxxi.) Free from every curse, she was indeed blessed among women, because she took away the curse, and brought the blessing and opened the gates of Paradise. Fittingly, then, is she called Mary, which is also interpreted as "Star of the Sea." As by a star sailors are directed into port, so by Mary Christians sailing over the stormy sea of life, are safely conducted to the secure haven of eternal rest.

(*To be continued.*)

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

CHAPTER XXIX.

(*Continued.*)

THE FIRST GENERAL CHAPTER.

WHEN in obedience to the commands of the Chapter he left Bologna, and set out for his native country, he passed by a certain Cistercian convent near Constance, where he and his companions asked for hospitality. It chanced that the night previously the abbot, whose name was Eberhard, and who was a man of great sanctity, had seen our Lord in a dream, Who said to him, "To-morrow I will send you some of My horses; do not fail to shoe them well." On awaking, he was perplexed what meaning to attach to such a dream, and he was still considering the matter

when he was told that some religious were at the gate praying for admission. Bidding them enter, they presented themselves before him, clad in their white habits and black mantles, and carrying only a stick, a breviary, and a copy of the Gospels. Never having before seen any brethren of the Order, the abbot questioned them as to who they were, and what was the meaning of their habit, and the things which they bore. "We are," replied John, "Friars-Preachers; we carry a stick to show that our preaching rests on the Cross of Jesus Christ, which is indeed that staff of which David speaks when he says, *Virga tua et baculus tuus, ipsa me consolata sunt*. We also carry the Book of the Gospels, in which the preachers of God's Word should be fully instructed. And as to our habit of two colors, your Reverence will remember how the prophet Zacharias beheld four chariots, to the last of which were harnessed "grisled horses and strong ones,"¹ which represented apostolic men who should be sent forth to preach the Gospel among many people. We, then, are those grisled horses, and the two colors of our habit signify by the white, the purity of our doctrine, and by the black the austerity of our life."

When Eberhard heard this explanation, he cast himself at the feet of the speaker, saying, "You, then, are those horses, of whose coming our Lord warned me last night in a dream, bidding me take good care of you."

Then he washed their feet, and gave them new shoes (for theirs were worn out in the course of their long journey), and furnished them abundantly with every necessary, remaining ever after a great friend and protector of the Order. John became a great preacher, and was instrumental in spreading the Order throughout Germany and Switzerland, and the revelation made to him in his childhood received its full accomplishment, when in 1241, he was elected its fourth Master-General.

This seems the proper place in which to resume the history of Diana d'Andalo, who, it will be remembered, made her vows in the hands of St. Dominic before the departure of Reginald from Bologna. She did not at once, however, leave her father's house, but by the saint's advice, remained for a time there, leading a life of penance and devotion. Under her rich garments she wore a

¹ Zach. vi. 3, 6, 7.

hair-shirt and an iron chain. She never left her private apartments before the hour of Tierce, spending her time until then in prayer and silence, and the rest of the day in good works and pious reading. Dominic, under whose direction she lived, thought it good thus to test her spirit before he consented to let her take any further steps; but on his return from Rome, before the opening of the Chapter, Diana implored his permission for her to abandon the world altogether, and enter the religious state. St. Dominic, who had marked her rapid progress in virtue, understood that God's time had come. He took counsel with the Cardinal Ugolino, who fully approved of Diana's spirit and vocation, and both of them frequently visited her at her father's house, and encouraged her in her holy purpose.

It was Diana's earnest desire that Dominic would found at Bologna a house of nuns of his Order, similar to those already established at Prouille, Rome, and Madrid, for she desired to wear no other habit than that which she had come to associate with all her ideas of the spiritual life. This plan the saint himself had also long and earnestly cherished, and calling the brethren together in Chapter, he placed the project before them, and desired to know their opinion. "Father," they replied, "we willingly agree to whatever you think good." "Well, then," said the saint, "before deciding aught, let us present it to God in prayer." The next morning, having, according to his wont, spent the night in prayer, he made known to them what he believed to be the will of God in the matter. "My brethren," he said, "our Lord demands of us this foundation, and I believe that we ought to begin it without delay, without waiting for the completion of our own convent." Then as the Chapter was at hand, after which he knew that he should have to leave Bologna for some little time, he placed the superintendence of the whole matter in the hands of four Fathers, Paul of Hungary, Guala of Brescia, Ventura of Verona, and Rodolph of Faenza.

Diana's wishes seemed now on the eve of their accomplishment, but her vocation was to be subjected to a yet severer test. Not only did her parents offer the most strenuous opposition to her entrance into religion, but the Bishop of Bologna objected to the site proposed for the new convent, and raised difficulties in the

way of the whole plan. Diana therefore resolved on a decisive step. On the feast of St. Mary Magdalen, 1220, she left her father's house, and took refuge in the monastery of Ronzano, situated on a hill near Bologna. When this was known, it created a great commotion in her family; friends and relations all united in the determination to force her from her retreat, and coming to Ronzano they carried out their purpose, and that with such violence on their part, and such resistance on her own, that they actually broke one of her ribs. Brought home as a prisoner, she fell ill, and remained in a very suffering condition for nearly a year, during which time St. Dominic was unable to visit her, and could only encourage her by his letters. It was not until after his death that Blessed Jordan, his successor, inheriting all the interest which the great patriarch had manifested in the vocation of the young heroine, succeeded in carrying out his plan, and with the approval of the bishop founded the convent of St. Agnes in a spot not far from that of St. Nicholas; in which he placed four religious from the convent of St. Sixtus at Rome, among whom were the two sisters, Cecilia and Amy. Sister Cecilia became the first prioress of St. Agnes, dying in the odor of sanctity at a very advanced age; and these two Sisters, together with Diana, lie buried in the same grave, where their remains have been twice discovered and honorably translated.

The Chapter having terminated, the assembled Fathers dispersed to their several convents, and Dominic resumed his ordinary life, dividing his time between the training of his novices and the public ministration of the Word of God. His confirmation in the office of Master-General, and the decision of the Chapter not to allow of his retirement from the government of the Order, seemed in his eyes as a call for him to renew his fervor, and to exhibit in his own person a model of those virtues he desired to form in others. "Placed over the brethren as their Master and governor," says Theodoric, "he was distinguished only by a more profound humility and a more rigorous austerity. His watchings became longer, his fasts more continual, his mortification more universal. He excused himself from no one point of regular observance; day and night he assisted at the Office in choir, and in the refectory he never absented himself from the common table, where his

only singularity was in the greater abstinence that he practised."

Yet the austerity of the saint was as far as possible removed from harshness or severity. An anonymous writer quoted by Theodoric, who knew him personally and greatly loved him, has drawn a beautiful picture of him in his community life, which he gives in the form of a Divine revelation. "Never, so long as he lived in the flesh," he says, "did the blessed Dominic raise bitterness in the heart of any of his brethren; he never irritated them by word or deed; for in truth, nothing bitter could flow from such a well-spring of charity. His heart was so large towards others that he provided for their bodily wants with the utmost tenderness; not contenting himself with giving them only the frugal diet that was customary, but often procuring other and better provisions, for fear lest the young should be discouraged, or lest the elder brethren, weakened by their long fasts, should yield to infirmity. Thus condescending to the wants of all, even when he had to administer correction, his severity was always mingled with compassion. When he laughed, as he sometimes did, his laughter proceeded from the same spirit of sweetness and simplicity. For he was, above all things, true and simple, and to such a character laughter is not unsuitable. In his prayers indeed he shed abundant tears, pouring out before God the needs of His Church. But if any of his brethren were troubled or tempted, he carried them in the secret of his heart, and with a fatherly compassion, he comforted them with his words, and supported them by his prayers. On the weak and infirm he lavished the tenderest affection, providing for their wants with the utmost solicitude. All, therefore, rejoiced at his prolonged presence among them, and his delightful conversation rendered all the privations of poverty supportable, and sweetened every hardship which they had to endure."¹

The writer who has preserved the account of the saint's *nine methods of prayer*, tells us that he sometimes withdrew to the garden of the convent, and there spent long hours in contemplation, praising God amid the trees and flowers. He loved this kind of solitude, and among the rare recreations that he allowed himself

¹ Theodoric, lib. 5. c. vii. The above passage has been rather freely translated, with strict adherence to the sense.

was that of planting trees in his convent gardens. Besides the orange-tree at Santa Sabina, there was long shown a cypress tree in the garden at Bologna planted by his hands. In the present century it has been cut down, and out of its wood have been carved two images, one of Our Lady of the Rosary, and the other of St. Dominic, which stand at the entrance of the sacristy. ¹

It was at this time that a remarkable addition was made to the ranks of the order, in the person of Conrad the German. He was a professor of the university, whom the brethren had long ardently desired to have among them. One evening St. Dominic received a visit from a certain Cistercian prior, who afterwards became bishop of Alatri. He was a man of great sanctity, whom the Pope had dispatched into Germany on an important mission, and passing through Bologna he took the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the saint, of whom he had heard much, and with whom he desired greatly to confer on spiritual things. In their very first interview the hearts of the two servants of God opened one to the other. The instinct of true sympathy does not always need time to make itself felt; by a magic touch it sometimes reveals itself at first sight, and so it was in the present instance. They spoke together of their most secret thoughts, and of the special favors granted them by our Lord. "Prior," said St. Dominic, "I will tell you a thing which you must keep secret till my death. Never have I asked anything from God but He has granted it to me." "Then, Father," said the prior, "I marvel that you do not ask the vocation of Master Conrad, whom the brethren desire so greatly to have among them." "The thing is difficult," answered Dominic: "nevertheless, if you will pray with me this night, I doubt not God will incline to our request." It was the 14th of August, the vigil of the feast of Assumption. The brethren retired to their cells after Matins, but that night the prior kept watch in the church by his friend's side; and at the hour of Prime, as they intoned the hymn, *Jam lucis orto sidere*, Conrad en-

¹ Under the image of our Lady, which stands at the right hand, we read:
 Virginis effigiem cernis; fuit ante cypressus
 Præscia Gusmani dextera fixit humi.

Underneath that of St. Dominic—

Cypressus fit grati sui cultoris imago,
 Fili, gratus eris factus imago Patris.

tered the choir, and demanded the habit from the hands of the saint.¹

Brother Conrad became known as a great preacher, and did much to extend the Order in his native country. He died at Magdeburgh, in the year 1239, singing out of the very joy of his heart. As the brethren recited the Gradual psalms around his bed, he joined his voice to theirs, and at the words, *Hæc requies mea in sæculum sæculi*, he raised his finger and pointed to heaven as if he beheld a sight of surpassing glory, and expired with a smile of ecstasy on his lips.

St. Dominic's spiritual conquests were not all made or retained without difficulty. Among his novices was a youth whose singular gentleness and sweetness of disposition greatly endeared him to the holy Father. His name was Thomas of Paglio; and shortly after his reception his relatives forcibly carried him off by night, and dragging him to a neighboring vineyard, stripped off his habit, and clothed him in his former worldly garb. St. Dominic, hearing what happened, immediately betook himself to his only arms of prayer; and, as he prayed, Thomas was seized with angers at and unendurable heat. "I burn, I burn," he cried; "take these clothes from me and give me back my habit;" and having once more gained possession of his woollen tunic, he made his way back to the convent in spite of all opposition, and at the touch of that white robe of innocence the fiery anguish was felt no more.

The engagements of his conventual life, however important as they were, were never suffered to interfere with the discharge of that public office of preaching to which St. Dominic held himself so solemnly bound. "The people of Bologna," says Flaminius, "were so eager to hear him that in order to satisfy their devotion he had to preach, not once only, but several times every day, choosing the largest church, and sometimes the public piazzas. At an early hour in the morning his hearers came to secure places, and when he left the church many wanted to accompany him back to the convent, and draw from him some word of edification." On one such occasion two young students presented themselves, one of whom addressed him, saying, "I beg of you, Father, to obtain for me from God the pardon of my sins, for I have just been

¹ Constantine of Orvieto, who received the narrative from the lips of the prior: also Theodoric, n. 206.

to confession." "Have confidence, my son," replied the saint, "for God has indeed pardoned you." The other made the same request, but did not receive a similar reply; God had made known to His servant that the young man had concealed some of his sins. Of another who was living in open violation of the laws of God, we read that after resisting the power of the preacher's eloquence, he was conquered at last in another way. For happening one day to serve the holy Father's Mass, at the moment when he kissed his venerable hand, he was sensible of an odor of sweetness which took possession of his very soul, so that as it were in spite of himself he felt moved with the resolution to abandon his criminal habits. Nor was this the only occasion when a sensible grace was communicated by the person of the saint, for a certain usurer, whom he communicated, felt the Sacred Host burning against his mouth like hot coals, whereupon he was moved to penitence, and making restitution of all his ill-gotten gains, became sincerely converted to God.

Sometimes his discourses were followed by scenes which bore striking witness to the power which his words exerted over the hearts of his hearers. As he one day preached in a public piazza, there happened to be present the governor of St. Severino, a town in the marches of Ancona, who was so moved by what he heard, that presenting himself to the saint as he ended his sermon, he knelt in presence of the vast audience, and asking his blessing, conjured him to give him some of his brethren; promising if he would do so, to give them a church, a convent, and everything necessary for their support.

The memory of these things is still cherished in the city which¹ witnessed their occurrence. On the spot where six centuries ago devout crowds listened to the words of the great preacher, there now stands two columns, one of which is surmounted by a figure of the Blessed Virgin, the other by that of St. Dominic. It is the *piazza di San Domenico*,¹ and reminds us that amid a thousand political revolutions, Bologna still counts it among the glories of her past history that her streets and churches have resounded to the voice of one of God's greatest saints.

(*To be continued.*)

¹ The convent of St. Nicholas, after the death of the saint, was dedicated to St. Dominic, and gives its name to the piazza.

A LETTER FROM ROME.

THE ENCYCLICAL "PROVIDENTISSIMUS DEUS."

THE utterances of Leo XIII. are looked for with a keen interest by all who are posted in current topics. The immortal Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, which has elicited so many encomiums from the learned in every part of the world, proved that the Pope was the only sovereign of Europe who grasped the real import of a vexed question, and established his solution on a sound basis. The antagonistic interests, in temporal concerns, and the machinations of the wicked to draw man from his destined end, created anxiety in social and religious circles. In his palace of the Vatican, the venerable Pontiff can look calmly upon the complex game in which the human race is engaged. The nineteenth century is undoubtedly one of progress, but that progress is not always in the right direction. "The intellectual portion" of European society—to use a significant phrase—has emancipated itself, and set up reason, as an arbiter, to whose decision, on all matters, we must yield submission. Rationalism has spread rapidly in France and Germany, in the present century, and threatens to overturn the foundations of Christianity. The Pope, foreseeing the danger to which religion is exposed, proceeds promptly to grapple with the difficulty, and has published an Encyclical on Divine Revelation,—the Scriptures.

The Encyclical is divided into two parts. The first part treats of the purpose or end of Revelation, and the second of the manner of defending the revealed doctrines against Rationalism. In the first part of the Encyclical, premising that man is ordained to a supernatural union with God, the Pope points out that although man can know God by reason alone, which, indeed, requires a life of study and opportunities that few can embrace, yet there are many mysteries in the Christian dispensation impervious to reason. In order, therefore, that man may more certainly and more easily acquire the due knowledge of his end, God has given him the Sacred Scriptures and tradition to be his guide in the path of truth. Universal tradition teaches beyond doubt that the canonical Scriptures are inspired by the Holy Ghost. The Pope

goes on to discuss the first part of the Encyclical in detail, and shows the use of the Scripture in leading man to his supernatural end. "All Scripture," says the Apostle, "inspired of God is profitable, to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work." (2. Tim. iii. 16, 17.) We are to follow the example of Christ and the apostles, who in their preaching made continual use of Sacred Scripture. A knowledge of the Scripture is necessary to a knowledge of Christ, and as St. Jerome says, "he who is well versed in the sacred writings is a pillar of the Church." The Scripture is of great use in preaching, because it bears the impress of the Holy Ghost. He who uses the Scripture in preaching, does not speak "in word only, but in power, and the Holy Ghost." (1. Thess. i. 5.) "The word of God is living and effectual, and more piercing than any two-edged sword, and reaching into the divisions of the soul and the spirit." (Heb. iv. 12.) The Pope confirms this doctrine from the custom of the Church in using the Scripture in her liturgy, and the constant practice of the holy Fathers in using it for preaching and teaching.

In the second part of the Encyclical, the Pope proceeds to show how we are to deal with Rationalists. We are always to keep before our minds that science and revelation are in no way antagonistic. Truth is the object of both, and God, who is infinitely perfect and the author of all truth, cannot be opposed to Himself. We are not to be overwhelmed if our opponents ask us to demonstrate the truth of any mystery which we hold on divine testimony. According to the Angelic Doctor, we must only show the rational grounds of our belief, and solve all their arguments.

In order to compass this, the Pope recommends the close study of Scripture in seminaries. It is not necessary, however, as he points out, to master all the inspired books: it will be quite sufficient for the students to become thoroughly acquainted with one or two of them, and having acquired a sufficient knowledge of sacred hermeneutics, he will be able to master the rest. Many other sound principles and practical suggestions are contained in the second part of the Encyclical which will certainly be of great use to professors in ecclesiastical seminaries.

TRIDUUM IN HONOR OF THE DOMINICAN MARTYRS.

A solemn Triduum, in honor of the five Dominican martyrs who were beatified by Leo XIII. on the 14th of May last, began in the Church of the Minerva, on Friday, the 24th of November, and ended on Sunday evening. Those of the readers of *THE ROSARY* who have visited the Eternal City, must have pleasant recollections of a Roman Festa. The Triduum was got up in the best style, and the splendid building, the production of two Dominican architects, with its gothic arches of glistening chandeliers, looked like a fairy-scene, or as some of the Italians remarked, "like heaven lighted up." (*Paradiso illuminato.*) The music was the best that Rome could produce, and the programme was carried out perfectly, under the direction of Maestro Cappoci. From the early hours of the morning to mid-day, Masses were going on continually, and, on an average, something like two hundred Masses were celebrated every day of the Triduum. The eulogiums of the martyrs were preached by Mons. Marini and Mons. Della Corona, O. P. Cardinal Bousa, O. P., Archbishop of Florence, pontificated on the last day of the Triduum. Those who witnessed those magnificent celebrations will remember them, and will be prepared to say that in Rome only can be seen the grandeur of the Church's ceremonial.

THE ROSARY IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

To most people who are but slightly acquainted with the Italian character, the Italian seems a being devoid of all devotion,—irreverent, and completely destitute of that devotion which should characterize the Christian. That the Italians are irreverent no one can deny, but they are not all alike; and a more intimate knowledge of their character would remove many of the prejudices which lower them in the estimation of strangers. They are very devoted to our Blessed Lady and the Rosary. This devotion is practiced in nearly all the churches of Rome, and confraternities are established to propagate it. You have only to visit the churches in the early hours of the morning, to see the number of people gathered around the altar, each one saying the Rosary. In some of the churches there is a Rosary Mass, during

which the Rosary is publicly recited. It is very edifying to witness the thorough manner in which all join in the recitation. During October, a special indulgence was granted by the Pope to all those who attended the public recitation of the Rosary, on Sunday evenings, in St. Peter's, and thousands of people availed themselves of this opportunity of gaining the indulgence and honoring the Queen of the Holy Rosary. Some magazines are published to propagate this devotion, all of which have a very wide circulation. Devotion to the Rosary promises to obtain great graces for Italy. The Holy Father is always impressing this upon the bishops and clergy. The Rosary is to be the devotion of every family, and its devout recitation will not fail to bring innumerable blessings.

THE POPE AND THE ITALIAN PILGRIMS.

On the 16th of November, the Pope celebrated Mass in St. Peter's before 4,000 Lombard and Venetian pilgrims, who had come to pay their tribute of homage to the vicar of Jesus Christ. The church was crowded, all being anxious to get a look at the Holy Father. At 9.30 the Pope entered the church, amidst the unbounded enthusiasm of the people. The procession moved up the nave to the altar of SS. Processus and Martinian, where he offered the Holy Sacrifice. After Mass, the Pope, according to his custom, remained in thanksgiving, whilst his chaplain, Mons. Zecchini, celebrated Mass. At the end of the Mass of thanksgiving the address of the pilgrims was read by Mons. Spigardi. The Pope, in response, thanked them for their kindly feelings towards him, and warned them to beware of those men who wickedly assert that the Pope and his priests are the enemies of Italy. He compassionated their sufferings, but told them to be firm and faithful to their duties, and by the grace of God and the protection of his holy Mother, the Church will be delivered from her enemies. He, on his part, declared that he would not neglect his duty, but would continue to preach and vindicate the liberty of the Church, of which he is supreme ruler. He exhorted them to be faithful in the practice of their religious duties, and especially to obey the admonitions of their pastors. At the end

of the discourse he solemnly gave the apostolic benediction, and the procession left the church.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.

What is to become of United Italy? is the question which puzzles the diplomatists of Europe. Revelations have been made which prove that the government was composed of robbers who have plundered the public treasury. The country is on the verge of bankruptcy, and the taxes are at a maximum. There is no gold in the country, and the silver has almost disappeared. The magistracy is corrupt, the police force inadequate to protect the life and property of private citizens. Robberies are committed every day, and the feelings shocked by the murders and suicides that are taking place. The "Liberali" themselves have despaired of United Italy, and predict its speedy downfall. This is the boasted progress of twenty-three years. How the question shall be solved is hidden in the womb of the future.

THE HOUSE OF ST. GUDWAL; A DREAM OF WHAT MIGHT BE.

CHAPTER I.

THE RABBITING PARTY.

OFF the southern coast of Caernarvonshire, some miles to the southwest from Pwllheli, lie a couple of small islands: one close under the lofty headland of Peurhyn-du, the other a mile or so further out to sea. The former, a pile of rocks covered at the top with a little short grass, is marked on the charts as Merecross Island, and is a mere resort of gulls and other sea-birds, which build there in comparative peace; the other is larger, abounds with rabbits, and gives pasturage to a few sheep. It is called St. Gudwal's, and in former days had a monastery upon it founded by that old Celtic saint, and, I fancy, afterwards placed under the rule of St. Benedict. Even now there are traces of ancient buildings upon it, and a ruined chapel called Llandudwal, or the Church of Gudwal,—at present it is wholly uninhabited, except when the

farmer who owns a few sheep that feed upon it, goes over in the spring to look after his lambs, and in the summer to shear the sheep, and bring over a few to the mainland for sale. The "enlli," or current between the main and the islands, is very strong, and makes the passage dangerous in rough weather, and tedious even in fine weather, as anyone would find who tried to row across the channel. More than one ship has been driven ashore and lost on these islands and the neighboring headland of Peurhyn-du. In summer parties are sometimes formed to go rabbit shooting and egg collecting to Merecross and St. Gudwal's, but only in very fine weather, as the sea gets up wonderfully with a little wind from the southwest or south, and the party might find themselves left, like Robinson Crusoe, on a desolate island, and with even less resources than that world-renowned adventurer.

In the month of April, 18—, a party of young gentlemen went over to St. Gudwal's to amuse themselves. They were seven. Three landed at the larger island to try their luck among the rabbits there, and the other four preferred, as it was very calm, trying a little fishing for gunnard in the channel between Merecross and Peurhyn-du. The three that landed were students from Oxford, who were down for a few days at Easter, on a visit to some old friends in Wales. Those in the boat were, two of them, also Oxford students, cousins of the old house of Ap Griffyth, and the other two were boys, brothers to one of the cousins, who as yet had got no further towards college than the old Grammar-school at Rhuthyn. The two parties separated after landing the three first at St. Gudwal's, with many a joke and good wish for their sport, arranging to meet in the afternoon on the island, and try their hand at cooking a picnic dinner, materials for which they had brought with them in the boat, and landed with their companions, in order to clear the boat for fishing.

The three, whom their companions termed the "rabbit-men," and whom they had left with many an imitation of the well-known cry of those street merchants of rabbits and hares, were soon as busy as bees with their two terriers, Shook and Taffy, their bag-nets and a ferret, and as the game was not often molested, they had soon made a very respectable bag. After some hours' good sport, feeling a little tired, (as they had had a good spell of dig-

ging once to get their ferret, which had slipped its muzzle, glutted itself with blood, and had no mind to leave such comfortable quarters) they sat down under the lee of the old chapel, and while Barry and Irwin lit their pipes and began smoking quietly, Fuller, the "reading man," pulled out a pocket Horace, and fell to at his usual amusement. "Hello! old chap!" said Irwin at length, "haven't you enough of that at Gesus without dragging the thing down here! Blest if I'd read a line of anything heavier than Tennyson or Dickens to-day,—and I haven't much mind even for that. Take a weed, man, and make yourself sociable, and if you must be among the ancients, tell us something about this out-of-the-way place."

"Yes, do, Fuller," said Barry; "I believe you know all about it. There's no tumble-down old place in the three Kingdoms that you don't know something about, and I should like to know if this place has a history, and if you know it among the rest."

With a half sigh Fuller put the book into his pocket, and declining the offered cigar, settled himself in comfortable position, and began to satisfy, as well as he could, the curiosity of his companions.

"If we had the others here," he said, "Morgan Griffyth would be the man to tell us about St. Gudwal, for to tell you the truth I have searched for him in Butler's Lives of the Saints, and in several other works to boot, and have found not even his name. All I know is that he built a monastery in this island some time in the sixth century, but anything else I cannot discover.

"But what could induce the monks to live in such a desolate place as this?" said Barry.

"And what monks were they, for the Benedictines were not yet in existence?" said Irwin.

"One at a time," said Fuller. "The early monks sought deserts, forests, and lonely islands for their habitations, because they wished to separate themselves from the din of arms and the confusion of the world, and give themselves up to prayer, contemplation, and penance. They were mostly laymen, and seldom had more than one or two priests in each monastery; they lived simply and frugally, supporting themselves by the labor of their hands, striving to imitate the lives of the apostles. The many islands that

surround the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, especially the smaller and more remote ones, had a great attraction for these contemplatives, and however barren they might be, their industry and perseverance soon rendered them sufficiently fruitful to supply the barley, pulse, and herbs on which they mostly lived. The surrounding sea furnished them with fish; the eggs of the many sea-fowl furnished them a wholesome variety for high days and holidays,—flesh-meat they never tasted, as being too heating and strong a food for men leading so confined a life, besides being unattainable in their position. In time, hardly a rock existed round our coasts on which a few herbs might be made to grow that had not its hermitage, and a spot of ground like this would support a large community, and the waves of the sea defending them on all sides, kept off the sound and sight of that world from which they had retired to give up all their time to preparation for eternity. Now, about the second question, who were the Culdees? They were Irish monks, ‘*Cultores Dei*,’ who strove to imitate the rule of St. Basil and other Eastern Cenobites, not unlike the Acoemetæ, [*Ἀχοίμηται*] or sleepless monks of Constantinople,—so called because they were divided into several choirs, which shared the hours of the day and night among them in such fashion that at no time did the sound of prayers and psalmody cease in their monastery. The same is told of the *Culdees* at Bangor-is-Coed in Flintshire, where nine hundred monks, divided into three choirs, kept up a continual round of prayer and praise. The rule of St. Columbanus, a famous Culdee saint of the sixth century, is still extant, which prescribes at least seven hours’ manual labor for each monk during the week days, and only one meal a day, of herbs, pulse, or meal moistened with water, but enjoins them to eat every day, in order that they may be able to perform their duties! This will give you a good idea of the austerity of their lives. The fact that St. Kilda, the Shaint Isles, and even the distant and barren Rocka, the furthest of the Hebrides having colonies of monks upon them in early times, will show how far this zeal for solitude and a Cenobitical life extended.”

“But what earthly good could they do in such out-of-the-way places?” said Barry.

"The very remote convents served mostly as places of retreat for men weary of the world, men whose remorse for past sins, or natural scrupulosity of disposition rendered such a retreat necessary to them. How many are now consigned to the mad-house, confirmed and incurable maniacs, who would never have become such had we now such retreats for the broken spirit, the timid, and half-despairing soul! But many of them, such as Iona and Lindisfarne, and the island of Lerins, so famous in mediæval history, were not only monasteries, but seminaries of sacred learning, whence learned men were sent forth to enlighten all the countries of Europe. What excellent places for study these must have been, where there was nought to distract the student from his book but the measured moan of the ever heaving sea, the whistling or roaring of the wind, the scream of the sea-fowl, and, at stated times, the sound of the psalms chanted in the choir!"

"Why, Fuller, you are quite an enthusiast for the old monks! I had always thought they were a lazy set, given to eating and drinking, and other things by no means edifying," said Barry.

"No doubt, my dear fellow," said Fuller, "in latter times, when wealth and luxury found their way into the cloister, many monks, aye, and many monasteries too, were no better than they should be, but even in Henry VIII.'s days, when the houses were suppressed, it was not easy to make out a case against the monks as a body in order to authorize their suppression. And yet, in those days the monks as a body had fallen away greatly from their first fervor. But nowadays it is no longer the fashion to pin our faith on Hume, Smollett, Rapin, or Baker; men will take the trouble to read Harpsfield and Walsingham and the older chronicles,—nay, some even will try to hear the old monks in their own defence, and will study the ponderous tomes of Mabillon and Dom Martene, and wade through the exordium of Citeaux, and other purely monastic records, in which they find what goodly trees those old Orders were when first planted,—however they may have afterwards degenerated. Many even who have only seen the other side in Cobbett no longer look upon the monks as the unmitigated old scoundrels they used to be represented in the novels and plays of the last century,—and in my humble opinion this and many other spots would be much better em-

ployed even now in supporting a colony of monks, than in giving pasture to a few scraggy sheep, affording a few hours' recreation to a rabbiting party, or a spot for an occasional picnic."

As they were speaking the sky had become gradually overcast, but as the clouds rose from the southwest, and they were sitting under the lee of the old chapel and looking towards Pwllheli bay, they only perceived it by the darkening of the water before them. A ruder blast than usual coming round the corner of the wall and nearly carrying away their hats, showed them that the wind was changing, and starting up, they ran round to windward to look after the boat. The channel was flecked with foam, the waves rolling in round Peurhyn-du and breaking on Merecross and the island on which they stood, showed them that the passage back would neither be so pleasant nor so safe as their coming. Dark clouds were rapidly rising from the southwest, and the wind blew moist, so as to promise heavy driving rain in a short time, while they could see the boat scudding away before the wind for the little bay at Tyn y Cwmud, being too light and frail a thing to beat up for St. Gudwal's in the teeth of such a gale as was now brewing. With a half-uttered prayer that the lads in the boat might reach the shore in safety, the three deserted ones set off at a run to get the hamper and cooking-pots left below at the landing-place, and then hastened to seek shelter in a sort of rude hut used by the sheep-shearers in the season, but which was now empty. They had scarcely entered when the storm came on in all its fury, driving the rain against the roof and walls with such force and noise that they could hardly hear each other speak, whilst the day became dark as a winter evening. In a shed at the end of the hut they found a good store of peat, and some dried heath and furze, so that they speedily lighted a fire in the chimney. Barry set the basket of potatoes out in the rain to save the trouble of washing, while Fuller and Irwin set to work to skin and clean a couple of rabbits, for, seeing that the storm was not likely to abate before evening, they thought it would be no harm to get their dinner in the meantime.

(To be continued.)

The Children of the Rosary.



THE CHRIST-CHILD.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

CHILD-SAVIOUR! Thou from human eyes
 Hast rent the veil of pride;
 We own Thee, 'neath Thy human guise,
 Our model and our guide.
 Thy mystic Childhood's graces fair
 Our heritage must be,
 That so our white-robed souls may share
 Thy crowning legacy.

* * * * *

Obedience, bloom of heavenly soil,
 A spirit simple, pure,
 And patient diligence to toil
 E'en nameless and obscure:
 And to each heart by sin defiled,
 Freed thus from evil leaven,
 Becoming "even as a child,"
 Shall win its mirrored heaven.

OUR LORD'S HUMILITY.

H. M. K. BROWNELL.

HAVE you ever thought which of the eight Beatitudes came first, and with what Christian virtue Our Blessed Lord began the Sermon on the Mount? It was—humility.

When He had gone up there, and His disciples had come to Him, He "opened His mouth and taught them, saying:" "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

The notes of our Catholic scripture say of the "poor in spirit"—"the humble, and they whose spirit is not set upon riches."

From His cradling in Bethlehem's manger and Mary's arms, to His ignominious death on Calvary, this virtue shone in constant perfection. Had His birth occurred in the humble home at Nazareth, it would have resembled that of common parentage, and a show of comfort would have connected itself with whatever called itself a home.

But the pride which scorns obligation will sometimes be admonished by the fact that the very birthplace of the Saviour of the world was but a transient abode for a stranger, and in addition to common poverty, He came into the world indebted for the poor shelter of that hour.

It was not enough to share the abode of dumb animals; even that was not His own, and the Divine Life on earth began under the humility of obligation.

Many a man has curbed his pride to that point, living in much simplicity until the adversary of souls forged that cunning link which bade him say, "I will be beholden to none; I will give, but I cannot receive," and on that rock has made shipwreck.

That He should have stooped to the helplessness of infancy, and weakness of childhood and youth, even in making Himself Incarnate, is a mystery. He could have come from Heaven by the same vast miracle, and lived among men during the three years of His ministration, in full maturity, and wrought the purpose of our salvation, but where would have been the picture of subjection in which the whole life was lived out as a child of the poor?

Presented in the Temple with the offering of the doves, the least that any Jewish mother could bring, these announced Him to all as a child of humblest rank, and the grand Nunc Dimittis of Simeon may have startled idle ears, and opened wider eyes which had cast but indifferent glances on the modest group that had come to the fulfilling of the law.

And without the Holy Childhood, where should we have had the Blessed Motherhood, eternal picture of utter subjection and most glorious dignity! and we should have lacked that other picture of the Temple, in which, before the time for His public mission had come, He sat among the Doctors, responsive to their questions, in true humility again. The Master of them all who might have silenced all their words with one of His own, sat patiently distilling knowledge through the catechizing they chose to employ.

I wonder what some of His "answers" were that we read of His making, and what the "wisdom" was which astonished them, and whether, when His own turn for questions came, He did not perplex them gently with doubts of their own learned greatness? Did He hint that "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" was a fading barbarism? That the forgiveness of injuries was higher than avenging them? Did the endurance of contempt borne for love of God in silence enter into their task that day?

And in what strange atmosphere of burning love and zeal issuing from that bright soul, must they have felt themselves surrounded!

Yet in the glow and fervor and enthusiasm of all, the sweetness of a Virgin's voice was heard, but to be followed, and what more humble than the delaying of that "Father's business" in His own return and subjection to the rule of the little household?

When He sought His baptism at the hands of St. John, how naturally the overwhelmed prophet stayed Him, saying: "I ought to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?"

That simple recital of St. Matthew covers all the ground, and with the divine response, "Suffer it now, for so it becometh us to fulfil all justice," exhausts the portrayal of humility.

When He went through the Galilean synagogues teaching and

preaching, and healed their sick, as well as those of other regions, it was done in that poverty of spirit which He commended at the beginning of His mountain sermon.

Do you remember how He bade the cleansed leper "tell no man, but offer his gift to the priest," and the blind man "see that no man know it?" the few words in which He commanded the palsied man to "rise and take his bed," and raised His dear, dead Lazarus in three words? And it was almost in silence that touching the hand of the ruler's daughter "the girl arose."

To the scribe who wished to follow Him, He told His homelessness. "The Son of man hath not where to lay His head," not as complaint, but the humble setting forth of what one had to expect who should "follow Him."

What could the Temple Doctors or their learned successors have thought of the doctrine when it came to their ears, "Who-soever will be the greater among you, let him be your minister; and he who would be first among you, shall be your servant," which was called forth by the audacious request of the mother of Zebedee's sons, that they should sit on His right hand, and on His left, in His kingdom?

Yet when the indignant ten would have turned upon their brethren, rendered foolish by the fondness of a devoted mother, how gently and humbly still this rebuke was made, condescending to show that the ministration to others was but following His own!

"I am in the midst of you as he that serveth."

Who would shun the name of "servant" in the light of that statement? (Well may the proud title of England's prince imitate, in admonition to a people's service,—"*Ich dien*.")

If the washing of the disciples' feet passed their own growing intelligence, what must the action have seemed to those who made it a mere matter of report!

It has always warmed my own heart to read how St. Peter, quick in apprehension, and discerning in the act perhaps a figure of the mystical washing away of sin by the Precious Blood so soon to be shed, cried in his zealous way:

"Lord, not only my feet, but also my hands and my head!"

Our Lord's reply seems still more clearly to typify regeneration

by the shedding of His blood. Then, having honored every one of them by His own abasement, resuming His garments, He asks:

"Know you what I have done to you? You call Me Master and Lord, and you say well, for so I am; if I, then, being Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you ought also to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that, as I have done to you, so you do also."

Into the humility of His Cross and Passion I dare not trust myself to enter.

Choosing the most shameful death known to the world, as if by its ignominy to encourage the worst criminal who might therefore be won to Him, He shunned no step in the process. That He gave His body "to the scourge" and "His cheeks to them that plucked them;" that He turned not away His face from those that rebuked Him and spit upon Him, that "as the sheep dumb before the shearers" He opened not His mouth unto them, were not only sacred facts, but truths of such vast humility, that in the ages before it came to pass, in the old prophetic days, *Isaiah* and *David* were inspired to foretell it.

It is to my mind most significant that these pictures of utter humility should have been the chosen links of proof and truth instead of any other, and that the whole way to Calvary should have been marked by events the most inviting to Jewish scorn and Roman contempt,—yes, and modern pride.

It marks a holiness and divinity surpassing the conceptions of man, and removes all motive for aught but the simple truths of the Gospel. Had any human fraud established a religion it would never have begun by wounding prejudice, challenging dislike, for no earthly gain whatever.

I have told you previously by what contemplation we were to measure our own lives, and turn from the Divine Model to our self-examination. Who will throw the light of such humility upon his own pride without blushing?

We go about the world with uplifted heads, thinking in our secret selves that in some one point at least we are equal to most, or, as blind men groping, that because our great defects do not flame out before our closed eyes, that they do not exist.

Those of us who have lived in the world long, know the little

distance we have to go to find plenty of human superiors, excelling us in every good quality of which we would like to think ourselves possessed.

But before that flash of divine light we must bow low indeed. Who are we that we cannot bear insult, or shrink with sensitive wound from a slight? If we do not appear well in the eyes of those whose approval we seek, are we sure that we deserve to do so? A single measure of injustice may be dealt out to us, for a moment, but what have we merited and escaped, and, summing ourselves up before our secret tribunal, are we undervalued were our hidden hearts revealed?

What contrast to the tossing head and "stylish" airs of the street was that which bent low to receive a crown—of thorns! What a rebuke to pomp of manner and display of clothes was the scarlet robe and mocking sceptre that was a reed! What a rebuke to the squeamish stomach loathing the filth of the poor were the hands of the sinless, cleansing the road-stained dusty feet of twelve!

We give back the sharp retort, or smart response, and swell with pride to have been so keen—"Jesus was silent." If we chance to check a "bright" answer, how is it when we deem ourselves wholly misunderstood?

Dare we leave our wrongs to God?

Let us turn once more to the Divine Ideal, and ask Him for some lesser standard, since we may not all at once come nigh Him. "The disciples came to Jesus saying, Who thinkest Thou is greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus calling unto Him a little child set him in the midst of them, and said, 'Amen I say unto you, unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall *humble* himself as this little child, he is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.'"

How do you think this sounded to the wiseheads of the Temple?

A good pun cannot fail to contain some wit of ideas. That men are only too apt to fix their minds on the words does not alter the fact, for that is their custom in all matters.—*Anon.*

"MANY MICKLES MAKE A MUCKLE."

FIVE cents each morning! A mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week! Not much, yet it would buy coffee or sugar for a whole family. \$18.25 a year! And this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon at six per cent., computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$670,—enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner and supper! You'd hardly miss it, yet 'tis fifteen cents a day,—\$1.05 per week. Enough to buy wife or daughter a dress. \$54.60 a year. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you would have over \$2,000,—quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning! Hardly worth a second thought, yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seventy cents per week! 'Twould buy several yards of muslin. \$36.50 in one year! Deposit this amount as before, and you would have \$1,340 in twenty years,—quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper,—thirty cents a day! It would buy a book for children. \$2.10 a week! Enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper. \$109.29 per year! With it you could buy a good melodeon on which your wife or daughter could produce sweet music to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount, invested as before, would in forty years produce the desirable amount, \$12,000.

Boys, learn a lesson! If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life, and be a wealthy and influential man; instead of squandering your extra change, invest in a library or a savings-bank.

TO BABY HELEN.

M. E. H.

WHENCE this wee one? Why to us?

Ah, to question Heaven's designing,
Nay, we will not! Only love her,—

All our hearts to her consigning.

Watch her growth in human beauty,

Budding 'neath a soul God-given,

Loving well the treasure sent us,

Fount of joys to end in heaven!

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Words by MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Music by LOUISA MORRISON.

1st Sop.



2d Sop.

1. From the Heav'n of heav'ns de-scend-ing, Glowing with ce-les-tial fire,
2. In that up-per room a - wait-ing, Ma - ry and His chos-en feel
3. Spir - it, Com-fort-er, en - rich us With the wealth Thy coming brings ;

ALTO.



Comes the Spir - it as Christ promised, Guerdon sweet of Love's de - sire ;
In that pres-ence strength ce-les-tial, New-born cour-age, ho - ly zeal ;
Char - i - ty whose pow-er bears us Heaven-ward up-on shin-ing wings ;



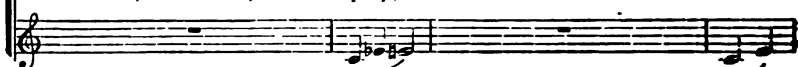
Comes the Spir-it as Christ promised, Guer-don sweet of Love's de - sire.
In that presence strength ce-les-tial, New-born cour-age, ho - ly zeal.
Char - i - ty whose pow-er bears us Heaven-ward up-on shin-ing wings.



Chorus.

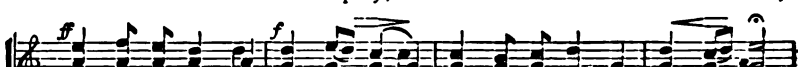


List-en, O Moth-er, while we pray, We show thee all our cares and needs,

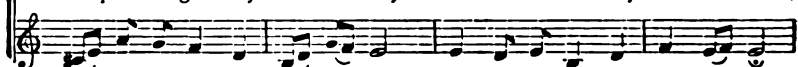


pray,...

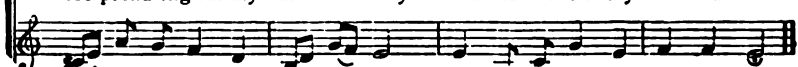
needs,



As plead-ing for thy aid we say The A-ves on thy bless-ed beads ;



As plead-ing for thy aid we say The A-ves on thy bless-ed beads.



Notes.

"But those naturally experience the benefits of this virtue (of the beads) in most abundance who, having joined some of the pious confraternities of the Rosary, shall have acquired a new and particular title, and thanks to that fraternal union, their special consecration to the cultus of the Most Holy Virgin.—En. Letter of Pope Leo XIII."

The month of January! The month of new leaves turned over, and resolutions made!—projects and plans begun that shall never know completion. What matter! It is better to turn over the new leaf, even if it will be blotted and blurred, than not to have had the energy to do even that much. It is better to have made the resolutions than supinely to have allowed the opportunity to pass away. What matter! "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Only be guided by your experiences.

The month of January,—the month of the Holy Name, through which we obtain every best and every perfect gift from the Father of mercies, in which is salvation; truly a sacramental name effecting what it signifies. For His name was called Jesus, because He saved His people from their sins. The name of Jesus is still a sacramental name. Let us invoke it constantly with thoughtful reverence, and do the much or little we may to promote all for which it stands.

Our readers may not have known that favors or dispensations are not to be requested of the Roman curia, or any of the Sacred Congregations by telegraph, but are invariably to be presented in writing, as we learn from the instructions given under date of Jan. 5, '92, to a German bishop.

The Sacred Congregation of the Inquisition has published an authoritative instruction for the guidance of the Vicars Apostolic of China with regard to the culture, sale, and use of opium. "It is evident," the instruction reads, "that the Holy See has never condemned the cultivation, sale, and use of opium for medicinal purposes. Whenever it reprobated the use of opium, the condemnation was relative, not absolute. The Sacred Congregation, by its edicts of 1830, 1848, and 1852, had in mind certain prevalent abuses, which it labored to eradicate. It

instructed the Vicars Apostolic to do all in their power to suppress the nefarious traffic in this dangerous drug, even when in 1858 it was informed that the civil law was no longer in force against the indiscriminate sale of opium. So again in 1878, the Sacred Congregation of the Inquisition deemed it wise to maintain the interdict; although the civil law had, on account of the extreme poverty of the people brought on by a devastating war, set it aside. Which is the more destructive, opium or rum? Mayhap Rome will one day enact stringent laws with regard to the sale and consumption of liquor.

The ACTA SANCTÆ SEDIS, etc., pro Societate Smi. Rosarii, gives full instructions on all questions about the Rosary. It is a collection in four quarto volumes of all the encyclical letters, decisions of Congregations, instructions of Master-Generals, and may be procured apud Aedes Magistri Generalis, S. O. P., via S. Sebastiano 10 Roma, Italy.

Analecta Sacri Ordinis Prædicatorum, the fifth and sixth numbers of which have just been published, is a collection of things ancient and modern, of interest to all Dominicans. It publishes monthly the history of the foundations of the various provinces throughout the world, and chronicles current events of importance. It also publishes the encyclicals of the Holy Father, the decisions of the different Sacred Congregations. Altogether it is an invaluable monthly periodical enjoying the hearty approval of the Master-General, Very Rev. Father Frürwirth.

A very notable event transpired in the old city of Valladolid, Spain, on the eve of last Rosary Sunday, (Oct., '93.) as we learn from *El Santísimo Rosario*. Hundreds of Tertiaries of the Order of St. Dominic, with their director, the Rev. Manuel Llamazares went in solemn procession, with streaming banners, to the Church of St. Paul.¹ At the door the Provincial of the Spanish Province, with eight brother Dominicans, was in waiting.

Father Llamazares, after affection-

¹ The Dominicans were expelled, during the revolution of 1808, from their ancient and beautiful Church of St. Paul of Valladolid, famous in the past for many holy and learned men.

ately welcoming the Dominicans back to their own convent and church, which the Tertiaries had religiously guarded in their 57 years of absence, delivered an impressive address to the assembled multitude. He congratulated the Tertiaries for their fidelity, and with visible and deep emotion bade them go (then and there), two by two, and kiss the anointed hand of their venerable Provincial.

The Very Rev. Father Provincial in turn thanked the members of the Third Order and their director for the cheering words and warm evidences of welcome which he and his brethren would be slow to forget. The ceremony that evening closed with the singing of the *Te Deum*. The next day, on the feast of the Rosary, the crowds that thronged St. Paul's reminded one of the olden times. The Archbishop (a fervent Tertiary himself) celebrated an early Mass, and assisted at the Solemn Mass. He had a pastoral letter read in every Church of his diocese, announcing the return of the Dominicans to their own, and calling on his people to rejoice with him over the happy event.

We begin, this month, two very interesting articles: one on a subject that is but little known, viz: the Dominicans martyred during the penal times in Ireland. The other concerns the Archconfraternity of the Rosary, and will have a long run through our pages, but will be found comprehensive and clear. We have also a good translation from the German of Father Esser's beautiful work on the Rosary, which we propose placing before our readers shortly.

Jerome Trant, whose "Leaf Torn From Life" was so acceptable to our readers, has written another story for THE ROSARY—"A Friar—nothing more," which will shortly appear.

The "Apostolate of Thanksgiving," which was instituted a few months ago at St. Regis Home, 523 W. 142d St., this city, affords a good opportunity to all inclined to return thanks to God. The devotions are held on the second Sunday of the month.

The Dominican Sisters in Ireland have long enjoyed the reputation of being the best instructors there. Last fall, however, they added fresh laurels to their wreath by opening a University College in Dublin with the warm and cordial approbation of the ecclesiastical authorities.

In his letter approving the course, Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, among

other things, says: "Eminently praiseworthy and successful work has indeed been done by the Dominican Sisters, more especially in Eccles St. * * * We have nevertheless to recognize that a gap still remains to be filled, and that it can be filled only by the establishment of a well-equipped college, set apart, as this college of yours will be, exclusively for the work of higher education."

The Eccles St. Convent above referred to is regarded as one of the most thorough colleges in Ireland or on the Continent. A writer who had been privileged to study the inner workings of this admirable institution, and breathe its "literary atmosphere," declares that "the Sisters of St. Dominic deserve the thanks of Ireland for the effort which they, at least, are making to render their *alumna* worthy of a share in the highest social state which a future prosperity may open to Irish women of culture and attainments."

The prospectus of studies in this new University College, which was opened in September, '93, declares that "the curriculum will include the ordinary subjects of the Intermediate and University Courses, and, in addition, music,—instrumental and vocal. The teaching staff will consist of members of the Dominican Community, assisted by graduates of the Royal University, and other distinguished professors."

Under the college regulations, the year is divided into three terms. The first term begins in September, the second in January, and the third at Easter.

The fees per term are; for the full course, five guineas (a guinea is equal to 21 shillings of English sterling, or \$5.00) and four for juniors.

The fees for residence are £50 for seniors, and £45 for juniors. Over sixty applications have thus far been received by the nuns from parents who desire to have their daughters receive the advantages of a higher education. The applicants are from England and Scotland, as well as Ireland.

The Werner Company, of Chicago, is publishing in weekly numbers a report of the proceedings of the World's Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago, in the Memorial Art Palace, under the auspices of the World's Columbian Exposition. The addresses are complete and verbatim, and are illustrated with portraits of one hundred of the principal delegates and speakers. There are to be eleven parts, and the entire series cost but \$1.00 postpaid.

The S. Cong. of Indulgences, by a decree dated Jan. 31, 1893, forbids Tertiaries who have become members of one Order, to join another. And on the 21st June, '93, the same Congregation further explicitly declared that this prohibition has a retroactive force, that is to say, Tertiaries of one Order, *e. g.*, the Dominican, are not only not allowed in future to become members of another, *e. g.*, the Franciscan, but, moreover, those who had done so must choose which of the two they will follow. They must give up all except one. *Analecta S. Ord. Praed., Fasc. 5, p. 272, an primo vide etiam fasciculum, 3. p. 168.*

The German Reichstag has, by a majority of 35 votes, revoked the decree by which the Jesuits were banished from the country in 1872. It remains to be seen whether the Bundestag will confirm this tardy act of justice to one of the most efficient and most persecuted bodies of men in the Catholic Church.

The successor of the lately deceased head of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Very Rev. Father Sorin, of Notre Dame, Ind., is the Very Gervais Francais, C. S. C., rector of the college Notre Dame de St. Croix, Neuilly, Paris. Father Francais is about forty-five years of age, is well-known, a learned and eloquent preacher, and admirably equipped for the responsible office to which he has been appointed.

Our collector, J. V. Leap, will continue his good work among the denizens of the City of Brotherly Love. We hope that all concerned will be prepared for his visits, and not receive him with empty hands.

To our Columbus, Ohio, correspondent, we reply that we have heard of a certain Fr. Barral, Hampton, N. J., who would thankfully receive all the old stamps you would send.

The chrysanthemum is sometimes called the "Christmas rose," owing to the sweet old legend which tells us that the first chrysanthemum,

"On that blest morn
When Christ was born,
Into white beauty burst."

—*Nov. Ladies' H. J.*

It does not seem, from all that we could learn, that President Cleveland did so extraordinary a thing when he replaced the Queen of Hawaii on her throne. He simply recognized the fact that nations, as well as individuals, are bound to observe the Seventh Commandment.

"Some drivelling idiot," says one of our Western contemporaries, much exercised, "or malevolent bigot put the following question to the *New York Sun*:"

Why is it that God loves the Irish? This question has puzzled all the crowned heads of Europe, has been discussed in all the swell clubs of this city and other cities, and still the problem remains unsolved. G. W. M.

We reproduce the effective answer given him by Mr. Dana. It was:

"But why do you go to the crowned heads of Europe, and to the swell clubs to get an answer to a difficult question? No sensible man would do so. In a sudden attack of sanity you turn to the *Sun*. That's right. God loves the Irish because of their faithfulness to Him; because of their valor, patriotism and loyalty; because of their tender-heartedness, their willingness to help others, to bear one another's burden. Are not these good reasons?"

We suspect that this questioner, far from being "a drivelling idiot," is a cute and witty Irishman. When he was penning the question he knew the answer—better, perhaps, than he hoped to see it in print. He was simply using the Socratic method for the benefit of others; not for his own information.

When he was folding his letter and preparing to hand it over to the astute Editor of the *Sun*, he knowingly nodded his head and slowly and deliberately closed one of his merry, mischievous optics in recognition of the march he was about to steal!

It may be of interest to our readers to know that after the present instalment of the "Life of St. Dominic," there remain four very interesting chapters. The "Life" was begun in May, '91, the initial number of the magazine, and has been perused with much interest.

There has lately appeared in France what might be termed the Documentary Life of St. Dominic.

We have for sale a limited number of volumes I. and II. of THE ROSARY, bound and unbound, which we offer at very reasonable rates. The bound numbers are offered at \$2.50 per vol. The unbound, 1st vol., \$1.00; vol. 2 for \$1.50.

We are glad to be able to assure several of our correspondents that Father McKenna's contributions to THE ROSARY will, God willing, be continued until he will have finished the present series, and more after, too, we hope.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH.—Selections arranged by Emma Forbes Cary. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston and New York. Price, \$1.00.

This book is neatly bound and printed, but why it should be called "The Day-spring" will escape the knowledge of more than one, I fancy. However, what's in a name? The volume above introduced *mirabile dictu*, it has not even a line of a "preface," begins with January first, and goes through each day in the year with a quotation for each day taken from the Holy Scriptures, the writings of the saints or the learned and devout, the poets and philosophers of every age. Sometimes the feast-day of a saint is mentioned and apposite quotations appended, either from the saint's own writings, or from some writer about the saint. More frequently, simply the date and month, and then a string of quotations which, indeed, are rarely other bright pungent brain stimulants. It will do very well for "light lunches," and is admirably suited for "between times."

CHRIST IN TYPE AND PROPHECY. Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J. Benziger Bros., publishers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

This learned and devotional work, besides being a good means of spiritual profit, is at the same time a splendid aid to the theological student pondering the depths of messianic prophecy.

Before studying the tract "De Incarnatione," or afterwards, the great mystery of "Word made flesh," will be better known and better loved. The book is a very erudite, and shows the fruits of indefatigable and thorough research. We warmly recommend it to priests and people. Price, \$2.00 net.

CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT.—By Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Bros., publishers. Price, \$1.00.

Father Finn's stories are always capitally told. This one would be just the thing for a Xmas present for any boy. It would be giving him healthy reading, and perhaps save him from the clap-trap flashy stuff, fow d engaging and ruining the characters of too many of our young folks.

EXPLANATION OF THE GOSPELS AND OF CATHOLIC WORSHIP. Benziger Bros., publishers. Price, 50c.

Father Lambert translated the first

from the Italian, and Fr. Brennan the second of the above from the German. Both were much in demand as separate publications, and as both treat of kindred subjects, the publishers will wisely now send them out together. They will be found very useful and serviceable. We have received from the same publishers:

1. A new edition of **CATHOLIC BELIEF** marked one hundred-thousandth.

2. **NEW MONTH OF THE HOLY ANGELS**,—a translation from the French by a Visitation Nun.

3. **GOLDEN PRAYERS**,—beautifully bound in leather and gold. Containing simply the ordinary of the Mass, Vespers, and the few prayers. Just the thing for handy use.

4. **"SIMPLE PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN,"** and **"FIRST PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN"** are what they purport to be, and this is saying more than may always be said of similar publications.

5. **"CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL,"**—eleventh year. Contains besides the Calendar for 1894, a beautiful—if many-colored—picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and well-known Catholic writers contribute pleasing stories and highly entertaining sketches.

"THE DIGNITY OF LABOR,"—an address delivered by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Robert Seton, D.D. "Ave Maria" print.

"VIEWS OF EDUCATION,"—a paper read by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D. "Ave Maria" print.

"FROM LA RAHIDA TO SAN SALVADOR,"—a drama in four scenes. By a member of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. "Ave Maria" print.

"SOUVENIR OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION DAY," World's Columbian Exposition, at Festival Hall, Chicago, 1893.

"THE MYSTERIES OF THE HOLY ROSARY,"—an easy method of performing this duty profitably. Translated from the German. B. Herder, St. Louis. Price, 30cts. Per doz., \$1.80.

From the R. P. Procureur du convent des Dominicains Mazerès, (Ariege) France, we have received some telling, little leaflets, such as, "Why are You not a Rosarian?" "The Confraternity of the Rosary," "The Prayer of the Rosary Compared with the Brigittine and Crozier

Beads," "The Rosary and Community Life," "Offering the Mysteries." Also "Petit Album du Rosaire" and "Petit Mois du Rosaire."

We have received Almanac and Calendar of the Apostleship of Prayer for 1894. 1611 Girard Ave., Phila., Pa.

THE COMEDY OF ENGLISH PROTESTANTISM in three acts,—Edited by A. F. Marshall,—Benziger Bros., which will be reviewed in the next number.

The Benzigers, wide-awake as ever, have prepared a pamphlet giving very suggestive and practical ideas about the formation of Parish and School Libraries. It will be well worth the time of

interested parties to consult this pamphlet before they begin their libraries.

CONNOR D'ARCY'S STRUGGLES.—By Mrs. W. M. Bertholds. Benziger Bros., publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, cloth, 12mo., \$1.25.

Despite a few pedantic "*bon mots*" from the German, French, and Latin, bad brogue, and an occasional stiffness in the language, we have in "Connor D'Arcy's Struggles" an entertaining and instructive story. The authoress's name is not a familiar one to American readers, although we are told that she is responsible for "One in a Crowd," "Uncle John's Jewels," "A Golden Hand," etc., etc.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

Anent the frequency of divorce in the state of Indiana—the hoosier state,—the *St. Benedict's Panier* (St. Meinrad, Ind.), after playing upon the word *Hoosier*, which wouldn't do in English at all! points the moral it would convey with a story of two Bavarian peasants who, after having lived together for twenty-five years in the wedded state, came to the conclusion that they had better separate in their old days, on account of the incessant quarrels and bickerings with which the latter years of their married life was filled.

Accordingly Tony and Lony (short for Anthony and Apollonia) presented themselves one day to their aged pastor, who had spent the long years of his fruitful ministry among his peasant-flock. "Herr, Pfarrer," said Tony, "Lony and I have decided to part! We cannot stand it any longer." "Nonsense. you silly souls!" said the priest, "go home and continue to be loving man and wife!"

Home they went, and worried along for a year. But it was no use; mutual forbearance was wanting, so the sorry pair made up their minds that there was no use trying to live together. Away they went to the priest a second time. "Well," said he, "since you are bent on being separated, I suppose I will have to gratify your wishes. But it's a great shame, indeed. And remember, you yourselves will be to blame; so prepare for the ceremony of separation."

The priest then bade Tony and his unhappy spouse be seated at the table. He himself procured a large book, larger than any Mass-book, and arming himself with a stout stick, he sat at the same table, facing the couple, and began industriously to read. When he had finished the first page, he picked up his

stick, looked solemnly at Tony, and then gave him a sharp whack across the shoulders. Then he continued his reading until he had finished another page, when he treated Lony as he had treated her disgruntled Tony. Thus this novel, and to the peasants smarting, ceremony continued for some time.

Finally, poor Tony, whose aching shoulders impelled him to have something done to relieve him, summoned up courage to ask in a shivering voice how much longer this whacking of shoulders would last. "I have yet about 2600 pages to read," said the imperturbable priest, with earnest and solemn mien, "and there must be a stroke for every page!" "Oh! well, if that's the case," said crestfallen Tony, rising and taking his Lony by the hand, looking on her with an air of sincere reconciliation, "I guess we had better live the remainder of our days together! We will get along without a separation!" So make the divorce laws difficult and stringent, and the saucy of marriage will be better appreciated.

We acknowledge having perused with much pleasure the first number (Nov. '93), of *The Hill and Valley Visitor*, published monthly by our old friend and quondam condiscipulus, the Rev. John P. Harkins, of East St. Louis, Ill., conjointly with the Rev. P. Fallon, of Alton, Ill.

The second number of *St. Benedict's Home*, an annual published in the interest of St. Benedict's Home for Destitute Colored Children, at Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y., is out, and appeals in telling and simple language in behalf of a once much neglected but meritorious charity.

So, too, the *Colored Harvest* of Baltimore sounds the tocsin for help. Father Slattery is truly a host in himself, but that's no reason why Catholics who hear of what he is doing and asking should not respond generously and promptly.

Father Reilly, of St. Francis' Seminary, Wis., deserves great praise for the very estimable bi-weekly which he is editing for the benefit of our boys and girls. The future of *Our Young People* is ensured. It has passed beyond the stage of experiment. To be sure we all prophesied that it would thrive and grow in years whilst it was twining itself around the heartstrings of our too often unappreciative Catholic readers. Still, it is more satisfactory to offer congratulations to an admitted and proved success. We would like very much to tell our readers more about "*Our Young People*," but our lack of space forbids us.—"*Prosperere procedet et regna!*"

Speaking of the Confederation of all the congregations of the monks of St. Benedict under an Abbot Primate, the *Alma Mater* of St. Meinrad, Ind., in its Nov., '93, number, vouchsafes the rather remarkable information that the "sons of St. Benedict are vulgarly known as the Black Friars."

We were always of the opinion that the title "Black Friars" was applied solely to the sons of St. Dominic, as that of "White Friars" is restricted to the Carmelites, and "Grey Friars" to the Franciscans. Nor were we

aware that the monks of St. Benedict were ever designated as Friars.

The *Review of Reviews* for December, among other good things, has an admirable sketch of Gounod, the famous composer. Gounod, it may not be generally known, was a devout member of the Third Order of St. Dominic.

We hardly knew our old friend, *The Freeman's Journal*, when we saw it for the first time dressed in its new suit of clothes. We are glad it has discarded the "blanket" although we never grumbled at unfolding the "big, old paper;" we were so sure of meeting a world of delights within. Lo, life, *Freeman!*

A copy of *The Catholic*, (Milwaukee), Citizen's Anti A. P. A. edition (Dec. 9), ought to be placed in the hands of every reading Protestant, willy nilly.

What a sparkling array of epigrams Father Phelan gives his readers in that first column on the editorial page, week after week! Of course, everybody will not laugh with the merry editor; but, woe to the man that attempts to laugh at him!

The Catholic World, published monthly by the Paulists of New York, without abating one jot or tittle of its usual literary excellence, will henceforth be had for \$3.00 per annum and 25 cts. per copy. The December number is very good, and profusely illustrated.

JANUARY ROSARY.

INDULGENCES FOR JANUARY.

Jan. 1.—New Year's Day. Circumcision of Our Lord—the day on which He received the holy name of Jesus. Members of the *Holy Name Society* may gain a jubilee Indulgence.

Conditions: C.C. Prayers.

Jan. 7.—First Sunday of the month. The usual three plenary Indulgences:

1. C.C. Prayers.
2. After C.C., visit Rosary Altar, and Prayers.

3. C.C. Rosary Procession.

Also Finding of Our Lord in the Temple. 5th Joyful mystery. Plenary Indulgence. C.C. Prayers.

Jan. 14.—Second Sunday of the month. Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. Plenary Indulgence. C.C. Prayers.

Jan. 23.—Feast of St. Raymond Pennafort, O.P. Plenary Indulgence. C.C. and Prayers.

Jan. 28.—Translation of the Relics of St. Thomas Aquinas. Plenary Indulgence for

members of Angelic Warfare. C.C.—also for Sunday of the month. Usual Plenary Indulgence for those who say the entire Rosary three times a week.

INTENTIONS.

The prayers of Rosarians are asked for the success of the Dominican Missions here and abroad, also for several special intentions: For a business enterprise; for the peace of mind of one sorely distressed; an invalid; a person who was baptized, but never raised a Catholic; the continuance of a religious monthly (see *THE ROSARY*), but we devoutly request our pious readers to include *THE ROSARY* in the above: a young man who has fallen away from the Church; a young man who is addicted to drink. Nellie F. Long, Josephine F. Gardner, Mortimer Loughlin, Thomas Egan, James Boyle, deceased; also for Sister Lucy of Narni, O.P., of the Congregation of St. Catherine de Ricci, O.P., died Oct. 11th, 1893, at the Convent of Our Lady of the Star, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.



VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1894.

No. 10.

OUR LADY'S PURIFICATION.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

How radiantly beautiful and fair,
In all the charms of her maternity,
Our Lady must have looked the morn that she,
The sunlight haloing her brows and hair,
Stood in the Temple suppliantly there;
While marvelling at her humility
Who was their Queen on high one day to be,
Innumerable angels thronged the air!

The skies that morning must, forsooth, have shown
A softer, sweeter splendor than before;
And earth that lay beneath their sheen impearled,
Have felt a joyousness till then unknown,
When Simeon blessed the Babe her arms upbore,
And hailed Him as the Saviour of the world.

TREASURES OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

BY A DOMINICAN PRIEST.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER II.

THE DECADENCE AND THE RESTORATION OF THE ROSARY.

THE history of the Rosary presents four principal epochs. The first was its golden period, and it continued for about one hundred years. During that period the devotion flourished, singu-

larly sanctified the Church, and brought the greatest prosperity to the Order. "The faithful," says St. Pius V., in his Bull *Consueverunt*, "inflamed by its holy meditations and prayers, became all of a sudden changed into new beings, the darkness of heresy disappeared, and the light of Catholic faith shone everywhere with brilliancy, and developed astounding results. In every place the Friars-Precachers established the association of the Rosary, and the people hastened to have their names recorded in its registers." During that splendid period the Rosary was, as it were, a chain of gold, which bound together by its mysterious bands the hearts of the children and the mother, the faithful and Mary.

Then came the period of its decadence, which also lasted about one hundred years, viz., from about 1350 to 1450, during which time Mary's devotion was neglected and *almost forgotten* by the vast majority of Christians. After that sad and unfortunate period, the glorious restoration of the Rosary was begun and, finally, its firmly-rooted establishment in the hearts of the faithful was accomplished. It is one of the mysteries of modern times how so grand and heaven-sent a devotion could be allowed to fall into decay for even the shortest space of time, but to know that it was almost entirely lost sight of or neglected for about one hundred years, intensifies the mystery. Notwithstanding the sublime origin of the Rosary, notwithstanding the wonderful and divine effects produced by it, it was permitted by Divine Providence to remain for about one hundred years almost obliterated from the minds of the people. Many, very many causes, but especially the following, conspired to bring about this disastrous result. The thoughtful study of these causes may serve to explain or solve, at least in part, the problem referred to.

In 1348 a horrible plague depopulated Europe. Most of the religious were swept out of existence by it, and monasteries were thus left without their proper occupants. The Dominicans and Franciscans everywhere attended to the plague-stricken people, and most of the members of these two heroic Orders were called upon to sacrifice their lives on the altar of duty,¹ hence we need

¹ The Franciscan Order alone lost by the Black Plague one hundred and twenty-four thousand, four hundred and thirty-four members, and all Europe is said to have lost twenty-five millions of its inhabitants.—Vide Leikes, O. P., *Rosa aurea*, pag. 73.

not wonder when we are told that most of the religious houses were left without members. Chéry, O. P., says that the Order of St. Dominic has not even yet, after over five hundred years, fully recovered from the deep and ghastly wounds it then received.¹

To prevent the total ruin of the Dominican Order, the few surviving Fathers gave the holy habit of St. Dominic to a great number of postulants, whose extreme youth and dispositions, altogether unsuitable to a religious life, ought to have been, in the minds of experienced men, insuperable barriers to their admission into the Order. The good old Fathers received with the best intentions in the world these mere children into the noviceship. Nor was this all; the Fathers went so far in their kind and well-meant attentions to these mere boys, as to allow them to do many things which the constitutions of the Order never contemplated as permissible to them. Those Fathers who were so severely rigorous in their own regard, whilst so indulgent to their youthful postulants, thought that they were acting prudently enough in respect to their charge, for they, in their simplicity, imagined that these youths on becoming matured and strengthened in body, would readily appreciate the indulgence shown them, and would at once, on being admonished to do so, begin to live according to the rules of the Order.

The superior soon saw with terror the great mistake they had committed. In vain did they entreat these youths to be guided by the rules and constitutions which had given so many saints and illustrious men to the Church. Had these boys attended to the recitation of the Rosary, there would have been no decadence of the devotion. They carried or wore the Rosary on their girdles, not as the patrimony of their Father, St. Dominic, nor yet as a mark of their special duty, but rather as the complement of their habit. After the kind old Fathers had been taken to their heavenly reward, the young non-observers of Dominican rule, who had but little of the true Dominican spirit, obtained for awhile the management of the Order. Sad days those for the Order of the Rosary and the Rosary itself.² But even in those sad days there were not wanting renowned and saintly characters who

¹ Chéry, *Histoire générale du Rosaire et de sa Confrérie*, chap. v., p. 58.

² Vide Leikes, O. P., *Rosa aurea* et Chéry l. c.

labored with mind and heart for the restoration of both institutions.

During that frightfully dark period lived Raymond of Capua, Master-General of the Order; Conrad Gross, Blessed John Dominic, Bishop and Cardinal; St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, and several others who might be named with honor, all of whom deeply regretted the deplorable state of affairs then existing, and experienced the truth of the well-known maxim which they with tears often proclaimed: "Citius Ordinem institui novum, quam collapsum restitui: it is far easier to establish a new Order than to restore an old one that has gone to ruin."¹ Truly the Dominican Order had a terrible experience by reason of the Black Plague, an experience which it can never forget!

A double moral plague of heresy and schism heightened the misfortunes just described. The plague of heresy, that of the *Flagellantes*, though cruel, was of short duration. But the scourge of schism was simply terrifying as to its duration and consequences. It lasted from 1378 to 1417. During that terrible period there were two Romes and two Popes. Of course, there was only one true Rome, and only one true Pope. These Popes excommunicated each other. The faithful, even saints, were divided in their allegiance; some steadfastly adhered to one Pope, and some to the other. Discords, animosities, and scandals necessarily followed, and ecclesiastical discipline became generally relaxed. Abuses crept into the Church from all quarters; laxity of morals reigned among the people, and pious practices disappeared. Monasteries did not escape the general decadence; claustral discipline became weakened, the salt of the earth had in many lost its savor, the lamp of the sanctuary was dimmed, and the House of God, the indefectible Church, was in deep sorrow and affliction.² The devil, profiting by all these circumstances, cunningly drew off the attention of the religious and the faithful in general from the practice of the Rosary.

The Dominican Breviary, in the Office of the Rosary,³ pointedly testifies that the "noble devotion of the Rosary was allowed to

¹ Vide Leikes, O. P., *Rosa aurea*; et Chéry l. c.

² Leikes, O. P., *Rosa aurea*, page 76; et Chéry, O. P., uti supra.

³ 4 lect. diei Octavæ.

become almost forgotten by reason of the carelessness of men and the cunning of the devil." During a whole century, from 1350 to 1450, the monthly meetings and other prescribed duties were utterly neglected. It must not, however, be inferred from what has been just stated that the Rosary was entirely neglected, even by seculars, all this time. Yet, for want of being preached and solemnly practised, as it had been during the golden period of its existence, the Confraternity had but very few thoroughly instructed members. The Rosary had already proved itself a powerful dike in the Church against the inundations of heresies and all other evils, but alas! as soon as this dike was removed, or almost removed, error and vice flooded the world with their unclean streams.

St. Catherine of Sienna, who died in 1380, was sorely afflicted at seeing the Lord so often offended by His creatures; and, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, our Lord warned the world of His displeasure with it by sending St. Vincent Ferrer to proclaim to it the last judgment. The preaching of this man of God was not without its fruit, but after his death corruption resumed its former sway, and it seemed that, in part at least, the evil would have been irreparable, if the Rosary had not just then been restored to the Church.

"Besides all this, God permitting it for His own wise purposes, the Sovereign Pontiffs themselves kept silent in regard to this grandest of all devotions, and appear to have made no effort whatever to encourage or propagate it. For more than two hundred years they failed to issue, so to speak, a single document in its favor, and granted scarcely any of those indulgences of which their successors have since shown themselves so lavish."

"Had the Rosary been a purely human institution, it never could have survived the rude and deadly blows inflicted on it by the causes just assigned and described. The Dominican monasteries, which had been so ruthlessly deprived of most of their occupants by the Black Plague, became, like other religious houses at the time, divided in their allegiance to the Church by the most terrible of schisms,—“the Great Schism of the West,”—and the race of the apostles who had carried the Psalter of the Blessed Virgin to the ends of the earth seemed doomed to be left without

a worthy posterity. In consequence, then, of laxity of morals and indifference on the part of the people, negligence on the part of the clergy, silence on the part of the constituted apostles and preachers of the devotion, the Rosary gradually ceased to be held in honor, and the habit of reciting this prayer which was, as it were, the Breviary of the people and the solemn testimony of their devotion to Mary, disappeared almost altogether from Christian homes."¹

But even if the generality of mankind did allow this devotion to become obliterated from their memories, Mary, our noble and all-merciful Mother, had already decreed that it should be even more than fully restored. She was determined to show that it came not from earth, but from heaven; not from man, but from the very "Seat of Wisdom," and that, no matter how much men and devils might strive to crush it from existence, or bury it in oblivion, it should flourish. She took occasion from its very decadence to infuse into it a better life than it had ever before possessed, to manifest still more tellingly than ever before, its importance and utility, and to impress upon the Church² the necessity of being still more vigilant and earnest in preserving and propagating it, and all this she seemed to do as if she were actually preparing the Church for the coming great struggle with Protestantism. It looks as if she were already and beforehand preparing to furnish the missionaries in the preaching of the Gospel with an invincible weapon, one that could be easily and powerfully wielded against the devil, supply them with means the most efficacious to render their labors fruitful, bestow upon them aids, the most powerful to fortify their neophytes in the faith, and as if she were just then arranging to make Christianity flourish in the New World upon the very ruins of idolatry.

The fact is, that it was towards the year 1460, only a short period before the birth of Luther and the discovery of America, that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to Blessed³ Alain de la

¹ Chéry, O. P., *Histoire générale du Rosaire et de sa Confrérie*, chap. v., pag. 58-63.

² See chap. iv. this manual.

³ Alain de la Roche has not been formally beatified by the Church, but the title of "Blessed" has been conferred upon him by common consent

Roche, a most holy and learned man, and singularly devoted to the Rosary, which he had made for some time his favorite prayer. The Hail Mary was ever upon his lips, and the meditation of the mysteries of our redemption occupied his whole heart and soul.

One day as he was fervently engaged in prayer, reciting with all earnestness his Rosary, the Most Blessed Mother, surrounded with dazzling splendor, appeared with her Divine Child to him, and thus addressed him: "My dear son, the moment has arrived for the restoration of the most beautiful devotion of the Rosary, which seems to become more and more neglected every day. It looks as if it would eventually disappear altogether from the memory of men, if we do not supply at once an opportune and efficacious remedy for the evil. In union with my Son Jesus, I impose upon you the same obligation which I long ago imposed upon your Blessed Father Dominic. It is my order that you preach the Rosary to the people, re-establish its frequent recitation, both public and private, renew the monthly meetings of the members of the Confraternity and the processions on the first Sunday of each month, and on the principal feasts dedicated to my honor.¹ In the fulfilment of the mission which I entrust to you," adds the Holy Mother, "you will be sure to meet with many obstacles, but be of good cheer, for I assure you that both the assistance of my Son and my own special protection shall ever accompany you." She warned him of the frightful calamities that were about to befall the world, and for the purpose of encouraging him in his grand work she again and again gave him signal proofs of her maternal tenderness.

It would be hard to find anywhere anything more touchingly or more truly indicative of the Blessed Mary's affection for mankind than in her conduct towards Blessed Alain, and the cheering words that she so often repeated to him. The perusal of the descriptions of the Blessed Mother's apparitions to him would

¹ Leikes, O. P., *ibid.*; Morassi, O. P., *Il Rosario*, cap. ii., p. 69-71.; Breviar. Ord. Præd. die Octav. Fest. SS. Rosar.; Pradel, O. P., *Manuel du très Saint Rosaire*, p. 300. Remark: Ever since that time these three things have been and are now strictly enjoined on the first Sunday of each month in all Confraternity churches: 1st, a sermon on the Rosary; 2d, a procession of the Rosary; 3d, a meeting of the members at which the director should regularly preside.

be more than enough to warm the coldest hearts, and to shake off forever the heaviest lethargy from even the most indifferent to her devotions and worship. Fortified and encouraged by the words and promises of the ever-loving Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, Blessed Alain valiantly commenced at once the work enjoined upon him, and for fifteen years, viz., from 1460–1475, he preached without intermission, the Rosary, and renewed the Confraternities in Germany, France, Flanders, and Holland. He was often assailed as an innovator, but he defended his cause with as much modesty as knowledge and ability, and always triumphed over his adversaries. Jesus, Mary, and Dominic often appeared to him for the purpose of encouraging and sustaining him in the terrible trials to which he was so often subjected. The devil was furious at the amount of good that Mary's champion was accomplishing, and at the restoration of the Rosary, which was destined by Heaven to bring so many blessings on the world, and hence he waged upon the representative of the Queen of the Rosary a cruel and relentless war. Blessed Alain received many singular and extraordinary graces during his mission, and at length died, filled with merit, at the Convent of Zwoll, Holland, on 8th September, 1475.¹

Blessed Alain is recognized everywhere and by all writers as the great restorer of the Rosary. In the very year of the death of this great servant of Mary, she designed to resuscitate, through the instrumentality of another chosen servant, the devotion of the Rosary, in Poland, Italy, and elsewhere. Just then the city of Cologne was besieged and reduced to the last extremity by Charles, Duke of Bourgogne. The inhabitants resolved to have recourse to Mary and to carry in procession an image of Our Lady of the Rosary, which they greatly revered, though they had entirely neglected the devotion itself. As the powerful Queen of Heaven can never refuse her servants anything they implore of her, and always grants them even more than they petition her for, she determined to deliver the city from the evils of the siege, and from another evil still greater, viz., its neglect of her Rosary. She appeared to the Prior of the Dominican Convent of Cologne, Fa-

¹ In ejus vita et apud Just. Miechov., O. P.; vide etiam 4 lect. diei octavarum Rosarii in Breviar. Ord. Prædicat.; Leikes, O. P., *Rosa aurea*, pp. 81–89.

ther James Sprenger, and thus addressed him: "My son, as you have been invited to preach at the Cathedral on next Sunday, it is my wish that you announce from me to all who shall be present there that I promise to deliver the inhabitants of this city from their enemies, provided they resume the recitation of the Rosary, which they have unfortunately neglected for so long a time; provided, too, they have the Confraternity at once re-established, and have their names immediately recorded in its register. And, in order that no one may doubt that this order comes directly from me, you will also take care to make known to the people there assembled, that, in proof of the truth of your statements, you shall be placed, three days after your sermon, in the possession of everlasting beatitude."

After the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary had thus spoken, she disappeared, leaving the good religious so filled with interior joy and consolation that he was almost in an ecstasy. When Sunday came, he followed out the orders of his sweet Mother, and spoke with such unction and eloquence that all immediately took up the practice of the Rosary, and complied with all the other conditions prescribed by the Mother of God. Among those who were present on the occasion, and whose example greatly influenced the multitude, were several princes of the empire, and Alexander Bosconne, Legate *a latere* of Sixtus IV. to the Court of Emperor Frederic III. The Emperor himself, as soon as he heard of this wonderful preaching, requested his name to be recorded at the head of the Confraternity Register. The devotion of the people for the Rosary became intensified as soon as they saw the prediction of the Religious was fulfilled to the letter. He died without sickness or pain just three days after the consummation of his work, and joyfully rendered his soul into the care of his gracious Queen. It was in consequence of this famous event and of the deliverance of the city of Cologne from the siege and its concomitant evils, that the Dominicans began to preach with all their soul, the prayer of the Rosary, not only in Cologne, Germany, and Italy, but all over the world.¹

Such is, in brief, the glorious origin and the no less glorious

¹ Marchese, Diario, 7 Octobr. Leikes, O. P., *Rosa aurea*, pp. 89 et seqq.; Morassi, *Il Rosario*, pp. 476-7. Esempl. XLI.

resurrection of the Rosary. It is generally admitted that before St. Dominic's time there existed among the faithful the custom of repeating some Our Fathers and Hail Marys on strings with knots to them, or on some other such contrivances, used as counters. The number of Our Fathers and Hail Marys said, depended on the devotion or private intention of each individual; in other words, there was no rule determining or defining the number of such counters. The most careful examination into the ages anterior to the preaching of St. Dominic, has failed to produce a single vestige of the true Rosary as we now have it, and as it came to us from St. Dominic, viz., of the fifteen decades with meditation on the principal mysteries of our holy religion, and of the fixed number of one hundred and fifty Hail Marys and fifteen Our Fathers.

St. Dominic has been at all times, since the introduction of the Rosary into the world, regarded as its institutor, not only by authors the most learned and illustrious, but also by the Supreme Rulers of the Church. Among the latter we may cite Leo X., Adrian VI., Clement VII., Paul III., Julius III., Paul IV., Pius V., Sixtus V., Benedict XIII., Pius IX., and the present Vicar of Christ, Leo XIII., happily reigning and glorifying the great Patriarch of the Dominican Order and his devotion. The Bulls, Constitutions, Encyclicals, and other apostolic documents of the Supreme Pontiffs on the Rosary and St. Dominic, fully and expressly declare that St. Dominic, at the command of the Blessed Virgin Mary, established the Rosary. The holy Church of Christ refers to this fact when she reminds us in the Office of the Rosary that *St. Dominic, as tradition teaches, learned this devotion from the Blessed Virgin herself*. Hence the Rosary has been at all times considered as the inheritance and precious patrimony of the Dominican Order,¹ and therefore is it that the Roman Pontiffs have specially confided to its members the propagation of this devotion, and that they have at all times reserved exclusively to the Masters-General of the Dominican Order the faculty of erecting everywhere in the world, specially blessed and enriched Confraternities of the Rosary.

It is written in Heaven that this devotion shall everywhere and

¹ Benedict. XIII. Pretiosus. et Just. Miechov., O.P., Discur. III.

always accompany faith, be practised by the faithful, and consequently be everywhere propagated, and hence that persons of all orders, societies, congregations and dignities in the Church, and of all states, conditions, and ranks in the world, shall labor for its extension. But the Dominican Order, from the fact that it has received a special commission, both from the august Mother of God and from the holy Church, to propagate the Rosary, has been from the beginning, and will ever continue to be, under the Sovereign Pontiffs, the first and principal promoter and custodian of this *most divine*¹ of *Mary's devotions*. The Dominicans have received, as has been already stated, this inheritance from their Father St. Dominic, and the Church has confided to them especially the pleasing, noble, and sacred privilege of guarding, defending, cultivating, and propagating it until time shall be no more.

They must in the future, as they have at all times in the past, consider the propagation of the Rosary as their main duty, for on the faithful fulfilment of this glorious work, on the zeal and exactness manifested by them, both in practising it themselves, and in moving the people to attachment to it, depend the very life and prosperity of their Order, as the Holy Virgin has clearly declared to Blessed Alain: "So long," says Mary, "as my Rosary shall be kept up in the Order of the Friars-Preachers and preached by its members to the people, *wisdom, religious observance, astounding miracles, and glory before God and men, shall also be found among them.*"² These words of our Queen and Mother Mary give, in brief, the full history of the Dominican Order.

We have said that the Dominicans must consider the propagation of the Rosary their chief duty, for what else is the Rosary

¹ Carolus Borromæus—Acta ecclesiæ Mediolam., Vol. II., pag. 495.

² Quam constantem in Ordine traditionem Beatissima Virgo postea Beato Alano revelavit his verbis: "Quamdiu duravit hoc Psalterium in tali Ordine sancto, tamdiu scientia, sapientia, observantia, miraculorum fama et gloria apud Deum et homines in immensum floruit."—Ex. Cod. Alan. lib. ii. de 15 gemmis.

The clear meaning of the revelation to Blessed Alain is, that as the Blessed Mother caused the Order to flourish in the past by reason of its devotion to her Rosary, so she will continue to favor the Order, if its members preach and practise the Rosary.

but the Gospel of Jesus Christ, presented in an abridged and most intelligible form to the people, as Pope Leo X. has declared? The greatest opposition to the Rosary will always come from the devil, who hates it more than all other devotions to the Mother of God, from heretics whose ancestors in iniquity have been made to feel its crushing power, and from the worldly wise but spiritually blind members of the Church, whose disgusting pride is pointedly assailed by it. We can scarcely read, without shuddering, the horrible persecutions the devil stirred up against Blessed Alain, for the purpose of endeavoring to prevent him from preaching the Rosary, nor could we adequately describe the many efforts made by the foul fiend of darkness to divert the attention of that great servant of Jesus and Mary from the sublime work he was commissioned by them to perform.¹ "Blessed Alain was for seven years most cruelly harassed by the devil, and often beaten and unmercifully scourged by him. So severe were the blows inflicted on him by the arch-fiend, that of themselves they would have deprived him of life or driven him to despair, had not the holy Mother of God in her mercy brought strength, comfort, and relief to him in his afflictions."

St. Dominic, too, experienced the most annoying attacks from Satan and his already named agents, as we read in the most approved writers of the Rosary. The true servant of God and Mary, the faithful propagator of Mary's devotions, must never fear anything from either earth or hell, but unreservedly confide in her who never abandons those who labor for her Son's and her own glory in the salvation of souls.

Do not think of filthy lucre and animal minds together. Teach, as Christ taught, to do good. Dollars and cents can never pay the faithful minister nor the faithful teacher.—*Anon.*

¹ Marchese, *Diario*, 8 September.

² Ecce septem annos a diabolo fuit crudelissime tentatus, verberibus contusus et flagris diriter vapulatus.

Adeoquæ sævæ ea fuerunt verbera, ut ipsi vitam sæpius extorsissent aut eum ad desperationem adgissent, ni alma Dei Virgo miserata sic afflicto quandoque opem tulisset ac medicinam."—Ita Alanus de seipso: Vide Leikes, O.P., *Rosa aurea*, pag. 85.

THE FLOWERS OF TEARS AND BLOOD.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

WHEN Jesus came from Pilate's hall
Where His blessed blood had flowed
O'er marble pillar steps, and all,
To Calvary's rocky road,
Where worn and faint beneath the cross
He paused some strength to gain, •
O'er grass and weed, o'er flower and moss
The red blood fell like rain.

From thorn-crowned head and lash-torn veins,
The purple life drops fell,
The ribald crowd jeered at the stains
With mocking laugh and yell ;
But Mary knelt upon the sward
And kissed the marks there made,
Her tears flowed for her Son and Lord,
Deserted, scorned, betrayed.

And ancient legends tell that where
Tears mixed with blood that day,
A strange plant sprang, unknown and fair,
From the ensanguined clay.
Not pearly were its tender flowers,
Nor yet of crimson red;
Like that blessed tide through the long hours
For us on Calvary shed.

And since that day we always see,
When song birds sweetly sing,
When green leaves break on shrub and tree,
And myriad flowers spring,
The wild pinks blow in mead and fell,
In glen and sheltered wood;
And holy men have named them well,—
“The flowers of tears and blood.”

SOME IRISH DOMINICAN MARTYRS.

REGINALD WALSH, O. P.

FATHER R. F. MAC DOWELL, O. P.

FATHER Randal Felix MacDowell belonged to St. Patrick's Priory, Tulsk Co., Roscommon, which was founded in 1448 by the good old family of which he was a worthy scion. There is at present scarcely a vestige of the ancient Dominican house remaining, and few persons are acquainted even with the history of the spot where it stood; but of Father Felix it may be said that "the memory of him shall not depart away, and his name shall be in request from generation to generation." He died for the faith in Newgate Prison, Dublin. As is well known, the Church has in all ages regarded as martyrs those who so laid down their lives; thus, for example, the Roman Martyrology contains the names of many such witnesses to divine truth, "*in carcere*," "*in vinculis*," &c. And to mention what is, if possible, a still more apposite instance among the recently beatified English martyrs, *eight* of the Carthusians breathed their last, not on the scaffold at Tyburn, but within the walls of Newgate Prison, London.

The Dominican's career was a chequered one, so a brief sketch of its chief events will afford a glimpse at the vicissitudes of a priest's life in the penal times. We may be sure that it is a fair sample of what a devoted clergy experienced for centuries, dangers and difficulties on many sides, still the faith living on and triumphing over every obstacle. If here we may never adequately know the deeds of many of our predecessors in the ministry, it is at any rate an advantage to be able to form an idea of what kind of men they were. "*Ex uno disce omnes*." It was well-nigh impossible for any aspirant to the priesthood to be educated at home, hence Irish students were to be found in great numbers only on the Continent. The Dominicans generally went to Spain. Father Felix studied at Valladolid, and must have distinguished himself, for he was subsequently appointed to the chair of Philosophy in a house of his Order in Sardinia. After spending some time there in the discharge of his professorial duties, he was summoned to Rome, and was one of the seven Irish Dominicans present on the 20th of August, 1667, when Father John

O'Connor in the name of their province took possession of St. Sixtus' and St. Clement's. These churches, with their respective houses, were at the time united in one priory, designed to supply Dominican priests for the Irish mission. They were given by the General of the Order, Antonio de Monroy, and the grant was confirmed by Clement IX. and Clement X.

St. Sixtus', on the Appian Way, is one of the most venerated sanctuaries of the whole Order ever since it was hallowed by the presence of the great patriarch, St. Dominic. Everything in it is consecrated to his memory. Here he lived for a long time during his stay in the Eternal City; here also some of the most beautiful events in his life took place, and some of his greatest miracles were worked. The other house, St. Clement's, is too well known to all who have visited Rome to need further mention. As a pledge of Heaven's blessing on the future work of the priory dedicated to the martyr Popes, it was fitting that one of the first Irish religious to enter its ancient walls should be predestined to receive a martyr's palm. Meanwhile he was to prepare others for the work of gaining souls to Christ. Immediately after his arrival, as it would seem, he was appointed to teach theology to the Dominican students of the English province in the neighboring Priory of SS. John and Paul. This establishment had been obtained a short time previously from Clement X. by Cardinal Howard, O. P., for his English brethren. They continued to reside there till 1697; it then passed into the hands of the Vincentians, and at present it belongs to the Passionists, the relics of whose great founder, St. Paul of the Cross, repose in the adjoining church. We may be sure that those educated in its lecture hall for the English Mission by Father Felix imbibed a martyr's spirit.

In 1680 he was made Prior of St. Clement's where, as we read, "his holiness and fervor greatly promoted regular observance." So passed his days divided between prayer and study in his peaceful home in the Eternal City, till at length he was selected by his superiors for a scene of active labor, and returned to Ireland after an absence of many years. He came in the capacity of Missionary Apostolic. In 1689, he was appointed chaplain to a regiment in the army of the ill-fated James II., and if he remained so to the end, probably was present at the battle of the

Boyne. "Sacellanus legionis Dychamorum," says O'Heyne,¹ whatever "Dychamorum" may mean.² In the MS. Army List of James II., preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, the names of the chaplains are not given. In Dalton's edition of King James's Army List there is no McDowell among the chaplains; but in two places it is stated that the Rev.—McDonnell was chaplain to Henry Luttrell's regiment of horse. Perhaps it should be Rev.—McDowell. Certainly the name of the chaplain of Luttrell's regiment as written in the French Ambassador's Comte d'Avaux list (Britt. Mus. Add. MSS. 9763), according to a friend who is competent to judge, may be read "McDonnell" or "McDowell." Then we should add that the spelling in the list (which is in French) can hardly be relied on to decide the point, for in it we find such pardonable inaccuracies as Calanane, &c. On the other hand, the writer of these lines half suspects that O'Heyne's "Dychamorum" is only a word from the Greek (*δυσ χαμαι*), and if so, that it means "foot-soldiers." But in the above-mentioned list among the names of the chaplains of the infantry regiments, there is not one even resembling "McDowell." The question regarding the particular chaplaincy cannot be solved at present; but happily it is of little or no importance.

After the defeat of James II., Father Felix went abroad; then, after many wanderings, settled down for a time in England. At length, as did so many others, he turned his weary steps towards home, crossed the Channel, but had barely reached Dublin when, on account of his being a regular priest, he was thrown into prison, where he died a martyr's death, February 3d, 1707.

Such is the narrative as it appears in the *Hibernia Dominicana*, to which we will now add the following particulars taken from the MS. "Brevis Relatio," &c., mentioned above.³ In 1690 (pre-

¹ *Epilogus Chronologicus Prov. Hiberniæ Ord. Præd. Lovanii*, 1706.

² Only two copies of this work are known to exist: they are respectively in St. Mary's, Tallaght, and West Convent, Galway (Dominican houses).

³ "Illius tempore (Patris Ambrosii O'Connor) nonnulli recepti sunt in Conacia juvenes ad habitum et multi per ipsum in patriam revocati, ne Ordo ibidem omnino periret, et fideles spirituali alimonia carerent: ex quibus P. Dominicus Egan, Traliensis Momonia, captus Dublinii, post annos novem in carcere obiit; P. Prasentatus Felix McDoyle, Tulkiensis, captus prius Ballimor, et ad equi caudam ligatus Dublinium ad 40 miliaria ductus, evasit inde, et in Anglian

sumably) Father Felix was taken prisoner at Ballimor, then tied to a horse's tail, and made walk forty miles to Dublin. The present writer is unable to identify the place with certainty. The Ballimore in Co. Westmeath, and the Ballimore in Co. Longford, which topographically seem to have the best claims, are each fifty or sixty-four English miles from the metropolis, while the town of the same name in the Co. Roscommon is seventy-eight Irish or one hundred English miles, even if we measure in a straight line, and not by road. Ballymore-Eustace in Co. Kildare, though only English miles distant, is probably the spot indicated. Here we may suppose that soon after the battle of the Boyne, the Williamite soldiers in pursuit of the fugitives came up with the Jacobite chaplain, and continuing their search for a time, brought him by a circuitous route back to Dublin. He subsequently escaped to England, but was arrested there; however, he was liberated through the influence of the Spanish ambassador, whose chaplain he had been, and, as a favor, was suffered to go into exile a second time; in other words, to betake himself to the Continent.

Don Pedro Ronquillo, Count of Granedo,¹ was the Spanish ambassador in England from 1690 to 1693, when he was succeeded by the Marquis of Canales, who remained in office till 1700, when diplomatic relations between the two countries were broken off on account of the disputes ensuing on the Treaty of the Hague, and were not resumed until 1713. The Dominican must have been chaplain to one at least of these ambassadors. We cannot guess how Father MacDowell was discovered in England, nor the precise cause of his arrest there, but he was probably recognized as one who had escaped from Dublin. The *Hibernia Dominicana* would seem to indicate that he left Ireland on the accession of William of Orange, or soon after; then the circumstances of his first arrest certainly have a military rather than a legal appearance, even as the law was administered in those days. And

fugit, ubi captus favere Legati Hispanici (cujus capellanum egit) bis exulari pro favore obtinuit; sed in Hiberniam redux Anno 1706, captus fuit in ipso portu Dubliniensi et interrogatus quis esset, libere respondit Dominicanus sum, facite de me quod vultis, quia mori non vereor. Unde ad carcerem de Black-dog ductus, ibidem ad mortem detentus est."

¹ *Garma y Salcedo. Teatro Universal España*, chap. viii., pp. 124, 125.

he himself stated in his examination, *vid. infra*, that he "went from this kingdom about the year ninety-one." After his forced departure from England, he remained abroad for a time, and was then recalled by the Irish Provincial, Father Ambrose O'Connor (held office 1700-1709), who feared the extinction of his province, and the consequent loss of instruction, deprivation of the sacraments, &c., which the faithful would have to suffer at a time when there were comparatively few priests in the country. As the reader already knows, Father MacDowell returned to Dublin, and was at once thrown into prison—the MS. gives the date 1706, and the place the "Blackdog," a part of Newgate. Here the holy priest remained till death.

This was the extent of our knowledge regarding the manner of his martyrdom, till recently in the Public Record Office, Ireland, the legal documents of his indictment were providentially brought to light. All were discovered among the dusty bundles of indictments that appeared never to have been looked into since the Clerk of the Court tied them up in the reign of Queen Anne. They had no index, nor is there a clue of any kind to their contents except that those of each term are separate. In general they are of little utility and interest, being the dismal records of offences, great and small, committed in Dublin from 1702 to 1714; but those belonging to the Dominican martyr are of priceless worth:—

Cognovit Idictamentum.¹ To be transported.

Comitatus Civitatis Dublinensis, scilicet, jurati pro domina Regina super sacramentum suum dicunt et praesentant quod Randel alias ffelix Dowell nuper de Dublino in comitatu civitatis Dublini existens sacerdos Regularis ordinis Sancti Dominici et Ecclesiae Romanae decimo nono die Aprilis anno regni dominae nostrae Annae dei gratia Angliae, Scotiae, franciae, et Hiberniae Reginae, fidei defensoris &c quinto vi et armis videlicet gladiis, baculis &c in hoc regnum hiberniae videlicet apud Dublinum in parochia sancti Michaelis Archangeli in ward Sancti Michaelis in comitatu civitatis Dublini praedicto venit et adhuc remanet ipso eodem Randel alias ffelix Dowell tunc et adhuc existente sacerdote Regulari ordinis Sancti Dominici et Ecclesiae Romanae in malum et perniciosum exemplum aliorum in tali casu delinquentium et contra pacem dictae dominae Reginae coronam et dignitatem suam et contra formam statuti in hujusmodi casu editi et praevisi.

Peruse the annexed examination for proofs of this bill.

Tempore Paschali quinti anni &c Comitatus Civitatis Dublini.

Billa villa cum sociis,

JAMES BARLOW.

¹ *i. e.*, he pleaded guilty.

¹ County of the City of Dublin, to wit—The jurors for our lady the Queen, upon their oath say, and present that Randel, *alias* Felix Dowell, lately of Dublin, in the county of the city of Dublin, a regular priest, of the Order of St. Dominic, and of the Roman Church, on the nineteenth day of April, in the fifth year of the reign of our lady, Anne, Queen, by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, came with swords, staves, and so forth, into this Kingdom of Ireland, viz., in Dublin, in the parish of St. Michael the Archangel, in the ward of St. Michael, in the county of the city of Dublin aforesaid, and still remains there; he, the said Randel, *alias* Felix Dowell, being then and now a regular priest of the Order of Saint Dominic, and of the Roman Church, to the bad example of others in the like cause offending, and against the peace of our said lady the Queen, her crown and dignity, and against the form of the Statute in such case made and provided.

Easter Term, fifth year, &c.

County of the City of Dublin.

A true bill.

JAMES BARLOW, for Self and Fellows.

The examination of William Rowan, of Rings End, Surveyor, who being sworn saith:—

That upon Fryday, the 19 instant Aprill, this Exam^{te} being on duty on board the Charlott yatch, Captain George Breholt, Comander, which then arrived in this port of Dublin (as the capt said) from Chester, this Exam^{te} then found a man on board the s^d ship who called himself Randall Dowell, & the s^d Dowell being very solicitous to get leave to go on Shoar from the s^d ship with his cloak, bagg, and Leather Portmant in another Boat than which this Exam^{te} intended to carry the Passengers things, which gave this Exam^{te} cause to suspect the s^d Dowell for being an officer from France, or some Popish Bishop or Fryer or Preist, & thereupon this Exam^{te} ordered the s^d Dowell's cloak, bagg, and Portmant into the Queen's Boat, and examining the s^d Dowell in the presence of severall gentlemen who were then on board, the s^d Dowell at first declared he came from London * * * and is by trade a cabinet maker, but this Exam^{te} suspecting the truth of what he said of himself offered to search him the s^d Dowell who seemed unwilling to be searcht and resisted, but being compelled to submit, & this Exam^{te} found in his the s^d Dowell's Letter Case severall papers which shewed the s^d Dowell's name to be Phelix, & denoted him to be a Popish Preist or Fryar, & then the s^d Dowell declared he was a Preist, then this Exam^{te} sent the s^d Dowell in custody of Peter Vavesor and James Bradley, Tide waiter and Supernumary, to the Secretary of State or next Justice of the Peace together with the s^d papers, and understands they carryed the s^d Dowell and his papers to Alderman Quin, who committed him to prison, and there this Examinant saw him since, & saith the s^d Dowell

¹ This translation was revised by an Irish lawyer, as also the one against Father Egan.

being this day brought before the judges of the Queen's Bench confessed in open court he the s^d Dowell is a Dominican Fryer.

WILLIAM ROWAN.

Juratum coram me

April 24^o, 1706,

THOMAS QUIN.

Comitatus Civitatis Dublini.

The Examcon of Peter Vavesor, of Ring's End, Custome house officer, who being sworn saith:—

That this day there came into the Bay of Dublin the Charlett Yatch, & among other passengers there was a man who appeared to be a Popish Preist and confesses himself to be of the Dominican Order, and calls himself Randall Dowell who pretends to come here for his health, and has divers papers found about him by which he seems to be a Popish Missionary, ag^t whose coming here this Examinant understands there is a late Act of Parliament made, & therefore the sa Randall Dowell is brought to Justice.

P. VAVESOR,

JAMES BRADLY, &

PETER VAVESOR, Recognoverunt 20^l each.

Juratum coram me

April 19^o, 1706.

THOMAS QUIN,

Comitatus Civitatis Dublini.

The Examination of Randall, a/s Felix Dowell, who saith:—

That he is native of this Kingdom of Ireland, was educated at Valedolid in Spain, was ordained in this City of Dublin a Preist of the Dominican Order, between thirty and forty years since, that he went from this Kingdom about the year ninety-one, & has since been travelling in England and Holland, & came into England about three years since and dwelt there ever since, lodging in severall places in London, & last at the house of one Mr. Dean, a cook, near little Queen's Street, near Holburn, at the sign of the Goat, but being indisposed in health for half a year past was advised by some eminent Phisitions in London to return to his own Native country for the recovery of his health, & saith he came over here from Chester in the ship called the Charlett yacht. Captain Breholt Comander, & was this day seized because it appears he is one of the Romish Clergy.

RANDALL FELIX DOWELL.

Capta coram me

April 19^o, 1706.

THOMAS QUIN.

Then amidst the Queen's Bench Indictment of Hilary Term, 1706, there is the Newgate Prison Calendar, or return of those confined within its gloomy walls, which was signed on January 23d, by John Morrison, jailer. The year began on March 25th, so that Father Felix was then nine months in prison. The Calendar shows in

what company the accomplished theologian was condemned to end his days, for opposite each name, or group of names, the cause of imprisonment is set down. Among the prisoners two had been committed for murder, a third for stabbing, a fourth for perjury, a fifth for felony, others as accomplices in the same evil deed, and so on to the end of the sad catalogue. The one bright spot is where we see the names of the priests.

Record Office, Ireland (Crown Office, Queen's Bench), Indictments

H. 1706. 2F. 16. 15.

A Callendr of the Prisoners in her Maties Goale of Newgate this present Terme being the 23rd of this Inst. Jan^y, 1706.

DOMINICK EAGAN	}	Fryars tryed and convicted at Queen's Bench.
GEORGE MARTIN		
FFELEX <i>alias</i> RANDLE		
DOWLE		
THOMAS BLUNTT	}	Fryars transmitted from Trim.
JAMES DONOUGH		
PHILLIP BRADY		

JOHN MORRISON, Goaler.

When we read that the interior of Newgate was an appalling scene of corruption, we may form some notion of what these confessors of the faith had to undergo. Add to this the material horrors of that dungeon of which Howard the philanthropist thus writes:—"I well remember the dreadful state of Dublin Newgate in the beginning of the year 1775, when I saw numbers of poor creatures ill with the gaol fever, unattended and disregarded." Yet it had been altered and improved about 1750.¹ In its former

¹ Newgate was in Cornmarket. The city prison owed its name to its being connected with the gate of which mention is made so far back as 1188. This stood where Francis Street now joins Thomas Street. A portion of the old prison still remains at the corner of Lamb Alley. The part of it mentioned in the manuscript is thus described in Gilbert's *History of Dublin* (vol. 1, page 266):—"In the 'Black Dog' there were twelve rooms for the reception of prisoners, two of which contained five beds each; the others were no better than closets, and held but one bed each. The general rent for lodging in these beds was one shilling per night for each man, but in particular cases a much higher price was charged. It frequently happened that four or five men slept together in the same bed, each individual still paying the rent of one shilling. Prisoners unable to meet these demands were immediately dragged to a damp subterranean dungeon, about twelve feet square and eight feet high, which had no light except what was admitted through a common sewer. In this noisome oubliette, frequently fourteen, and sometimes twenty persons were crowded together, and there robbed and abused by criminals, who

state Father Felix might have well exclaimed, "It is better with them that were slain by the sword." At his advanced age it was impossible to withstand the effects of such confinement and ill-usage, and he succumbed to it in less than two years. Let us hope that he could be visited and consoled by his brother priests, and still more frequently as his death drew near. When at last the bright morning of February 3d, 1707, dawned, Father Felix McDowell hailed it as the day of his deliverance here and of his entrance into the eternal joys of that life beyond the grave.

FATHER DOMINIC EGAN, O.P.

None would have ministered to him with more tender respect than Father Dominic Egan, his brother Dominican, and martyr in his turn, to whose history the remainder of this article will be devoted. He, the last of his Province to suffer for the faith, was a member of the community of Holy Cross Abbey, Tralee. Like most of his brethren at the time, he too went through the course of his ecclesiastical studies, partly at least, in some Spanish house of the Order. On his journey homeward in 1700 (if it be not a misprint instead of 1702), according to O'Heyne and Dr. Burke, he was arrested in Dublin and condemned to prison. There is a discrepancy about the date. According to the legal documents quoted below, it was in 1702. Then, as regards the time he spent in Newgate, Dr. Burke says he died in 1713, whilst the manuscript states that he died after nine years' imprisonment. The vigilance of the Custom House officials was indeed so strict and constant, that we may well wonder that any priest could on his return from the Continent succeed in passing through the midst of them; yet as we know, by the special intervention of Providence many devoted missionaries entered Ireland undiscovered, and kept the light of faith burning with undimmed lustre, while those who were captured in the endeavor became so many victims whose blood pleaded to Heaven for mercy. O'Heyne, who wrote at Louvain, in 1706, mentions Father MacEgan's fate, which he appears to have learned from Father Peter Kinna, the Prior of

though under sentence of transportation were admitted to mix among the debtors; and if any person attempted to come up stairs during the daytime, to obtain air or light, he was menaced, insulted, and driven down again by Hawkins, or his satellite Martin Coffey, the turnkey of the goal."

Holy Cross, who had, he says, sent him for his work a full account of the members of the Community in Tralee. During his Priorship, Father Kinna had received to the habit, besides Brother Dominic MacEgan, nine novices, one of whom was at Louvain, in 1706, the others were scattered in various houses of study throughout France and Spain, while the companion of their novitiate was confined on a charge of high treason in a felon's cell in Newgate. Here, however, incredible as it may seem, he had the inestimable consolation of saying Mass every day. Not only were his fellow-prisoners allowed to be present, but externs also, some of whom long afterwards related this to Dr. Burke, himself a native of Dublin, born in 1710. We know from its history that bribes were all powerful in Newgate, yet we could not believe that a priest condemned as such would even by this means get permission to perform the sublimest work of his sacred office, and to administer the sacraments, if we were not assured by persons whose veracity is unquestionable that Father MacEgan was allowed. Under the very eyes of the law he was committing with impunity the greatest *crime* of which he could be guilty. In default of further information we can only suppose that his relations, or some charitable citizen of Dublin found a sure way to the good graces of the jailer, the illiterate John Morrison. By whatever means it was obtained, the privilege of hearing Mass in Newgate was still more highly prized by those from outside, as, at the time, the chapels of the city were closed, by order of the Lord Lieutenant.

Father MacEgan's life in prison was that of a true son of St. Dominic. He brought back to the paths of virtue several criminals by his continual admonitions, as well as by the example of his holy life. His zeal and charity were especially active in regard to those under sentence of death, and among them were many whom he converted to the Catholic religion. Thus did this saintly priest in the most adverse circumstances reap an abundant harvest during his long imprisonment, and prove himself a good and faithful servant in whom the glorious line of Dominican martyrs in Ireland was worthily ended. In the Record Office, Dublin, is still to be seen the Original Bill of Indictment or condemnation of Father Constantine Dominic MacEgan for

being a regular priest. It is almost word for word the same as that of Father Felix MacDowell. The indictment is, of course, in Latin, according to the practice of our law courts till fifty or sixty years ago, but the examination is in English. Both these documents were, when discovered, in a very bad state of preservation, being mildewed and stuck together, and the faded writing on many parts of the parchment containing the bill was at first quite illegible, and on a few it still remains so. The action of the damp for nearly two centuries has also corroded the edges and other parts of the paper on which the examination was written. It should be mentioned that this document is the outside one, or the first of the bundle of indictments (Easter Term, 1702), and therefore the most exposed, which accounts for its present condition, dating as it does from a time when the Records were not preserved with the admirable care that they are at present. The lacunæ, or missing parts of the indictment, have been filled up in the accompanying translation (the form of such bills being practically invariable), those of the examination have been left blank; in both cases the lacunæ in the originals are indicated here by brackets.

Indictments, &c. (Crown Office, Queen's Bench), Trinity
Term, 1702.—No. 1.

Comitatis Civitatis Dublinensis, scilicet Jurati pro domina Regina super sacramentum suum dicunt et præsésentant quod Dominicus alias Constantinus Egan de Dublin in comitatu Civitatis Dublinensis Regularis sacerdos Anglice a ffryar de ordine Sancti Dom () do die Maii anno regni dominae nostrae Annae dei gratia Angliae, Scotiae, ffranciae et hiberniae Reginae fidei defensoris, &c., primo apud Civitatem Dublin videlicet in () Sancti Michaelis Ar. () in Ward Sancti Michaelis in comitatu ejusdem civitatis vi et armis videlicet gladiis baculis et cultellis, &c., existens Regularis Sacerdos Anglice a ffryar de ordine Sancti Dominici de Ecclesia Romana remanens in hoc Regnum hiberniae & nunc existens infra comitatum civitatis Dublin praedictae in malum & perniciosum exemplum aliorum in tali casu delinquentium & contra pacem dictae dominae Reginae coronam et dignitatem suam et contra formam Statuti, &c.

Peruse the annexed examination

for proove of this Bill. Billa vera cum sociis

JAMES COTTINGHAM.

Tempore Paschali primo Anno Reginae

Cognovit Indictamentum, i Iudicium redditum

County of the city of Dublin, to wit.—The jurors for our lady the Queen, up-

on their oath say, and present that Dominic, *alias* Constantine Egan, of Dublin, in the county of the city of Dublin, a regular priest *anglice*, "a ffryar" of the Order of Saint Dom(inic) on the secon(d) day of May, in the first year of the reign of our lady, Queen, by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, came into the city of Dublin, viz. (in the parish) of Saint Michael the Ar(changel) in the ward of Saint Michael, in the county of the same city, with force and arms, viz., with swords, staves, and so forth; he being a regular priest *anglice* "a ffryar" of the Order of Saint Dominic, of the Roman Church, and remaining in the Kingdom of Ireland, and at present within the county of the city of Dublin aforesaid, to the evil example of others in the like cause offending against the peace of our said lady, the Queen, her crown and dignity, and against the form of the Statute, in such case made and provided.

Easter Term, first year of the Queen's Reign.

A true bill.

JAMES COTTINGHAM, for Self and Fellows.

He pleaded guilty, and judgment was given accordingly. He pleaded guilty.

Cognovit I.

() com of Dominick als Constantine () of y^e order of St. () taken before me () fforster Recorder of y^e City of Dublin.

Wh () being examined sayeth & confeseth y^t he this Examinant in y^e yeare 1685 was professed a fryar in y^e Order St. Dominick at Tralee n ye County of Kerry and was admitted then into y^e order by Father John Browne. Provincial of y^e order of St. Dominick in Ireland and by Father Peter Kenon who was Prior of y^e Convent of St. Dominicke in y^e towne of Tralle. That y^e Examinant went from Corke in y^e yeare 1687 to Spaine and there continued till about two yeare and a half last past & then the Examinant went to Lisbon in Portugal & there continued till his return into this kingdom in y^e ship called y^e George of Dublin, out of which ship this Examinant landed () of May. Th () sayeth y^t Dr. Pei () Romish Bpp. of Waterf. () this Examinant was desired to del () y^e small note found in y^e Ex () papers sayeth that the said Peirse was in Ireland and sent thence by virtue of the late Act of Parliament for banishing the Romish regular Clergy and Bishops, but whether he be now in this kingdom or not this Examinant knoweth not.

Captum Coram me

2^{do} die Maii 1702.

JOHANNES FFORSTER.

The Bishop of Waterford, referred to, the Right Rev. Richard Peirsse, was nominated May 21st, 1696. He is, perhaps, the "Father Richard Peirce," one of the chaplains in King James the

Second's army.¹ For many years he lived an exile in France. He was Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Sens, and died, aged eighty years, in 1736. The note addressed to him, and the other papers, have not been preserved. Neither were those which were seized on when Father MacDowell was arrested.

Considerable pains have been taken to discover the indictment of Father George Martin, whose name occurs between those of the two Dominicans, Fathers MacEgan and MacDowell, but so far the search has proved fruitless. Judging from the order of names in the Newgate calendar, his indictment ought to be in the Rolls, 1702-1706. True it is difficult to find anything in them; yet many, if not all, have been carefully examined. However, it may be useful to note that the MacDowell indictment was not in its place, but amongst those marked as belonging to a term earlier by several years; nor was the MacEgan indictment where the *Hibernia Dominicana* would have led one to look for it. That Father Martin was not a Dominican, may for the present be taken as negatively proved by the silence of our historians. It is not known of what order he was. Inquiries were made respecting him in various religious houses, but no one appeared to have ever heard of his name. Perhaps some of our readers will throw light on the subject. At any rate, the documents recording Father Martin's fate are probably still extant in the Four Courts, Dublin. The same obscurity still rests over the history of two out of the three religious who were sent up from Trim, but in their case it is to be feared that we shall never learn more, at least from legal records, for those of Trim prison do not extend further back than 1837. The three had been in Newgate fourteen months before the date of the calendar mentioned above, as appears from another, of November 6th, 1705, which is also kept in the Record Office. (Queen's Bench Indictments, Michalmas Term, 1705.) This (the only other one so far discovered) contains also the names of Father MacEgan and Father Martin; but, of course, not that of Father MacDowell, who was captured in the following April (1706). With regard to the third of the Trim priests, Father Philip Brady, it is very probable that he was a Franciscan.

¹ See a list in *State of the Protestants in Ireland under King James's Government*. London: 1691.

Marsh's Library has amongst its treasures the "Particular Account of the Romish Clergy Secular and Regular in every Parrish of the Diocese of Dublin, March 2nd, 1697" (v. 3. l. 18), and this list contains under the heading of "St. Nicholas without the walls, Regulars of ye Order of St. Francis," the name of "Philip Brady." If our conjecture is correct, we may suppose that Father Brady was subsequently sent to the house of his Order at Multifarnham, or that in Trim; and arrested there some time before November, 1705. None of the other names mentioned here occurs in the "Particular Account." It was evidently drawn up in connection with the "Act of Banishment" passed in the same year, as a preparation for the thorough execution of that infamous law—in order that the Government should be fully informed of the names and residences of the Dublin priests that were to be driven out of the country, as well as of those who were to be suffered to remain. The list was deposited in the Protestant Archbishop's library.

The statute in virtue of which the two Dominican martyrs were condemned is the following :—

THE NINTH YEAR OF WILLIAM III., 1697.

Chapter I. (Ireland.)

An Act for banishing all Papists exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and all regulars of the Popish clergy out of this kingdom.

Whereas it is notoriously known that the late rebellions in this kingdom have been contrived, promoted, and carried on by Popish archbishops, bishops, Jesuits, and other ecclesiastical persons of the Romish clergy; and forasmuch as the peace and publick safety of this kingdom is in danger, by the great number of said archbishops, bishops, Jesuits, friers, and other regular Romish clergy now residing here, and settling in fraternities and societies contrary to law, and to the great impoverishing of many of his Majesty's subjects of this kingdom, who are forced to maintain and support them, which said Romish clergy do not only endeavor to withdraw his Majesty's subjects from their obedience, but do daily stir up and move sedition and rebellion to the greater hazard of the ruine and desolation of this kingdom; for the prevention of all which mischiefs his Majesty is graciously pleased that it be enacted, and be it enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in Parliament assembled, and by authority of the same, that all Popish archbishops, bishops, vicars general, deans, Jesuits, monks, friers, and all other regular Popish clergy, and all Papists exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction shall depart out of this kingdom before the first day of May, which shall be in the year of our Lord One Thousand Six hundred and Ninety-eight; and if any of the said

ecclesiastical persons shall be at any time after the first day of May within the kingdom, they, and every of them, shall suffer imprisonment, and remain in prison without bail or mainprize till he or they shall be transported beyond seas, out of his Majesty's dominions, wherever his Majesty, his heirs or successors, or the chief governor or governors of this kingdom for the time being shall think fit; and if any person so transported shall return again into this kingdom they, and every of them, shall be guilty of high treason; and every person so offending shall for his offence be adjudged a traytor and shall suffer loss and forfeit as in case of high treason.

This was not to be a dead letter. Measures were at once taken to give it full effect, to make one sweeping stroke that would, as was fondly imagined, blot out for ever the name of the Catholic Church in Ireland. Many a Protestant magistrate anticipated in spirit the hopes of a certain Lord Lieutenant who promised to clear the kingdom of every Papist before a twelvemonth. No effort was spared to discover the hiding-places of bishops and others against whom the plot was laid, and no time was lost in driving them all out of the country. Two months after the Act came into operation, on the 7th of July, 1698, only one archbishop and three bishops remained, in hourly danger; the others were scattered over Belgium, France, and Spain. Four hundred and fifty-four regular priests (one hundred and ninety from Galway, one hundred and fifty-three from Dublin, thirty-seven from Cork, thirty-six from Waterford, &c.), were also sent into exile. It has been said by a distinguished writer that at no period in our history, not excepting even the Cromwellian, were the prospects of the Irish Catholics gloomier than at the close of the seventeenth century. The darkest schemes then took place of open brutality, and a systematic plan for the destruction of the hierarchy as a whole was substituted for the murder of individuals. The persecutor sought souls rather than bodies. It was not the annihilation of a nation that was aimed at now, so much as its perversion. It was a repetition in part of Cromwellian cruelty, with perhaps more than Cromwellian astuteness.

But there were more with us than against us. Saints and angels pleaded our cause with redoubled fervor. The Mother of Mercy looked down on the faithful people now about to pass through another fearful ordeal, and a miracle proclaimed her tender compassion and powerful aid. Far away from Ireland, an Irish picture of the Blessed Virgin and Child is venerated in the

Cathedral of Raab in Hungary, where it was brought by Walter Lynch, Bishop of Clonfert, who was obliged to fly in 1652. His library had been burned, he himself almost starved to death in Innisboffin, and all he possessed when he reached Raab as its future Coadjutor-Bishop was his beloved picture. He had succeeded in preserving it at least from the sacrilegious hands of the Puritan soldiery. On St. Patrick's Day in 1697, this figure of our Lady was covered with a bloody sweat for three hours. It was like the agony in the garden. The prodigy was witnessed by devout multitudes, yet awe-struck as they were, perhaps but few knew its full meaning, and realized what was about to happen in the distant isle from which the picture came.

Ireland's history for some years was to be once more a page of blood, but she who is the comfortress of the afflicted and the Queen of Martyrs was there to help her children. Even in the thick of the conflict in 1701, the one Archbishop, Dr. Comerford of Cashel, was still at his post. He was now the sole survivor, for the Bishops of Dromore and Cork were in prison. But help came before long. And here and there, in wood and bog, on barren mountain and by the lonely shore, some religious who had managed to elude the vigilance of the keen-eyed officials charged with the execution of the edict, assisted the heroic secular clergy. These religious must have given the priest-hunters a great deal of trouble. It is said that one of the captains of the transport ships complained pathetically that it was very hard to get rid of the Dominicans. The provincial, whose name occurs above, Father Ambrose O'Connor, states in his report on the state of Ireland, presented to Clement XI. in 1704, that there were about ninety of his subjects in the country, "*ingenti cum fructu occulte evangelizantes*," besides five who were in prison for the Faith. One of these was Father Dominic Egan. The reader has already seen how he and another who subsequently joined him in Newgate were captured as they came to the help of their brethren.

Let us hope that at no distant day Catholic Ireland may behold her glorious children raised to the altars of the Church, and that these beatified martyrs from their thrones in heaven may help us to tread, however feebly, in their own bright footsteps, and thus at length to reach our home.

THE HOUSE OF ST. GUDWALL; A DREAM OF
WHAT MIGHT BE.*(Continued.)*

"WHAT a lark!" said the good-humored Barry, "to get caught in this way! This island is a regular foot-trap, baited with rabbits, and here are we three ninnies nicely shut up for the next twenty-four hours, at least, if not for longer!" The other two laughed at his coolness, and continued their work, feeding the ferret and the two dogs, and all making up their mind to make the best of it, as all sensible folk should do in like circumstances. The hamper contained a huge veal pie, ham, cold tongue, and a lot of other picnic dainties,—not forgetting half a dozen bottles of porter; but as all this would keep, they thought it best to cook for themselves that day, and leave the rest for the morrow, in the hopes of having the young Gryffyths to join them in the feast. The potatoes were soon swinging over the fire in a proper *crochan*, and a frying-pan with some dripping was simmering on the embers to receive the rabbits, cut up into convenient pieces. The pieces when fried were put into a dish near the fire to keep warm, and hot water being poured into the frying-pan, with an onion or two sliced, a little flour, pepper and salt, a rich brown gravy was quickly concocted, which, poured over the pieces of fried rabbit, made a dish fit for a king. This with the potatoes well boiled in sea-water made no despicable dinner for three hungry lads, whose appetites were whetted by exercise and the free air of the sea! After dinner they sat awhile quietly, Barry and Irwin smoking, while Fuller washed the dishes and put them back in their hamper; then, the rain having ceased, they all three went out to look about them. The wind was still blowing hard enough to make walking more difficult than pleasant, and the sea was white with foam between them and the mainland, whilst out at sea the white-caps were plenty as daisies in a pasture. "No chance of leaving this till to-morrow!" said Barry; "we shall have to rough it, and no mistake. A bed of heath without blankets or pillows will not be a very warm affair."

His companions made no reply, and soon all three were clamoring about the island, now together, now separate, searching for

gulls' eggs, and exploring the rocks of the island for curiosities. Barry and Irwin kept together,—they had been chums at Rugby, and at Oxford were inseparable—Barry being a good humored and good natured fellow, not over given to reading, and Irwin being much of the same kidney. Fuller was a *Gesús*' man, a hard reader, but little given to university amusements, and yet by no means a "sap," for he rowed stroke in the *Gesús*' boat, and had once saved the life of Barry when upset with him in a punt on the *Isis*. He was rather a book-worm, fond of reading old, out-of-the-way chronicles, and such like, and belonged to a very High Church set; but he was neither gloomy nor unsociable. Still he liked a solitary ramble better than to make one of three, which is proverbially stupid for the third party. A little after sunset all returned to the hut, and after having brought in some dry heath to sleep on, they stirred up the fire, and made preparations for supper. A few sea-gulls' eggs, a slice or two of cold ham, bread and butter and coffee, without sugar (which had been forgotten), made a tolerable meal; and Fuller having discovered a few rude rushlights, and an iron candlestick made like a pair of nippers, to hold them, hidden away in a sort of oven in the chimney-corner, they had light enough to read a little, which all three were well inclined to do, being weary of rambling and talking. After an hour or two spent in this way, Barry gave a yawn, pitched his book at Irwin, and giving a jump backwards to escape the prompt retort in kind which followed, exclaimed: "There now, I couldn't help it! We were all looking so glum, and Irwin especially, half asleep over *Pickwick*, with his mouth open wide enough to swallow the *Fat Boy*! Do let us get up a lark of some kind! I vote we make a bon-fire, as a signal of distress, and try if some of those fisherman at *Tyn y Cwmud* will venture out to take us to the mainland. Anything would be better than vegetating here."

"My dear fellow," said Irwin, "there's not the shadow of a chance of anyone coming out to-night, for the boats at *Tyn y Cwmud* are mere cockle-shells,—the *Gryffyth's* boat is as good as any of the lot, and *Morgan* is not the man to leave us here if it had been possible to beat up for the island in it. I saw them bearing away for home as fast as they could; they had set a bit of sail and were scudding away to get into shelter; they

knew we were safe here, and that it would be as much as they could do to get home before there were too much sea on for such a small boat to live. Moreover, I don't see the fun of alarming Mrs. Gryffyth more than is necessary, nor of burning all the dry fuel to make a bon-fire."

"Excuse me," said Fuller, "but I believe you are both right in some points: I think it would do no harm to light a small fire, at three different points on the side next Tyn y Cwmud, just to let Mrs. Gryffyth know that we are all right, and then put them out after about half an hour, to prevent wasting fuel, and show that they were not signals of distress. What do you say to that?"

"All right!" said both at once, and off they went to prepare three goodly fagots of furze to put the plan in practice. In a few minutes more three beacons were flaring away, about fifty yards one from the other, and in about ten minutes more, four similar flames from the heights above the creek at Tyn y Cwmud showed that the signal had been seen and understood. The four were to show that the boat-party had reached the shore in safety, for which a fervent "Thank God!" came from the lips and hearts of our three islanders. None of them were of that school that is ashamed to acknowledge God's providence in small things. Much relieved in mind they returned to the hut, and prepared to pass the night on their heathy shake-downs with what grace they might, seeing there was no help for it. Irwin being rather delicate, Fuller lent him a large plaid he had brought with him. Barry had a railway rug they had brought to sit on at the picnic, while Fuller declared he wanted nothing, as he should move his bed into the chimney-corner, and keep a turf or two smouldering on the hearth during the night.

CHAPTER II.

HEATHER BEDS.

Sleep, even the sleep of youth, will not always come when called for, like the spirits that Owen Glendwr (Glendower) used to call "from the vasty deep." Especially difficult our three collegians found it to sleep on beds of heather, without sheets or blankets, and with their clothes on. Many a toss and turn they gave on their uneasy couches, and many a time they rose to try and arrange them more comfortably.

"Oh, my!" said Barry, "the branches of this heath are by no means comfortable,—I nearly impaled myself on a huge crooked root! I say, Fuller, what's to be done, old fellow, for I can't sleep a wink on this stuff?"

"In Scotland," said Fuller, "they make a heather bed by packing the heath, end up, in a wooden box, and then spreading a plaid or blanket over it; it is then as elastic as a soft hair mattress, or even a feather bed. But, as we haven't got the box, and that way is unattainable, I think the next best way would be to get up and pluck the little twigs of heath away from the stocks and roots, and then make our beds anew. It will be a long job, but will ensure our sleeping at least a few hours."

To this no demur was made, and each set to work at his own heap, plucking and sorting, and less inclined to sleep than ever.

"Now Fuller," said Barry, "fire away, man! Tell us what those old Culdees used to sleep on when they were here, and what else you have found out about them in your ramblings."

"What makes you so curious about the Culdees, Barry? I never knew you take such interest in anything of the kind before."

"It is the *genius loci*, I suppose, because I never cared much about it before, as you say; but the idea of monks living in such a strange spot as this tickled me so much that I can't help thinking of it, and that was what prompted the question. Moreover, I cannot help thinking that *you* had something of the kind in your mind's eye when you became so eager to land here, and I knew that rabbiting never was much to your taste. There, now, I've made a clean breast of it!"

"Well," said Fuller, "you were not far wrong; I *was* a little curious to see the place of which I had read, though what I know of it is very little. I read that St. Gudwall, (and not Tudwall, as modern books have it) dwelt upon this island,—then called Plecit, with one hundred and eighty-eight companions, who spent their time in manual labor, study, and prayer. They followed the rule of the Irish monks, as they did at Llancarvan, under St. Cordoc, in the fifth century, and at Bangor-is-Coed and other places. How one hundred and eighty-eight monks managed to support themselves here without having property on the mainland, I cannot make out, but I expect they must have received alms of

provisions, as happened to St. Benedict, St. Steven Harding, and St. Bernard, when they were founding their order or reforming it, though their rule also obliged them to live by the labor of their hands. The four rules of the Culdees now extant are, 1st, that of St. Columb-kille; 2d, of St. Comgall; 3d, of St. Carthay; and 4th, of St. Ailbee. Which of them was followed here, I do not know, but all were so much alike that it makes little difference, and most of the monasteries founded by the Culdees in Wales, Scotland, and England afterward embraced the rule of St. Benedict, some retaining a few of their original constitutions, some not, while those that were founded in Ireland mostly followed in after times the rule of St. Austin, retaining their own constitutions. St. Gudwall, the founder of this monastery, afterwards went into Brittany, where he succeeded St. Malo in the See of that name, then called Aleth, where he died. He also founded another monastery in Devonshire, before he went to Brittany, and died early in the seventh century at a good old age, full of merits before God and man. When he was born, nor when he died,—that is, the exact year—is not known, but his feast is kept on the 6th of June, which probably was the day of his death. This is all I have been able to find out about him, and yet many a beautiful biography has been made out of poorer materials."

"But did you find nothing in your wanderings about the island?"

"Nothing very particular. The storms of several centuries, and the more ruthless hands of man have left few vestiges of the ancient monasteries. Moreover, this was probably a *lama*, that is, a cluster of detached cells built round about the church, in which each monk lived, ate, slept, and labored, and only saw his fellows when they met at the daily and nightly office in the church, or when they dug together in the field. The walls of this hut in which we are, have evidently been partly built with the stones of the old monastery. In those early times when rules had to be made to restrain the monks from excessive austerities rather than to excite them to penance, such a bed as we are making for ourselves would be considered far too luxurious for religious. Few would be allowed to sleep on the bare ground, even in summer, in so damp a climate as this, but a layer of heath or rushes, with a log or a stone for a pillow, and the monk's coarse habit of

wool, with his sheep-skin melotes to serve as blanket or coverlid, would probably be as near an approach to a bed as those mortified men would tolerate."

"But," said Barry, "such things would hardly do for this civilized age; we are too soft a generation nowadays to mortify our flesh in that fashion, even admitting that there were any good in it."

"Well, I don't know about that," continued Fuller; "when I was in Portugal some years ago with my father, we went to see the old convent of Arrabida, where some reformed Franciscans had lived till 1834, when the convents in that country were suppressed, and we saw their cells. They had no glass in their windows, and their beds were mere planks of wood, with a roll of cork, or a log for a pillow. One of the monks told us they were allowed a mat of soft reeds to lay upon the boards, but that they generally found it more comfortable to lie upon the boards, and throw away the '*estieras*.' The cells, and consequently the beds, were so small that a tall religious, in order to lie at full length, had to put his feet into a hole in the wall, and the cells not being in a covered gallery, but arranged in pairs after the manner of a *laura*, they had to go out in all weathers to the office in the church, to the refectory, and other duties, as they were summoned by the clapping of some boards hung against a wall, in place of a bell. The Varatojanos, and Brancunnistas, and other reformed congregations of Franciscans, lived just as austere, as did also the Discalced Carmelites in the Cork convent at Cintra. So you see there have been men living within the last few years quite like the old Culdees that cause you so much astonishment."

"Well," said Irwin, "whilst you two fellows have been claver-ing about the Culdees, I have plucked all my heath, and am quite ready to use it, too, for I am deucedly sleepy!" So saying he lay down, and drawing the plaid well about him, was soon snoring most vigorously, to the no small amusement of his less sleepy companions. They continued their tedious task for awhile in silence, Fuller finishing his share and helping Barry to finish his. By the time this was done, both were sufficiently sleepy, and wishing each other good-night they each tried to sleep, and spite of hard ground and rough heather, sleep they did, till the screams

of the sea-fowl awoke them early the next morning. Then shaking themselves after their rather uneasy night, they hurried down to the cove, where they had landed the day before, stripped, and plunged into the now gently heaving sea. After swimming about a few minutes they landed and dressed, and felt themselves quite refreshed. Nothing is better than a bath to renovate a man after fatigue or a bad night's rest. After their bath, Barry and Irwin went out with the dogs for a run, while Fuller, after waiting until they were out of sight, took what appeared to be an old path, worn or cut along the rocks by the sea-side, and requiring a careful tread as he went along. This led him to a little cave, the entrance to which appeared a mere fissure in the rock, but on entering it you would perceive a little chamber, hollowed out by the hand of nature at first, but evidently added to, and made more shapely afterwards by human hands. Besides the fissure that served as an entrance, (and which bore marks of having been closed with a wooden door in former times) there were two smaller orifices, looking seaward to serve as windows, and at the further end there was a small altar cut in the rock, with a rudely-carved cross from which an image of Our Lord, in high relief, had been knocked off, and two niches, now empty in the rock at the back, the crucifix having been cut in the rock itself, and the niches on either side probably containing holy images, which had long since disappeared. The cave was tolerably dry, a little salt lay upon the altar from the sea-water blown in by the gale of the day before, and the walls also bore a crusty covering of the same substance; otherwise it looked more like a crypt than a cave. Here Fuller uncovered himself reverently, and kneeling down before the altar began lifting up his heart to God, praying heartily, but silently, well knowing that he was little likely to be interrupted.

He had not been there very long, however, when a rabbit came rushing into the cave, closely followed by Shook and Taffy, and in another moment by Barry and Irwin, who were not a little surprised to meet their companion in such a place.

"Well, here's a go!" said Barry. "Old Fuller turned hermit in a hole of the rocks, and found by means of a rabbit, like St. Giles in the old legend,—found by the means of a fawn!"

Fuller, who had risen from his knees ere his companions en-

tered, was busy saving the rabbit from the dogs;—it had taken sanctuary, he said, and ought in no wise to be injured,—but the dogs did not understand the matter at all, and were barking furiously at the poor little thing, which lay nestling and trembling in Fuller's bosom. In the midst of this din they made their way out of the cave, and on reaching the upper ground, he deposited his protégé at the mouth of one of the numerous burrows, into which it plunged, and disappeared in an instant.

"What in the world are you dreaming of, Fuller? What took you down into that hole?" said both together.

"I found it yesterday in my wanderings, and so I just stepped in to say my morning prayers," said Fuller, simply.

His companions looked at one another for a moment, and then Barry exclaimed:

"You are quite right, Fuller, and I don't think it would do us any harm to do the same, for to tell you the truth, I never thought about it!" and so saying, off he darted, down the path, with Irwin after him, and Fuller went back to the hut to make preparations for breakfast. Coffee was soon steaming, ham sliced, bread and butter cut and piled, and everything ready for a substantial meal when the other two entered, and all three did such justice to the same as a cold bath and a morning walk in the sea-air would warrant. This done, they all went to the side of the island next Tyn y Cwmud, and began looking out anxiously for the boat. The sea was calm enough, there was hardly any wind stirring, and it was hardly eleven o'clock when they saw it coming, with oars and sails, and the little flag with the motto of the Gryffths, "*Gru-ei-ffydd*" in blue on a white ground.

"They are taking it coolly enough," said Irwin. "I suppose they think it good fun to be left out here on a rock, and have to pick heathers to make a bed!"

"Take it easy, old fellow," said Barry. "They couldn't help it; and I dare say were anxious enough about us last night, though we were in less danger than they."

The boat at last arrived, and the four lads leaped ashore, leaving two men who had come with them to secure it.

"Hurrah!" cried Morgan Gryffth. "All right! We were in such a fright about you! That little cockle-shell of a boat began

shipping so much water when we tried to beat up yesterday, and it began blowing so hard that we were obliged to run for home, and indeed, we were all wet and half-drowned when we got there. We knew that you were in no danger, as the island would hardly be swamped, no matter what sea was on, but we thought you would be so uncomfortable. Where and how did you sleep?"

"Oh, we did well enough,—slept at the hovel down there,—made beds of heath,—such a go! Irwin, here, nearly fainting at the idea of sleeping out of a feather bed;—bathed this morning,—capital breakfast,—made a great hole in the ham,—some left, though;—vote we go and finish it!"

All this was said by fits and starts as they climbed, ran, and jumped along towards the hut, where they sat down and told a more connected story of their adventures, and then, after a couple of hours' rabbiting, they set-to to finish the ham, and try their hand at the veal pie. Fuller had boiled the potatoes, and concocted a dish of fried rabbits; one of the young Gryffyths boiled a lobster he had caught among the rocks,—the porter was yet forthcoming, and a cup of coffee after all, made a decent feast for hungry lads. The remains of the banquet were given to the boatmen, and for fear of any further mischance, the whole party embarked about four o'clock for Tyn y Cwmud.

A few days afterwards the two younger Gryffyths started for Mythyn, and the two elder, with Barry and Irwin, for Oxford, but to their surprise Fuller did not accompany them further than Bangor.

About a fortnight later a letter from him reached Barry, enclosing a considerable cheque to pay off some bills therein specified, and give a liberal fee to his scout, and to old Mrs. Bunce, who used to clean his rooms. "If any remains over and above, you can give it old, blind Widow Malone, who used to sell fruit near the old bridge,—you know whom I mean,—and tell her I have taken her advice at last. I would that many of our set would follow the same good advice, and do as I have done. I have made up my mind to return to the faith of our fathers, and am going to finish my studies at Louvain instead of old Oxford, and the only thing I regret is the breaking of so many old ties, and having to form new friendships and new connections that will hardly have the zest or the freshness of our old friendship."

Thus the letter went on, and Barry, after reading it, had something very like a tear in his eye when he threw it across the table to Irwin.

"Just as I expected," said the latter; "his father was or ought to have been a Catholic, but left his boy to the education of a rigid Methodist mother, as he was almost always absent, having been an officer in the Royal navy. Fuller once told me, in confidence, that his father, when dying, sent for a priest, and after a long conference with him, during which he received the last rites of the Church, he called his son to his bedside, and spoke very seriously to him on religious matters, weeping bitter tears for his past neglect, and praying him to examine for himself and not throw away, through blind prejudice, the only chance of salvation. This made a deep impression upon him, and I know he was always reading 'Maskell's Letter to his Bishop,' 'Newman's Lectures,' *et hoc genus omne*; so that this step of his does not surprise me in the least."

"Do you think our visit to St. Tudwalls, or St. Gudwall's, as he called it, had anything to do with this?" said Barry.

"I'm sure, I don't know; but very likely the association of ideas, and the strange conversations we struck up about the Culdees, made him resolve upon taking a step he had been long contemplating."

The Gryffyths and his other Oxford friends showed equally little surprise, and in less than the usual "nine days," no one spoke or thought about him or his affairs, all being sufficiently taken up with study, cricket, boating, and other Oxford engagements to drive such things speedily out of their minds.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE.

FLORENCE MARY KILKELLY.

AMONGST all the titles under which we invoke our Blessed Lady, none seems to me more pathetic than the above; we need deliverance from so many evils, as her divine Son Himself knew only too well when teaching His apostles the Our Father.

That it has pleased Him to grant, in a miraculous manner, many

petitions addressed to Him, through Our Lady of Deliverance, the appended facts will testify:

Many years ago a band of pilgrims were wending their way towards a very ancient shrine of Our Lady of Deliverance, situated in Normandy, near Caen. Amongst their number was a young girl whose refined features and air of nobility were in marked contrast with the unprepossessing features and shambling gait of the Normandy peasantry; there was a thrill of joy in her voice as she joined in the beautiful hymn:

"Remember, O Our Blessed Lady! that the great Saint Bernard said, none have ever found thee wanting who have cried to thee for aid." She had no visible bodily ailment for which she sought relief. Nor, judging by the ecstatic expression of her countenance had she need of mental alleviation.

No, Henriette Le Forestier d'Osseville was making a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to Our Lady of Deliverance in fulfilment of a vow. Four months before, she was a pitiable cripple. From her childhood she was afflicted with a spinal complaint, which was a source of suffering to her all through life. This had reduced her to such a state of deformity, by the time she was eighteen, that, as the only hope of saving her life, she was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Paris, one of the few houses in France where the orthopædic treatment of curvature of the spine was at that time practised. The bodily pain which she endured, her grief at the separation from her parents, and the interior trials through which Our Lord caused her to pass, were a kind of martyrdom to which she used to look back as the first beginning of her vocation.

The physicians pronounced her case hopeless, when in a moment of more than usual anguish she vowed a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Deliverance in Normandy if her health should be restored. Instantaneously her courage revived, and in a few hours she arose from her bed, completely cured. This vow was the more remarkable, because hitherto Our Lady of Good Help at Rouen, had been the shrine of her special devotion.

But God was thus early preparing the way for the convent which she was destined to found at Delivrande.

On her return home she resolved to enter a religious order; her

father, Count d'Osseville, in gratitude for the miraculous cure of his dearly beloved child, had contributed generously to the erection of a larger dwelling for the diocesan missionaries established near the sanctuary of Our Lady of Deliverance.

A visit which the Rev. Father Sanlet, Superior of the missionaries, paid Count d'Osseville, to thank him for his charity, furnished Mlle. d'Osseville with the opportunity of asking advice about her vocation and the community which she should choose.

"Were you not cured by Our Lady of Deliverance, my child?" was the Superior's reply.

"Yes, Father, but what could I do at Delivrande, where no religious house exists?" rejoined Mlle. d'Osseville. "Well, speak of it to Our Blessed Lady, and if she wishes for me there, come for me."

No notice was taken of these words for more than eighteen months, though Mlle. d'Osseville continued to communicate with the Father Superior about her vocation. In response to one of her letters this zealous missionary wrote her concerning a project which a rich and pious lady had formed to found at Delivrande an asylum for poor children, and he advised her to join in the proposed foundation. Scarcely, however, had this been settled, when the lady abandoned her project, so that nothing remained but for Mlle. d'Osseville to undertake the work herself, though her humility shrank from the task, and only the positive injunctions of her director could overcome her repugnance. Her parents, far from opposing their daughter's vocation, sought to further it, to the best of their ability, as the sequel will show.

Nevertheless, as a site had to be obtained at Delivrande, as well as many other things to be arranged, it was decided that Mlle. d'Osseville should spend some time at the Convent of Our Lady of Charity at Bayeux, the better to acquaint herself with the duties of the religious life. At the end of six weeks, which she passed at the convent, she received from the Bishop a written authorization to found at Delivrande a religious house, under the title of the Charity of the Orphans of Mary.

Meanwhile a site had been found, and the day fixed for concluding the purchase, when on a sudden, the proprietor changed his mind, and refused to sell or even to enter into any further

negotiations. As there was no other suitable ground in the neighborhood, the foundation was necessarily put off for an indefinite period.

Several young persons had already flocked around Mlle. d'Osseville, with the intention of joining her future community, and she found herself thenceforth placed at their head.

But when the disappointment just related occurred, she declared that she could delay no longer, and resolved to enter at once the novitiate of the Convent of Charity at Bayeux, there to await the dispositions of Divine Providence.

Before entering she made a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Deliverance on the feast of her glorious Assumption, and there she received another signal favor from the Queen of Heaven. She was kneeling before the miraculous image, her thoughts intent upon the work which she had undertaken, and the difficulties which impeded it.

Not having fixed upon a subject of prayer, she asked Our Blessed Lady to give her one, when, on a sudden she heard within her heart the words *virgo fidelis* (faithful virgin), and she saw interiorly, in a most vivid manner, the faithfulness of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin to those who trust in her.

The contemplated foundation passed before her mind, with all the obstacles that delayed it, and at the same moment, she felt a confidence which nothing could shake, that God willed it, and by the aid of the Faithful Virgin would bring it about. So clear and positive was this promise, that through all her subsequent trials she never once doubted of its fulfilment.

A few days afterwards she entered the convent at Bayeux, and, at her clothing, she took the name of Sister Henriette de Ste. Marie. Our Lord was pleased to fill her soul with such abundant consolations, during the first day of her religious life, that she might gain strength for the trials which awaited her in the next eighteen months.

One obstacle to the foundation of the new convent was removed about this time. Count d'Osseville and Rev. Father Sanlet were calling upon a magistrate at Delivrande to consult with him about the possibility of obtaining a site, when this gentleman, while showing his visitors over his own house and grounds, to

which he was greatly attached, turned suddenly to the Count, and said.

"It is a property like this which you require, is it not?"

"Yes," replied the Count; "but are you willing to part with it?"

"No—unless—perhaps—," was the hesitating answer.

At length, overcome by their solicitations, the proprietor promised to speak to his family, and give his decision on the following day.

Their reply being favorable, he agreed to sign the contract next morning, which was Saturday, but when the time came he hesitated to sign, and begged to defer the matter to the evening, and, even immediately after signing the paper he begged to have it returned that he might destroy it.

He was too late, for the Count d'Osseville and the Father Superior had already placed it at Our Blessed Lady's feet, in thanksgiving for her protection.

The site being now secured, fresh difficulties arose from another quarter. The Bishop deemed it expedient to withdraw his authorization, and he forbade the novice to think any more of the foundation.

Besides this the apprehensions excited by the Revolution of 1830 delayed Mother St. Mary's profession, which should have taken place in November of that year.

Subsequently, the Bishop gave his consent to the proposed foundation, and permitted Mother St. Mary to pronounce the three vows of religion, as well as a fourth vow, to devote herself to the education of poor girls, according to the constitutions of the religious of Our Lady of Charity of Bayeux, for the monastery of Our Lady of the Orphans at Delivrande.

Mother St. Mary was professed Jan. 6th, 1831, and on Feb. 26th she arrived at the sanctuary of Our Lady of Deliverance, accompanied by the religious colony of which she had just been appointed, by the Bishop, Superioress for three years. Two little orphans met them there, and, after the celebration of Mass, entered with them the enclosure of the monastery.

God's blessing was with the new community, and numerous postulants offered themselves. Among others the Countess de Valory, the aunt of the new Superioress.

New buildings were from time to time added to the monastery, and a church was built. These additions, as well as the ground on which the monastery was erected, were due to the pious liberality of Mother St. Mary's parents.

It was not long before an opportunity presented itself of showing to the world the fervor of the faithful community. In 1832, the cholera broke out in the village of Delivrande, and caused such a panic among the inhabitants that the sick were abandoned, even by their own relatives.

Touched with compassion for the sufferers, Mother St. Mary and her religious obtained permission from the Bishop to leave their enclosure and devote themselves to the care of the sick in their own houses. During three weeks the pestilence raged in the village. At last it was resolved to carry the image of Our Lady of Deliverance in procession through the place on the approaching Feast of the Assumption. The effect produced upon the crowds who flocked to the procession by the sight of the venerated image, baffles description. On every side were heard cries of "Mary, you are our Mother!" "Good Mother! you will restore us to health!" while the sick, who had been placed at the windows of their houses, exclaimed: "Health of the sick, pray for us!"

Hitherto, not a day had passed without several deaths, but, from this time forward there was no fresh seizure, and all the sick recovered.

Many orphans, whom the cholera had deprived of their parents, were received by the religious.

About this time Mother St. Mary established the annual retreat for secular persons, in which women to the number of four hundred are admitted within the convent to spend eight days in spiritual exercises, each rank in life having its appointed department.

The month of May, 1833, was marked by a fresh instance of the Blessed Virgin's protection. On the 7th of May, Mother St. Mary was attacked by an illness which, in twenty-four hours, brought her to the point of death.

The doctor who was present while she received Extreme Unction urged the priest to make haste.

A fainting fit succeeded, which it was supposed would be the last, when suddenly, Mother St. Mary seemed to awake, and with a tone of certainty mingled with displeasure, exclaimed:

"If you wish me to recover, send the children to Our Lady of Deliverance."

The orphans were sent immediately, and, they had scarcely reached the miraculous image, when all danger had ceased.

She afterwards told her spiritual daughters that she had undergone a sore struggle at the time, when, on recovering her consciousness, she was assured by Our Lord of her restoration to health, provided the orphans were to ask it of His Blessed Mother. She felt herself standing on the very threshold of eternity, and could hardly bring herself to sacrifice the happiness of being so soon united to God.

The conviction that God required this sacrifice compelled her to speak, but:

"My want of generosity" she added, "made me show my discontent. When, therefore, one of the Sisters raised difficulties about the pilgrimage to be performed by the orphans, I laughed within myself, and said: 'Well, if her opinion prevails I shall have obeyed, and yet shall not be deprived of the happiness of seeing my Jesus.'"

This was not the only time that the religious of the faithful Virgin owed to her intercession the preservation of their foundress's life.

I must pass rapidly over the next few years, during which Mother St. Mary was employed in consolidating and extending her work, until I come to the foundation of the Norwood Orphanage, near the Crystal Palace in Surrey, England.

In 1848, as many as eighty religious having taken the vows, and the community being now firmly established, a kind of anxiety came over the venerable foundress's soul which led her continually to cry out to Our Lord:

"What wilt Thou have us to do; what are Thy designs over this community which Thou hast blessed and multiplied?"

The more she prayed, the stronger grew the desire which she felt to undertake a new foundation, that God might be glorified, and souls saved elsewhere through her means. After several plans

had been suggested and had failed, the thought of England and its *spiritual necessities* presented itself to her, and the impression that God called her children thither became so strong that it was resolved to act upon it.

Accordingly her director went to Paris to learn, if possible, how this design could be carried into effect. At Paris he was advised by the Superior of St. Sulpice to write to the Rev. J. Quiblier, who, after twenty years spent in Canada had returned to Europe, and was then charged with the care of a few scattered Catholics at Norwood on the outskirts of London.

This good priest, moved with compassion for the spiritual destitution of the poor Catholic children, whom the death of their parents consigned to the neighboring workhouse, was engaged in making a novena to Our Blessed Lady, imploring her aid, when the Rev. Father Sanlet's letter arrived, inquiring about the possibility of establishing an orphanage in England.

Father Quiblier at once sent the letter to the Vicar-Apostolic, Bishop Wiseman, who warmly approved of the project, and it was agreed that the director and Mother-Superioress of Delivrande, with another nun should come over to England to make the necessary arrangements for a foundation.

They were received on their arrival, by the Bishop, with that paternal benevolence which he never ceased to manifest towards the establishment at Norwood.

It was settled that an orphanage should be opened at Norwood for poor Catholic girls who were in danger of falling into Protestant hands, the support of the asylum being confided to the charity of the Catholics of England and a few benefactors in France.

Mother St. Mary was not at that time Superioress at Delivrande; she was therefore appointed Superioress of the new foundation, and, on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 1848, she arrived in London with eighteen religious, accompanied by her father, Count d'Osseville, who, although seventy years of age, and nearly blind, came to lead his daughter into exile and to renew the sacrifice which he had made of her at her entry into religion. Rev. Father Sanlet, and the Rev. M. Vesque, their future chaplain, also attended them. In a few weeks a house and

grounds, formerly the Park Hotel, were purchased at Norwood. A donation of £500 was given by the Count d'Osseville, who also *undertook* to pay, during his lifetime, £30 a year for a portion of the grounds.

The community took possession of their new abode Oct. 19th, 1858, but their funds did not permit them to receive more than two or three orphans during the first seven months. This was a very great trial to Mother St. Mary's charity, and she endeavored to satisfy her zeal for souls by opening immediately a day-school for the poor children of the neighborhood. At length, by the end of 1849, owing to an appeal made by the Bishop to the influential ladies of his diocese, forty orphans were admitted during the two years of her superiorship at Norwood. She devoted herself wholly to her new foundation, and Our Lord rewarded her by the restoration of her health and strength, which had been for a long time failing. Her greatest happiness was to live in the midst of the children. By day she was with them, superintending the classes, presiding at their games, and studying the character and disposition of each one; by night she caused her bed to be placed in one of the dormitories that she might watch over them even when they were asleep.

It was her special delight to receive the children on their arrival, and taking them to the chapel, to offer them to God and the Faithful Virgin. With her own hands she clothed them in the uniform of the house, and hung round their necks the medal of the Faithful Virgin.

However great **might** be her occupation, she would never yield this office to another. Ninety-six children were admitted by her during her first superiorship at Norwood.

Feeling the necessity of establishing at both orphanages a uniform method of education, she devoted her leisure hours at Norwood, to embodying in writing the fruits of her long experience in the direction of youth. This system, which is entirely based on the principle of emulation, has met with the greatest success, and her spiritual daughters regard it as the most precious legacy which she has bequeathed to them.

The house at Norwood soon became too small to receive all the orphans who sought admittance.

The religious gave up the best and healthiest part of the building to the boarders and orphans, rather than send away any applicants.

They had much to suffer in consequence, during those seven years which passed before the new building was erected.

Mother St. Mary's heart was full of grief at the privations of her daughters and the necessity she was under of refusing admittance to the children who presented themselves. She felt it still more keenly when her re-election to the superiorship of Delivrande recalled her to France and prevented her from herself sharing in these trials.

In May, 1853, she resolved to importune the Blessed Virgin, or, to use her own words, "to compel her to provide a house for her poor children in England." She collected the names of the principal shrines of Mary in Europe, and in allusion to the rule of the Institute by which the Blessed Virgin is regarded as the Superioress of the community, she wrote to her as her assistant, a most touching letter representing the necessities of her children, and caused copies of it to be placed on the altar of each shrine. It was, however, the Blessed Virgin's will to try still further her confidence and patience before answering her prayers.

In the meantime Mother St. Mary diligently employed herself in preparing for the collections which the venerated chaplain of Norwood, the Rev. M. Vesque, was then making in France in behalf of the new building at Norwood, and while she co-operated with him by endeavoring to interest as many persons as possible in this work, she felt more keenly than if they had been offered to herself, the humiliations to which he was exposed during his charitable labors. Moreover, not content with having devoted her whole fortune to the support of the orphans of Delivrande and to found the Norwood Orphanage, she was earnest and unceasing in exciting her spiritual daughters in France to practise the strictest poverty and economy, that they might have the means of sending assistance to their sisters in England.

So much charity and zeal could not long remain without fruit. As a proof of what they have effected, it may be mentioned that there are now in the Orphanage at Norwood, one hundred and seventy orphans, maintained in part by protectors and bene-

factors, in part by the diocesan collections, some by the Committee of Saint Patrick, a few by the Patriotic Fund, others by the Subscribers to the "Annual Offering," and the rest by the establishment.

The consolations which Mother St. Mary experienced at this period of her life in witnessing the consolidation and growth of the various works she had undertaken, were nevertheless marked with the Cross. For besides the cares and responsibilities which her position imposed upon her, and which her humility led her to feel most acutely, God was pleased to visit her with several heavy afflictions, by the removal of her spiritual guides, one after the other, and the successive deaths of her father, mother, and only sister.

In May 1857, she returned once more to Norwood as Superioress, the term of her superiorship at Delivrande having expired. The change of office had been preceded by another trial, in the loss of the Rev. M. Vesque, who was consecrated Bishop of Roseau, capital of the island of Dominica, by Cardinal Wiseman, Oct. 26th, 1856. He had been her guide and counsellor throughout all the difficulties of her foundation; and he was taken away at the very moment when, humanly speaking, he was most needed, on account of the greater extension which the work of the community at Norwood was about to receive.

In my sketch of Dominica in the September number of *THE ROSARY*, I remarked that the Nuns of the Faithful Virgin, who so hospitably entertained me during my visit to that island, were prevailed on by the present Bishop of Roseau, Monsignor Naughten, to cross the seas and devote their lives to the instruction of the Negro and Carib children.

I now embrace this favorable opportunity of rectifying my error. The English nuns at present stationed at the Roseau convent accompanied the newly-consecrated Bishop, Monsignor Naughten, in 1879, from their convent in Norwood to join their French and Creole sisters already installed at Dominica. Immediately after the arrival of Bishop Vesque to his new field of labor, he, compassionating the neglected, half-savage condition of the Carib children, and knowing well how Mother St. Mary hungered after the souls of Christ's little ones, immediately, and be-

fore consulting her, commenced, at his own expense, the erection of an unpretentious convent at Roseau; before its completion he wrote to Norwood and invited the Sisters to come to Dominica and open an orphanage and day-school especially for the Carib and negro children.

Joyfully their saintly Superioress prepared eight of her religious for the long voyage; willingly would she have accompanied them to found the third house of the order at Roseau, Dominica, but Our Blessed Lord did not require this new sacrifice at her time of life, and in the enfeebled state of her health, so in obedience to the command of her director, Rev. M. Rivière, she calmly witnessed the departure of her spiritual daughters.

This was the last event of importance in Mother St. Mary's life, which was now drawing to its close.

In February, 1858, she lost her voice, and at the same time, her sight and hearing were both affected. She spoke continually of her death, which she believed to be approaching. Soon alarming symptoms appeared, which rapidly increased.

She begged earnestly for the last sacraments, which she received with great devotion. Her sufferings were intense, yet she was conscious to the last.

Hearing the doctor announced, she asked for her veil, which had been laid aside because of the difficulty of breathing she experienced.

Her daughters hesitated to comply with this request, when she earnestly exclaimed: "The rule! my children, the rule!" She then gently turned her head, and opened her eyes with a sweet expression of surprise. One of the Sisters, bending over her, repeated, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my soul! Jesus! Mary! Joseph!"

Immediately the dying Mother's face became radiant: "Ah yes," she murmured, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, Our Lady of Deliverance!" These were her last words. She calmly expired April 28th, 1858, ten minutes after she had received Our Lord in the Holy Communion.

She was in the fifty-eighth year of her age, and the twenty-sixth of her religious profession. Her body was removed to France and buried in the Convent of Delivrande.

The words of the prophet King sum up the history of her life:
 "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; going, they went
 and wept, casting their seeds, but coming, they shall come with
 joyfulness, carrying their sheaves."

LOVE'S CAPTIVE.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

BEHOLD our King, a captive in love's chain!
 He calls, He pleads and yet we pass Him by,
 Heedlessly deaf to His impassioned cry.
 Lo! He has borne our burden and our pain,
 Shed His pure blood to wash away the stain
 Of sin, our sin, descending from on high,
 On Calvary's cross in agony to die
 That fallen man lost Heaven might regain.

Prisoner of Love! Thy tabernacle cell
 Is vocal with the strains of sweet desire,
 And worship which forevermore upswell
 From the Angelic host, whose unseen choir
 Chant round the home where Thou, O Lord! doth dwell,
 Kindling on earth Thy love's consuming fire.

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY REV. MOTHER AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXX.

FOUNDATIONS IN ITALY.

1220.

SOON after the conclusion of the Chapter, St. Dominic began a series of journeys through the provinces of northern Italy, visiting the communities of brethren who had been sent forth from Bologna in the previous year, and laying the foundation of convents in a great number of other places. It is impossible to follow his course with absolute certainty, though the careful researches of Father Michel Pio enable us to establish the regular succession of these foundations with tolerable accuracy. But it appears evident that they were not all made in the course of one excur-

sion. From time to time the saint would seem to have returned to Bologna, spending some time at the novitiate house, so that the remainder of the year 1220 must be understood as occupied in these journeys, with interruptions of longer or shorter duration, during which he resumed his residence at Bologna. A mere cursory examination of the places he thus visited would give a very inadequate idea of the vastness of the work accomplished by St. Dominic in this closing portion of his life, or of the character of those disciples whom he gathered to the Order in every town and village through which he passed. We shall therefore follow him on his road as best we may, gathering up such fragmentary notices of his progress as have been preserved by local historians.

Before starting on his journey northwards, however, he paid a short visit to Viterbo, in order to render an account to His Holiness of the proceedings at the late Chapter. On his road thither, he passed through Siena, in which city he was no stranger, as besides his visit there in company with Bishop Fulk in 1215, when returning to France from the Council of the Lateran, there is evidence of his presence in the "city of the Virgin" on more than one subsequent occasion. He had early despatched thither a colony of his religious, whom the citizens received with open arms, assigning them for their residence the little hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, near the city gates. Here St. Dominic came, together with two brethren of Siennese origin, Tugerio and Bene, the latter of whom had formerly been parish priest of St. Quirico. His presence was warmly welcomed by the citizens; and Ranieri Piccolomini, to whom the hospital belonged, made it over by a deed of gift to him and to his Order, the contract still existing in which he is styled *Domnus Dominicus*. The friars continued to occupy it for seven years, but in the meantime a much better site was given to them by Fortebraccio Malevolti, on the hill known as the Campo Reggio, where arose that famous church of San Domenico inhabited at various times by the Blessed Ambrose of Siena, and by St. Thomas Aquinas, which had St. Antoninus for its prior, and which is so closely linked with the history of the glorious St. Catherine. Gigli calls it the most venerable sanctuary in Tuscany, and says it was the third convent built by St. Dominic in Italy. He, moreover, represents the saint as choosing

the twelve brethren who formed its first community, all of them Siennese by nation, and naming as their prior, Brother Walter of Siena, all which implies the foundation of St. Domenico to have been made during his lifetime.

Leaving the question of chronology, however, we may with more certainty gather up some of the records which are preserved regarding the residence of St. Dominic at Siena, and the many illustrious subjects whom he there drew into the Order. Preaching constantly as was his wont in one or other of the city churches, on a certain day he appeared in the pulpit of the Duomo, or cathedral, where great numbers assembled to hear him. Among those present was Tancred Tancredi, a member of that noble family which has filled the Annals of Siena with the names of its illustrious members. As he stood amid the crowd, listening and gazing at the preacher, Tancred beheld another figure standing beside him in the pulpit, and whispering in his ear: it was the Blessed Virgin, who was inspiring the words of her faithful servant. The sight filled him with admiration, but as the saint descended the pulpit-stairs, that same glorious vision of Mary floated nearer and nearer to the spot where he stood. It pointed with its hand to the figure of the preacher, and a low, sweet voice uttered in his ear: "Tancred, follow that man, and do not depart from him." Obedient to the call thus given, he abandoned all things, and going to St. Mary Magdalen's hospital, asked and received the holy habit. But they who are the elect of God are those against whom Satan directs his deadliest temptations. That same night the enemy appeared to him under the form of the Blessed Virgin, and declaring to him that Brother Dominic was an impostor and a deceiver, urged him to quit the convent. Tancred seized a crucifix, and boldly presenting it to the tempter: "If," he said, "thou art indeed the Mother of God, adore Him Whom this crucifix represents; if not, depart in the name of God," and with that the vision of evil disappeared.

Many very beautiful records are left us of his life. He had a singular familiarity with the angels, who stood by him as he prayed. Once, as he was earnestly interceding in prayer for an obstinate sinner, the angelic friend beside him seemed to whisper: "Tancred, your prayer for that soul will be in vain." But the

zeal and charity of this true Friar Preacher was not to be checked even by such a word as this; he only prayed the harder, as though he would be heard; and, lo! three days after, he saw the soul for whom he interceded flying up safe to heaven. After the death of St. Dominic he was appointed Vicar-General of the Order in the Holy Land, where he spent eighteen years, his perfect knowledge of the Eastern languages enabling him to labor with great fruit among the infidels. Tenderly devout during his whole life to the Blessed Virgin, to whom he owed his vocation, she is said to have appeared to him as he lay on his bed of death, and to have sweetly summoned him to depart, with the words, *Veni, dilecte mi, veni in hortum meum; veni coronaberis a Filio meo*; and he, smiling joyfully, exclaimed to the brethren who stood around, *Gaudete viscera mea, quia lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi, in domum Domini ibimus*.

Another of the Siennese novices who received the habit from the hands of St. Dominic was Chiaro Landucci, also of noble blood, who had given promise of the extraordinary learning for which he was afterward distinguished even in his cradle. For being yet an infant, if he saw a book, he never ceased crying till he got possession of it, so that his nurses had to provide themselves with volumes of some sort in order to keep him quiet. Going to Paris, he became doctor in every one of the learned faculties, and was at last elected rector of the university, which office he held for fifteen years. But his splendid acquirements gained him the jealous enmity of a certain canon, who had planned to take his life, a design he would certainly have put into execution had not Chiaro been warned by an angel to save himself by flight; and returning to his native city, he there forsook all worldly honors, and devoted all his vast learning to the service of God, in the habit of religion.

From Siena, Dominic once more took the road to Viterbo. This city, which was the ordinary residence of the Popes during the thirteenth century, had been more than once visited by St. Dominic in the course of his many journeys between Lombardy and Rome; and the ancient palace of the Popes, which still stands in a half ruinous condition adjoining the cathedral of St. Lorenzo, must many times have received him within its walls. On the

present occasion he met here Cardinal Ranieri Capocci, whom Ciacconi, in his *Lives of the Popes*, speaks of as "united to St. Dominic in bonds of familiar friendship, and a firm defender both of him and his Order." Himself a native of Viterbo, he had, when Legate of Tuscany, succeeded in delivering the city out of the hands of the Emperor Frederick I., and restoring it to the Holy See. He now made it his place of residence, and spent large sums in the adornment of the city so dear to him. Warned by our Lady in a vision by night, he had begun the building of a church outside the gates, which bore the names of Santa Maria in Gradi, and this church, with the monastery attached, he now bestowed on St. Dominic, a memorial of whose residence within its walls is still shown in a chapel, once his cell; the original cloister, with its pointed arches of severely monastic aspect and groined roof being also preserved. Accepting the gift, the saint planted a colony of his brethren at Viterbo, but before the building of the church was completed, the Cardinal, their benefactor, was taken away by death. In consequence, possibly, of this, the community in its early days had to struggle with much poverty, and one story is related by Gerard de Frachet, which may be given here as illustrative of the way in which the brethren lived by alms, and of the tokens of divine favor which were often granted them when on the quest.

Two lay-brothers, Ranuzio of Orvieto, and Dominic of Viterbo, came once to a certain countess who had large estates near the city, and asked for alms according to their custom. With her own hands she measured out to them a quantity of flour, which they gratefully accepted and carried home with them. When the countess came next morning she found her sack full of flour, and imagined that the Brothers had been too proud to accept such an alms, and had poured the flour back into the sack. Next time that one of them presented himself at her house therefore, she reproved him sharply, asking him why he and his companion would not take what she had given them. The Brother listened in astonishment, and assured her they had carried it away. "How can you say that," said the countess, "when I found my sack here as full as it was before?" So they continued to dispute, till at last she was forced to believe him, and supposed that some one had come

in her absence and had filled up the sack. But when her servants assured her that no one had gone near the place, she came at length to understand that the thing had been wrought by the power of God, Who liberally rewards those who are liberal to His servants.

His business at Viterbo concluded, Dominic returned to Bologna, where, however, he made no long stay, but accompanied by Bonviso of Placentia, set out on his journey northwards, taking the road to Milan. It must be borne in mind that, though the visitation of convents already founded and the establishment of new ones were among the principal objects which he had in view, this did not prevent his continually devoting himself to the ministry of the Word of God. As he travelled from place to place, he preached in every town and village through which he passed, converting heretics and sinners by his exhortations and miracles. Thus at Modena he touched the heart of a certain French canon, who, under the influence of grievous temptation, had been driven almost to despair, but who, opening his conscience to the saint, was by his prayers and good counsels restored to peace. Here, too, he received several excellent subjects into the Order, among whom was Albert de Boschettis, who afterwards became bishop of Modena.

The foundation of Milan, of which we next have to speak, was one of very special importance, on account of that city being the headquarters of the Manichean heretics, who at that time were almost as numerous in Lombardy as they were in Languedoc. In consequence, St. Dominic had very early seen the necessity of establishing there a community of brethren who should be well qualified to defend the faith by their preaching and disputations. He therefore chose two religious in whom he had great confidence, Brother Robaldo Albigania, a Milanese by birth, to whom he had himself given the habit, and Brother James of Monza, who, coming to the city in the previous year, had at once entered on their apostolic duties with great zeal and diligence. Robaldo was one of those ardent and courageous souls to whom fear is altogether unknown, and he plunged into a hand to hand conflict with vice and error of every kind. Milan, like most other cities of Italy, was torn by feuds and factions, and the servants of God

in their apostolic labors had not only to contend with heretical doctrines, but with those deadly hatreds which were handed as a heritage from father to son, and were the fruitful sources of innumerable crimes. Against this particular kind of scandal, Robaldo opposed himself with determined vigor. "He was all fire and spirit, as well as charity," says his biographer, "and bent on healing these impious feuds, he spoke to his compatriots with power and authority, and turned souls about at his pleasure."

There was among the nobles of Milan a youth who absolutely refused to forgive the slayer of his brother, though the latter had sought his pardon and sued for peace. Robaldo urged him to yield by every argument in his power, but without success; wherefore, moved by a sudden inspiration, he seized his hand, saying, "I command you in the Name of Jesus Christ, Who forgave His murderers, that you do not stir from this spot until you have pardoned your enemy and promised peace." He spoke with such energy as struck terror into the hearts of his hearers, and the young man found himself powerless to move a step. As he stood thus, another of his brothers hastened to the spot, furious with desire of vengeance. But Robaldo mastered him also, and so brought things about, that that same day both brothers consented to dine in a friendly way with their enemy, and in Robaldo's presence signed a document by which they engaged themselves ever after to keep the peace.

As to the heretics who began by insulting and ridiculing the new preachers, they soon found reason to fear their power with God. As Robaldo was one day in prayer before the high altar of the cathedral, a band of these miscreants determined to divert themselves at his expense, and sent one of their number to practise a joke upon him. "Father," said the heretic, "I well know you are a man of God, and able to obtain whatsoever you wish by prayer; I pray you, therefore, to make over me the sign of the Cross, for I suffer from a cruel fever, and I would fain receive my cure from your hands." Robaldo knew well the malice of his enemy, and replied, "My son, if you have this fever, I pray God to deliver you; if you have it not, but are speaking lies, I pray Him to send it to you as a chastisement." The man instantly felt the approach of the malady he had feigned, and cried, im-

patiently, "Sign me with the Cross, I say, sign me; it is not your custom to send curses upon men, but cures." But Robaldo replied again, "What I have said, I have said; if you have it, may He deliver you; if not, you will certainly have it." Meanwhile, the others stood at the door, laughing to see the saint, as they thought, made a fool of; but their merriment was soon silenced, when they saw their companion return to them with every symptom of the fever he had before pretended. The result was his own conversion, and that of his entire family; and Robaldo, on his sincere penitence, restored him to health, and received him and all his children into the communion of the Church.

Under the direction of a Superior so energetic, the friars rapidly gained the respect both of friends and enemies, but they did not obtain any permanent settlement in the city until the arrival of Cardinal Ugolino, who came thither in 1220 to establish peace between Milan and Cremona, which cities had long been at war with one another. Trusting in his great love of the Order, Robaldo and his brethren besought him to grant them some place of residence, suitable for the duties which they had to discharge. Just outside the gates of the city, there was a church dedicated to St. Eustorgio, at that time served by canons. According to popular belief, this church, not then a place of great resort, was yet reserved for some glorious destiny in the future. A venerable hermit had foretold it would be one day the home of a company of preachers, and declared that he every night beheld a great light shining over its roof, which betokened the light of doctrine which, shining thence, would one day illuminate the city. The canons, too, from time to time heard in their choir the singing as of angels. When, therefore, in the May of 1220, Ugolino succeeded in placing it in the possession of the friars, it was held by many that these various auguries received fulfilment. Here it was then that St. Dominic found his children established, and here for a time he took up his abode among them. He had hardly done so, however, before he was attacked by a severe illness, of which some account is given us in the deposition of Bonviso of Placentia. "I was with him at Milan," says that witness, "and took care of him when he had a severe attack of fever. He never complained of what he suffered, and it seemed to me that

he spent the whole time in prayer and contemplation. I thought so because of certain signs on his countenance which he used to have in time of health when he was absorbed in prayer. As soon as the fever left him, he spoke to the brethren of God, or he held a book, or made some one read to him; or he praised God and rejoiced in his infirmity, as was his invariable custom." From another authority we learn what the books were that he desired to be read to him; they were his life-long favorites, the Dialogues of Cassian, and the Epistles of St. Paul.¹

As soon as he had recovered from his sickness, Dominic resumed his journey northwards. In the course of it he found himself one night before the gates of St. Colomba, a Cistercian house in the district of Piacenza, but the hour was late, and he would not disturb the inmates. "Let us lie down here," he said to his companion, "and pray to God, Who will surely care for us." They did so, and both immediately found themselves transported to the interior of the convent. Thus we see it was ever with the same simplicity that Dominic journeyed; it was the poor mendicant friar, with his wallet on his back, and nothing save the light that gleamed on his noble forehead to distinguish him from other men, who went barefoot up and down the hills and valleys of Italy, preaching as he went.

Como was his next resting-place. A few brethren having come hither from Milan on a preaching mission, had been pressed to stay by the Catholic inhabitants, who promised, if they would yield to their request, to give them the site for a convent. The spot chosen was fit indeed to be the home of those whose life was one of prayer and contemplation. On the shore of the lake, rising amid the chestnut-woods which clothe its banks, on soil carpeted with greenest turf, and gemmed with flowers of every hue, stands the church of St. Martino delle Selve, and here the friars at first fixed their habitation. But these scenes, over which Nature has poured forth all her charms, were darkened at that

¹ Echard, on the authority of Taegius, represents St. Dominic as being present in Milan on the 11th of June. As we know him to have spent the feast of the Assumption this year at Bologna, it is evident that his progress through Lombardy cannot have been continuous. But it is impossible to say at what precise period of it, it was interrupted.

time by the black cloud of heresy. Nowhere had the pernicious doctrines and detestable practices of the Manicheans struck deeper root than among these beautiful mountain regions of Lombardy; and as in Languedoc, they found their most zealous supporters among the noble ladies of the country. Nevertheless, it was precisely among this class that the labors of the new preachers proved most successful, and Humbert de Romans relates the story of more than one great dame won over from the sect by the example of their sanctity.

How welcome St. Dominic's presence must have been to those engaged in carrying on the very struggle in which he had spent his heroic ten years of apostolate may easily be supposed. Beautiful as was the situation of St. Martin of the Woods, he judged it too retired for the active duties of the brethren, and accepted the offer made to him by the abbot of St. Abondio of the church of St. John Baptist, which stood at the foot of one of the surrounding hills. The future sanctity of the spot had been revealed to a citizen of Como in a vision, wherein he saw a fountain of clear refreshing water burst forth in the church, and flowing thence through the town in sparkling streams, at which young and old of all clases came to quench their thirst; whilst one lady, who was at the time a heretic saw, as she thought, two vessels standing in the same church, one of which was filled with honey and the other with wine, which being mixed together was distributed by the friars to the people; and she was given to understand that by this was signified that matchless form of prayer (wherein the honey of devotion to our Lady is mingled with the strong wine of the love of Jesus Christ) which was to be taught and preached within the walls of St. John the Baptist. We next find the saint at Bergamo, where he was no stranger, having passed through the city in the course of more than one journey between France and Italy. It will be remembered that he had made some stay here on his return from Paris in 1219, on which occasion he had given the habit to Brother Guala and some others. If we are to credit the account given by Borselli, Guala remained at Bergamo after receiving the habit, and became the actual founder of the convent. "After the first General Chapter," says this writer, "the blessed Dominic taking with him Bonviso of Placentia as his

companion, made the circuit of nearly the whole of Lombardy, preaching as he went. After leaving Milan he came to Bergamo, where the brethren lived on a certain hill in a place called the *Capella*, whence in those parts they were then called *Capellite*. Brother Guala, who had founded this convent, was confirmed in the office of prior by the blessed Dominic."

The convent here spoken of adjoined a very ancient oratory dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, which occupied a hill to the West of the city. Here, then, St. Dominic remained for some days, preaching in the city and its neighborhood, and receiving into the Order many notable subjects. Among these were Pagano of Lecco, who, entering religion as a mere youth, spent his life in incredible labors for the faith, and finally, in the year 1256, received the crown of martyrdom at the hands of the heretics; Pinamonte Bembrate, a great canonist, won to the Order by the preaching of St. Dominic, whose life he closely imitated, who was the founder in Bergamo of the famous charitable institution of the *Misericordia*, and who became in later years a great friend of St. Thomas Aquinas; Peter Scaliger, whom his biographers call "a prodigy of learning, as well skilled in human as in sacred letters;" and Isnard of Vicenza, whose life was illustrated by many miracles, and consumed in every kind of good work. His power over souls was manifested in the conversion of the most abandoned sinners, and also of a vast number of heretics. One of these latter had publicly declared that he would abjure his errors, provided that Brother Isnard would cure a citizen named Martin, who was believed to be possessed by the devil, and whose violence made him the terror of his neighbors. When Isnard heard this he set out in quest of the unhappy sufferer, and, meeting him in the street, kissed him tenderly. Overcome by this act of charity, the evil spirit quitted his victim, and Martin, out of gratitude, spent the rest of his days in the service of the convent. The challenge given by another of the heretics had a different kind of result. Isnard was of a heavy and corpulent figure, which often exposed him to the ridicule of his enemies. "For my part," said one of them, "I will become a Catholic too, when that barrel there (which is mightily like Brother Isnard in shape) comes and rolls to me on the spot where I am standing." The words were

hardly out of his mouth when, to his surprise and terror, the cask to which he pointed set itself in motion, and, rolling against him, broke one of his legs.

It would be impossible to narrate one half of the wonders attributed to Isnard, "the fame of which," says Michael Pio, "resounded through all Lombardy." He died at the convent of Pavia in 1244, under somewhat singular circumstances. A lay-brother saw in a vision all the clergy and people of the city coming to the convent, and praying the friars to give them one of their community to be their patron before God. Relating what he had seen, the brethren treated it as an idle dream; but two days later Isnard died, and the people of Pavia, weeping over the loss of one whom they had regarded as their father and protector, chose him indeed to be their patron and advocate in heaven.

The admirable example of these holy religious, and the great fruit which followed on their preaching, led the magistrates of Bergamo to desire their removal nearer to the city. They therefore laid the matter before St. Dominic, and offered him the church of St. Stephen, with ground adjoining it, for the erection of a convent. This he accepted, and here arose the celebrated convent of St. Stephen, which was for more than three hundred years the nursery of men illustrious in the history of the Order, but which was finally destroyed by Sforza Pallavicino, in 1561, in order to strengthen the fortifications of the city.

It was with the utmost regret that the people of Bergamo bade adieu to the holy Father, who passed on from thence to Cremona, where he once more met his friend and fellow-laborer, St. Francis, who was there, together with his spiritual daughter St. Clare. They lodged in the same house, and an anecdote of their meeting has been preserved. The water of a well belonging to the house had become unfit for use, and the people of the place, bringing some of it in a vase, begged one of the two saints to bless it that it might recover its sweetness. A graceful contest arose, each wishing the other to perform what was asked of them; but the humility of Francis conquered. Dominic blessed the water, which was immediately restored to its clearness and sweet savor.¹

¹ The above narrative is given as related by Flaminio, but in the Franciscan

This incident was painted in the choir of the Dominican church at Cremona, but the painting was destroyed at a later period when the choir was rebuilt.

The last city in Lombardy visited by St. Dominic was Brescia, and though the historians of the Order have not given any particulars of this visit, it is noticed by the local chroniclers, Giacomo Malvezzi, Capriolo, and others, whose narratives are quoted by Father Michael Pio. "In those days," says Malvezzi, writing in 1432, "the blessed Dominic, father and founder of the Order of Preachers, going through Lombardy, entered this city, and received hospitality near the church of SS. Faustinus and Jovita *ad sanguinem*. Here he established some religious under his holy Rule, and commanded that our Lord should be served in this place with all devotion and religious worship. And after spending some days there he planted a juniper-tree near the church on the north side, from the roots of which came forth several little shoots; one of which in my time grew to be a large and strong plant. It is believed he did this not so much for his own recreation and that of his brethren, as to leave there a memorial of himself." Caprioli gives us to understand that the people of Brescia had at that time been enduring many troubles and afflictions, but, he says, "Our Lord Jesus Christ permitted this to bring them back to better things, and doubtless chose for this purpose the blessed Dominic, a man endowed with learning, power, and holiness, whom He sent to Brescia, and in His mercy permitted to establish his religious in the Basilica of SS. Faustinus and Jovita, under the rule of the Blessed Guala." The church, or as it is here called, the Basilica of St. Faustinus and St. Jovita, commonly bore the additional title of *ad sanguinem* in memory of its being erected on the spot where thousands of Christians were put to death under the emperors Hadrian and Trajan. Many reasons concurred to make the foundation one of unusual importance; and desirous to commit it to the charge of one in whose powers he could fully confide, St. Dominic appointed as its first prior Brother Guala, whom he had left but awhile before at Bergamo. Here, then, began the great career of this celebrated religious,

Chronicles it is related somewhat differently, and the two saints are represented as blessing the water together.

who eight years later was appointed by Gregory IX. Legate Apostolic in Lombardy, of whom we will briefly say that in that capacity he made peace between Padua and Treviso, and between Bologna and Modena; that when prior of Brescia he fed the inhabitants in the time of a grievous famine; that he afterwards became bishop of the city, which he governed for fourteen years, at the end of which time he resigned the dignity to end his days in solitude, and whose character is summed up by his biographer, who calls him "the father of the poor, the protector of widows, the physician of the sick, and the entertainer of pilgrims." It was in a chapel of the church of St. Faustinus that he had that vision which made known to him the death of St. Dominic, which will hereafter be spoken of, and by which, perhaps, the name of the Blessed Guala is most commonly remembered in the Order.

It seems probable that after thus making the circuit of Lombardy, St. Dominic returned for a brief space to Bologna, where, as we have seen in the last chapter, he spent the feast of the Assumption, and received Conrad of Germany into the Order. Soon after this, however, he again set out northwards, entering this time the Marches of Treviso, and directing his course towards Venice.

We infer that Verona was first visited by him from the certainty we possess that the convent at Verona was founded at this very time by one of the Malavotti family. There the founder began (for he did not live to complete it) the exquisite church of St. Anastasia, which still stands, one of the most perfectly beautiful Gothic buildings in Italy. Its lofty doorway, rich in many tinted marbles, "makes you feel," says a modern writer, "as if Fra Angelico might have painted such a door as opening into Paradise."¹

No particulars, however, have been preserved regarding the saint's passage through this city, though it is included among those named by Flaminius or visited by him. "In 1220," he

¹ Street's *Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages*. The date of the foundation of this convent is fixed by an inscription on marble in the cloister, to the effect that it was begun by Rodolph Malvotti for the good of his soul in 1220, being the fourth year of the pontificate of Pope Honorius III., Brother Dominic of Spain being then Master-General of the Friars-Preachers.

says, "St. Dominic visited Mantua, Verona, Padua, Venice, and many other cities, in which he founded convents, and by his preaching drew many to enter the Order of Preachers."

Borselli, in his Chronicle of the Master-Generals of the Order, also speaks of his visit to Padua, as having been made chiefly on account of the university there existing; and numbers up several religious to whom he at that time gave the habit. Among these was John of Vicenza one of the *beati* of the Order. He had been sent to Padua by his father, Martin Schio, to study law. There, however, a more sublime vocation awaited him. St. Dominic being then in the city, no church in the place was large enough to hold the crowds who flocked to hear him, and he therefore preached in the great piazza known as the Piazza della Valle. John was there, and that day's preaching put all thoughts of law out of his head. As soon as the sermon was ended, he went to find the preacher, and begged to be instantly admitted among his followers, and to receive the habit of the Order. He made his novitiate at Bologna, but afterwards returned to the convent of Padua, where he became one of the most famous preachers of his time.

He was called the apostle of Lombardy, and indeed Lombardy needed an apostle in those unhappy days, torn as it was by the wars and desolated by the cruelties of Frederic II. and the tyrant Ezzelino. John was a preacher of peace amid all the terrible calamities of those times. He left one memorial of himself in the salutation, "God save you," which he introduced among the citizens of Bologna during a time of public commotion, to excite them to gentler and more courteous treatment of their opponents, and which soon spread through Europe, and has lasted to our own day. The angels were seen whispering in his ear as he preached, and his words had ever the same burden, purity, and peace. He was a fervent lover of the Rosary, and sometimes, as he preached this devotion, a bright rose would appear on his forehead, or a golden sunny crown would glitter over his head. He had a marvellous power over the fiercest animals; eagles were obedient to him, and a wild, untamable horse became tractable at his bidding. His devotion to the memory of St. Dominic was very remarkable, and Father Stephen of Spain assures us that 100,000 heretics were converted by only hearing the account.

of his life and miracles as narrated by his devoted follower. The Pope at length appointed him on a mission of pacification to the north of Italy; and such was the success of his labors, especially after a discourse addressed to the populace on that very Piazza della Valle where he had first heard the eloquence of his holy Father, that all the contending parties agreed to abandon their differences and accept of peace. Ezzelino alone held out; and concerning him John had an awful vision. He saw the Almighty seated on His throne, and seeking for a scourge for the chastisement of Lombardy. Ezzelino was chosen as the instrument of His wrath, and surely a more terrible one was never found. At that time John had never seen him, and when first they met, and he cast his eyes on him, he wept, recognizing him as the man he had seen in his vision, and cried aloud, "It is he whom I saw—the scourge of Lombardy. Woe! woe to thee, unhappy country! for he shall execute judgment on thee to the uttermost." Nevertheless, even this monster was in some degree touched and softened by the preaching of Blessed John, and at his exhortation consented, for a time at least, to put a stop to the terrible wars which were laying waste the whole of Lombardy. He was present at that great assembly on the Campagna of Verona, when 300,000 people met, together with the princes and prelates of half Italy, to swear a universal peace. John harangued the immense multitude, and in the midst of a profound silence he addressed them from the words of our Lord, "Peace I give you, My peace I give unto you;" and such was the power of his eloquence that even Ezzelino hid his face and wept. Then was heard a cry that rose from that great multitude as from one man. "Peace, peace," they cried, "peace and mercy!" It was granted them for a brief space, and when Blessed John died there was engraven at the foot of the image raised to his honor in the Church of Vicenza, the words which had formed the text of his sermon at "the festival of peace."

After a brief stay at Venice,¹ where the brethren were still

¹ According to local tradition, two other convents owe their foundation to St. Dominic, namely, those of Cividale, in Austria, and Giustinopoli, in Capo d'Istria, but no certain records have been preserved concerning his presence at either place.

occupying their narrow and incommensurable quarters in the oratory of St. Daniel, St. Dominic again returned to Bologna, but we have no means of tracing his homeward course or of fixing the date of his return. All that can be affirmed as certain is that every portion of the above progress, however it may have been divided or interrupted, took place within the last seven months of the year 1220, as the Christmas of that same year was spent by him in his sixth and last visit to Rome.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LAST VISIT TO ROME, AND THE SECOND GENERAL CHAPTER.

1220—1221.

If St. Dominic's return to Bologna after an absence of several months caused joy to the hearts of his children, it brought him matter for sorrow, and even displeasure. Rodolph of Faenza, who as procurator superintended the completion of the convent, had made some additions to the building which the saint judged inconsistent with the profession of holy poverty. Before his departure he had himself left directions for the proposed alterations, and even a kind of plan or model to ensure the preservation of that rigorous observance of poverty which was so dear to him, and which he regarded as the indispensable condition of religious life. He gazed at the new building with tears flowing down his cheeks. "Will you so soon forsake poverty," he said, "and build palaces while I am yet alive?" "Wherefore," says Stephen of Spain, who relates this incident, "he commanded them to abandon this work, and so it remained unfinished as long as he lived." Yet the excess committed was nothing more than raising some of the cells by one cubit. How rigid, indeed, was the poverty and humility of the structure, we may judge from another circumstance which occurred about this time. St. Francis also came to Bologna on a visit to the religious of his Order recently established in the city, but when he found them living in a large and spacious house, he was so indignant, that he ordered them to quit it, and he himself took up his dwelling for the time in the convent of the Friars-Preachers, "which," says Father Candidus Chalippus, in his life of the saint, "he found more to

his taste, and where he passed some days with his friend, St. Dominic."

This was not the only occasion on which Rodolph's notions on the subject of poverty did not entirely harmonize with those of the holy patriarch. Like a good procurator, he united liberality to frugality, and occasionally made small additions to the scanty fare provided for the brethren, serving them with some extra portions, known as pittances. On such occasions, he says, "Brother Dominic would whisper to me, 'Why do you kill the brethren with these pittances?'" Nevertheless, as Tournon observes, it does not appear that the good Father corrected himself of this fault. He probably understood that the saint did not require from his brethren what was beyond their strength, and that severe as were his ideas on the subject both of poverty and penance, he never refused his children a certain measure of indulgence; for with regard to this very matter of pittances, John of Navarre states that though he never dispensed himself concerning them, yet he willingly dispensed others.

The December of 1220 saw St. Dominic for the sixth and last time at Rome. This was the occasion of a meeting that must have been full of the tenderest interest to his heart. Fulk of Toulouse was then in the holy city. Little more than three years had elapsed since that dispersion of the sixteen brethren of St. Romain, which had taken place in his own presence, but this short period had sufficed to convert the prior of Prouille, the leader of that devoted little band, the destinies of which to every eye but his, seemed then so hopeless and obscure, into the Master-General of a great Order, whose convents were spread through the length and breadth of Christendom. All things in their respective positions were changed, save Dominic himself; but Fulk could have detected no difference between the apostle of Languedoc and the master of the Friars-Preachers, save in the adoption of a yet poorer habit and those few silver hairs which, we are told, his long labors, and not his years, had begun to sprinkle over his tonsured head. But the heroic heart, the patient, gentle spirit, the simple hearty joyousness of his friend, were still the same; and so, too, was the disinterestedness of his soul, of which Fulk had proof in a transaction whose acts are still preserved.

This was the renunciation, on the part of the saint, of that grant, formerly made by the bishop, of the sixth part of the tenths of his revenues for the support of the Order when it was yet young and friendless. The principle of poverty had since then been more strictly developed in the Institute, and Dominic believed he could no longer in conscience accept these revenues, even though given, in the very terms of the grant, as an alms to the poor of Christ. Fulk, on his part, confirmed the donation of the church of Notre Dame de Fanjeaux to the religious of Prouille; for it will be observed that the rigid law of poverty which the saint enforced on the rest of his Order, he relaxed in favor of the communities of women, for whose state he judged a moderate revenue was requisite to be secured.

The deed expressing the above agreement is given by Mamachi, together with engravings of the three seals appended, namely, those of the bishop, of the cathedral church of St. Stephen, and of St. Dominic. He is represented dressed in the habit of the Order and bearing a stick. The inscription surrounding the figure is to be read thus, *Sigillum Domini ministri pricationum*—"The seal of Dominic, minister of preaching."

It were to be wished that more particulars had been preserved of the great patriarch's last appearance in the Roman capital. Rome had witnessed the first development of his Order; henceforward St. Sixtus and Santa Sabina were to become classic names among his children; and if, as there is reason to believe, a prophetic knowledge had been granted him that the period of his death was not far off, there must have been a peculiar charm in his parting visit to these familiar scenes. We know only that he preached daily either at Santa Sabina or at one of the churches in the city, and that every day saw him at the grating of St. Sixtus, renewing his exhortations to the Sisters to keep fast to the holy rule which under his guidance they had embraced. The affection which he so faithfully preserved for these spiritual children is illustrated by one of the miracles related to us by Sister Cecilia as happening at this time. Upon a certain day he stopped at the gate, and, without entering, asked of the portress how Sister Theodora, Sister Tedrano, and Sister Ninfa were. She replied they were all three ill of fever. "Tell them," said Dom-

inic, "from me, that I command them all to be cured;" and at the delivery of the message they all three arose in perfect health.

St. Dominic returned to Bologna in time to prepare for the second General Chapter, which was summoned to meet on the 30th of May. In this Chapter a great and important work was to be laid before the assembled Fathers, both in what regarded the completion of the form of government to be established in the Order, and its further extension throughout the world. Great interest was therefore felt in the coming proceedings, an interest shared by enemies as well as friends, as appears from the following story. Two of the brethren who were travelling towards Bologna, were met on the road by a man who joined himself to their company and fell into conversation with them. He inquired the object of their journey, and being informed of the approaching Chapter, "What," he asked, "is the business which is likely to be discussed?" "The establishment of our brethren in new countries," replied one of the friars; "England and Hungary are among those proposed." "And Greece also," said the stranger, "and Germany; is it not so?" "You say truly," returned the friar; "it is said that we shall shortly be dispersed into all these provinces." Then the stranger uttered a loud cry as of great anguish, and exclaiming, "Your Order is my confusion," he leapt into the air, and so disappeared; and the friars knew that it was the voice of the great enemy of man, who was thus compelled to bear witness to the power which the servants of God exercised against him.

With regard to the government of the Order, it will be borne in mind that in the older forms of monasticism each abbey was complete in itself, the abbot exercising a paternal jurisdiction within his own domain independent of any central authority; but according to the plan devised by St. Dominic, the Order was now to be divided into provinces, the houses in each province, with their priors, being placed under the government of priors-provincial, who again were subject to the authority of the Master-General. In this way unity and discipline, together with uniformity of observance, were carefully secured; and the form of government thus introduced has been adhered to until our own day.

At the opening of the Chapter the saint addressed the brethren

at considerable length, laying before them the state of the Order in the countries wherein it was already established, and proposing its still further extension. It appeared that sixty convents were already founded, and a yet great number in course of erection. The eight provinces into which the Order was now divided were those of Spain, France, Provence, Lombardy, Rome, Germany, Hungary, and England. Among these newly created provinces the first place in order of rank was given to that of Spain, which was committed to the government of Father Suero Gomez. Father Peter of Rheims became provincial of France, Father Bertrand of Garrigua of Provence,¹ Father Jordan of Saxony of Lombardy, Father Clare de Sextio of Rome, and Father Conrad of Germany; whilst the two provinces of England and Hungary, which yet had to be colonized, were placed respectively under Father Gilbert de Fresnoy and Father Paul of Hungary.²

The names of most of these illustrious men have been already mentioned. Peter of Rheims had very early joined the community of St. James, and attracted the notice of St. Dominic, who discerned in him special gifts for government as well as great power as a preacher. He twice filled the office of provincial of France, and was present on the occasion when, some years later, Jordan, then Master-General of the Order, addressed the brethren of St. James in Chapter, and invited those who desired to be chosen for the missions in the Holy Land to notify their wishes. At once the whole assembly made the *venia*, and Peter beholding this expression of their devoted zeal, also did the same. Then, rising and addressing Jordan, "My Father," he said, "either leave me with these children, or let me go with them, for with them I would live or die." He was not, however, of the number chosen, but remaining in France, was in the year 1242 raised to the episcopal see of Agen.

In his address to the assembled Fathers, Dominic gave them an earnest exhortation to the pursuit of sacred learning, that they

¹ "Our holy founder [say the Acts of the Provincial Chapter of Aix] appointed as first Provincial of Provence, Bertrand of Garrigua, the dearest companion in his labors and apostolic journeys."

² The names of the first provincials are given rather differently by different writers: the above is from Malvenda, 1221, cap. v. p. 332.

might be the better fitted for the charge laid on them by their vocation as preachers. He reminded them that the briefs granted so liberally by the Vicar of Christ, recommended them to the favor of the Universal Church, inasmuch as they were therein declared to be laborers for God's honor and the salvation of souls, and that this end could never be attained without a diligent application to the Divine Scriptures; he therefore enjoined all who should be engaged in the sacred office of preaching to apply without ceasing to the study of theology, and to carry always with them a copy of the Gospels and the seven canonical epistles.

The foundation of the English Province will be treated of in a separate chapter. Immediately on the conclusion of the Chapter, Father Paul of Hungary was despatched to his new destination, accompanied by four other brethren, one of whom was Blessed Sadoc of Poland, the tale of whose martyrdom, with his forty-eight companions, is among the most interesting incidents recorded in the annals of the Order. The crown of martyrdom was reserved for Paul also. He received it the following year, together with ninety of his brethren, from the hands of the Cuman Tartars, who infested the borders of Hungary, and whose conversion to the Christian faith had so long formed the cherished day-dream of St. Dominic. It would seem, indeed, as though this nation, whose barbarity exceeded that of any of the savage hordes that still hung round the boundaries of Christian Europe, was destined, if not to be converted by his Order, at least to fill its ranks with an army of martyrs. Another of Paul's earliest companions, Berengarius of Poland, the archbishop of Cracow, was slain by them a few years afterwards; and in 1260 seventy more were sent to join their company; all of whom, it is said, were children and disciples of the glorious St. Hyacinth.

On the conclusion of this Chapter the magistrates of Bologna, wishing to mark their veneration for the holy founder and their gratitude for the benefits he had procured to the city by the extinction of their internal feuds, bestowed the honors of citizenship both on him and on all who should hereafter succeed him in his office of Master-General. The public act in which this proceeding is recorded declares the motives for making this grant to be the eminent learning of the saint, his great actions, his position

as founder of the Order of Preachers, and the splendor of his birth, as a member of the illustrious family of Guzman.¹

Jordan of Saxony was not present at the Chapter, having been detained in Paris by his duties as lector. On receiving the news of his appointment to the province of Lombardy, he set out, accompanied by a Brother whom he had recently gained to the Order, and who was a man of singular merit. This was Everard, arch-deacon of Langres, who had refused several bishoprics, and was renowned as a preacher throughout France and Burgundy. The great desire of Everard's heart was that he might see and become acquainted with the holy Father Dominic, and he rejoiced greatly in the hope that his assignation to Lombardy would give him a better chance of obtaining the fulfilment of this wish. The two friends travelled through Burgundy, Champagne, and Franche-Comté, preaching as they went. Entering Switzerland, they stopped at Lausanne, where Everard was taken ill, and in a few days his state was declared by the physicians to be hopeless. Jordan communicated the intelligence to him in deep grief, but he received it with calmness and even with joy. "It is those to whom the thought of death is bitter," he said, "who need that it should be concealed from them; for me I do not fear to be stripped of this mortal body, in the hope I have to be admitted to heaven. I had one desire, and it was that I might have lived to have seen the face of our Father Dominic, but I go where father and son will ere long meet in God's presence." He died a day or two later, "and I think," says Jordan, "that his death must indeed have been happy, for instead of the sorrow and trouble I thought to experience, my soul was filled with holy joy." He did not guess that in the providence of God, Everard would behold the face of Dominic before that happiness was granted to himself.

It was just before the assembly of this important Chapter that St. Dominic received into the Order a young student from Verona who was destined to become one of its brightest ornaments. Peter of Verona was the son of heretic parents, but, even as a

¹ This act is still preserved in the city records, and its text is quoted by Touron, p. 354.

child of seven, had ardently embraced the Catholic faith, the doctrines of which he had learned at the school where his parents sent him to study grammar. One day his uncle, who was a great authority among the Manichees, questioned him as to what he learnt at school. "I learned the Creed," replied the child, and he began to repeat the words, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth." "That is false," said the Manichee; "heaven and earth were not created by God, but by the devil." Peter repeated the words of the Creed a second time, adding, "That is what I have been taught, and what I believe, and what I shall always repeat." His uncle, struck by the firmness of the boy, went to find his father, and said to him, "That little Peter of yours, if you do not see to it, will pass over to the great harlot (it was so the heretics commonly spoke of the Catholic Church), and one of these days he will do us much harm."

At the age of fifteen he was sent to study at Bologna, and, happening to hear one of the sermons delivered by St. Dominic in a public piazza of the city, he was from that moment filled with but one thought and desire, namely, to place himself under the direction of the preacher and receive the habit of the Order. The saint, with his usual discernment, recognized in his young disciple the treasure sent him by Heaven, one destined in a special manner to carry on his work as the champion of the faith against the assaults of heresy.¹

He did not live to see the glory of Peter's future career, yet even now there were sufficient indications of it to make him peculiarly dear to the heart of St. Dominic, who felt himself drawn by a powerful attraction to the youth whose angelic innocence of life had been united, even from infancy, to an extraordinary courage in the profession of the Catholic faith. "The hammer of the heretics," as he was commonly termed, he died by their hands, writing on the ground in his blood the word *Credo*, and so renewing, even at the very moment of death, the same glorious profession of faith which he had pronounced in childhood. His holy body lies buried in the church of St. Eustorgio at Milan, but the finger which wrote that memorable *Credo*, is preserved

¹ "Post B. Dominicum, non immerito princeps appellari debet sacrosancti officii inquisitionis." (Sixtus V. Bull of Canonization of St Peter Martyr.)

with other priceless relics in the convent of SS. Domenico e Sisto at Rome.

The eulogy of this great saint cannot be entered on in this place, but there is one fact connected with his death which deserves a brief notice. Carino de Balsamo, the assassin of St. Peter, was taken on the very scene of the crime and carried prisoner to Milan, whence, through the guilty connivance of the *podestà* bought over by the heretics, he succeeded in making his escape. Falling sick at Forli, he was taken to a hospital adjoining the convent of the Friars-Preachers, and believing himself dying, made his confession with every token of real penitence to one of the Fathers. He did not however die, and on his restoration to health craved admission among the brethren of the saint whom he had slain. With extraordinary charity they received him among them, and he continued for forty years to lead a life of such true penance as earned for him the title of *il beato*. Four centuries later his body was laid in the sepulchre of the Blessed Marcolino of Forli; while in the church of St. Eustorgio he was painted among other saints of the Order, his head being surrounded by an aureole. St. Peter died praying for his murderers; and in the wonderful grace granted to Carino we may see what power is given to the intercession of a martyr.

We should form an imperfect idea of the life led by St. Dominic and his children, or the good which they achieved, if besides an enumeration of the provinces and convents founded by them, we did not also take into account the work which they undertook simply as preachers. From the different centres in which they were planted, the brethren were continually sent out into the surrounding districts to preach the Word of God in towns and villages after a fashion somewhat resembling modern "missions." "The first brethren of the Order," writes Stephen de Salanhac, "journeyed along the roads, scattering the seed of the Divine Word far and wide as they went. Every member seemed changed into a tongue, for everything about them preached penance and holiness of life."

Following the example of their holy Father, of whom Blessed Jordan says that he preached in the streets, in the houses, in the fields, or by the wayside, so did his children carry the Word of

God into all parts, and announce it to men of all states and conditions. They raised their voice boldly and fearlessly at fairs and markets, in the lists of the tournament, or in the castle hall. At one time we see them holding disputations with the heretics, at another they are carrying the good tidings of salvation among the wild shepherds of the Alps. They went forth two and two without scrip or purse, as our Lord sent out His disciples—mere youths sometimes, as Thomas of Cantimpré describes them, “who had only just left the world, without experience, simple as doves, yet in all that regarded their conduct as prudent as serpents.” Gerard de Frachet tells us of a devout woman in Lombardy who had heard of the new Order of Friars, and desired much to see some of them. It chanced that two of the brethren who were travelling in those parts, called at her house, and as their manner was, addressed her some words of edification. But she seeing them so young, and with such fair smiling countenances, despised them in her heart. She had prepared herself to see grave, bearded men of rigid and austere aspect, as if they had just come forth out of the desert, and could not persuade herself that these youths could preserve themselves from the contamination of the world, or be fit to speak of Divine things. So she shut her window in their faces and would not converse with them. That night our Lady appeared to her and said with a severe countenance, “Yesterday thou didst despise my servants and think evil of them in thy heart. Dost thou not believe that I am able to preserve those who go about the world preaching the doctrine of my Son?” And with that she opened her mantle and showed a great number of friars securely sheltered beneath its folds, and amongst the rest were the two young brethren whom the woman had seen the day before. It is manifest that the apostolic labors of the brethren could not have been accomplished under the conditions then imposed on them without exposing them to hardships and difficulties of every kind. Gerard de Frachet relates how one of the brethren who was sent to Hungary, was overcome by fear lest these difficulties would have to be encountered without obtaining any corresponding fruit of souls. Consulting a holy Cistercian monk in his trouble, his friend beheld in prayer a vision, wherein he seemed to see a vast

river, spanned by a bridge, across which many religious were passing in ease and safety; while struggling in the waters appeared some Friars-Preachers, swimming against the tide, and dragging after them a boat, laden with a crowd of people. The Friars seemed exhausted with fatigue, when our Lady appeared and, extending her hand towards them, helped them to reach the river's bank in safety. This vision he understood to signify that if those who embraced the apostolic life had more to suffer than such as attended only to their own salvation, yet their labors would produce abundant fruits to other souls, and be the source to themselves of unspeakable happiness, which would be secured to them by the loving patronage of our Lady.

Some of the most charming anecdotes which are to be found in the *Vitæ Fratrum* and in the ancient chronicles of the Order, refer to what we may call the adventures of the brethren on their preaching expeditions, and the marks of God's loving providence over them. Theodoric relates a story of two young friars who arrived at a village in Hungary just at the time when the people were assembling in the church to hear Mass. When Mass was over, and the congregation were dispersing, the sacristan closed the church door, and left the two friars standing in the porch, no one having offered them hospitality. A poor fisherman saw them thus standing, and was touched with compassion, but having nothing to offer, he did not venture to invite them to his house. Going home to his wife, however, he spoke of what he had seen. "My heart aches for those poor young brethren," he said, "whom no one seems ready to receive into their house." "What can we do?" replied his wife. "I have nothing to give you for your supper but a handful of millet." "Well, then, let us give it to them," was his reply, "and look in your purse and see if possibly there may not be a coin or two with which we can buy them some bread." To his great joy two little coins were found, with which the good man desired his wife to purchase a loaf and a little wine, and to cook the millet and some fish he had caught, while he went in search of their guests, and brought them home to his humble dwelling. The two friars ate the poor fare set before them with thankfulness, and next morning, taking leave of their hosts, they prayed that God would bless them for their char-

ity, and never suffer their purse that had furnished the much-needed alms to be empty; a prayer that was answered to the letter, for from that day the two little coins were never found wanting.

Another time we read of two brethren travelling through a wild mountain region in Germany, where they have lost their way. After wandering about in vain, they sit down and take counsel together what to do. One of them looks up, and sees a kite flying over their heads. "Kite," he cries, "I command thee in the Name of Jesus Christ to show us the way we must follow." Immediately the bird descends, and going before the brethren, leads them into the right road, which they had not seen, and then flies away.

Two others, Sigfried and Conrad by name, going out to preach, come to a river, on the other side of which they see a village church, into which the country people were flocking, and where they desire to go also that they may announce the Word of God. But how to cross the river, which is broad and deep? Suddenly they descry a little boat on the further side. "Cross over here, little boat," cries Sigfried, "in the name of Christ, Whom we desire to preach." The boat obeys his word and comes across the river, guided by no mortal hand, but getting into it, they find no oars with which to row it. Presently a little maiden comes running down the hill carrying an oar. "Do you want to cross, brethren?" she says, and joining them in the boat, she pushes them across the stream and then disappears.

Again we come on narratives which make us understand the labors which these preaching missions entailed on those engaged in them, and the severity with which they nevertheless observed their Rule. Two brethren had spent a whole Lent preaching in a district in Germany, where the people came together in such numbers that from early morning until None they were incessantly engaged in hearing confessions, and then after breaking their fast, from None again until night, this labor being only interrupted by that of preaching. As Lent drew to a close they both fell ill, and feared they should not have strength enough to journey back to their convent. When the vigil of Easter came, one of the two brethren fell into such a state of prostration that his

voice was scarcely audible. "Alas! Brother Ulrich," he said to his companion, "what are we to do? If only to-morrow we could get a *partridge*, I think that might restore our strength." "A partridge!" said Ulrich, "and where are you to get such a thing at this time of year?" "I know not indeed," said the other, "yet I believe our Lord could show us this favor if He thought fit." Ulrich, who saw that his comrade was really in extremity, despatched a messenger to a nobleman who lived at no great distance, begging him to send something that would restore the sick man. As the messenger journeyed along, he heard as he passed through a valley watered by the Molda, a whirring of wings. It was a covey of partridges, and one of the birds got caught in a bush and could not extricate itself. The man captured it easily, not knowing what kind of a bird it was, and brought it to Brother Ulrich, saying: "See what a beautiful bird I have caught as I came along!" Ulrich took it to the invalid, who received it gratefully. "Did I not tell you," he said, "that our Lord could send me a partridge if He saw fit?" And fortified with this timely succor he found strength enough to get back to his convent.

The brethren on these journeys begged their bread, and for the most part took their scanty mid-day repast by the side of some stream or wayside fountain. It was thus as the little party of travellers were seated near a spring of water, having with them the young novice, Thomas Aquinas, that they were surprised by the armed company who carried off the novice as a prisoner. So common was this way of life, that we find in the acts of a very early provincial chapter an ordinance permitting the brethren to speak together at such times. "We do not regard it as a *breach of the silence at table*," are the words of this ordinance, "when the brethren on these journeys speak together as they take their refectory by some spring of water on the roadside." So we read in the life of Blessed Jordan, that coming near a village at the time of dinner, he sent two of his companions to beg a little bread, bidding them bring what they could collect to a little fountain by the wayside, when they could all eat it together. The brethren returned with such a scanty supply as furnished only a handful of bread to each one. Jordan gave thanks to God for permitting them thus to practise real poverty, and bade the others to rejoice

with him. A woman passing by was scandalized at seeing a company of religious men giving way, as she supposed, to unseemly mirth, and at so early an hour; but when she inquired and found they were but rejoicing at their poverty, it so touched her heart, that she ran off to her cottage and brought thence bread, wine, and cheese in abundance, begging them to accept it, and remember her in their prayers. Sometimes hospitality of this kind shown to the brethren drew on their benefactors a special benediction. Thus we read of two Spanish brethren who were returning into their own country and passed through Poitou, preaching as they went. One day, having travelled far without taking any refreshment, they became weary and exhausted. The only village near was a wretched hamlet, where it seemed hopeless to apply for hospitality. "Never fear," said one of them to his younger companion, who was ready to sink with fatigue, "let us pray to God, and even in this poor hamlet He will know how to supply our needs." As he spoke, they saw approaching them a company of men and horses, in attendance on the châtelaine of Saint Maixent, who was travelling along the road in company with her young son. When she saw the two wayworn friars, she bade her son dismount and supply them with provisions out of those which her followers carried with them. With charming grace the boy accomplished his mother's orders, bringing them an excellent meal of wine, fresh bread, eggs, and a good fish pasty, pressing them to eat, and waiting on them as though he were their servant. When the friars had finished their dinner, the elder of the two said to his companion, "Let us kneel down and pray to God for this good youth that God will reward him and his mother for their charity towards us." So they knelt down and said the *Veni Creator* and a *Pater* for their benefactors, after which they continued their journey. Some time afterwards one of these friars going to the General Chapter at Paris, stopped on his way at a convent in Poitou, where he saw a young novice recently clothed, whose face he seemed to recognize. "Who is that young Brother?" he asked of the Prior, and hearing that he was son to the châtelaine of Saint Maixent, he called him and said, "Dear Brother, do you remember, at your mother's desire, giving a dinner once to two travelling friars, when they were in great need?" "I do, in-

deed," replied the novice, "and I have often thanked God for giving me the grace of vocation in answer to their pious prayers." Then replied the Brother, "I was one of those friars, and I have often prayed to God to give you a good life and a happy end. The good life you have found the way to persevere in it, and it will lead you to a blessed end."

But we must not multiply quotations from these old chronicles, which would readily furnish a collection of anecdotes in no degree inferior in their picturesque beauty to the Fioretti of St. Francis. Those given above are only cited as illustrations of the work which was going on in every country into which the friars penetrated. The plains of Lombardy, the mountains of the Alps, the forests of Germany, were everywhere made beautiful by the feet of those who carried the good tidings of salvation to many a remote district, where the rude inhabitants were left as sheep without a shepherd; whilst at the same time they feared not to declare their message also in the courts of princes, or to the learned audience of the schools. Thus realizing the design of their great patriarch, they became the true apostles of their time, carrying into practice the motto which was adopted as their device, *Laudare, benedicere, prædicare!*

EXPLANATION OF THE HAIL MARY.

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB.

THE sinner sometimes asks for what only the just obtains. "*The substance of the sinner is kept for the just.*" (Prov. xiii. 22.) Thus Mother Eve sought fruit, but did not find in it all that she had desired; the Blessed Virgin, however, found all in her fruit that had been desired by Eve. Because Eve desired three things. In the first place, the devil falsely promised her that they would be as gods, knowing good and evil. "*You will be,*" said that liar, "*as gods.*" (Gen. iii.) This was a lie from the father of lies. For by eating the fruit Eve did not become like unto God, but on the

contrary, very unlike unto Him, because by sinning she turned away from God, her salvation, and was expelled from paradise.

Not so the Blessed Virgin. What Eve did not find, Mary did find, and all Christians in the blessed fruit of her womb—because through Christ we are joined and assimilated to God. (1 John iii.) "*When He shall appear, we shall be like unto Him.*" Secondly, in her fruit Eve sought enjoyment, but did not obtain it, because it was then that she discovered she was naked, and experienced sorrow: but in the fruit of the Virgin we find sweetness and salvation. "*He that eateth My flesh shall have eternal life.*" (John vi.) Thirdly, the fruit of Eve was beautiful to behold; but more beautiful the fruit of the Virgin, whom the angels desire to gaze upon. "(Thou art) *beautiful above the sons of men,*" (Ps. xlv. 3.) because it is the splendor of the Father of glory that shines in his countenance. Eve, therefore, could not find in her fruit what no sinner has ever found in his sins. And therefore, too, let us seek what we desire in the fruit of the Virgin.

This fruit is blessed by God because He filled him with all grace, and of this fulness we have all received for the sake of Christ. "*Blessed be the God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ,*" says St. Paul to the Ephesians (chap. i.), "who hath blessed us with spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." And the angels of heaven cry aloud continually: "*Benediction and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving, honor and power, and strength to our God.*" (Apoc. vii. 12.) And by the testimony of St. Paul, (Philip ii. 11.) "*Every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father.*" "*Blessed,*" indeed, therefore is "He who comes in the name of the Lord." (Ps. 117.)

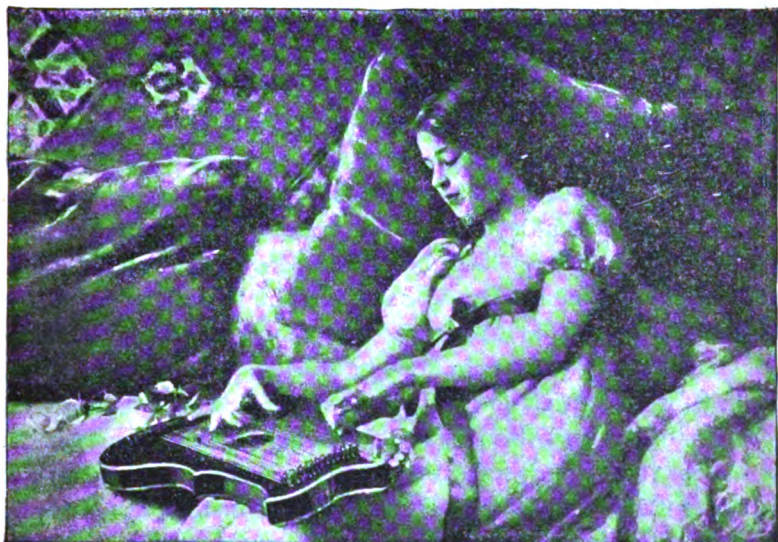
Thus, then, blessed is the Virgin-mother, but more blessed is the gracious fruit of her womb!

Nos cum Prole pia
Benedicat Virgo Maria.

[THE END.]

MANKIND always judges a great deal by costume, and the dress of a pun any beggar can purchase. Still it may clothe a royal soul.—*Anon.*

The Children of the Rosary.



"A SONG WITHOUT WORDS."

IN LOVE WITH HIS MOTHER.

OF all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable to the highest degree in both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love that makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. I never yet knew a boy to turn out hopelessly bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect his worn and weary wife, but the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in her sear-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time.—*Selected.*

A STRAY SWALLOW.

By E. V. N.

MR. Jack Screamer and his mate, Mrs. Martin, had built a very comfortable nest under the eaves of a rustic residence, that was sheltered by spreading elms. The owners of this house did not disturb their winged neighbors, who carefully gathered the insects from the fruit trees in their vast orchard, and carried them in little pouches under their tongues to feed four little fledglings that had recently come to "feather their nest."

Mrs. Martin was a devoted parent. Now, about a quarter of a mile off, there was a white ox-heart cherry-tree, standing quite close to a gentleman's country-seat, and she had observed that a myriad of glow-worms had lately taken possession of that tree, and intended to revel on the red-cheeked fruit. One lovely evening in June, Mrs. Martin, on arriving at the farm-house, imparted the news of her find to Mr. Jack, who immediately rose up in the air almost to the empyrean, and uttered a scream loud enough to waken all the fowls that had gone to roost. Just as he came down to share with Mrs. Martin the labor of covering the nest with their wings, so as to shield the birdlings from the chill night air, a big, fat glow-worm flew past them, and spread her light so wide, and so defiantly, that Mrs. Martin resolved to humble that saucy insect. Moreover, she and Jack declared that on the morrow that whole family of glow-worms should be no more! Just then a larger light was displayed by that bold intruder, and Mrs. Martin flew after it, determined to bring it home in triumph! Away she plunged in the darkness, following the phosphorescent light of the flying bug, which constantly eluded her usual skill in catching the members of the insect-tribe. At length Mrs. Martin found herself close to the cherry-tree, but by a sad mistake she flew into Mrs. O'Brien's parlor window. Alas! in vain she tried to find an egress by the opening which she had entered; she only bumped the ceiling, and hurt her pretty wings. At last, wearied with her continued efforts, she grasped the cornice with her tiny claws, and remained awhile mute and quiet, from fear and anxiety.

Meanwhile Jack Screamer was also in great trouble. The birdlings wondered where their mother had gone, and they mur-

mured in their little queer way. Ever and anon Mr. Screamer flew up over the housetop, then through the elms, and called his mate; but no answer came, and as his little ones grew cold when he was absent, he thought it best to hide his anxiety, and pretend that their mother was on the way home. So they went to sleep, while Jack watched every leaf that trembled, hoping dear Mrs. Martin was on the way back to their nest.

While poor Mrs. Martin was trembling with agitation, a servant entered the parlor and raised the gas-lights, and then Mrs. O'Brien entered the room, followed by her two sons, Hugh and Patsy, and her little daughter Kittie. They had just been to tea.

Hugh set an easy chair for his mamma, and the other children were going to open a portfolio of pictures, when poor Mrs. Martin flew from the gilded cornice over to a handsome lambrequin, for she imagined that the open air was somewhere near it. The rustling of her wings attracted the attention of the children, and Hugh cried out, "O mamma! there is a swallow! let us catch him!"

"Yes," said Patsy, "and put him in my old bird-cage!—won't we have fun!"

"Kittie, call James, to bring a step-ladder," said Mrs. O'Brien; "and keep quiet, boys; you frighten the bird to death!"

"It is a very plump, nice bird," observed Hugh; "do you know what swallows live on, mamma?" said the boy, hoping to keep it for a pet.

Then the footman entered, and brought down poor Mrs. Martin, who struggled very hard to escape, while Mrs. O'Brien held it, and each child stroked its wings, calling it by endearing titles. Patsy wanted James to bring his cage that had formerly held a thrush, but Mrs. O'Brien said, "I think it is very cruel to put birds like this in cages."

"So do I," said Kittie, who had watched all the movements in silence, and felt sorry for the captive. "Patsy, don't you remember Goldsmith's poem on the Goldfinch, how his owner forgot to feed him, and

"In dying sighs his little breath
Soon passed the wiry grate?"

"Yes, of course, but *we* will not forget him."

"Saints and good people have always been noted for kindness to birds, and to other animals," remarked Mrs. O'Brien.

"Like St. Francis of Assisium," said Hugh. "But *we* are not going to be canonized!" cried Patsy, who wished to keep the swallow.

"When your papa and I were in Venice, some years ago, we went to the Square of San Marco, to see "*The Feeding of the Pigeons*," as it is called. Hundreds of people had collected there to enjoy the interesting sight. The pigeons were coming in various directions and lighting on the window-sills and cornices of a magnificent marble palace. From an immemorial period the pigeons had come and settled daily under a particular window, from which seed is thrown to them. A quarter before two o'clock the birds began to come, and were evidently very intent upon enjoying the expected meal. Other bells sounded a few seconds before two, and another clock struck one full minute before; but not one pigeon stirred until the hammer was heard on the clock of San Marco. Then instantly every wing spread, and the whole flock settled on the pavement directly under the above-mentioned window. While picking up their food a dog gambolled around many of them, and children walked into the ring without their being at all disturbed. Now, my dears, it is said that a benevolent person, long years before, had bequeathed a sum to purchase food for the pigeons of San Marco. Do you not think that we can learn a lesson from this?"

"Of course we can," said Hugh. "Patsy, it is better to let the swallow fly away."

"Very good, my Hugh," said Mrs. O'Brien, and the boys held Mrs. Martin to the window, which they raised, and away flew the fortunate bird.

"Mamma, perhaps you know of some good person who was kind to birds?" inquired Kittie. And as her mother nodded affirmatively she drew a hassock close to her, and beckoned her brothers to come too.

"When I was at boarding-school in Paris, at the *rue de Varenne*, I remember that the Ven. Mère Barat was very kind to all animals; she would ask the domestics to feed the house cat, a fine Angora, and gathered lettuce herself to feed the cow. One day

as she was seated at her secretary writing, a fine gray parrot flew in at the open window, and squatting down before her, screeched: '*Bon jour!*'

"The kind mother was much amused and surprised, but when she went to offer the stranger a perch, she discovered that his leg was broken. She was full of compassion for it, and was also sorry for its owner, as it was a fine bird."

"I was just going to say, that I do not think a gray parrot would be as pretty as one of gay plumage," observed Patsy.

"The gray parrots, my love, imitate the human voice better than any bird. A Roman Cardinal owned one that could repeat the Apostles' Creed without fault. The gray ones are said to be very long-lived. Le Vaillant tells of one that reached the age of ninety-three. Well, just as Mme. Barat was trying to contrive a nest for Poll in her work-basket, Dr. Recamier was announced. At once he was asked to set the broken leg of the parrot. That gentleman esteemed Mme. Barat very highly, and condescendingly arranged the splints and cords, and in a few minutes the bird was comfortable, and began to chatter away in the most voluble manner.

"Daily the portress expected some of the neighbors would call to claim the truant, but no one ever came; however, when the leg was healed Poll ranged the balcony at will, and one fine day he flew away, and never returned."

"I wonder whether parrots know the meaning of the phrases that they utter?" said Hugh.

"I fancy not," said Mrs. O'Brien, "for they will say Polly wants a biscuit," when they are thirsty. I saw one in Ontario, owned by Rev. F. Bruyère; it was a South American bird of gorgeous plumage. When the Rev. Father took his coffee, Polly would leave her cage, and beg to be served a cup, also. 'O Poll, you are a Protestant; you can't have coffee!' would F. Bruyère say; then Poll would ruffle her feathers and scream: 'Polly Cattolica! Polly Cattolica!' When she had amused the audience, she would get her favorite beverage."

"I think the swallow's birdlings must have been glad to see their mother," said Kittie.

We can assure her they were. When she came home to the

nest, the birdies thought it was morning, and opened wide their yellow bills to get a worm, but Mrs. Martin quieted them by promising them a dinner on fresh glow-worms, which she and Jack flew to secure.

[END.]

HEAVEN.

S. H. G.

THIS earth is fair, and bright with nature's beams,
The grandeur of her mountains and her floods,
Her fertile plains, her valleys and her woods,
Her ocean's vast expanse, her rippling streams,
Her shady bowers where broken sunlight gleams,
Her flowery haunts where perfume scent the way,
Her meadows, sweet with new-mown hay,—
How good, how rich a paradise it seems!

Increase its countless charms in every part,
By pow'r divine make all its joys complete;
Each fault and blemish let new grace replace,
And still it cannot fill the human heart.
In heaven alone our rest—where we shall meet
And see the Great Creator face to face.

"WE experience a species of voluptuousness in suffering," says an old author, "when our tears fall on the heart of one who loves us, for there we find consolation and encouragement."

But, let us beware of placing too much confidence in human consolation. It suspends for an instant the pangs of grief; it does not heal our wounds. Human consolation is the dew-drop which falls in the calyx of a flower after long days of drought; it is not the beneficial rain which bathes its roots and restores it to life. Human consolation is a passing caress; it is not a sustaining embrace, and then we can always say to the friend who consoles us: "Hast thou suffered as I have?"

The word of the divine Friend penetrates, comforts, vivifies. Having undergone every species of suffering, Jesus has eloquent replies to all our lamentations and complaints.—*Translated from the French of V. Rev. J. M. L. Monsabre, O. P.*

Notes.

Our January number was delayed a few days on account of the unpleasant and unwelcome presence of the gripe in the press and mailing rooms.

The following communication reached us too late for insertion in the January number. We gladly insert it now, and are pleased to note how successful have been our Western band of missionaries.

During the past season, beginning with October, '93, the Dominican Fathers of Minneapolis, Minnesota, gave the following missions in the States of Ohio, Missouri, South Dakota, Iowa, and Minnesota: Sacred Heart Church, Staples, Minn.; Rev. F. Zumbush, Pastor. St. Francis Church, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. P. F. Quigley, D.D., Pastor. Holy Rosary Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. J. Lavery, Pastor. St. Thomas Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. J. H. May, D.D., Pastor. Assumption Church, Morris, Minn.; Rev. G. Gaskel, Pastor. St. Thomas Church, Corcoran, Minn.; Rev. F. J. Swift, Pastor. St. Mary's Church, Lake Mills, Iowa; Assumption Church, Forest City, Iowa; Rev. James Taken, Pastor. St. Mary's Church, Riceville, Iowa; St. Patrick's Church, Waupsie, Iowa; Rev. James O'Brien, Pastor. St. Alphonsus' Church, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Rev. James J. Bassler, Pastor. St. Catharine's Church, Laverne, Minn.; St. Mary's Church, Ellsworth, Minn.; Rev. P. McDonough, Pastor. St. Joseph's Church, Elk Point, South Dakota; Rev. John Hogan, Pastor. St. Patrick's Church, Clare, Iowa; Rev. M. Darcey, Pastor.

Following are the names of the Dominican Fathers who gave the above-mentioned missions: Very Rev. R. M. Bloomer, O.P.; Rev. J. A. Daly, O.P.; Rev. W. R. Dunn, O.P.; Rev. C. H. McKenna, O.P., P.G.; Rev. J. H. Leonard, O.P.; Rev. B. A. Enis, O.P.

Besides preaching and administering the sacraments, the Dominican Fathers devoted great care and zeal in founding or re-establishing, in accordance with the requests of the Reverend Pastors, the various Church societies, such as the Rosary Society, the Holy Name and Altar Societies, Temperance Societies, and the various sodalities for men and women, young and old. The zealous efforts of these devoted missionary Fathers were invariably rewarded with the most gratifying results in the above-

named parishes. All future applications for missions throughout the Western and Middle States should be sent to the head of the Western missions: Very Rev. R. M. Bloomer, Prior of the Holy Rosary Convent, Minneapolis, Minnesota. All applications will receive prompt attention.

Our Eastern band has been no less successful. Father Splinter declares that he has work engaged for the entire year, and had to decline invitations of many a zealous parish priest, for the simple reason that there were none to send. There ought to be more religious vocations, and there will be, if prayers are devoutly offered for that noble end.

The Holy Rosary reminds us that there will be no more mourning, nor any sorrow when we shall be forever with the Lord, like to God, because we shall see Him as He is.—Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII. on the Rosary.

The rigorous fast which the Church imposes on her children during the lent-en season has of late years been abated in several dioceses of the United States, owing to the ravages of the gripe. But the penitential spirit may not, by reason of this dispensation, be laid aside or forgotten. And while voluntary self-imposed penances are not as profitable as those which authority imposes, because they have not the merit of obedience, they are nevertheless not to be ignored or avoided.

Penance performed with proper motives is always profitable, not to say necessary. And while there are stated times when the Church calls us to penance and deny ourselves, she would not have us believe that this practice ought to be confined to those intervals when she more forcibly and frequently than usual invites us, exhorts and commands us.

The following question was recently asked of the *N. Y. Sun*:

"Is there in the United States an association called the American Protective Association? If so, what are its objects?"

The answer is characteristic of the great metropolitan journal.

There is such an association. Its objects purport to be to protect the Government and laws of the United States from the Roman Catholics. Its object

is visionary; its weapons are lies pure and simple, and statements about the Roman Catholics so vague that they can't be pinned down and denied. No decent man can belong to the association. This recrudescence of know-nothingism must not be mistaken for the National League for the Protection of American Institutions, which is a reputable concern. Some of the lower breed of A. P. A. members claim that the two organizations are similar in all but names; but they lie in this as in most other public statements.

The Dominican Sisters of Edgewood, near Madison, Wis., suffered a severe loss by having their beautiful academy, the greater part of which had but just been completed, burned to the ground, on Nov. 16th, '93. More poignant, however, was the grief for the loss of life in this same conflagration, two of the scholars having been cut off and suffocated by the smoke. The good Sisters feel they can poorly afford the loss of their buildings, but they reckon this a mere trifle compared to the loss of life. Nor can it be said that precautions were wanting that are supposed to be of service in case of fire, because it is well-known that these Sisters' academies are exceptionally well equipped for such emergencies. Only a few years ago the papers teemed with the recitals of the drills and exercises which were given to these Dominican Sisters with fire-fighting and life-saving apparatus. It was at the time counted strange and novel to hear of Sisters acting as trained firemen are taught to act.

We sympathize with the Sisters of Edgewood, and admire the courage with which they have already set out to raise new walls on what were smouldering ruins, so short a time ago.

We are sure that the third term of the Catholic Summer School will be more generally patronized than either of the other two. Perhaps the name *Summer School* is a drawback to that for which it stands, the name leaving the unwelcome thought and feeling of sultry summer heat and droning, prosy, dry, commonplace, and intangible, impracticable platitudes. If there are any who have any such impressions and forebodings about the Plattsburgh Summer School, they are simply altogether in error. The locality is an ideal one, beside the placid waters of the historic Lake Champlain, and the subjects presented by the lecturers were far from dry and prosy. The expenses

for attendance, etc., were by no means extraordinary last year. Many who took a two weeks' or a month's vacation during last summer's hot season went to out-of-the-way places, and paid out more money for far less recreation, physical and mental, than would have been required of them at Plattsburgh. Of course it will be out of the question for Westerners and people from the far South to attend the Plattsburgh lectures; but Canada and the New England States, and most of the Atlantic States ought to be able to keep them up by sending auditors sufficient to fill the largest lecture-hall. The West will undoubtedly have a Summer School of its own; the same lecturers could instruct and entertain both audiences. But we did not intend to say so much about the Summer School. These thoughts were prompted by the following communication from the Editor of the Youngstown *Reading Circle Review*, Mr. Warren E. Mosher, the efficient Secretary, as well as the founder of the Catholic Summer School:

The Rev. Dr. Conaty, President of the Catholic Summer School, and the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Chairman of the Executive Committee, called upon His Grace the Archbishop of New York, to pay him an official visit, present to him the good wishes of the Board of Trustees, and ask from him such suggestions and advice as he might see fit to give. The Archbishop received them very cordially, and expressed his great desire for the success of the School and his interest in its welfare. He was pleased to learn of the good condition of the organization, and its spirit of harmony with the best thought in Church work. He was also glad to learn that the Board of Studies had arranged for a special course in Normal School work for the teachers, and thought well of the idea of having such religious teachers as could attend the School take advantage of these opportunities. The great work of charity, he said, is teaching. Those in the Church who devote themselves to the work of teaching should undoubtedly avail themselves of the best methods of accomplishing their work. Hence it is well that opportunities such as these be embraced by all who teach. The methods of work were outlined to him, and met with his hearty approbation. He hoped to see a large attendance of those engaged in parochial school work, so that our parish schools might be benefited by the instruction in experimental science

and school methods given by competent teachers under direct Catholic influence. The fact that the convent at Plattsburgh had facilities for the accommodation of so many of the Sisters, and had already given hospitality last summer to members of different religious orders, would make it easier for their Ordinaries to recommend them to attend. This pleasant interview closed with another expression of the Archbishop's good wishes toward the School in its work, on which he graciously bestowed his blessing, intimating that he would try to arrange his engagements next summer so as to visit Plattsburgh during the session of the School.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The undersigned announces that beginning with the March number, Father

O'Neil will resume the editorial management of *THE ROSARY*: Father Goggin has been assigned to duty on the teaching staff of our Novitiate. All literary communications should be directed to Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. Checks, money-orders and drafts should be made payable to *THE ROSARY*, and all subscriptions and communications of a business nature should be directed to

REV. J. C. O'MAHONY, O. P.,
871 Lexington Ave.,
N. Y. City.

We are also pleased to announce that beginning with the March number, *AQUINAS* will again take charge of our dear little children of *THE ROSARY*.

We also wish to assure our friends and subscribers that hereafter *THE ROSARY* will be mailed so as to insure its delivery by the first of the month.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ANGELUS DOMINI, WITH LEGENDARY LAYS AND POEMS IN HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. Compiled and edited by a Daughter of the Church. Baker and Taylor Co., New York.

Although this beautiful little volume is not the compilation of a Catholic, the casual reader would never discover that fact from aught within the pages which the compiler has lovingly collected for the "Glory of God and the honor of Blessed Mary, ever Virgin." The careful reader, of course, would notice that in spite of the devout dedication there is not in the book that generous frankness and that warmth of devotion (which, if elicited towards any other object, would be termed enthusiasm), which every son and daughter of the true Church is glad to manifest towards the Blessed Virgin Mary.

It will be a matter of legitimate curiosity for Catholics who are not aware of the progress which is making in certain quarters outside the pale of their own Church, to behold how one not a Catholic has nevertheless the courage to

attest her sincere and profound veneration for the Immaculate Mother of God. This "Daughter of the Church" is, we surmise, more consistent than her groping Church is. It is but an instance of what was noticed long centuries ago, "*Anima humana, anima Christiana.*" We may add that we are stating an identical proposition when in the same breath we add—*anima Christiana est anima Catholica.*

The selections in this book, many of them from the pens of non-Catholics, may be read with much profit and devotion by every Catholic.

As it is undeniably true that those who are sincerely devoted to the Mother may reasonably hope to obtain favor from the Son, let us pray that the many who in our age are devoted to Mary, may be led to the fulness of the divine heritage of the faith.

We have received a copy of a song that ought to take well: "Deal Gently with the Erring." Words by Mrs. Julia A. Carney; music by Charles Baker. Publisher, F. W. Helmick, 265 6th Ave., N. Y. City. Price, 40c.

FEBRUARY ROSARY.

INTENTIONS.

The prayers of Rosarians are asked for the welfare of our Holy Father, and for his intentions, also for the success of Dominican missions, for all novices and their superiors, for several deceased and sick members; the repose of the souls

of Owen Augustus, and Father Sorrentini; employment for a young man; 3 hardened sinners; increase of religious fervor for 2 families; conversion to the faith for 1 family; 63 inebriates; 35 departed souls; 1 spiritual and temporal favor.

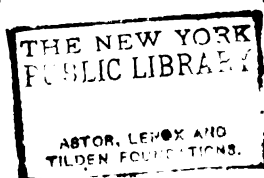
"WHY, WHEN, HOW, AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO READ."

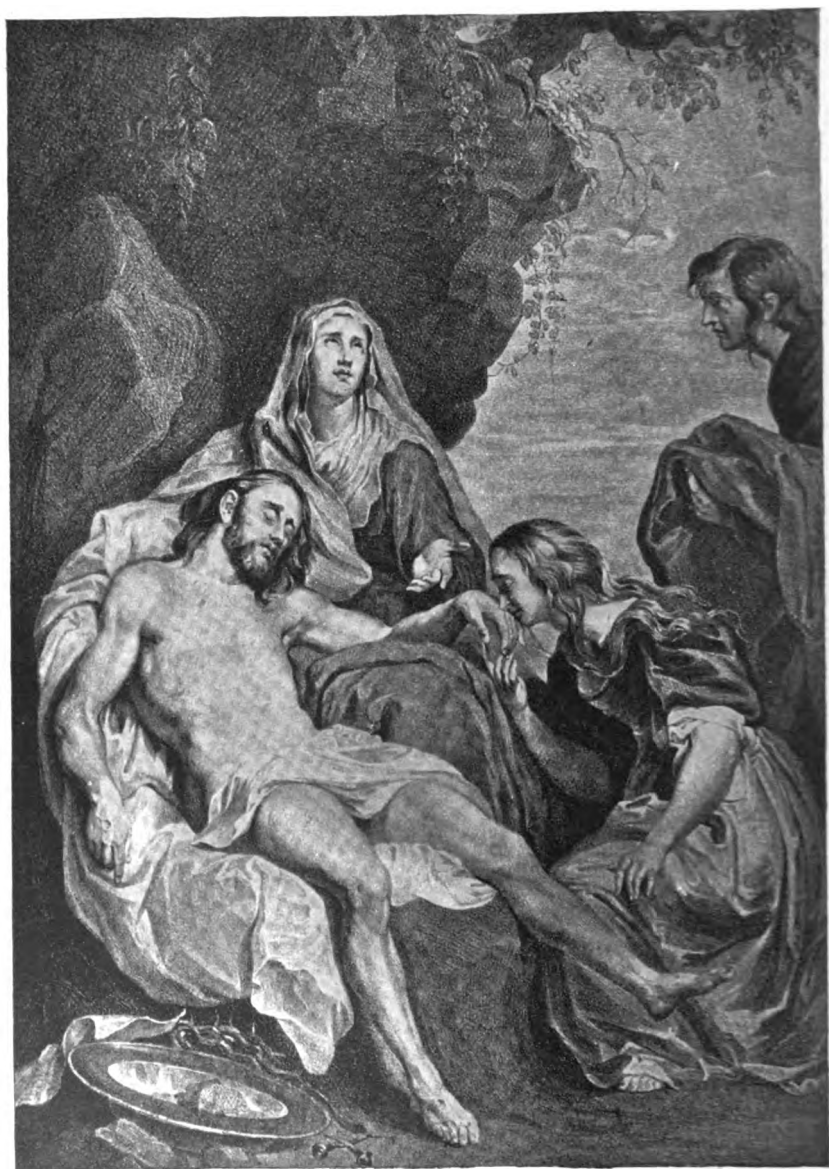
"Why, When, How, and What we Ought to Read" is a little work by Father O'Neil, O. P., which has been warmly received by the press. *THE ROSARY* takes pleasure in introducing this work to its many readers, to whom Father O'Neil's name is familiar. The Catholic and secular press has been so complimentary in the notices given the above volume, that there remains little to be said in its praise. "Why, When, How, and What we Ought to Read" is divided into four parts. The reason "why" we should read is clearly, forcibly, beautifully put before us by the author. "We should read, therefore, because we are little less than the angels; because we are so gloriously dowered by the magnificent Father who is in heaven; because we are not of this world only; because we possess immortal souls, touched by the finger of God, and kindled by the fire of the Holy Ghost." To say, then, that "Why, When, How,

and What we Ought to Read" is a fulfilment of the promise made in its title seems sufficient.

Independent of the practical purpose of the book, the sure guidance, the ready and intelligent assistance it gives, there is about it a peculiar literary charm. The author has a cultivated, direct, and above all, an original style, which makes reading after him a delight. Father O'Neil has given to literature a book of value, one which places him among the writers of his time, and crowns the promise made by his previous work in the field of literature.

"Why, When, How, and What we Ought to Read," is published by T. B. Noonan & Co., 17 Boylston street, Boston, Mass., who will mail it to any address on receipt of the price, 75 cents. Our subscribers may obtain it at the same price by addressing *THE ROSARY*, 871 Lexington Ave., New York City.





OUR LADY OF SORROWS.



THE SORROWS OF MARY.

REV. C. H. McKENNA, O. P.

It is hoped that our readers remember what was said in the January ROSARY, with regard to God's eternal decrees in relation to our Mother. We then saw that she was fitted by nature, and by grace, to co-operate in the work of man's redemption. Nature, or rather the God of nature, gave her a body the most pure, the most tender, the most beautiful that was ever given to a mere creature, a body susceptible of the most exquisite sufferings.

Grace, as St. Thomas teaches, rendered her worthy of the Divine Maternity. Far above the angel hosts our Blessed Mother was capable of penetrating the mysteries of the Adorable Trinity, of comprehending the malice of sin, the degradation of man, and the necessity of Redemption.

Even as the first Adam received a helpmate like to himself, to aid him in attaining his own perfection, and in accomplishing God's designs in creation, so did the second Adam receive a helpmate, in the sublime work of man's Redemption and regeneration.

Mary was not "a blind agent," as her enemies would call her, nor was she a mere instrument, which God employed as He might employ any instrument of His power and will, regardless of its fitness or unfitness. To say this would be to dishonor God and His beloved Son, as well as to disparage the Virgin Mother. Mary was not only fitted by nature and grace for the sublime role

destined for her from eternity, but an Ambassador is sent from Heaven to obtain her consent to co-operate in the work of Redemption, to be the helper of the Son of God.

And how did Mary help? By giving her consent to the Incarnation, and to all involved in that sublime mystery; by yielding to the Son of God that virginal flesh with which He was to clothe Himself, in order to go forth as a giant in that coat of mail to do battle for our race; by swathing and nourishing at her virgin breast the Conqueror of our enemies; by guarding Him for the time of battle; by assisting intelligently at the last conflict, offering, supporting, sustaining by her presence, the Ransom of the world, at a time when Heaven and earth seemed to have abandoned Him. O Mother! you brought forth your Son for us, you guarded Him for us, you offered Him for us, and assisted at the sacrifice, regardless of the sea of sorrows into which your soul was plunged.

To accomplish all this, none but God can understand and weigh and measure all the graces that were necessary to fit our Mother for the office of helpmate to the Redeemer. If in the Old Law the Ark had to be made of incorruptible wood; if the altar had to be inlaid with the purest gold; if the victim had to be unspotted, and the priest consecrated and clothed in purest and finest linen, oh, how necessary it was that she should be not only free from all stain of sin, but purer than the light of Heaven, and full of grace, in order to be worthy to carry in her bosom and nourish at her heart the Holy of holies, the Sanctifier of priest and temple, in whose presence the angels are not without spot!

In offering her Son to redeem us, and to accomplish the will of His Father, Mary suffered more than unaided nature could bear, say theologians. But this is putting it tamely. As none but God can measure the height of her sanctity, so none but He can sound the depths of the ocean of her sorrows. "Her dolors," says Faber, "were in proportion to her sanctity. The trials of the saints have always an analogy with their holiness, and match it in degree as well as adapt themselves to it in its kind. If Mary's sorrow was the work of God, and also to do work for Him,—if it was meritorious; if it closely resembled our Lord's; if it hung to His sub-ordinately yet inseparably; if it was populous with supernatural

action; if it multiplied her graces—then it must have been suitable to the excellence of her soul, and proportioned to her sanctity.”¹

Our faith teaches that one drop of the blood of Calvary, one tear of the Redeemer, would have sufficed to redeem ten thousand worlds. Why then so much suffering and sorrow? Why did the Father mingle so bitter a chalice for His Son, and will that His Son should drink it to the dregs? What is this mystery of excessive suffering? The only answer which throws light on our subject is given by our Lord to the disciples on the way to Emmaus. “Was it not necessary that the Christ should suffer these things, and so enter into His glory?” His Father gave Him much. All power in Heaven and on earth was given to the Son. The nations were given to Him for an inheritance. But the price was every drop of His blood, and every pang of His suffering. So also Mary must merit to be Queen of Heaven and earth. She must purchase the power to fight for God, to triumph over His enemy and ours, to be, after Christ, the great Warrior of our race, the conquering Captain of the elect. And the price she had to pay was to approach nearest to Jesus in suffering and in sanctity, and share in His passion as far as creature could share.

If Mary was to gain almost infinite power over the enemy of God and of Man by suffering, she had also to gain power over the heart of God in behalf of her spiritual children, and here we beg the attention of our readers. All the saints tell us that merit is not gained by feasting, or in delights and in consolations, but by sufferings, and not so much by sufferings of our own choice, but by accepting and patiently bearing the crosses which God sends us. But here we find the purest and dearest of all His creatures engulfed in the sea of bitterest sorrows. And for what purpose? For the glory of God and the increase of the merits of our Blessed Mother. Her cup was also prepared by our Heavenly Father.

And here again is another mystery. What glory can God take from the sufferings of His creatures? Oh, for the light of St. Paul, that we might see why, notwithstanding the sufferings of Calvary, we individually must suffer “to fill up what is wanting in the merits of Christ!” What was wanting in the merits of

¹ See “Foot of the Cross,” page 20, Baltimore edition.

Christ? Nothing as far as the Divine Head of the Church was concerned, but much was wanting on the part of its members. And even as He, the innocent Victim, suffered for the guilty, so she, the purest type after Him of human personality, must suffer for the greater perfection of those members of that mystical body of which, according to Blessed de Montfort, she became Mother at the foot of the cross. O Blessed Mother of our regenerated race, you purchased your sublime title of Motherhood amid the throes of Calvary! It is thus God finds His glory in the humble obedience of His suffering Son, and in the meek resignation of all His suffering and sorrowing children, who, after the example of the Master, silently and patiently drink the Chalice prepared for them by their Heavenly Father. Here God's wrath is appeased; here atonement is made for the proud rebellion of our first parents, and of all their guilty children.

The saints tell us that Mary's graces were not all gratuitous gifts. She merited most of them by her obedience, her sufferings, and her sorrows. God *prevents* His servants, the saints, with extraordinary graces long before they are able to merit; but He foresees their future obedience and fidelity to His inspirations. Like a father who gives a large sum of money to his son "to start him in life," but requires in return devoted obedience and faithful service, God gives the talents, but we must employ them well in order to meet His approbation. He willed to enrich His favorite daughter with more graces than He gave to all His other creatures, not only that she might be the fairest and most beautiful of His children, and *find favor with Him*, but also that she might have immense gifts to bestow on those less favored. But in return He required that she should suffer more than all her fellow-creatures, and fulfil most perfectly the designs of her Father.

There is another reason why God willed that our Blessed Mother should suffer: it was that she should better know how to compassionate her sorrowing children. It is said that the very sufferings of childbirth endear the offspring to the heart of the mother. Certain it is that we sympathize more with those who suffer what we ourselves experienced than if we never endured such pains. What the poet makes Dido say: "Having experi-

enced sufferings myself, I have learned to succor the miserable," is as true to-day as in the days of Virgil. And, thanks to our Heavenly Father, we have a loving, tender, compassionate Mother, who drank deeply of the cup of bitter sorrow, who knows our many miseries, and who is able to succor us in all the trials and sufferings of life.

It was in the spring of 1873 that the writer was prostrated by severe illness. Broken in health I was advised to take a long sea-voyage. Having arrived in Ireland, good physicians were consulted and their directions scrupulously followed, but to no profit. Several complications seemed to have followed pneumonia. Weak, emaciated, but not without hope, I turned my face to Lourdes, of which I had read so much. The thought came: Mary can cure me if she will. On arriving at Lourdes, a stranger and alone, I hastened to the grotto where so many sick and afflicted pilgrims had come before me to leave their sufferings and sorrows at the feet of our compassionate Mother. God only knows the feelings of the poor pilgrim at the shrine of Lourdes. No longer a stranger, forgetful of the past, and not thinking of the future, only one thought fills the soul—the love and goodness of our Mother Mary. Tears flow unbidden; the heart is at rest at the feet of the Madonna. Two days after my arrival, one of the missionaries of the grotto came to me. He took my cold, bloodless hand affectionately. He said: "Father, you are sick, you are weak; but be of good heart. You have come to the feet of our Lady of Lourdes, who has cured so many of her suffering children. My son, have great confidence in our Immaculate Mother; she can cure you. It may be that she will." Then he looked up lovingly towards the grotto. After awhile he asked:

"Where are you from?"

"The United States of America."

"Ah, the United States! There you are free to build your churches without hindrance from the Government." For a moment a cloud passed over his face. Then he asked:

"What is your name?—the name you received in baptism?"

"Charles."

"Are you a religious or a secular priest?"

"A son of St. Dominic."

"Oh, the great St. Dominic, the favorite son of our Immaculate Mother; who loved her so much; who instituted her Rosary, which she wishes to-day, as in his day, to be preached and practised. We have here an altar of the Rosary; you will see St. Dominic represented receiving the Beads from our Blessed Mother. You must say Mass on that altar."

After a while he continued: "Look at this magnificent monument, erected to commemorate the love and tender mercies of our Lady of Lourdes. Enter its portals; see the many thousand votive offerings of her grateful children. They tell you of cures she effected in their behalf. Be of good heart. She and St. Dominic will do much for you, but you must in return preach and practise her Rosary." The following day was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. On that morning I was able to say Mass on the altar of the Rosary.

ACROSTIC TO A NUN.*

REV. M. G. FLANNERY.

Mindest thou how a score and five years since,
One day to which all other days did tend,
There stood beside thee in the chapel's gloom,
He whom thy soul with anxious care had sought—
Earth's sordid eyes saw not His pensive face,
Restful with that sweet peace which strangely soothes
Mens' fever'd brows in twilights of the North,
As low in saffron skies sad Hesper gleams—
Robed in the nameless white on Thabor seen
Years long agone, His living wounds like fire
That glows within the opal's limpid depths.
Earth faded, as on thy hand was placed the
Ring that wedded thee, and to thy soul's rapt
Ears, noiseless yet clear, from out the mystic
Silence came a voice: "Thine forever more
Am I, amen! and surely thou art mine!"

* On her silver jubilee.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

JOSEPH ALEXANDER.

THE readers of *THE ROSARY*, I trust, entertain no vulgar prejudice against novels in general. There are bad novels, to be sure, just as there are bad poems and plays, nay, even bad theological books. But some works of fiction stand out foremost among literary creations, and to Catholics it is gratifying that of such novels as have been by unanimous consent admitted to the front rank, two at least, Cervantes' "*Don Quixote*" and Manzoni's "*The Betrothed*," were written by faithful sons of the Church.

No less gratifying is it that in these latter days one of the novelists whose works are rapidly gaining universal recognition, is not only a Catholic, but the representative, the mouthpiece, so to speak, of a whole nation, whose greatest claim to glory is and has ever been its unswerving fidelity to the Church. I am speaking of Henryk Sienkiewicz, the great novelist of the Poles.

I.

Before the publication of his great historical romances, Sienkiewicz had written numerous shorter tales, of which "*The Victorious Bartek*" is one of the most widely known. Bartek is a peasant lad from Prussian Poland, dull and ignorant, but possessed of the genuine valor of his race. In the Franco-Prussian war, he along with others of his countrymen, performs wonderful feats of bravery, but when all is over he returns to his village to find out—a trifle too late,—that he has been a mere tool in the hands of his foreign rulers, shedding his blood for a cause not his own. We part from him, a wreck with drink and neglect.

The story is one of poignant sadness, and doubtless contains some typical truth: however, the *some* should be underlined heavily. There are sundry points of resemblance between the history of the Poles and that of the Irish, and not the least striking is that both people have wasted their unsurpassed courage on countless battle-fields all over the world, aiding others to victory, and earning scant, if any, profit for themselves. So far, then, Bartek is a typical Pole of modern times, but typical, let it be

understood well, only of the lowest classes, whom the tyranny of the rulers and the poverty of the country have ground down in ignorance and dire squalor. At times we may come across representatives of these classes here in America, and it should then always be borne in mind, that at present even Ireland is governed with more justice and clemency than Poland, that at least in the provinces ruled by the Czar, it is criminal to teach little children anything in their own language,—the only one, of course that they know—and that when two men are conversing in Polish in the streets of Warsaw, any Russian policeman may arrest them on the spot.

The avowed purpose of the Russian government is to crush out every trace of a national life in Poland. In this it has not succeeded, and it is safe to say, will never succeed—for two reasons: First, the Polish people possess a racial individuality, unusually strong and indomitable, and secondly, the denationalizing influences have been brought to bear upon them too late. Before the Poles lost their independence, they had attained a high degree of culture, in some respects as high as that of any other European nation, and far superior in every way to that of the Russians. Thanks to this, the Poles have been able to produce during the nineteenth century a literature, unsurpassed in modern Europe for originality, exuberant imagination, and profound religious sentiment.

Now, a Polish author who dwelt solely upon the dark aspects of the life of his people, would not do full justice to his countrymen. Instinctively the Poles felt this with regard to the earlier writings of Sienkiewicz, and although appreciating the relative truthfulness of these sketches, they naturally longed for pictures fuller and richer, and especially for such as might reflect their love for their country and their Church.

II.

No wonder, then, that when "With Fire and Sword" and its two sequels appeared, they were greeted with an outburst of popular enthusiasm anything similar to which we should look for in vain in the literary life of any other people in this century. The publication of these romances became a national event. One of

Sienkiewicz's predecessors, the Count Rzewuski, in his "Sir Soplica's Memoirs," had given vivid pictures of Poland's past, but his work is far inferior to that of Sienkiewicz in intensity of color and comprehensiveness of scope. The greatest poet of the Poles, Adam Mickiewicz, had sung of Polish woe and grandeur in "Kourad Wallenrod" and "Sir Thaddeus," but epic poems, however beautiful, scarcely ever become so popular as novels.

The period Sienkiewicz treats of is the second half of the seventeenth century. Long before his heroes were born had the Jesuit Peter Skarga—the Demosthenes of Poland—in his immortal sermons with prophetic spirit warned his countrymen that ruin was impending, were they to keep up their intestine quarrels and dissensions. In Poland the kings were elected, and could not, as in other countries, leave the throne to their nearest heir. Americans justly rejoice in their free institutions; howbeit different epochs require different forms of government, and obviously it was the greatest misfortune for Poland that at a time when its neighbors, Brandenburg and Russia, nay, even the distant Sweden, were threatening its very existence, no single strong hand guided its destiny. The very fact of the king's being, as it were, the creature of the nobles, deprived him of all effective authority, each individual prince or hetman (general) considering himself as possessed of the right to sever his allegiance to the crown on any plausible occasion, in order to join fortunes with the king of Sweden or the Czar of Russia. We all know that the ultimate result was Poland's destruction and subjugation under the three neighboring powers, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, each of whom is now the possessor of provinces of that ancient kingdom.

Sienkiewicz does not conduct his readers so far, and when he makes us, as it were, foresee the final disaster, he does this only indirectly, by the inevitable logic of the events related by him. For although it may be safely asserted that no novelist ever possessed a sounder moral or taught more important lessons to the intelligent reader, yet Sienkiewicz is nowhere plainly didactic, nor moralizing.

The thing is, he is before anything else a poet and a painter. A poet who while writing in prose knows how to invest it with all the enticing charm and commanding power of superbly-

wrought verse; a painter whose easel contains hues as brilliant as sunbeams, as soft and soothing as moonlight. And of what infinite variety and never-failing force are the scenes he unrolls on his vast canvas:

We are, for instance, introduced to the terrible Princess Constantine who, dressed in male attire and on horseback, leads her servants and hired Cossacks in an attack on an adjoining estate. We see the Cossack and Tartar hordes marching over the steppes, listen to the weird music from their shrill pipes, brazen disks, and monotonous voices, and like those lawless masses, we are seized with a strange delight when witnessing the entire steppe, so to speak, "infected with music, trembling with the men and the horses and the standards." Then again, we proceed amid long rows of "Cossack candles,"—people tied to stakes, wound around with straw steeped in pitch and set on fire! We learn of horrors even more heartrending, and we get to approve of the severity with which men like Prince Vishnyevetski, one of the noblest of Polish patriots, punishes Cossacks and kindred intruders. Moreover, we behold, besides the wildness and cruelty of the age, other powers at work, powers of an altogether opposite character. Sienkiewicz does ample justice to the men that led the movement towards enlightenment in his country, and beyond and above all he exalts the Catholic Church. But here, as everywhere, he remains the true artist—painting and relating, sermonizing never.

Already in "With Fire and Sword" the deep and far-reaching influence of the Church is distinctly accentuated, at times with stirring pathos,—as where the priest makes the young lieutenant repeat "Thy will be done!" at the moment when, as he believes, all he counted it worth living for has been for ever lost—at times with that touch of humor which indicates infallibly a spirit truly Catholic,—such a spirit as ventures even to play and smile before its Eternal Mother. Listen to the following bit of conversation between two young officers:

"The Wallachians are of weaker temper than our people, as Pan¹ Zagloba told me," said Pan Longin. "If he is not to be be-

¹ *Pan* means *Sir*, it being applied to men of the higher nobility only. Mr. Austin in a note renders it by "Mr.," and this is, in fact, the only mistake we have been able to detect in his otherwise masterly translation.

lieved, confirmation of what he says may be found in prayer-books." "How in prayer-books?"—"I have one myself, and I can show it to you." Having said this, Pan Longin unbuckled the saddle-straps in front of him, and taking out a small book carefully bound in calfskin, kissed it reverently; then turning over a few leaves, said: "Read!" Pan Yan began: "'We take refuge under thy protection, Holy Mother of God' . . . where is there anything here about Wallachia? This is an antiphone!" "Read on farther." "'That we may be worthy of the promises of Christ, our Lord, Amen' . . . Question: 'Why is Wallachian cavalry called light? Answer: Because it is light-footed in flight. Amen.' Hem! This is true. Still, there is a wonderful mixture of matters in this book." "It is a soldier's book, where, side by side with prayers, a variety of military information is given . . ."

This is humorous, and as a matter of fact no greater misapprehension could be entertained in regard to Sienkiewicz than that his books were permeated by a gloomy and pessimistic spirit; on the contrary, although he depicts his scenes in their true colors, always vivid, at times repulsive, he enlivens them constantly by a vein of wit, as irresistible as that of any American humorist. The irrepressible Zagloba—by an enthusiastic American critic aptly styled, a combination of Ulysses and Falstaff—has become so far perhaps the most popular of all his characters.

I doubt, however, whether in the long run Zagloba will be able to maintain himself as undisputed favorite by the side of Kmita, (the Kmitsits of the Polish original) the leading character of the sequel to "Fire and Sword:" "The Deluge." We know of few as fascinating creations in modern literature as this young nobleman, who at the outset appears almost a brute, and winds up a truly Christian hero, who has conquered not only countless Swedes, but what is far more astounding, his own nature, so long deemed indomitable.

III.

And this leads me back to what I deviated from: the Catholicity in these Polish novels. If "Fire and Sword" has episodes as edifying as any sermon, "The Deluge" may be said to form itself into a hymn in honor of the Church, and more particularly of the Blessed Virgin.

The deluge that gives name to the book is the invasion of the Swedes, under their king, Carolus Gustavus, an invasion that was greatly furthered by the treason of several Polish princes, foremost among whom stood the Calvinist Radziwill. At a certain time the complete annihilation of Polish independence seemed to be a question of merely a few days more or less: the country was flooded by enemies, treason reigned supreme, the king himself had fled in despair.

Then, all of a sudden, something passing strange occurred: Carolus Gustavus sent one of his most famous generals to occupy the monastery of Chenstohova, where a famous image of our Lady is venerated. Chenstohova is situated on a mountain and surrounded by walls; yet for a house occupied only by priests and a small band of nobles and soldiers to defy the Swedish general and his regiments would obviously seem sheer madness. Nevertheless, they did undertake it. How it was carried out, how thereby courage and hope were awakened all through the country, how Kmita with his all but fabulous daring, had his share in the glorious outcome, and how the noble prior, equally great as a priest and as a leader of men, had his,—how, towering above everything else, stood out the profound faith of the people within the sacred precincts, their fervent devotion to our Lady, their Christian self-sacrifice and childlike trust—all of this must be read in the book itself, no magazine-article being able to do justice to the unique pathos of these chapters.

Not long ago it was publicly asserted that every Catholic priest felt glad to receive a set of Scott's novels for the parish library, and certainly, Scott was a noble novelist, and far less prejudiced against the Church than most Protestant writers. Sienkiewicz, though not presenting such a variety of well-drawn female characters as does the creator of Jeanie Deans, Rebecca and Julia Mannering, equals him in the delineation of masculine nature, and excels him by far in general literary art and finish; he renders the spirit of bygone ages with greater correctness; he is, to crown it all, a devout and fearless Catholic,—all strong reasons why he should be a guest more welcome among Catholics than even the author of *Ivanhoe*.

IV.

Sienkiewicz was born in 1845, studied at the university of Warsaw, went abroad, spent years in the United States, studied African natives and Catholic missions at Zanzibar, walked over the boulevards of Paris and along the Pacific slope. But he has found, as every great writer does find, that his chief work should be at home, and from Cracow, where he resides, he has sent forth those romances which have gone all over the world, arousing sympathy and admiration for the Polish people wherever they went. Polish heroes fought in our War of Independence: the names of Kosziusko and Pulaski shall never be forgotten by the the citizens of the United States. Catholic Americans, moreover, are united to Sienkiewicz and his people by yet another tie—that of the common religion. And when our author on a certain occasion quotes the text: "They sowed in tears and reaped in joy," the reader feels like applying it to the entire Polish people—that people who at times have seemed well-nigh submerged in streams of their own blood and tears.

It only seemed so. The day of resurrection is sure to come,—the day of a harvest as rich in joy and glory as the past has been abundant in tears and in sorrow.

AFTER the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influence of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. * * * * There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials, of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden: "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His Name."—*Ruskin*.

THE ROSARY AND THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

PART I.



HAIL, Precious Blood! from purest veins
 Drawn in that ever blessed hour
 When Mary knelt o'ershadowed by
 The Holy Spirit's mighty power!

CHORUS.

O Jesus, on Thy Mother's Beads
 We tell this blessed mystery,
 And for that Precious Saving Blood
 We breathe thanksgiving unto Thee!



Hail, Precious Blood! Thy saving power
 Flows through Thy Blessed Mother's voice,
 And lo! released from aught defiled,
 The unborn Baptist doth rejoice!



Hail, Precious Blood! that flows in veins
Of Sacred Flesh, in Bethlehem's cave,
While Angel hosts to earth proclaim
That He is born Who comes to save!



Hail, Precious Blood! in aged arms
Of holy Simeon raised to Heaven;
Thy power divine illumines his soul—
To know Thee unto him is given.



Hail, Precious Blood! that fast doth throb
The Heavenly Father's will to do;
Stilled is Thy pulse at Mary's word
To patient waiting long years through!

THE GOLD PLAGUE.

GEN. HUGH EWING.

CHAPTER I.

THE INFECTION.

THE village of Sunbury, in the hills on the headwaters of a western tributary of the Ohio, was settled in early times. It consisted of one long, and three or four short cross streets; and, while a thriving county seat in the beginning, after a time came to a standstill, and ceased to aspire to the dignity of a town. It possessed a courthouse and a public square, on or near which were situated the modest shops of the traders and offices of the professional men. Neither wealth nor poverty abided in it; none suffered from actual want, and none lived in idleness; all labored in one vocation or another. There were savings, but no accumulated capital to invite to a life of ease.

On one of the side streets, leading out into the country to the South, stood a pretty and comfortable cottage, with a modest lawn in front, and a large garden in the rear, the residence of the late Cuthbert Redway, one of the first settlers, from the State of Maryland.

He left a widow, and two sons just past the verge of manhood: Alonzo, the elder, assisting his mother in the management of their affairs, and John, a clerk in the store of Robert Aubry. The mother was a good manager, a woman of decided character, highly esteemed in the village. The elder son, tall, thin, with hair of neutral tint, was sedate and industrious: the younger, of medium height, thin also, of a highly nervous temperament, had hair of pronounced red. Carefully trained by their mother, they were both exemplary young men, and were held up as models, to their sons, by mothers who were not so fortunate as Mrs. Redway.

They were a happy and contented family, until the news of the gold discovery in California came to disturb their quiet, exciting in the minds of the young men a desire for sudden wealth, and dissatisfying them with their condition. The village was stirred to its depth; gold suddenly became the great topic of conversa-

tion, and a small company began to form to join in the grand rush to the Pacific. On Saturday the store of Aubry was filled by people from the country, discussing the astounding intelligence brought in by the late mail. The amount of gold picked up by the few men as yet on the ground, was said to be beyond belief; two or three days were enough to transform a beggar into a millionaire. Lumps of enormous size were reported to have been found, and as to the gold-dust itself, it was everywhere; they walked on it, cooked over it, slept on it; it glittered from every point of the compass in the rays of the noon-day sun.

By the time night came, John Redway was in a fever of excitement, and when the store closed, hurried home with a panting heart, and a mind filled with glowing visions.

"If I could only go," he said, as he walked rapidly down the street: "If I could only manage to go!"

During supper, the news was discussed in all its details, and John expressed his wish to join the party organizing for a journey to the mines.

"What reason have you to be dissatisfied with your condition here?" enquired the widow. "You have a good home, and a position in a store. What more can be desired?"

"I can make more, mother, in one day, there, than in a year in Sunbury," he answered. "Why waste time?"

"Time is not wasted," she rejoined, "that is well spent; a little gained in peace is better than a fortune won at a risk of soul and body; content yourself where you are."

"Besides," said Alonzo, "where is the money to come from? The men who are going have calculated it will cost five hundred dollars each, to pay expenses, and after they get there they must have money to live on until they begin to earn some."

"As soon as they get there, they have only to stoop down and pick up gold," replied John.

"What about the five hundred dollars to pay expenses?" rejoined Alonzo. "One can't stoop down here in Sunbury, and pick that up."

"I thought perhaps mother might raise it for me."

"No," replied the widow, "I have not got the money to spare; and if I had, I would not give it to you for such a purpose. You

are safe here, in this quiet village; out in the world you would be in peril; peril of soul and body. No; stay at home."

"I would like much to go," responded John.

"So would I like very much to make a fortune quickly," interposed Alonzo. "Who would not? except mother, perhaps. But I look at the other side; I look at the danger. How many of those who go out will die of sickness before they get there. How many are murdered on the way. And, say what they will, how many will come home as poor as they go?"

"Yes," replied the mother, "the people are crazed; there is likely not much in it after all. As I stood on the lawn this afternoon, Father Dominic rode by and called out to me to keep my boys at home. I answered, we had not caught the gold fever as yet, little thinking you had fallen a victim, John. Let the subject drop, my son, I will not furnish you the wings to fly away."

The following day being Sunday, the elder brother of the storekeeper, Mr. F. X. Aubry, a farmer living in the neighborhood, came in to the village church with his family, and dined and passed the afternoon with his relative. In the evening the families were assembled at the doorway and steps, fronting on the main street. The gold discovery was under discussion, and the interest in subject intensified by the announcement that young Frank Aubry, from the country, had determined to go out, and had received his father's conditional consent.

"If he can secure a steady companion to go out with him," said the farmer: "one who will set him a good example, and be a support to him, I will let him go. I will not expose him to bad company: evil communications corrupt good manners."

"If one of the Redway boys was going," said the mother, "I would be satisfied."

"John listened with both ears open in the store, yesterday," said his employer, "and looked as though he would go if he could; but his mother can hardly spare the means."

"They say, over in Fincastle, men are going out on the shares, to give half they make to the one who puts up the passage money," said one of the company: "and a bargain like that might be made with one of the Redways, perhaps."

"I think I would advance to one of them," replied the farmer,

"on such terms. Those boys are honest, and steady; the only risk would be death on the way; they would be sure to thrive, if they once got there safe."

"Here they come, now," said one of the girls, as the Redways walked down the pavement toward them. They took seats, on invitation, and joined in the conversation. Presently the farmer's wife said:

"Would either of you like to go out, boys?"

"I would not," replied Alonzo. "John is anxious to go, but money stands in the way."

"You might go on the Fincastle plan, John," suggested one of the girls: "divide what you bring back with the one who pays your expenses."

"I will do it gladly," he responded; "but who will put up the money."

"I will furnish it, John," interposed the farmer; "if you promise to keep a sharp eye on Frank, and keep him out of mischief."

"Agreed! And I thank you very much; but Frank is more likely to keep out of trouble than I am."

"Well," responded the farmer, "you can help and support each other. If your mother consents, you may consider it settled."

The mother was won over by long beseeching, and by John's promise to be faithful to the sacraments and Mass, and to say the Beads daily. She gave him her own rosary, Father Dominic's gift, which had been blessed again for him. Three weeks after this conversation, the party, consisting of five, set out from Sunbury for California, equipped with knives and firearms, to fight their way to the gold fields, if necessary, and to defend their accumulations, when acquired.

They made their way by stage, to a town where the only railroad in the State, running north from Cincinnati, terminated; and travelled to that city in the cars, at the speed of ten or twelve miles an hour. From thence they descended the Ohio River to Cairo, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Competition had brought the cost of passage, they were happy to find, to a low price; so moderate was it, that, including bed and board, it amounted to less than a dollar a day.

Soon after supper was over in the grand saloon, the long table,

that stretched nearly from one end of the boat to the other, was broken up, and a series of small tables took its place, about which the gamblers seated themselves and began the business of the night, which lasted often, until the servants, the morning following, dispersed the reluctant, haggard votaries, in order to lay the cloth for breakfast. As they went, yawning, to their berths, they were looked at by the Sunbury youths with eyes of wonder and alarm. They had, with other uncorrupted passengers, crowded about the tables the night before, and watched the combatants, until their faces had grown familiar. They then were calm, well dressed, and healthful in appearance, and took the turns of fortune with great philosophy; losing or winning seeming to affect them alike. But now, in the pale morning light, as they arose from the tables and scattered to their rooms, they presented a wholly different aspect; their faces ghastly and agitated, their dress disordered, their collars turned back, and shirts opened at the throat; they shocked the passengers, brought up in rural districts, who had never dreamed of a depravity stretching through the long hours of the night, and working such havoc in the faces of men.

At New Orleans they stood in the rotunda of the St. Louis Hotel, and witnessed the sale, at auction, of a group of slaves,—men and women. They were clean, well dressed, and mounted the block, one after the other, apparently satisfied with the situation, and especially interested in the bidding, which they watched keenly, scrutinizing the persons of the bidders, and delighted to see the price go up to a high sum. Our party were not scandalized by this exhibition, as the mass of the people of Ohio at that day were Pro-slavery, and looked with scorn upon an Abolitionist.

After visiting the old French Market, and wandering about the strange city, they took a gulf steamer for the port of Brazos Santiago.

(To be continued.)

IF we are to believe the revelations of the saints, God is *pressing* for a greater, a wider, a stronger, quite another devotion to His Blessed Mother.—*Father Faber.*



THE HOME AT RYE.

ST. BENEDICT'S HOME, RYE, N. Y.

REV. THOMAS M. O'KEEFE.

THERE was need of a special Church for the colored Catholics of New York City—for two main reasons: to bring back those who had left the Church at the time of the Civil War, and to furnish an easy chance for converts.

As God's works have a beginning that the world does not see, an early attraction for the colored missions was silently treasured in a young priest's soul. He was assigned to duty in a church the pastor of which, Rev. R. L. Burtzell, D.D., was deeply interested in the same work. Rev. Thomas Farrell had bequeathed a small sum of money to be devoted to establishing a church for colored Catholics. Dr. Burtzell was commissioned to draw these widely scattered people together; to attend to their spiritual wants. To this young curate he entrusted the work. St. Benedict's Church, Bleecker St., was opened in 1883, with Rev. John E. Burke as acting pastor. Time went on; success blessed a true vocation and untiring endeavors. The work was given into the young priest's hands as his very own. It is his to-day.

Before long Father Burke came to see the need of an Orphan Asylum, it being extremely difficult to place colored orphans,

though their parents had been Catholics, in any of the institutions of our diocese. In 1886, St. Benedict's Home was opened in Macdougall St. with accommodations for forty children.



FATHER BURKE.

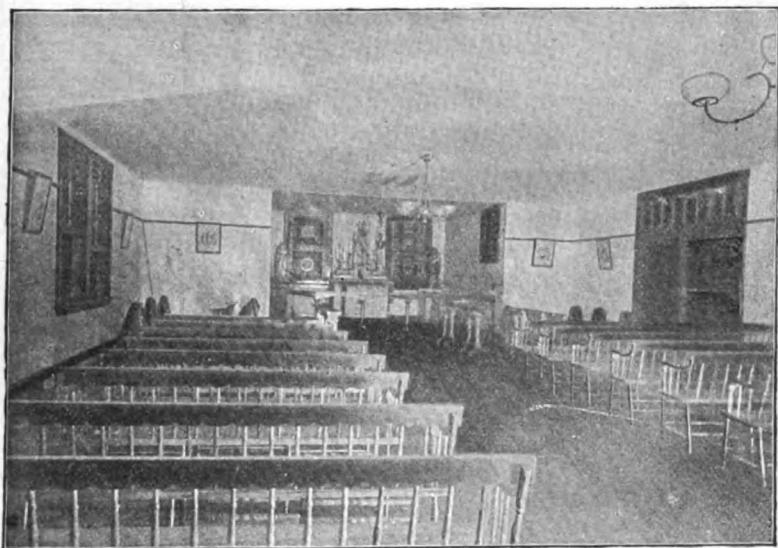
Quickly the limit of these accommodations was reached, and then began a hard experience which lasted four years, that of refusing admission to poor destitute children. In 1890 an effort was made to provide a place in the country, and as a result of that effort we



FATHER O'KEEFE

have to-day the Home at Rye. Somebody has said that consistency is a church without a mortgage. We fear much that should the author of that saying see the debt which is crushing us al-

most to the earth, he would rate our inconsistency as monumental. We have the debt, but we have the "Home" too, and that Home is sheltering one hundred and sixty children, and making good Catholics of them. They are under the care of the Dominican Sisters, who from the very beginning, in the city and in the country, have tended them and cared for them, and made the institution not an asylum, but a "Home." It was a happy choice that led Father Burke to seek assistance from the Dominican Sisters of the Convent of our Lady of the Rosary, New York City, who were already doing an admirable work in behalf of poor children. They



THE CHAPEL AT RYE.

took up the cause of the colored children, not as a distasteful labor, not in a spirit of mere sacrifice, but in the spirit of love and enthusiasm. It is a fact presented for consideration to every postulant entering this community of St. Dominic, that she may be sent to the colored work, as it is called. Four sisters began the work, eleven are now engaged in it.

"School for future missionaries" would be a very high-sounding title if applied to St. Benedict's Home. People might say our imagination was rather active. So we shall assert the same thing in other words. Under God's Providence this Home for

destitute colored children will bring many souls to Heaven and converts to the Catholic Church, for its various influences will go among the old and the young, the ignorant and the learned, the prejudiced and the well-disposed.

"It is nothing but an Orphan Asylum." No, it is more than that. It is a perpetual advertisement for the Church where the Church needs advertising. Many colored people, who otherwise would never stand in a Catholic Church, never hear a Catholic sermon, never in fact think of Catholic doctrine, will know of the Home in Rye. This will be the first flashing of that kindly



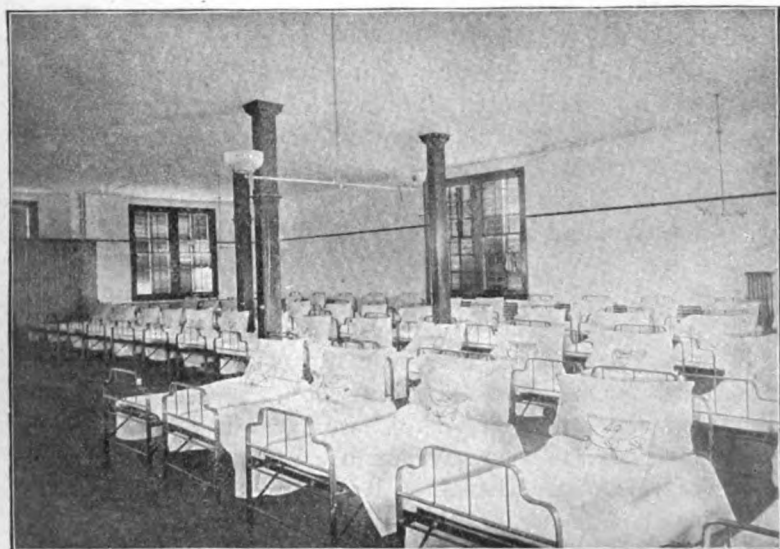
THE SEWING ROOM.

light, which in the end may lead many of them to the truth. Examine the stories of converts and see how many took their first step towards Rome by reason of some incident, trivial enough in itself, often ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

The Home will be an argument, and one not to be gainsaid, pointing the colored race to the fact that in the Catholic Church there is a love for its neglected children, and that in every sense of the word she recognizes them as brothers; that she understands their souls are dear to God, since for their salvation Jesus Christ, our Savior, died. Before this argument, the intense, un-

thinking, ignorant prejudice, which truth compels us to say really does exist against our holy faith, will vanish and be forgotten.

St. Paul said: "How shall they believe, unless it be preached to them?" Surely we are following out the Apostle's advice in both letter and spirit, when we preach not only by public sermon and private conference, but as well by institutions of charity and benevolence. These catch the public eye and call attention to the faith, which prompted their erection. Already St. Benedict's Home is known North and South, and people ask: "What



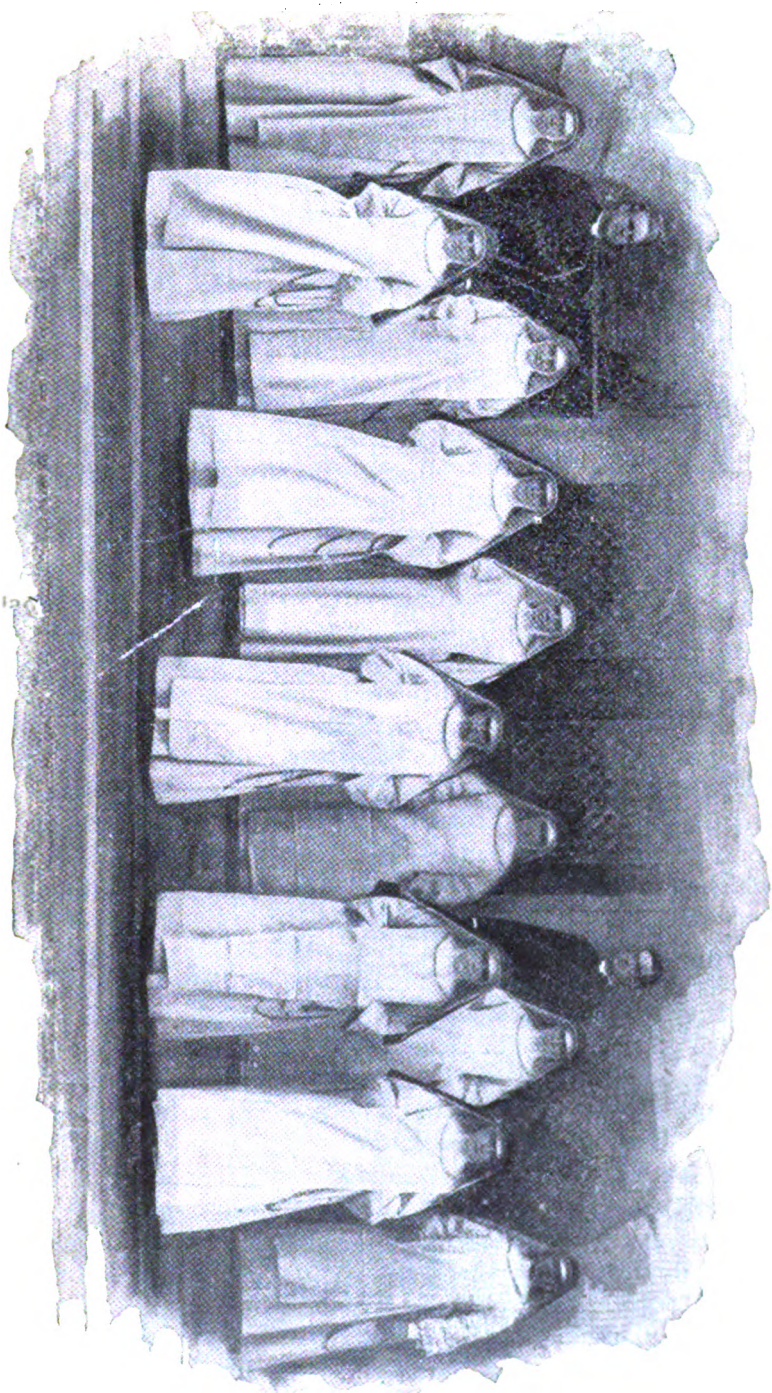
A DORMITORY.

is it for?" We answer: "It is a home where poor neglected colored children will be sheltered; it is a school where they will be instructed; it is an institution where they will learn useful trades; but beyond all these things it is a sermon in stone to advertise the Catholic Church."

They who know the history of slavery in this country readily understand why the colored people are either prejudiced against the Church or densely ignorant of her teaching, or again why they are both prejudiced and ignorant. Let us look at it in this way. There is a vast amount of ignorance,—if we may use

the term—and a vast amount of false information in the minds even of educated people, concerning the Catholic Church and her doctrines. We are speaking now of white classes, not colored. From these educated classes choose ministers of the Gospel, teachers of schools and managers of charitable institutions. Give them a liberal portion of bigotry and intolerance, and set them to train a people just emerging from slavery. Will you be surprised if the people schooled in such hands have strange notions about our Catholic faith? Besides this, remember that the South is now, and was at the close of the war, intensely Protestant. Before the emancipation the slaves were largely affected by anti-Catholic influences. After emancipation their condition was worse, for they were given up to ministers of their own,—men woefully ignorant and superstitious,—or else to bigoted and falsely educated white men. Thus as regards the true faith, they either learned nothing at all, or their minds were filled with notions, monstrous in their absurdity. Among these people the Church needs advertising; among them she needs vindication. We can do both, and we must do both. But we must do the advertising first.

We have noticed among other strange things, that Protestant people are oftentimes very anxious to place their children in the Home. They say in some instances: "The Catholic Church is too hard for me; I was not brought up to it. But take my child and make it a Catholic." There is no need of an exceptionally long head to see what immense results will follow from cases like this one. These results will not show themselves to-morrow or next day, but they will come in the end. These children of Protestant parents are made good Catholics while in the Home, and are drilled in the devotions of the Church; then, when old enough, they go out again to live among their own people. "A great danger to their faith," some one will say. Certainly a great danger, but one that cannot be avoided, and one that carries with it the possibilities of much good. It may be that some of these children will fall back into heresy, but on the other hand, some of them will hold fast to the truth. Perhaps a great many of them will do so; and then wherever they may be, they will be living witnesses to the true faith, and even they who run may read. Consider another possible good, one which experience has verified. We know how efficacious is even a death-bed repentance, if it follow a life which was



GROUP AT RYE.

sinful rather through ignorance and misfortune than through malice and rejected grace. The children of the Home in after life may often bring a priest to a death-bed at which otherwise only a natural religion or a fanatical frenzy would minister. They may bring the priest to some unbaptized sinner or to some baptized one, and in both cases the priest will have the power of sending the soul to Heaven. Protestants wonder why dying Catholics are so anxious to have the assistance of a priest. The children who leave St. Benedict's Home will be instructed in their faith, and will know of the sacraments and the priesthood and the ministry of reconciliation.

We have, then, at Rye more than an Orphan Asylum. We have an institution for saving to the Church children born in the faith. When St. Benedict's was started there were not a dozen colored children in all the asylums of our archdiocese; now you may go to Rye and count over a hundred whose parents were Catholics. The question naturally arises: where would these children be to-day if St. Benedict's did not exist? We have an institution for gathering up children born outside the fold, and for giving them the priceless gift of the true faith. We have, finally, an institution where boys and girls of the colored race are being trained to do apostolic work among their own people.

This is a big work, and the means at hand are small. Up to the present we have existed on hap-hazard charity. Now we are striving to organize this charity into some shape through the founding of St. Benedict's Home Association, the members of which pay twenty-five cents a year. Some zealous people have become "promoters" in this work, that is, have promised to gather yearly twenty subscriptions for us. As yet the revenue from this association does not amount to a great deal, but we have great hopes for the future. Then, as a means of making known the existence of the work, and of this association for its support, we have begun the publication of *St. Benedict's Home Journal*, an illustrated annual. Two issues have already appeared. All communications in the interests of the work should be addressed to Rev. John E. Burke, 120 Macdougall St., New York City. The little paper is given free to all, who, by subscribing twenty-five cents a year to the work, become members of the Home Association. But let us remember that in all things done for God there is a power which the world neither sees nor hears nor understands. Paul will plant and Apollo will water, but it is the Lord who will

give the increase. In His own good time and in the way He judges best this will come to pass. A few souls gathered in New York, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, and in the missions here and there scattered through the black belt of the South, may not make much of a showing this week or next, but ere many years these additions will count for something, and it will come to be a truth that out of the 9,000,000 colored people in the States, more than a miserable 150,000 are claimed by the Catholic Church. These people are struggling toward the truth in religion, but are held back by many obstacles: by past history and training, by ignorance and selfishness of leaders, and most of all, by lack of sympathy on the part of Catholics. Thank God, these obstacles do not loom up with half the frowning aspect they possessed but a generation ago, and therefore we are led to hope that in place of them will soon appear complete independence of past training, a broad knowledge and the spirit of sacrifice, and on the part of Catholics an inflaming of missionary zeal. Then the Church, in place of waiting for the colored race to knock and seek admission, will go out into the by-ways of our land, and like the servants of the king in the Gospel, compel it to come in.



THE BIRDS OF GOD.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

I.

HAVE we not seen them in all ages coming,—
 Those birds of God, that cleave the rosy air
 Or fill the midnight with their soft, winged humming:
 The doves, the ravens that rebuke despair
 And, hovering round our spirits, bless
 Or feed us in the wilderness?

II.

Lo, Blessèd Mary and St. Joseph, bending
 To nourish with simple bread the Holy Child;—
 Even like God's birds, their nestled young attending.
 How sweetly beam the Saviour's glances mild,
 Approving them who humbly give
 To God the food whereby men live!

III.

To-day, around the tall cathedral spiring,
 Where open-work of carved and fretted stone
 The hollow and the height of man's desiring
 In loveliness of upward line makes known,
 White circling doves pass in and out,
 With poise serene that knows not doubt.

IV.

In the arched nave below, with music trembling,
 What forms are these that gather without sound;
 That cluster toward the altar, swift assembling,
 And at the rail in reverence kneel profound?
These are God's birds, with folded wings,
 To whom the Mother sustenance brings.

V.

O birds of God, whom here we know as being
 Meek children, women, men, who nestling wait;—
 Your higher course still but in faith foreseeing;—
 Receive the Sacred Bread! And, calm, elate,
 Know it shall lift your souls ere long
 To endless flight, celestial song.

THE HEART OF CLOTILDE.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D.

I.

THE BATTLE OF THE LADIES.

WALTER KIERAN had been dining with Madame Laborde. His half-sister, Pauline Bache, was with him. They had intended to see a new comedy, but an American whom they met at dinner had given them such an account of it that they had determined to stay away. That handsome and impulsive Irishman, the Count O'Connell, had denounced it in unmeasured words after dinner.

"Religion is insulted openly!" he said. "The king and queen jeered at, and a cardinal is represented in the act of blessing the poniards of the assassins of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's night."

Madame Laborde smiled, as she made the tea after the English manner,—for in the year 1792 all the fashionable French were Anglo-maniacs.

"The people must have their way!" she said with a shrug of her shoulders. "If the king goes, priests and religion must go, too;—or, rather, they will go first."

She handed the Count his cup,—one that Benjamin Franklin had given to her, and re-arranged an immense puff of brocade and lace which projected over a great hoop,—for she was in gala, as other friends were to appear later.

"Heavens!" said the Count O'Connell, his blue eyes flashing. "What a people are the French! They allow their religion to be insulted publicly, and no sword is drawn. They talk of liberty, —when religion is the basis of liberty, and to lose that is to lose all hope of freedom, peace, prosperity. The French would see their queen killed, their priests exiled, without drawing a sword!"

The Count had forgotten himself.

"Hush, cousin," said Walter Kieran.

Madame Laborde fingered with a cherry-colored ribbon on her shoulder, and raised a hand-glass to look at a little black patch, cut in the shape of a fleur-de-lis, which she had put near the dimple

of her right cheek. Pauline Bache raised her eyes saucily; though half a Philadelphia Quakeress, she liked a war of words.

"You are impetuous, Monsieur le Comte," said Madame Laborde, in her calm voice. "You love liberty, you love your country, and yet,—*ma foi!*—you are serving under our king. Strange that you should love liberty only for others,—you Irish!"

The words stung the Count; his cheeks reddened; he toyed nervously with his folded hat.

"Madame," said Pauline, smiling, "we Americans have won our liberties,—therefore we may be permitted to defend a nation which has lost hers against another which is fast losing all that we have won."

Pauline, whose attire for this evening, was very un-Quaker-like, stood by the spindle-legged tea-table. Her hair was unpowdered; it fell in soft ringlets, not set formal curls, about her brow, and, at the back, below her waist. Her gown was of white brocade, on which tiny leaves and red rose-buds were embossed. Her hoop was much smaller than that of the hostess, but youth made up for the brilliancy which Madame Laborde had acquired by a high powdered headdress, a stack of feathers, and rouge. Pauline's fan of lace was covered with little diamonds. It flashed in accord with her eyes as she spoke.

Madame Laborde was not in a good humor; it was late; the Bishop of Autun had promised to come to tell her that her nephew was to have a place in the foreign diplomatic service, and she wanted to have a word with him before her other people arrived. Moreover, she could endure contradiction from a man, but not from a woman.

"You Americans have attained freedom, my dear," she answered, suavely, "but,—must I say it?—with the aid of the Marquis de Lafayette and the French."

"Your kings, Madame, were glad to acknowledge the service of the Irish at Fontenoy," said Pauline, still smiling, and with a low courtesy.

"We paid them!" said Madame Laborde, losing patience; it was seven o'clock, and the Bishop had not yet come;—besides, why could not Count O'Connell see that his cousins, the Ameri-

cans; who were not her friends, but Clotilde's, see that he and they would spoil her important interview with the bishop?

Count O'Connell set down his cup, his eyes blazing.

"We," said Pauline, "could never compute what we owe to Lafayette in money,—*we* do not pay such debts in that way; and I fancy that all the treasure of France,—which has adopted poverty as well as equality,—would scarcely pay for Fontenoy. And we Americans won liberty because we deserved it. Washington and Lafayette,—you see I put their names together,—could do little for us if we permitted God to be everywhere insulted: Rousseau was not for us, and even if Mr. Thomas Paine should gain the confidence of other men, as he has of Mr. Jefferson; the body of the people would still look with disgust upon him."

"You are clever, Mademoiselle," said Madame Laborde with great politeness. "What a future for America, if she will have many daughters like you! A hundred years from now you will rule the land."

"And why not?" asked Pauline, with a courtesy such as Madame Campau, who kindly took an interest in her, had taught her to make to older ladies. "Why not? Your queen is more wise than your king. If Marie Antoinette had been listened to, the mob would not now be threatening Paris."

"And you Americans would not have been saved by Lafayette."

"We should then," said Pauline, with a glance at the Count, who looked fierce and flushed, "have been like the Irish,—oppressed, but never conquered."

"We have Lafayette."

"But a different people, dear Madame."

Madame was angry. The Count and Walter were uneasy; they were only unhappy men in the presence of two women who might at any moment make common cause against them. Madame had permitted the Americans to come to dinner with the Count, whose distant cousins they were, because she fancied that they would take her niece, Clotilde de Bretenil, to the comedy with them. But the criticism of the scrupulous guest had changed all that. Why couldn't people hold their tongues? Madame was greatly interested in getting her nephew away from France be-

cause Clotilde would go with him. She had counted on being alone when Mgr. Talleyrand should arrive; and still these uncultivated Americans stayed. She had told them that Clotilde was ill, and yet they would not go; she was desperate. People would soon be coming in, and she could not see the bishop even for a moment alone! A servant entered.

"The carriage of the Bishop of Autun is driving up to the door," he said.

"The Bishop of Autun!" said Pauline. "We must go, then. I am a Protestant,—a heretic,—if you will, Madame, but I would rather meet a snake than that man! He has gone against the Pope, they say. If your leaders in France are to be composed of men like him, who have betrayed their God, I wish you joy of that liberty which you, Madame, assume to love!"

Pauline backed towards the door. Count O'Connell stood silent. Walter bowed to the hostess. What was the use of speech just now?

"The Citizen Talleyrand Perigud," announced the servant.

"How do you like that title?" said a soft voice, as a man, attired in black, and with a perceptible limp, entered the room. "I thought I'd try the effect of a good republican title on you. I am tired of being Monseigneur. Your servant might have made it more 'equal' by making it simply 'Citizen Talleyrand.'"

As he spoke, something fell from the large flap of his velvet coat, and, as it fell, caught on one of the rosettes on Pauline's gown. She recognized it as a rosary; she caught it in her hand. She raised her eyes to the ex-bishop, with a sarcastic look in them—

"Of course, Monsigneur," she said, with a low courtesy, holding the little brass crucifix in her hand, "as a good republican—as a worshipper of the liberty-pole,—you have no use for these."

"They are at your service, Mademoiselle," answered Talleyrand, with a bow. "I have not the honor of your acquaintance. I should be happy to be presented."

"It is not necessary," said Pauline, with a haughty look that appalled the Count, accustomed to the soft manners of the young girls of the time. "I am a Protestant,—yet I imagine that this

sign of our Christianity is now in more fitting hands than yours, Citizen?"

Talleyrand started; he became aware suddenly that the object he had thus hastily parted with was a rosary his old nurse had given him at his consecration. He had, in fact, apostatized; he had become false to his vows in every way; yet he would have preferred to keep the rosary.

"The citizeness must please herself," he answered, trying to smile.

With another sweeping reverence, Pauline backed out of the room.

The Count and Walter followed her.

"Pauline," said the Count, in English, "you shock me. Is it thus that American girls have been taught to behave at home?"

"God gave me a tongue," said Pauline, "and, please Heaven, I shall use it."

"We shall begin to think that the devil taught you, if this goes on. You have offended the Bishop of Autun and Madame Laborde. Your brother should restrain you."

Pauline laughed again, and put her hand within Walter's arm.

"In Philadelphia they would laugh at such an idea; wouldn't they, Walter?" said Pauline. "I wonder you could stay in the room with such a man,—and you both Catholics!—a man, set apart as sacred, who has denied his Master, who accepts the constitution which the Pope forbids;—he consorts with the vilest of the mob!"

"Pauline! Pauline!" exclaimed Walter.

"Oh, he is horrible!"

They had reached the lumbering carriage, which was adorned with the coat of arms of the Count O'Connell,—a heraldic emblazonment of which he was proud, and which he had authenticated after some research.

A servant stood waiting at the door, torch in hand.

"We had better drive home first;—and then take me to the Louvre," the Count said. "Madame de Flabault receives to-night," he added, by way of explanation. "You are tired, Pauline."

"Oh, no," amiably replied the American girl. "I should go with you—"

The Count trembled.

—"if I approved of Madame de Flabault. As it is, I might be tempted to give my opinion of women politicians. I don't like her manners. The last time I went she received me in bed, with an old night-cap on."

"It is the custom," said the Count.

"It may be,—we would not tolerate it in Philadelphia."

"I am afraid that these elegant people would hold you to be provincial, if you were as prudish as the Philadelphian Quakers," said the Count. He was inclined to be severe with Pauline, but as the light from the lantern which swung out from a tall house fell upon her face, he relented. "Walter's snuff-colored garb looks odd among the liveries of these macaroni. And I see that he has given up hair-powder; he is almost a *sans-culotte*."

"Not nearly as much so as your bishop," said Walter. "What an extraordinary man this Talleyrand must be to turn Judas! It is said the Holy Father will place the country of France under an interdict. Pauline, you must be careful,—you will endanger us all. Paris is on the eve of a frightful revolution, Mr. Gourveneur Morris says."

"Why not go away?" asked Count O'Connell. "It is evident that our Irish regiments will no longer be permitted to defend the king. I am going home for a time."

"I must stay," said Walter. "General Washington has charged me to arrange the matter of the flour which the French government expects to buy. It is not settled yet. I shall send Pauline home."

"I will stay," said Pauline. "You know Mr. Morris, who is my guardian, sent for me that I might acquire something of the French social polish. And so I was sent to the convent. The nuns were charming, and I am really now only half Protestant," she added, laughing. "But you know the soldiers took our out-houses for the horses, and we were too near the Faubourg St. Antoine. Well, the nuns are dispersed, and I am in the world again, with just enough polish to show that I need more."

"Look!" said Walter.

The carriage moved slowly. It was obliged to pass through a group of men, women, and children, armed with pikes, and wear-

ing the red cap of liberty. They danced and grimaced around the carriage.

"Aristocrats!" a man, in a tattered red shirt, shouted. "To the lantern,—hang them!"

Walter put his head out of the window, while Count O'Connell, who was in the uniform of his regiment, grasped his sword.

"We are Americans," Walter called out in English, and he added slowly, not being sure of his French, "*Nous sommes Américains, dans la carosse d'un bon soldat Irlandais.*"

The ferocious-looking man hung to the carriage door and looked in; Pauline grasped the Count's sword arm. She saw the man's face clearly in the red torchlight; it was clear-cut, though daubed with soot, and half hidden by unkempt hair. The hand, too, on the ledge of the carriage door, was white, and there was such a ring on the little finger of the right hand as men of the people never wore.

His face brightened as he saw Pauline. At once he covered with his right hand,—

"Friends of Washington, pass on!" he said.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Walter. "A sudden death would be horrible,—but death at the hands of such a crew!"

The Count relaxed his grasp on the hilt of his sword; he was gloomily silent.

"At least," Pauline said with an effort,—her gaiety seemed to have gone all at once, "this sort of thing could not occur in our own Quaker city."

"You haven't read Aunt Martha's letter, which came to-day in a packet from General Washington for Mr. Morris. It seems that a crowd of men and boys gathered in Girard Square, marched through the streets singing the *Carmagnole au C'ira*, and ended by breaking the windows of the house of the British consul on High Street, above Eighth."

"It will not last; it is a slight fever, and General Washington will check it. But here it is a disease, and all General Lafayette's prescriptions do but make it worse, it seems to me."

Pauline was silent after this; she wrapped her cloak around her; when the carriage drew up before their lodgings, she was much relieved.

The Count assisted her to alight, with one of those bows which distinguished him, and ordered his coachman to drive at once to the Louvre.

"I am glad he is gone," said Pauline, as they entered the salon of their apartment on the second floor. "The old Count is very noble."

"Old!" said Walter. "Imagine his hearing that!"

"Well, he is old from my point of view. He is good, but you may be sure he is thinking of some Irish nephew that he wants to help, or of the question of income, or of his eternal pedigrees rather than of the affairs of his distant cousins. I *must* speak to you about something. I was almost *mad* at Madame Laborde's with impatience. But just wait till I get Clarette to help me put on a more comfortable gown. How I hate fashion and hoops and powder and patches!"

Walter reflected on the inconsistency of women,—Pauline was dying of impatience at Madame Laborde's, to tell him something, and now that she has the chance, she goes off to spend a half hour in changing her gown!

She returned in less time. He had made himself comfortable by drawing the candlesticks near his elbow and opening some letters.

"My dear Walter," she said, sitting beside him on the sofa, "I have undertaken a mission. It is to save a friend."

Walter raised one of the candlesticks and looked into her face.

"Pauline," he said solemnly, "you will drive *me* mad. I can't tell whether you are in fun or in earnest. This is no time for playing tricks."

"My dear, old brother," she said, putting her arm around his neck, "Clotilde de Bretenil is in the gravest danger. And I love her. She is an angel. When I first went to the convent you know how I hated everything Catholic, although dear mamma, who died when I was a baby, was such a good Catholic, they say. Well, Clotilde, who had just come in as a postulant,—she was a former pupil,—was permitted to be with me a great deal. Her heart gave me a glimpse of Heaven; I never knew any one so sweet, so true, so pure!"

"And her brother, the Vidame?" said Walter, dryly.

Pauline looked vexed, and then smiled.

"Oh, Francois! I believe you are jealous. Well, he has been kind; I like him; he is a devout young man,—there seem to be few in France, and he would not marry a heretic. It is of Clotilde I speak."

"Clotilde? Well!" Walter had gone back for a moment to the details about corn and tobacco in his letters from home.

"Clotilde is locked up in her aunt's apartment," said Pauline. "Bertha, her maid, slipped this note into my hand."

Walter, in amazement, took the paper. He read the hasty scrawl.

"Adieu, Pauline. Madame Laborde has locked me in my room. I was in the way, and she feared I might speak to you. Francois is to be sent to America. And I am not allowed to be a nun, I shall be forced to marry a Monsieur Chreval, whom I do not know at all. I am wretched."

"And they talk of liberty!" said Pauline. "These French!"

"How did you get this?"

"I found it under my plate. Bertha put it there as she changed it."

"They can't marry her against her will."

"They can. There is no law any more. The Pope's authority has been defied. Religious ceremonies are no longer necessary; Clotilde may be dragged before one of their committees at any time and—married to the basest wretch in Paris."

"My God!" said Walter, "It is true! You must leave at once!"

Pauline stood up and looked at her brother in silence.

"I suppose you can't help it,—you're only a man! Nobody wants to marry *me*, do you understand? They say that the Bishop of Autun is to become secularized in spite of the Pope, and marry. I don't think he'll choose *me*," she added with a laugh. "I will leave France when Clotilde goes, not before. She must be saved."

Walter forgot all about his cotton and corn and the lease of the house on the corner of Rose and Second Streets, and asked:

"How can she be saved? The convents are so rapidly being suppressed, she will have no convent to go to. If her aunt insists, I suppose this vile mob will force her to marry the scoundrel Madame Laborde has chosen. Nothing can be done."

"Nothing?" cried Pauline, her face growing scornful. "Nothing to prevent a heart vowed to God from being trampled in the mire? Clotilde has her vocation; it must be respected. If liberty is sacred, our duty of setting her free is sacred!"

"Fancy a Protestant trying to get a girl back to a nunnery!" said Walter, grimly, "and in the name of freedom!"

"I am a better Catholic than you are, Walter," said Pauline, "though I hope I am not less of a Protestant. If you knew Clotilde as I know her, you would rush to her rescue at once. I felt like seizing the Count's sword and breaking into Clotilde's room. Marriage is bad enough,—without love, I mean,—but imagine Clotilde at the mercy of one of the mob we saw to-night. Walter! O Walter!" she exclaimed, a note of horror in her voice. She closed her eyes and put her hand to her heart; but controlled herself. "Can you help Clotilde?"

"Only by asking Count O'Connell or Mr. Morris to speak to Madame Laborde,—or by seeing Francois myself. And yet what right have I to meddle? I have a duty here to perform in which sentiment does not enter; I cannot compromise my influence."

"You look like the picture in Mr. Franklin's almanac," said Pauline, "your soul is made of corn and flour. I will save Clotilde myself. I must save her; but first see Francois de Bretenil."

"I will," said Walter, anxious to please Pauline, if possible. He took up his hat and cloak. As he approached the door, his servant entered.

"A billet for Mademoiselle Bache, which the servant of the Vidame de Bretenil has left. There is no response expected."

With a dim foreboding in her mind, Pauline tore the note open.

"MADEMOISELLE:—

"I hope that you are not indifferent to the news I am about to tell you. I am proscribed by one of the committees. As my head is in danger, the 'Citizen' Talleyrand and my aunt, who is a good republican, have arranged that I go abroad to your country,—ostensibly to Philadelphia, on a secret mission to your government. Madame, my aunt tells me that I shall meet you there in a few weeks."

"He has been deceived!" murmured Pauline, interrupting her reading. "What happiness for me!"

"Clotilde will go to a convent in La Vendée,—she is away,

so I could not take leave of the dear girl. I write this from the packet ship, which sails for your dear country in an hour. I charge you with my love to Clotilde, and my best wishes for your estimable brother.

FRANCOIS DE BRETENIL."

Pauline threw the note on the table.

"And this is the chivalry of the finest court in Europe,—the Vidame de Bretenil runs away to save his head, and leaves his sister to the wolves! Give me the homespun chivalry of the Pennsylvania fields!"

Her eye fell on her brother, the personification of prudence and unaristocratic common sense.

"Oh," she said, impatiently, "men are only men,—that's all!" Walter watched her anxiously. She read the note again.

"He might have waited," Walter said, in a rather weak effort to please Pauline. "He might have known—"

"Oh," cried Pauline, flashing her eyes at him, "if your head were in danger, you'd——no,—no!—but how could he know? Madame told him falsehoods, of course. Francois de Bretenil is very well,—for a man. Good-night, Walter,"—she crossed to the door of her room. She turned her back to him, and then ran lightly across to him and kissed him on the forehead. He saw that there were tears in her eyes. "Forgive me, Walter. I have no weapon but my tongue; and you men seem so strange,"—the tears fell again, "and stupid!"

She disappeared into her room, her soft blue gown trailing after her, leaving the scent of the lilies of the valley, of which she was so fond.

Walter went back to his letters with an uneasy mind. He loved Pauline, and he was somewhat in awe of her. He was not a man of sentiment, and he had too many anxieties to let Clotilde trouble him long. But what, he asked himself, would Pauline do? He half-acknowledged to himself that it would be a relief to lock her up, if he could, without offending her.

Pauline sent Clarette away, and knelt beside her bed. She began to repeat a psalm, as was her custom. The face of the man crowned with the cap of liberty came up before her. The psalm gave her no comfort. "It seems like to praying to the Bible,"

she thought. "Only a woman can understand. O Virgin!" she cried, "O Mother, help me, help Clotilde!"

She felt ashamed of her weakness for a moment. "I don't care!" she said. "Only another woman can understand. O Mother of God, help me! I have no weapon but a woman's tongue and a woman's will. I know you understand."

She felt better after this, and went to sleep with the discarded rosary of M. Talleyrand about her wrist.

(*Conclusion in April.*)

God wishes to reveal and make known Mary, the Masterpiece of His hands, in these latter times, because she hid herself in this world and put herself lower than the dust by her profound humility, having obtained of God and of His Apostles and Evangelists that she should not be made manifest; because, being the Masterpiece of the hands of God, as well here below by grace as in Heaven by glory, He wishes to be glorified and praised in her by those who are living on the earth; because, as she is the aurora which precedes the Sun of Justice, who is Jesus Christ, she ought to be recognized and perceived, in order that Jesus Christ may be seen; because being the way by which Jesus Christ came to us the first time, she will also be the way by which He will come the second time, though not in the same manner.

Being the sure means, and the straight and immaculate way to go to Jesus Christ, and to find Him perfectly, it is by Mary that the holy souls who are to shine forth especially in sanctity have to find our Lord. He who shall find Mary shall find life, that is, Jesus Christ, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. But no one can find Mary who does not seek her; and no one can seek her who does not know of her, for we cannot seek or desire an unknown object. It is necessary, then, for the greater knowledge and glory of the Most Holy Trinity, that Mary should be more known than ever.—*Blessed Louis Mary Grignon de Montfort, O. P.*

QUATRAINS.

EUGENE DAVIS.

I.—THE VIRGIN'S STAR.

HERE gleams a light from Heaven afar
Whose rays can never vary,
So watchful they—it is the star
Of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

II.—HOPE.

Sweet balm in pain, a glorious sun
Beguiling care, a silken rope
That binds the earth and Heaven in one—
Such is the gift of hope.

III.—GOODNESS.

Blue blood, a crest, a royal line
That braved a thousand storms,
Are worthless if no goodness shine
Upon their coat of arms.

IV.—ANARCHY.

"No God—no master here may dwell!"
With bomb in hand he hissed;
The devil smiled on Hell's last spawn—
The modern Anarchist!

V.—SOULS OF NO FAITH.

As Dead Sea apples, or as weeds
Growing on wastes of death;
As abject clods, as broken reeds
Are souls that know no faith!

VI.—LOVE.

Love purifies the human soul,
If blessed by Heaven above:
Love is life's staff from pole to pole—
The world revolves on love.

THE ROSARY IN ART.

THE RESURRECTION.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

" ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Alleluia!" sing the choirs on earth, responsive to the choirs in Heaven. Alleluia! sing those who have watched at the death-bed Gethsemanes of beloved ones. Alleluia! sing the penitent ones, whose sins that were red as scarlet have been washed white as snow in the Blood of the Lamb once slain, now risen again. Alleluia! is whispered along the edges of joyous rivulets, where the willow is putting forth its furry blooms; in the sunny nooks of glens and dingles where the purple hepaticas are peering from their shelters among the last year's leaves; Alleluia! too, from the throat of some glad songster who has come to rejoice with us at the return of this blessed Alleluia—borrowed by mortals from the songs of angels—to the chant of the sanctuary and the music of the choirs. Alleluia! too, thrice Alleluia, springs to our lips as we clasp our Rosary to recite the first decade of the glorious mysteries in which are celebrated the triumphs of God's redeeming love, among the children of men.

But if faith has called upon Music, through harp and timbrel and organ and sweet-voiced choir, to honor the rising again from the dead of Him who created life and has vanquished death, not the less earnestly has she called upon Art, to give adoring expression through the hand and the brush to the Lord's Resurrection, and so joyfully have her noblest and most beautifully endowed geniuses responded to this call, that to enumerate their works would be impossible. With what a rapture of faith did the early artists of the catacombs—working under that symbolism which was then necessary for guarding the dogmas of Christianity from misrepresentation,—seize upon the story of Jonah, placing it again and again before the eyes of the faithful! Thirty-four examples are quoted of this subject on the sarcophagi of the earliest catacombs, besides the mural paintings, one of which, in the crypt of Saint Januarius, remounts to the second century, and every visitor to the cemetery of Saint Callistus, will recall the series giving the details of

the story of Jonas, which is still fresh on its walls. The story is told, however, not only on sarcophagi and in fresco, but on lamps, and at the bottom of the glass sacramental vessels deposited in tombs, by a process which seems to have been lost, the picture being in gold, between the upper and lower surfaces of the glass. The importance evidently attached to these representations, is explained by the narration in two of the four Gospels,¹ in which our Lord applies the story of the Prophet—his abiding three days in the whale's belly to come forth to preach penance to the Ninevites—as the symbol and foreshowing of His own resurrection.

This was undoubtedly the most generally understood sign of the Resurrection among Christians; yet under the same material of glass of which we have spoken were two which are even more literally significant; one representing our Lord as bringing fruit to the tree of life, the other as a glorious figure rising to the girdle from a square tomb of masonry, from which the lid is thrown back; stretching forth His hands over the world to which He is returning in His own bodily shape and His own beautiful, unmistakable lineaments. An enamel, also, taken from a *loculus* occupied about the beginning of the fourth century, or before the Church was disenthralled under Constantine, represents our Lord as removing the lid of His tomb with His own hand, with a movement expressive of omnipotent power; while a mural picture in the catacomb of Saint Agnes is still more pronounced; in fact might be said, had not these pictures been hidden from the eyes of men for so many hundred years, to have given a type to devout artists treating of the Passion and Resurrection so late as Perugino and Raphael. In this picture, for which is claimed, by careful writers and skilled archæologists, an antiquity dating to the early part of the second century, our Lord is seen standing before a tomb with its four cypress trees, two on each side; His arms and hands extended, the head and figure of manly beauty and draped as when He hung on the cross, but without the crown of thorns. The extraordinary symmetry and artistic execution of this figure, full of triumph, without a shadow or line of symbolism, show us how vigorous were the conceptions of the

¹ S. Matthew, xii. 39-41; xvi. 4; S. Luke, xi. 29-30.

events in the history of Christianity in the first ages, and supplying traditional types through those which succeeded under less favoring artistic conditions.¹

Thus far through the second and fourth centuries; and the fifth gives us an ivory, now in the National Museum at Munich, on which we see the tomb in the form of a small temple, two of the guards sleeping, while two catch a glimpse of the figure springing upward to greet the eternal Father, whose hand is extended towards Him. In the foreground are the three Marys saluted by the angel, and above the temple the tree of life spreads its fruit-bearing branches, on which feeds the phœnix. Another ancient representation of the narrative, as given in the Gospels, is found on the shrine of Saint Albinus at Cologne, and belongs to the time of Charlemagne, close to the year 800. In this sculpture Christ is stepping from His tomb, the lid thrown back; His right hand holding the banner of victory, the left disengaging the grave-clothes from His person, while on each side is an adoring angel; the guards are prostrate, not sleeping, but as if struck to the ground by the shock of the earthquake.

One of the series painted by Giotto on a press for sacred vessels in the church of Santa Croce, Florence, is a veritable Resurrection; a veritable rising from the tomb, glorious, impassible; the Body which had been pierced, still bearing its wounds, but moving with all the lightness of a spiritual body to which nothing earthly can offer resistance. Serene in its joyfulness, the eyes looking straight forward. This glorified Being bears His banner of victory as if there had not been one struggle for conquest, and we seem to realize that He gave Himself for us because it was His will so to do, and the foretold three days of death fulfilled, He has risen of His own will. The two guards are asleep. A palm tree stands close to the sepulchre, and the words of the psalmist come to us instinctively: "The earth trembled and was still when God arose in judgment."

Ghiberti, on the first of his gates to the Baptistry in Florence, on which are scenes from the life of our Lord, has given us the Resurrection with the sleeping guards, on one side of the tomb

¹ This last example, with those on glass and enamel, are given in the late Thomas Heaphy's work on "The Likeness of our Lord."

an olive tree, on the other a palm. Fra Angelico placed on the wall of one of the favored cells of the Dominican convent of San Marco, Florence, the Risen Lord in a glory surrounding His entire person above His empty tomb, on which sits the angel, while the three Marys are anxiously looking within for Him who had died on the cross. Perugino's Resurrection is as actual as Giotto's, but with all the meditative qualities which give such a charm to his conceptions. The glorified Body in its almond-shaped nimbus, its five wounds, one pierced hand holding the banner of the victor, the other already raised to bless the world which had slain Him, rises serenely into the air of the early dawn; His feet on the clouds; adoring angels on either side. The lid of the tomb has been pushed to one side; three of the guards asleep, but one sees the glorified Lord above. The benignity of this figure is beyond expression, its calm as profound as the mystery is wonderful, and one might pause here as having touched the Resurrection above all resurrections, but for one which seems to be almost unknown and is so unlike all others as to be deemed an inspiration.

In his comparative youth, Luca della Robbia, having discovered and proved the art of putting sublime conceptions upon terra cotta, which he then glazed, gave his first example of this novel material in the lunette above the bronze door which he had executed for the sacristy in the cathedral of Florence, Santa Maria del Fiore, and the subject was the Resurrection. So pleasing was this group to the Florentines that they loaded him with praise and with orders. But years after, there came to the soul of this Luca della Robbia a vision of such wondrous vitality, elasticity, jubilation, that we can hardly conceive the two to have come from one hand. This last vision, as we must always call it, brings to mind the word of the prophet: "And His sepulchre shall be glorious." ¹ Two angels, full of joy, show us the empty tomb; the mists of morning are under His feet; above His head the Dove of the Holy Spirit with the olive branch of peace,—peace, that sweet countersign of the Paschal visits to His disciples—and almost touching, on either hand, that arc of flames darting from the Dove, the promised Paraclete, the ardent sun,

¹ Isaiah xl., 10.

the placid moon; while gathering into Itself fact and event and symbol, walks on the ambient air with a step of omnipotent lightness, the Risen Lord! How shall we put into words the ineffable majesty, the serene consciousness of victory, which enlivens every line of this impersonation of Godhead under the veil of a glorified humanity? The banner held by the left hand and arm, the right raised to bless; the beautiful face in its immortal sweetness bent gently towards the earth, as are the eyes themselves; the morning breezes like airs of paradise lifting the folds of His mantle,—this is the vision of the Resurrection which came to the soul of Luca della Robbia when it had drunk in the gladness of "the old, the everlasting joy," of the Paschal Alleluias. It must have floated before him many an Easter morning as his shriven soul, always so tenderly pious, so rapturously devout, hastened to receive the Paschal communion from the hand of his parish-priest, the blue sky of Florence above him, the soft spring airs floating to him from the undulating hills just budding into beauty all around the city of flowers, with the small Iris, the lily of Florence, opening on its meadows.

For ourselves, there has never been such an exponent of the Paschal joy to the eye as Luca Robbia's Resurrection, and the roving imagination comes back to our mystery of the glorious rising again whenever we tell the Beads, not only if we actually see, but if we only recall this Resurrection of all resurrections, this Alleluia of all alleluias to the eye, which the choirs sing to our ears.

HERESY, on the absurd and pharisaical pretence of zeal for God, chides and condemns that generous and unrestrained outpouring of confidence and affection for the Mother of their redemption, the Mother of their sanctification and salvation, which is so natural to the children of Mary, and which gives them a Christ-like character.—*Cardinal Vaughan.*

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE ROSARY.—

I DO not know how many of the first children of the Rosary remain, or how many have grown so big that they do not wish to be called children now. Since I wrote to you in October, 1891, other little ones have joined your band, I suppose, and therefore to all the little children, and the big children too, the Editor now wishes to speak, and to tell them how glad he will be if he can do anything to make them happy.

Already we have many plans and lots of good things prepared. AQUINAS has come back to look after you, dear little ones; and let me tell you what I know you wish to know, that although AQUINAS is not a priest, every attention will be shown to you; nor will the Editor forget you. No matter how much we shall do for the grown folks, we shall try to do more for you, for we love you more.

We shall have all sorts of pretty pictures, and stories, and songs, and hymns, and music, and games, and puzzles, and letters—everything you could wish.

And all we want you to do is to be good little children of our dear Blessed Mother and St. Thomas Aquinas; to pray that God may bless THE ROSARY and all who are working for it; and to tell your friends and neighbors about the magazine, and so have them subscribe for it.

I leave you now to AQUINAS, and I hope you will read all that has been prepared for you. God bless you, dear little ones. Please pray for

THE EDITOR.

CLAUDIUS' EASTER LILIES.

M. H. FEIGHAN.



THE sun was setting behind the hills which divided upper from lower Galilee. The low, picturesque houses of the town of Capharnaum made a dark background for the fresh green of the trees and grass and the bright-hued buds, which were just beginning to open—for it was spring in Galilee.

On a hillock in the shadow of the gates of Capharnaum, there rested a group of men. They seemed weary, for some were partially reclining, while others had driven the staffs with which they had journeyed, firmly into the earth, and were resting against them.

Among these men there sat one upon the brow of the hillock—unlike, yet like the others. In stature He was of medium height, and slightly built; His age was about thirty; His dress blue of color, was in texture, plain even to coarseness.

His position of superiority came rather from the manner of His followers towards Him, than from any air of command in His bearing. His mien and voice were of such sweetness that He drew to Him those with whom He came in contact, and these by some mysterious power He held. Men marvelled, for the fame of this man was spread far over Galilee.

Facing this group, stood a number of women; in their arms or by the hand they held little children, who, hushed into silence, as children often are by the pre-occupation of their elders, watched each movement wide-eyed and curious.

During the discourse by the Master, there had stood near Him a woman who held in her arms a baby, while a boy of perhaps seven years—handsome, dark, and sturdy, stood by her side.

As the shadows began to lengthen, and the others turned to go, this woman, as though moved by a sudden impulse, pressed for-

ward, and presented her two little ones before the gentle Nazarene.

One of the men in the group put out his hand as if to withhold the boy who was approaching. But the Saviour arose and softly laid His hand upon the dark hair of the child whose eyes rested so trustingly upon His face.

Then it was that the Master took the little ones in His arms, and laid His hands in benediction upon their curly heads, and smiled into the innocent faces. Then it was, too, that He spoke those words whose sweetness has lingered through ages: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." With these words, and His blessing, the mothers turned to depart, carrying in their hearts a peace till now unknown.

Still, after the others had gone, lingered the little dark-haired Claudius. Saying no word the Master broke a branch of lilies which grew near the wayside, and put them in the hand of the boy; then with loving look and gesture the little one was dismissed, and ran after his mother, tightly holding his precious flowers.

The gorgeous western sky had faded into grey, and the rays of a crescent moon silvered the sea of Galilee, before the mother and her two little ones reached their home. They were the family of a Roman soldier: Ruth the mother, Claudius the boy, and little Esther the baby sister.

Cornelius, the father, was now in Jerusalem, in the service of Herod II. Ruth, who had always remained with her two little ones, in Capharnaum, the city of her birth, was now preparing to join her husband in Jerusalem. In a few days she would start with a band of travellers, who were going to that city.



II.

Jerusalem was in a state of suppressed excitement. The tragedy of Calvary had been enacted on Friday. Saturday was nearly passed, and in a few hours the promise of the Nazarene to arise from the dead would either be fulfilled or proven false.

Among the most faithful of those who watched and waited, was Ruth, the mother of little Claudius. Three years ago she had accomplished the journey from Capharnaum to Jerusalem, and still remained in order to be near Cornelius.

Her faith in the new Teacher who had arisen among the people was unswerving. To-night though, in spite of past fidelity, her heart was anxious. The general feeling of unbelief oppressed her. All precaution had been taken by the unbelieving Jews to prevent imposition being practised upon them. The sepulchre had been closed at the mouth with a huge stone, and Pilate had put a guard about it. Cornelius was one of this guard, and as the shadows began to fall Saturday evening, he went to take his place among his fellow-soldiers.

Little Claudius, who was now a handsome lad of ten, was allowed to accompany his father to the tomb, but was to return immediately. After the two had left, Ruth sat in thoughtful, unaccustomed idleness, and it was only as the time for Claudius' return approached that she began to set out the bread and milk which formed the children's evening meal. For herself she could eat nothing. Soon the boy came in, flushed and excited. He was full of the spirit which hung over Jerusalem and pervaded his own household.

"Mother," he said, watching her restless movements and anxious face, "Father says the Master will not arise."

Ruth made no reply. The boy drew near and laid his hand appealingly upon her arm.

"Mother, dost thou believe He will arise?"

As she hesitated his head dropped upon his breast, and his next words came with a sob.

"O Mother, He promised!"

The tears in the mother's eyes brimmed over. Her heart was full, as she took her child in her arms. "Yes, my son, He has

promised, and truly have we no cause to doubt Him after all we have seen and heard. To-night will prove whether or not He is all we believe—all we know Him to be," she corrected, as if anxious to keep her own doubt from creeping into her son's mind.

Claudius sat down by the window, looking sorrowfully out. He watched the stars as they came one by one into the sky. In the eastern countries, even in the imagination of the children, these little twinkling orbs are full of mysterious meaning. To-night the stars seemed brighter and larger and nearer, and Claudius wondered, in a vague way, if they were connected with the wonder which was to take place to-night.

On that evening, three years ago, when the Master had given him the bunch of lilies, the boyish heart had gone out to Him, and never swerved in its allegiance. Ruth had preserved the flowers in water, and they remained fresh and beautiful for many days. When the snowy petals began to droop, she had laid them away in a cloth of fine linen, and here they were still kept.

As Claudius sat looking out into the darkness, he resolved to go to the tomb his father was guarding, and see with his own eyes the fulfilment of the Saviour's word.

He waited while Ruth made her usual preparations for the night. Esther was tucked in her cradle, after which his mother blessed him and gave him a good-night kiss. Then he went obediently to the little room adjoining, to wait, but not to sleep. The boy had no guide as to time; he watched the stars till they began to fade from the sky, and when he heard the cock crow, he arose very quietly for fear of awakening his mother.

Prompted by some strange, intangible connection of ideas, he opened the box in which lay the long-treasured, faded lilies. As the fragrance, which had never left them, was wafted upward, Claudius, moved by the same childish whim which had prompted him to look at them, took them in his hand, and carried them with him, as he stole softly into the dim light of the early morning. The distance was not great, nor was the way strange, so Claudius made swift progress.

As he neared his destination the vapors curled around the distant hills were melting into mist, which the fast rising sun was rapidly dispelling. He hastened his steps for fear of being late,

and was not long in gaining the spot pointed out to him the evening before by his father as the tomb of the Nazarene.

Then, it was sealed with a heavy stone, and guarded by mail-clad soldiers. Now, as he looked at it, in the broad, searching light of the morning sun, the stone was rolled away, the guard gone, the sepulchre empty.

But where was the Master?

Claudius left the tomb, which stood in open space, and sought the shadow of the trees beyond. He walked rapidly along, looking eagerly about him. As the shade grew dense, he saw in the distance an almond tree, whose delicately-tinted blossoms looked like a soft, pink cloud. In its shadow stood a white, mist-like, glorified figure.

The boy stood, suddenly transfixed with wonder and admiration. There was no trace of fear in his feelings or attitude. This beautiful apparition was to his childish mind the Master's messenger, and was simply a fulfilment of his undefined longings and expectation.

With a gentle gliding motion the radiant vision drew near, while the boy, trembling with emotion, dropped upon his knees. Nearer and nearer came the shining form. Within a few paces of the child it stopped.

With the boldness of innocence Claudius asked the question which was tugging at his heart, trembling on his lips:

"Where is the Master?"

The benignant eyes rested gently upon the earnest, uplifted face of the kneeling child. With voice soft as a breeze, yet vibrant with the greatness of the words, the vision answered:

"The Master has arisen!"

The boy gave a glad, exultant cry, while the dazzling figure raised its impalpable hands in loving benediction, then disappeared among the trees.

As Claudius began to notice his surroundings, he became conscious of a new and exquisite fragrance. He glanced at the flowers, which he still held tightly in his hand.

Lo! a wonderful change had been wrought! The dead, brown lilies had opened out in their pristine loveliness, as pure, as fair, as beautiful as when they had been placed in his hand three years ago.

With an Easter blessing resting upon his head, and his precious Easter lilies clasped to his breast, little Claudius sped homeward to bear his mother the joyful tidings that the Master had arisen, and to show her the flowers which the glance of an angel had restored to life.



III.

The year of our Lord 46, during which the Emperor Claudius reigned over Rome, found Cornelius and his family in the Eternal City. Little Claudius was a handsome lad of eighteen, while Esther was a slim, sweet-faced maiden. Ruth and her children were bound together by ties stronger than mere natural ones, for they were Christians, and then, even as in the days of the gentle Master, to be His follower was to be persecuted.

In Jerusalem Herod had imprisoned Peter, and was relentlessly pursuing the disciples of Christ.

Though no open persecution had been raised against them dur-

ing the reign of the Emperor Claudius, therewere low mutterings and covert threats against every one bearing the name of Christian.

With the memory of that first Easter morning, eight years ago, still fresh in his heart, it was no wonder that Claudius lived in a faith vivid and intense. Easter meant so much to him. It was his by right of participation. Each recurring Easter, though falling, as it often did for him, in a strange land, and among strange people, had been always lovingly commemorated.

For the first time he was spending it in Rome, and a fair and beautiful Easter morning it was. Claudius stood at the door watching the blue of the sky, the exquisite green of the trees; he breathed the freshness of the air, the fragrance of the flowers, and his heart was full of gratitude for the sweetness and beauty around him.

The quiet of the hour and the loveliness of the morning tempted him to a walk.

Rome was not yet astir; only an occasional wayfarer or a soldier going to relieve a tired night-guard. Occupied by happy, peaceful thoughts, the lad was far from home before he thought of turning back.

The sun was now well up, and Claudius stepped briskly along. In a short time, as he approached a narrow, unfrequented lane, he saw ahead of him a group, consisting of fifteen or twenty young men, some scarcely more than boys. They looked sullen and angry; as he approached, they ceased their mutterings to each other, and concentrated their fierce glances upon him.

Finding it impossible to pass, for they had blocked the way, Claudius halted.

"He is one of them," growled a black-browed young Roman.

"How do you know?" queried another.

"From his sneaking, holy look," chimed in a third.

These angry exclamations were followed by a chorus of curses and denunciations, during which Claudius was roughly jostled.

The lad pressed forward. "Let me pass," he said; "why do ye stop me on the highway? I've done ye no harm."

"You are a Christian!" cried one of the ruffians; don't try to deny it." Claudius faced him proudly.

"I am not trying to deny it," he said; "I am a Christian. Now let me pass."

Silenced by his undaunted air and words, the rabble fell back. Several, however, more vindictive and determined, rushed forward and seized him.

Being strong and supple, Claudius wrenched himself from the grasp of his assailants, and was defending himself with determined courage. Suddenly a heavy stone thrown with cruel, unerring directness, came crashing against the temple of the brave young Christian. White and bleeding he reeled and fell.

Their purpose accomplished more promptly and seriously than they had intended, his enemies turned and fled.

The door of a house near by was opened, and a venerable looking old man hastened to the spot where the boy was lying.

He knelt by the side of Claudius, and raised the bleeding head upon his knee. "The wretches! the cowardly villains!" he cried, glancing in the direction taken by the mob.

He tried in vain to staunch the blood which was oozing from the boy's temple. "Poor lad, poor lad," he murmured, looking at the white set face, "I am afraid thou art done for."

The dark eyes opened, and fixed themselves upon the kind, anxious face bending above him.

"Art thou better, my son?" asked the old man, gently. "A little patience and I'll get help to carry thee into my house," and he laid the boy's head softly on the stones of the pavement, and moved off on his mission of charity.

Claudius remained as he had been placed for a few minutes, then with weak, uncertain hand began searching for something within the folds of his cloak. Presently the trembling hand found the object of his search. He drew it forth and held before his own dying eyes a bunch of white, fragrant lilies.

The boy smiled radiantly. The waxen lids closed, and his arms fell heavily across his breast. And thus on Easter morning Claudius went into the presence of the Master holding the unsullied Easter lilies in his hand.



A LILY-BUD.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

"**T**HEY say that my baby is dead," sobbed May,
 As we stood in tears by the infant form
 That lay in a downy casket white,
 While shelter secure from every storm
 Unto the wee baby girl was given
 By God, in His own bright home-land, Heaven.

"And is she *not* dead, little girlie?" I asked.
 Her violet eyes looked up at me;
 Her fond little hand stroked baby's white cheek.
 "Why, Aunty, no; just look, can't you see?
 You called her your *rose*-bud alway, alway,—
 God's made her your *lily*-bud to-day."

SEND THE ROSARY TO THE POOR.

SEE the picture of a rosary on the next page. Do you notice that the large beads are finished, while the small ones are just little rings? We have prepared a ROSARY CARD like this, which we shall mail to all who desire to help send the magazine to the poor.

Send for a card. When you receive it, ask all those whom you know to *make one or more beads*, that is, with pen or pencil to fill in the little rings, giving *one cent for each*. For the amount which you will have collected when all the rings are filled, THE ROSARY will be sent for one year to any poor person, or charitable institution or prisoner, to whom you desire to send it, though the regular price is \$2.00 a year.

You see that there is a place for the name and address of the poor person or the institution, and for your own name and address. Fill these blanks, and then return the card.

As the magazine comes to you in your pleasant homes, be grateful to God and our Lady, and remember the poor, the sick in hospitals, and the unhappy people who are in prisons. How good it will be to send THE ROSARY to them!



Please send THE ROSARY for one year
to *(Here put name and address of poor person or institution.)*

.....

.....

(Here put sender's name and address.)

.....

.....



ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, THE ANGELIC DOCTOR.

THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

WHAT a long time it is since we had a little talk about the Angelic Warfare, and about our dear St. Thomas Aquinas! But the good fight has been going on all the time, boys and girls, has it not? Life is a warfare, children, and many men and women who have done great things for God or for people, can look back to some time while yet they were only children when they had *an awful fight with themselves about something*; when the spirit of right and wrong within them seemed so strong that they felt as though

they were really two persons, instead of being only one little boy or girl.

By the way, boys and girls, would it not be a real help to one and all if we were to hear of some youthful encounters with the foes within and around us? Who will be the first to send us a letter from battlefield or camp? Now, I don't mean for you to tell us your "real fights" with other boys or girls; I mean your "real fights" *with yourselves*. One can tell how a fit of sulks was mastered, another how a hot temper was cooled; still another how he or she "got the best" of a desire to be disobedient, and so on. Oh, we shall have some very helpful letters if our young soldiers will only do what they can.

We give you in this issue a martial song. Words and music have been specially written for our Young Soldiers of the Angelic Warfare. We want you all to learn it, and we shall be pleased to hear that in schools and in home circles, too, both words and air have become familiar.

Two feasts of St. Thomas Aquinas come in March. The feast of the translation of his relics could not be kept this year on January 28, because that day was Sexagesima Sunday. It was transferred to the third of March. Then March 7th brings his great feast. The picture we give you represents him, with the Doctor's cap on, explaining some truth of the Church.

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.
2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.
3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.
4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.
5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

DAISY'S VOCATION.

MARION J. BRUNOWE.

"O MAMMA! we are going to have a three days' retreat, and all the girls of my class intend to find out their vocations; isn't it exciting?"

And Daisy dropped her books in the middle of the floor, threw herself into the nearest chair, and tossed her hat and gloves onto the table beside her. She made a pretty, though we have to confess rather untidy picture, this rosy-cheeked, panting little girl.

Mrs. Riston suspended her work a moment to look up in smiling astonishment. "Well, I hope they will, my dear," she said, quietly,—“my Daisy above all.”

“Mamma!”—Both Daisy's hands went up to push back her yellow curls, and her blue eyes opened wide with dismay as she gazed at her mother. “Why, I was not going to ask for one. I don't want any, because I could never leave you and Papa, you know; and—and—” this with a little catch in her voice—“I didn't suppose you would be so willing to let me go.” All the bright expression was gone now; Daisy's lips were very tremulous, and her eyes quite misty.

Mrs. Riston calmly went on with her sewing, but her head was bent very far down over it, and had Daisy been less absorbed in her own distress, she might have seen that the corners of her mother's mouth were twitching in a very suspicious manner. But Daisy was quite crushed, quite unable to think of anything but what she designated in her own mind as Mamma's hard-heartedness towards her only child, whom she was so ready to give up. She wondered how Papa would receive the announcement, Papa, who was so proud and fond of his pretty, stylish little daughter. “I know I look lovely on Sundays,” mused Daisy; “my hat with the white plumes is so becoming, and the girls just go wild over my pearl gray suit. I guess Papa will miss me walking up the ‘Avenue’ to church. But of course, if my own parents do not want me, I might as well get my vocation, and wear a gloomy black dress, and a hateful coal-scuttle bonnet forever. Indeed—indeed I shall never smile again, though; I don't see how the nuns can always look so

happy. They shall have to give me the name of Sister Dolorosa; sorrowful, I think it means, and that is how I shall always look."

As her inward bewailings reached this climax, Daisy let forth an audible and angry sob, and then rushed wildly from the room up to her own chamber.

"Daisy! Daisy!" her mother called after her, but Daisy heard not. She had turned the key in her door, and was lying face downward upon the bed, plentifully bedewing the pillows with tears.

Mrs. Riston put aside her work, and tenderly gathered up the hat, the gloves, the books. "Poor little darling," she murmured, kissing the small glove, "how distressed she is over it. I think I must go up to explain, but perhaps"—she added, restraining herself by an effort—"perhaps it will be more salutary coming from another quarter. Above all things I do not want to spoil my only treasure." And Mrs. Riston, who knew in her heart that Daisy was not perfect, though she would fain believe so, forced herself to remain alone in the twilight, though hoping and praying that her little daughter's ill-temper would not get the better of her, as it had been so sadly doing on many occasions of late. But she waited in vain; Daisy was certainly indulging a most unamiable mood.

First she had stormily wept herself into calmness. Then she had risen and deliberately arrayed herself in the pearl gray suit, and the hat with the nodding plumes. This done, she had taken a last lingering look at herself and costume in the long mirror of her wardrobe. Then removing the hat, she had placed it tenderly in its box, closed the latter, and across the lid had traced in great black letters the one sad word,—*"Farewell."* The dress was laid in a drawer, and a slip of paper bearing the same heart-rending inscription pinned to it. After this various boxes and other receptacles were pulled forth. Such an array of pretty things as were displayed among their contents—why, almost enough to stock a fancy shop! Daisy looked at them, touched them one after another. The greater number were presents from Mamma and Papa, that Mamma and Papa who had *seemed* to love her so. "And now Mamma is willing that I should get a vocation; oh!" Daisy's face was hidden in her hands for a moment; then she

pulled herself up and tried to assume what she imagined should be a hard expression.

"I shall make a will and bequeath them all to the orphans," she said, aloud; "I'm as good as an orphan myself, anyhow." At this point some one knocked upon her door. "Well?" answered Daisy, crossly.

"Miss Daisy, your ma says come down to dinner."

"Eliza, I don't wish any dinner," was the ungracious retort.

"Oh, Miss Daisy! shure you wouldn't be for starving yourself?" objected the kind-hearted maid.

"Go away!" shouted Daisy; "I want to starve."

Eliza went out, and Daisy again returned to her treasures. But she felt that somehow she could not look at them any more. She hastily shut them away from her sight, and, going to a low chair, began aimlessly rocking herself back and forth. Below her in the dining room the clatter of dishes and the clinking of glasses were plainly audible. Her mother and father could eat even when they knew that their only child would in a few days find out her vocation. Ah, well, what a cruel, disappointing world this was. After all, perhaps she wasn't sorry she was going to leave it. Just here Daisy began to feel very hungry.

"Nobody cares for me," she moaned; "they stuff themselves and don't spare me a crumb."

Ah, could she have but peeped into the dining room at that moment she might have felt a trifle conscience-stricken to see how utterly and entirely her dear mother's appetite had forsaken her.

"Edward, I shall carry her up some dinner on a tray, and coax her to eat," Mrs. Riston was just then saying.

"Eliza will carry it," was his rejoinder, with a significant look at mother. And then, when Eliza had gone—"Emily, dear, we shall have to be a little strict, you know; Daisy is growing too old to be treated like a spoiled child. That naughty temper needs to be disciplined." Nevertheless, all taste for their dinner was spoiled for Mamma and Papa.

Not so, however, with Daisy. Eliza's timely appearance with the tray was very welcome to her, though she would not have acknowledged it for worlds. Leaning languidly back in her chair,

she directed the maid to draw forth a little table upon which to arrange the dainty repast.

"Thanks, you may go now, Eliza," she then said with calm dignity; "I shall try to eat a little."

"Couldn't I be bathing your head, Miss Daisy, and bring you ginger tea, or something?"

Daisy flushed up. "My head doesn't ache, and I don't need ginger tea," she said; "go away, please."

Eliza moved slowly towards the door. "Shure, you must be sick, Miss," she ventured once more, "or you wouldn't be acting so strange."

Daisy placed her hand over her heart. "I am sick there," she said with solemnity; "ginger tea never cured a heartache; go, Eliza, at once."

Eliza stared a moment, and then obeying the imperious wave of the little hand, departed.

Daisy was conscious of a pang or two while enjoying her dinner. People with heartaches were rarely supposed to eat; now she found herself wondering how they managed. By-and-bye she began to feel better, for it suddenly occurred to her that even if she did get a vocation, the nuns would not receive her till she was eighteen. Therefore she had yet five full years to remain at home. That farewell to her clothes had not been necessary, after all, for of course they would be worn out long before then. In five years she would be bidding good-bye to young lady garments.

However, that fact did not make Mamma's ready acquiescence the less hard to bear. She was disappointed in her parents; they did not love her as they should. How very dark and still the room was! How lonesome she felt, and how unhappy! She cried a little more, and then the curly head began to nod, the blue eyes to close, and soon Daisy was sound asleep. Indeed, so deep grew her slumber that she was barely conscious of being gently undressed and placed in bed an hour or so later. She felt Mamma's kisses, though, and with a little sigh of content, nest'ed under the covers, and again fell fast asleep.

II.

"Good-bye, darling, good-bye; God bless you. Make a good retreat, and do not forget to pray for us."

It was the next afternoon, and Daisy was taking leave of her parents, not to see them again for three long days and four longer nights. There was a great lump in her throat, but she made her good-byes almost coldly, yet bearing the injured air of a martyr heroic.

Arrived at the convent, all was bustle and talk and laughter. Daisy on her appearance was instantly pounced upon.

"Talk! talk! talk!" shouted one of the girls, "and laugh! laugh! laugh! Daisy Riston; the silence-bell will ring in ten minutes."

"I don't feel like laughing," returned Daisy, sadly, "when I intend to ask my vocation in this retreat."

"Oh! do you?" This in wide-eyed wonder from one of her companions. "I thought you didn't want to know."

"Guess, girls, guess!" And Nellie Moore burst in upon the group; "Sister Rosalie says Father Peron is going to give one entire instruction on vocations. She says she thinks we need such an instruction in this school. She laughed, too, when she said it," added Nellie; "it was a queer laugh that I didn't quite understand."

The girls looked delighted and mystified at once, but all further conversation was prevented by the clanging of a great bell.

There were a couple of minutes of wild hugging and kissing, and many a whispered 'pray for me;' then the white veils were put on, the rank silently formed, and soon fifty girls were seated in the chapel, listening to the opening instruction of the retreat.

Father Peron was a tall gentleman, with snowy hair and a kind, holy, benevolent face, and before two of the retreat days were passed he had succeeded in making goodness and holiness seem the easiest, most beautiful, and desirable thing in all the world to the fifty ardent young girls who were drinking in his words. On the morning of the third day came the eagerly-looked-forward-to instruction on vocations. The very announcement of this subject caused an audible stir. No one really broke silence, but the air seemed to be full of little voices.

"In the first place," said the Father, beginning a little abruptly, "my dear children, don't look upon me in the light of an old witch of a fortune teller. Don't come to confession and ask me, 'Father, have I got a vocation?' That would be only pure waste of time, because here and now I intend to say that *every one*

in this room *most certainly has a vocation.*" The expressions on fifty faces were beyond words. Father Peron continued: "When you grow up you may be religious, you may be married, or you may be old maids. But that is all in the future, and entirely beyond my province, for, as I again repeat to you, I am not a gypsy fortune teller, nor even a true prophet. God will attend to all that in His own good time. However, your present vocation I can and will tell you. To do your duty wheresoever God has placed you: *that* is the vocation of every girl before me, just that and no other. Love God; keep His commandments; love, honor, and obey your parents; be charitable and kind to your companions; faithfully do the tasks and duties parents and teachers may assign to you; cultivate a sweet temper,—in short, do what you know to be your duty, and then you will be faithfully fulfilling your vocation. As for this term applying only to the life of a good Sister, which some foolish school-girls have at times imagined, why of course the pupils of St. Helen's know that is nonsense." The Father had a genial twinkle in his eye. "Just think—fifty girls, fifty vocations!" We cannot, of course, attempt to retail the whole of that surprising instruction, so we shall only repeat its closing words. "And now, my dear children, but ask our Blessed Lady for grace to enable you to closely imitate her actions, her virtues of purity, humility, obedience, and charity, and you will have found the noblest, highest vocation on earth."

As for Daisy,—ah, how shall we speak of her? Returning home contrite, penitent, seeing things as she had never seen them before, and full of good resolutions, she threw herself into her mother's arms, and half laughing, half crying, implored: "Mamma! Mamma darling, forgive me—and you understood all the time. Now I have found my vocation, and it is going to be a lovely one."

We cannot wonder that Mamma, whose heart had been so sadly aching, pressed her treasure closer to her, and kissed her again and again while murmuring: "Thank God! there is no fear of my Daisy being spoiled."

MARY will never plead in vain while Jesus rules in Heaven.

—*Sister Mary Alphonsus, O. P.*

WITH OTHER YOUNG FOLKS.

The Young Catholic Messenger, Dayton, Ohio, is a decidedly patriotic little paper. Young people find in every issue some useful information about our Government. Many of its stories and poems are original; its "Puzzle Corner" is brightly conducted.

The Young Folk's Department of the *Ave Maria* is always entertaining and instructive. We often find here one of Professor Egan's good stories. At the present time there is one: "Friends and Foes, or Jack Chumleigh's Ladder." Here are three lines which we think *all* young people should learn by heart:—

"When conscience tells you not to do
The deed that you may have in view,
That is the voice of God to you."

We gladly greet the *Young Catholic*, Columbus Press, New York City. It comes now to us in magazine form, a cheery cover of red and white enclosing goodly articles. There is a happy blending of the grave and gay, the instructive and the entertaining. The *Young Catholic* has always possessed a staff of contributors gifted with the happy ability of making the instructive deeply interesting. Worthy of note is their ability to tell a good story in a few words. Long life to the *Young Catholic*, the paper of the "Sunbeams," Father Hecker's gift to the little ones of the Fold!

"Our Future Men and Women" is the catching title of the Young Folk's Department of the *Sacred Heart Review*, Boston and E. Cambridge. Some men and women, when dealing with young folks, seem to forget that they themselves were once boys and girls. But do boys and girls ever forget that some day they will be men or women? There is an "Uncle Jack" in charge of this department who is training the future men and women "in the way they should go." He is banding them together for a vigorous defense of the Holy Name. Uncle Jack says that boys and girls swear, and that they use other bad words, too. Children of the Angelic Warfare, can this be true? Do *you* ever take God's name in vain? Do *you* ever use bad words?

"I LOVE you, Mother," said little John ;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.
"I love you, Mother," said rosy Nell—
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

Notes.

The CHILDREN OF THE ROSARY are all happy young people, we hope, but in their bright young lives they must never forget that our Blessed Mother had many sorrows, and that her Rosary has five sorrowful mysteries. In Lent they must *often* go to her altar, not only to ask her for graces and other good things, but just on purpose to tell her how much they love her for all she has suffered. Easter Sunday, that day of her great joy, comes on March 25th, so the Church has postponed till April 2d, the celebration of her Annunciation, that happy day when she first learned that she was to be God's mother.

There is a little Novena which we commend to our young people's use in March. It is to the dear St. Joseph; and though not specially prepared for boys and girls, but for older folk, yet it is not too old for them to derive profit from its holy lessons.

The Church, the teacher of all good lessons, tells us to love and honor St. Joseph specially in March. If we are really faithful to the dear saint during that month, believe me, we shall not forget him during any other month, and oh, believe me even more firmly, he will never, never forget us. So many of you, in your way to and from school, go very near a church, I know you do. You can carry the little paper book in your pocket, and going or coming you can spend just a few moments in the church, and before St. Joseph's altar you can read the prayers for one day of the Novena. Or you can read them in your homes. Of course you all know a Novena means a nine days' prayer. The price of this

Novena is only ten cents, and you can order it from THE ROSARY office.

St. Joseph, boys and girls, was a very silent saint. He *loved* silence. Now, boys and girls *don't* love it, and hence they talk in church and school, and lose marks for good behavior, and offend God sometimes, too, by wilful disobedience. How many of you will say a little prayer every day in March for the grace of never talking in forbidden places and times?

"E. J. W." sends a little poem. It is a warm-hearted tribute to our Blessed Mother, but the versification is not up to the standard for publication. Study versification in some good Rhetoric, and then—try again. We appreciate this young reader's kindly interest in the propagation and welfare of THE ROSARY, and we feel sure that blessings will be given in return.

In the two beautiful stories we give you this month, you may find, here and there, words that you do not quite understand. Do you know why we do not give you easy words all through? It is because we want you to look in the dictionary for the meaning of all the hard words. And we want to get letters from you telling us just what words you found hard, and what their meaning is.

When you grow to be young men and women it will be a great help to you in many ways to know your own language well. To know the exact meaning of words, and also how to make "nice distinctions," as educated people say, between words that, at first sight, seem to mean the same thing. So now, to the dictionary, boys and girls. And we shall watch for the letters.



MARTIAL SONG

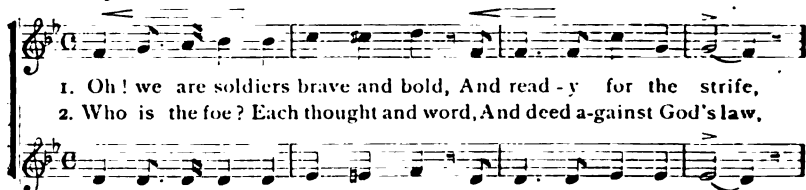
FOR THE

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

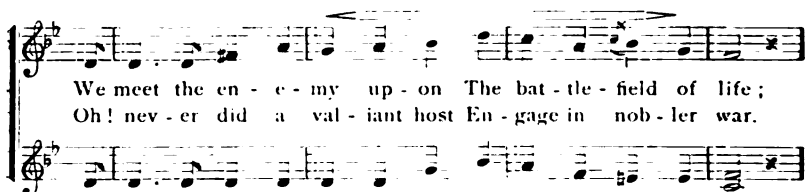
Words by AQUINAS.

Music by A DOMINICAN TERTIARY.

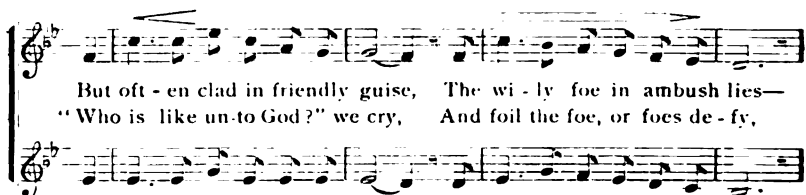
Tempo di marziale.



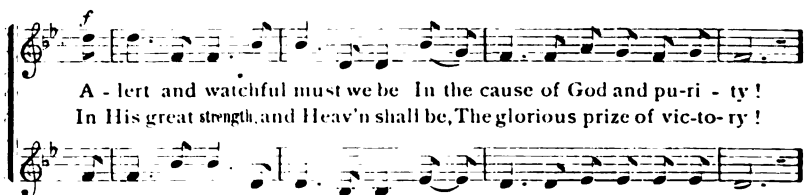
1. Oh! we are soldiers brave and bold, And read - y for the strife,
2. Who is the foe? Each thought and word, And deed a-against God's law,



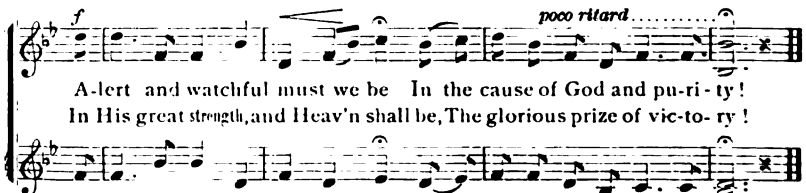
We meet the en - e - my up - on The bat - tle - field of life;
Oh! nev - er did a val - iant host En - gage in nob - ler war.



But oft - en clad in friendly guise, The wi - ly foe in ambush lies—
"Who is like un-to God?" we cry, And foil the foe, or foes de - fy,



A - lert and watchful must we be In the cause of God and pu - ri - ty!
In His great strength, and Heav'n shall be, The glorious prize of vic - to - ry!



A - lert and watchful must we be In the cause of God and pu - ri - ty!
In His great strength, and Heav'n shall be, The glorious prize of vic - to - ry!

Notes.

In resuming the management of THE ROSARY I feel that a personal word will not be misunderstood. The sense I have entertained, from the birth of this work through the days of its struggling infancy, has been one of deep indebtedness to the many warm and generous friends who welcomed the young magazine on its entrance into the literary world. To put on record an expression of gratitude that has been richly earned is surely a duty, and in this case, the acknowledgment of the obligation is the only measure of payment that can be made. Rather I would increase the debt, by levying again on the resources of devotion and friendship and zeal from which THE ROSARY has already plentifully drawn. Indeed, it is but just to state that a strong encouragement cheering me in the labors which are already great, is the trust that the true and tried friends of THE ROSARY will cordially co-operate in every effort that will be made in behalf of our special work.

With peculiar pleasure I recall the gracious words of the Archbishop of New York, in whose diocese THE ROSARY is published. Ever ready to encourage works of religion and education, Archbishop Corrigan greeted the announcement of the coming Rosary magazine with cordial blessing and cheering message, which he has since added other marks of his favor and good will.

The courtesies and blessings of His Eminence, the Archbishop of Baltimore, are also gratefully remembered, and his promise so kindly given that some day he would write a paper for THE ROSARY, is gladly recalled. To the other Archbishops and Bishops whose words of encouragement and approval were so freely spoken, the magazine is under many obligations. Another decided and very large factor in the success that attended the beginning of THE ROSARY was the hearty welcome given to me by many esteemed friends among the Reverend pastors in whose churches I announced the magazine. By this means thousands of subscribers were obtained that would

not otherwise have been secured. Gratefully therefore, do I remember the Clergy who zealously aided in placing THE ROSARY on a solid basis. I earnestly hope that their good offices will continue. I also hold in grateful affection the memory of those devoted souls among the laity, who, for love of the cause, gave earnest and faithful service to the young magazine. I shall count on their continued interest, and cordially invite them to resume their posts as promoters of the Rosary cause. Our broad country offers an inviting field for the lovers of religion and truth, and it cannot be denied that there is room for THE ROSARY, with its banner of our Lady, the Seat of Wisdom, its watchword the Beads, Leo the Thirteenth's beloved devotion, and the arena of literature as its battle ground, where sturdy and ceaseless must be the struggle for virtue and truth.

This is the mission of THE ROSARY. Its spirit will ever breathe the gracious fragrance of our Lady's name, yet shall we not consider it amiss that this heavenly sweetness will also be shed, like refreshing dew, on all that literature or art in secular fashion may bring as tribute to religion's cause. So closely allied does THE ROSARY hold the cause of good reading to that of devotion and piety that no separation will be recognized. THE ROSARY will speak for both, nor will there be a babel of sounds. Constant though it will be, in the work of religion as clearly and distinctly outlined in the beautiful devotion of the Beads, in service of which generous drafts will be made on the stores of art and music and poetry and history, THE ROSARY will nevertheless be a popular magazine in the best sense of this much-abused word.

Certain of the field, hopeful of resources, confident of generous co-operation from Clergy and people, there is no sense of misgiving in stating thus positively the scope of this magazine.

J. L. O'NEIL, O.P.,

Editor.

This month appeals strongly to Rosarians in the spirit of the sorrowful mysteries of the Beads. The calendar of feasts and indulgences marks several special days sacred to the sufferings of our Lord and His Blessed Mother, besides the solemn days of Holy Week. We ask our readers to prepare for the joys of Easter by sharing in the sorrows of the cross.

The Romans are preparing to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Pius IX. The splendid monument, erected by Leo XIII., over the humble tomb of his illustrious predecessor, is to be opened on the occasion. The programme of the festivities has just been published. The Pope has promised to favor all who visit Rome for the celebration, with a special audience. Numbers of the faithful, we are sure, will avail themselves of this opportunity, to honor the great Pope who defined the dogmas of Papal Infallibility and the Immaculate Conception. The centenary will occur in May.—*Roman Correspondence.*

With earnestness and with confidence, we ask our friends who read this number to use their best efforts to secure new subscribers. If each reader will add another to our mailing list, it will mean the doubling of our circulation. Please read our prize announcements. There is a sincere desire on the part of THE ROSARY to manifest its gratitude in a practical way. As we count on our friends' zeal, and do not figure on any desire of gain on their part, these premiums are intended merely as testimonies of our thanks and appreciation. While we believe that every subscriber to THE ROSARY will receive from the magazine full and direct return for the amount invested, and while we do not consider it judicious to seem to undervalue our work by offering inducements for its extension, we feel that an acknowledgment is due to zealous friends who labor to increase the circulation of THE ROSARY. In this spirit we offer prizes, especially to the little ones.

It is impossible for the true lover of Jesus and Mary to separate St. Joseph from their blessed society. His month, as Catholic piety has decided that March will be called, suggests, therefore, the memory of his share in the joyful mysteries of the Beads, and in that spirit we commend to Rosarians the study of his beautiful life, and that best of all devotions to him, the imitation of his virtues.

THE ROSARY takes pleasure in presenting to its readers the article on St. Benedict's Home, by Rev. Thomas M. O'Keefe, who is the loyal and devoted assistant of Rev. John E. Burke. We invoke the interest and practical sympathy of our friends in behalf of this excellent work. We feel assured that many will encourage the faithful priests and sisters who are laboring so zealously and lovingly in this cause. The spirit that prompts Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the first Friday of each month, in the chapel at Rye, in pleading for the conversion of the colored race in America is surely the spirit of the Church. To our Lady's clients, in devotion and generosity we commend St. Benedict's Home at Rye. We think it opportune to add here an extract from Father Burke's Report for 1893, as it appears in the pamphlet issued by the Commission for distributing the alms collected for the Indian and Negro Missions in the United States. Father Burke writes:

"The project for the coming year will be to keep St. Benedict's Home from sinking. The Mission, which has a city church and a country home to maintain, carries a mortgage of \$69,000, besides a floating debt of \$15,000. With no state nor city aid, our condition is becoming serious. St. Benedict's Home is regularly receiving very urgent, and at times pitiful letters from priests. St. Vincent de Paul societies, and even institutions, asking that destitute colored children be taken charge of, and this is to be done *sine quocumque titulo, et gratis*. At present I have in the Home one hundred and fifty children, supported on what I can beg and borrow. It may be well to state that we have now in the institution children from the following states: New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Florida, Maryland, Pennsylvania, West Indies, Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina. This makes the 'Home' a useful one for all places, and urges a reason for liberal appropriation from the Commission. Thus far New York alone has supported it."

We bespeak the special interest of parents in the Children's Department of THE ROSARY. While our magazine is not a juvenile publication, the welfare of the children is accounted by us as a vital part of our work. To bring our dear little ones to the feet of our Blessed Mother, under the guidance of St. Thomas Aquinas, is surely a work for God.

Speaking of the question of education in Italy, our Roman correspondent writes that: "at a meeting of the Common Council in Rome, a few weeks ago, some of the Catholic members proposed that the parish priest should be present at the examinations in Christian doctrine, as those who teach the children [for the sake of appearance, we suppose] do not believe what they teach, and, in some cases, tell the children so. The words of Mazza, a supporter of United Italy, are worth recording. 'We cannot,' he says, 'allow the enemies of our country (the priests and the Pope) to form the moral character of our children. Leave faith to its devotees; the people of our day are satisfied with bread. Let us leave the future life to those who believe in it. The people have other aspirations, the multitude other aims. The State should be strictly secular and indifferent to any religion whatsoever. Italy was made by a separation from the priests; but though opposed to His ministers we are not separated from God.' Such are the doctrines propounded to the children of Catholic Italy. Twenty-three years have passed since this doctrine was first propagated in the peninsula, by free-masons and renegade Jews. Before these men came to the head of affairs, the Romans were the happiest people in Europe. The taxes were light, and all their wants were abundantly supplied. Now the taxes are incomparably heavier than those of any other country in Europe, and the mass of the population is almost reduced to starvation. The restraints which religion places upon man, being removed, the country has degenerated into a state bordering on anarchy and revolution."

From the first January number of *II Rosario Memorie Domenicaine*, we learn that the Holy Father has raised the feast of Blessed Albert the Great, to the dignity known as *Totum Duplex*. The office of Blessed Reginald has been similarly honored for the convents of Paris.

"The House of St. Gudwall; a dream of what might be," two chapters of which have appeared in *THE ROSARY*, was forwarded from Portugal by a contributor to the magazine.

It is a quaint old manuscript, which had been presented by its author nearly a quarter of a century ago, to a community of Nuns, who had often bestowed alms upon his struggling Portuguese mission.

From the point with which the February instalment ends, the manuscript is a simple but interesting record of the purchase of St. Gudwall's Isle, and the building of a monastery there. It is since the printing of that issue, however, that we have been able to fix the real authorship of the sketch. From one who knew the zealous writer well we have learned just how far the dream of "what might be" was realized. This dream was in reality a Welsh priest's longings and prayers for the conversion of his native land, and for the restoration of St. Gudwall's Isle to the ownership of a religious community. He had embodied his prayerful dreams in a pen-picture of the future as he would have it be.

More than twenty years after, when well worn with missionary labor in many a clime, he was really commissioned to purchase St. Gudwall's Isle, and there he began the restoration of the monastery, and missions to the Welsh people on the mainland. But toil, deprivation and exposure cut short his days and his hopes. The earnest life went out, and we may well believe that his death was offered for the selfsame cause for which his life had been one long prayer—the conversion of his native land.

We decide to withhold the sketch, knowing that later we may give our readers, in some measure, at least, facts, instead of "a dream."

We begin in this number the publication of a very interesting serial by General Hugh Ewing, formerly U. S. Minister to The Hague. We can assure our readers that the author of "A Castle in the Air" has added an excellent contribution to our stock of Catholic fiction by his story of "The Gold Plague."

We learn from our Roman correspondent that our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has given another proof of his anxiety to propagate his favorite devotion of the Rosary, by his sanction and encouragement of the proposal to erect a church in honor of our Lady of the Rosary, at Patras, on the gulf of Lepanto, in commemoration of the famous victory of 1571. A committee has been formed in Rome, with Cardinal Parrochi at its head. Special interest has been shown in the project by members of the Sacred College, and by the Generals of the different religious orders.

We present to our readers a frontispiece, our Mother of Sorrows, after Van Dyck, as copied by H. Leiffers. The dominant spirit of this month is sorrow, though it closes with the glory of the Resurrection, in harmony with which we publish the beautiful paper of Eliza Allen Starr. In complement of this we hope to offer as a frontispiece, in the April number, a copy of the Resurrection, by Luca del Robbia or Perrugino.

At the recent Catholic Congress held in Valencia, Spain, it was decided that a pilgrimage to Rome should be organized for April. The object of this pilgrimage, in imitation of those of the Belgians and French, last year, is to return thanks to the Holy Father for his efforts to ameliorate the condition of workingmen

and to protest solemnly against the despoliation of the Temporal Power. The Prelates of Spain are determined to make the occasion worthy of Catholic Spain. The Bishop of Valencia has published a pamphlet on the subject, in which he enumerates the endeavors of Leo XIII. for the reformation of Christian society, and for the establishment of justice and harmony between Labor and Capital. He calls the Pope the Father of the workingman, and designates his immortal encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, as the *Magna Charta* of labor, in the nineteenth century.—*Roman Correspondence*.

In the April number we shall publish a list of prizes for the children, and for others who may wish to gain them.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

From J. G. Cupples Co., Boston, we have "A DREAM OF LILIES," by Katharine E. Conway.

It is a genuine pleasure to take up this handsome volume, with its tinted leaves and cover of white and gold, a worthy setting for the poetic gems that are hidden within. Miss Conway's name is a household word; her work has been justly estimated, and, therefore, it only remains for THE ROSARY to say a word of congratulation to the esteemed author, and to wish that the sale of her book will be as large as its assured merits deserve.

From the *Cathedral Library Association*, New York, we have a neat little pamphlet, "AT THE FOOT OF THE ALTAR," "THE LEAGUE ANNUAL AND ALMANAC," and "THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY CATALOGUE OF JUVENILE LITERATURE." Knowing the activity and the zeal of Father Joseph H. McMahon in the promotion of works of piety and education, we are not surprised at these new evidences of the progress attending Cathedral affairs. The good work of the League, which numbers hundreds of zealous members, and the splendid library which Father McMahon has secured, and which is open to persons from any part of the city, THE ROSARY applauds, and wishes the honored Director continued and increased success in all his worthy undertakings.

"ELOCUTION AS AN ART:" Its precepts and exercises. Arranged for colleges and academies.

This little book, written by a Dominican Sister in New Orleans, has been warmly commended by the well-known elocutionist, Rev. D. J. Stafford, of the Catholic University. The Catholic journals have also said a good word for it, and deservedly. Though conscious that its testimony is not expert, THE ROSARY is glad to announce this little work, written not only by a religious, but printed and bound by religious, in the establishment conducted by the Dominican sisters of St. Mary's Academy, New Orleans. We feel safe in commending it as a timely and valuable book, and we trust that our schools and academies will recognize in a practical way, the zeal and ability of the author. If the Catholic public were as ready in encouraging Catholic literature, as Catholic journals and magazines are prompt in calling attention to good books, genuine and substantial sympathy would be more largely extended to our Catholic writers. "Elocution as an Art" deserves a hearty word of greeting, and we cheerfully speak that word. Maurice Francis Egan, in his characteristic way, writes as follows of this work:

"I have often wished that some modern Samaritan would show us how to staunch 'the wounds of sound,' and to put the

advice of Hamlet to the players into practice. 'Elocution as an Art' seems to have done it. It is a practical protest against artificiality and pretentiousness in public speaking."

The price of the little volume is one dollar, but special terms will be made for schools. Address the Sisters directly.

We have also received the "DOMINICUS KALENDER" the fifth annual issue of a German publication conducted by a Dominican Father of the Austrian Province. It is designed to serve Tertiaries and members of the Rosary confraternity as a convenient handbook of reference for feasts and indulgences, and contains, moreover, 160 pages of edifying reading on subjects of special interest to the Order. The little volume is illustrated with sixteen cuts, four of them being excellent likenesses of the Master-General, of Father Monsabré, of Bishop Toro, O.P., of Cordoba, Argentine Republic, and of the late Cardinal Gliani, O. P.

From Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston, we have "A DAUGHTER OF ST. DOMINIC," by Kathleen O'Meara, edited and enlarged by Margaret E. Jordan. This brief life story of Amelia Lautard, a Dominican Tertiary of Marseilles, is an exceedingly interesting work. We warmly commend it as a sketch that presents lessons applicable in our day, and much needed, too, of the spirit of religion dwelling in the world, somewhat after the manner of St. Catherine of Siena. "A Daughter of St. Dominic" can be read with special profit by young women of leisure time and financial means.

From Benziger Brothers we have "THE PRIEST IN THE PULPIT," the first of a series on Pastoral Theology, translated from the German of the Benedictine, Father Schuech, by Rev. Boniface Luebermann. This work is especially to be commended as of great convenience to priests who may not have the advantage of a select library. It seems also to promise advantageous help to seminarians. The Archbishop of Cincinnati warmly introduces this English translation. The translator's work is well done; we say the same of the publishers.

SUMMA APOLOGETICA de Ecclesia Catholica ad Mentem S. Thomæ Aquinatis, auctore J. V. De Groot, Ord. Præd. editio altera. Ratisbonæ, Manz., Benzinger, New York.

Father De Groot has published the second edition of his *Summa Apologetica*. This is a very valuable work, and especially recommends itself to students who wish to acquire a thorough knowledge of the foundations of Christian Apologetics. The title of the book may be criticised, as not aptly chosen; but a glance at the introductory chapters will satisfy most readers. The author, following Cano, divides his *Apologia* into ten "Locis," though in his distribution he follows a different order. Cano's first "Locus" is Sacred Scripture, his second, Tradition, while De Groot's first is the Church, and he assigns as his reason that it is the office of the Church only to propose and interpret authentically Scripture and Tradition. "Ego Evangelio non crederem," says St. Augustine, "nisi me Catholica Ecclesiæ auctoritas commoveret." Father De Groot has taken great pains with his work. He has studied closely the works of French, English, and German Apologists. For logical order, perspicuity of method, and soundness of judgment in the choice of arguments, the treatise leaves nothing to be desired. We can speak of no chapter in particular, but if there is one which claims preference, it is that on tradition. The author handles this subject admirably, and establishes Tradition, its transmission and claims to assent beyond rational doubt. We heartily wish this book every success, and trust that the author will continue his labors in the cause of sacred literature.

"JAMAICA AT CHICAGO" is an interesting account of the Island of Jamaica, compiled under the direction of Lt. Col. the Hon. C. J. Ward, C. M. G., Honorary Commissioner for Jamaica at the World's Columbian Fair. The volume is copiously illustrated and well printed. It is not a mere souvenir pamphlet, but a valuable essay on the history, climate, and resources of the island.

We are much pleased to welcome "*The Phonograph*," already in its fifth month. This little periodical, published by the Dominican Sisters of St. Cecilia's Academy, Nashville, Tenn., promises well, and THE ROSARY wishes it well. Already it shows energy and a spirit quite on a line with its older associates, the *Salve Regina* and the *Young Eagle*, both conducted by Dominican Sisters, the former in New Orleans, and the latter at Sinawana Mound, Wisconsin.

THE ROSARY is pleased to see the progress made, in their special fields, by *The Carmelite Review* and by *St. Antony's Messenger*. We greet the Carmelite Fathers and the Franciscans cordially, and we trust that their excellent publications will continue to grow. The *Review* is issued by Rev. P. A. Best, Falls View, Ontario; and the *Messenger*, by the Franciscan Fathers, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Number fourteen of *The Globe*, quarterly, presents a strong array of material, the papers of the editor and controlling spirit, Mr. W. H. Thorne, being, as usual, the leading features. The marked individuality of the man is stamped on all he writes. His "Life of Bismarck," the opening chapters of which appear in this number, promises to be an interesting as well as vigorous sketch. "Richard Realf" is a beautiful character sketch which gives us an insight into the life and writings of a gifted, but comparatively unknown poet. The Boston *Herald* puts the matter tersely when it says: "The *Globe* is the spiciest and most thought-provoking magazine that comes to this office."

In the *North American Review* for February, Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly makes a strong plea for the restoration of temporal power to the Pope, in a contribution entitled "Territorial Sovereignty and the Papacy." In the same number Margaret Deland writes a spicy article on "A Menace to Literature." Though her points are strong, it is diffi-

cult to see her distinction between journalism and literature. The other features of this number are varied and timely.

In the current number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Bryan J. Clinch presents a well written paper on "Hawaii and its Missionaries." We commend this article to persons desiring to learn some interesting facts.

The Bishop of Vincennes, Dr. Chatard, in his historical and learned contribution, "Brahmanism Does not Ante-date the Mosaic Writings," is the leading figure in the February *Catholic World*.

Editor Mosher's generous offer, to hold for a limited time, of a year's subscription to his excellent *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, for one dollar, ought to bring him hosts of subscribers; and yet his magazine is well worth double this amount.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A correspondent asks, 1.—*Is it necessary for a dying person to pronounce the Holy Name of Jesus at the hour of death in order to gain the Plenary Indulgence?*

Yes—if the person is conscious and able to invoke the Holy Name of Jesus at least mentally. S.C. Rites, Sept. 23d, 1775. Sept. 22d, 1892.

2.—*What does TOTIES QUOTIES mean?*

It means *each and every time*. Hence, an indulgence *toties quoties* may be gained each and every time the conditions are fulfilled.

INTENTIONS FOR PETITION AND THANKSGIVING.

[To secure insertion in any special issue, intentions must reach *The Rosary* office not later than the first of the preceding month.]

Rosarians and all readers of our Lady's magazine are asked to pray for the following intentions:

- Eight conversions to the faith.
- Twelve conversions to a good life.
- Five conversions from intemperance.
- Nine vocations.
- One happy marriage.
- Ten spiritual favors not designated.
- Seven temporal favors not designated.
- A happy death for several.
- Health for six.
- Improvement in sight for two.
- Cure of deafness for two.
- Employment for five.

Success in two undertakings.

Success in one mission.

Special favors not designated for thirteen.

For the repose of the souls of Sister Mary Thomas, O. S. D., of St. Cecilia's Convent, Nashville, Tenn.; Sisters Philomena, Justina, and Mary Ambrose, O. S. D.; Albert Dunton, Thomas Fav. Caroline Dunton, James and Margaret Campbell, James C. Tully, Patrick Monroe, and Patrick Mooney.

Thanksgiving for the reformation of two drunkards in answer to prayer.

For temporal and spiritual favors granted to four persons.

And for the Editor's special intentions of petition and thanksgiving.





EASTER MORNING.

(After Guido Reni's painting in the Royal Gallery, Dresden.)



RANDOM THOUGHTS ABOUT WRITING.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

A SHORT while ago, I read a critical review of the work of an English writer, whose name I cannot recall, though I have not forgotten the substance of the review. Said the critic: 'Mr. Dash did not deserve the title of a literary man, for the reason that, whatever his subject, he always kept one eye on his readers.' The inference is, that, in order to be worthy of being called "literary," one should be as intent upon a subject as if the writer and his subject were "all creation." Such a criticism could have been made only by a pupil of the unintelligent school whose motto is: "Art for art's sake." Giving his whole mind to his subject, an intelligent writer will meantime keep both eyes on his public. Treating the subject from a full mind, and carefully studying the public he would inform, convince, amuse, or correct, he will be eminently literary, unless he be deficient in the qualities without which one cannot hope to be literary; and these qualities are: exact thought and clear, agreeable expression.

Our highest ideals transcend nature, but the highest art can be no more than perfectly natural. Being perfectly natural, the artist commends himself to his fellows. Art is, indeed, a something independent of the judgment of our fellows; and yet, unless they commend, a writer may safely determine that his work is inartistic, and hence comparatively valueless. With their commenda-

tion, he should be encouraged to aim higher and to train more severely; but whatever the subject, or the singlemindedness of the writer; whatever his delicacy, wit, humor, fire, force, originality, or erudition, first and last he should keep his public in view.

Without a public, the writer's labor is vain; and therefore, whether he write from a generous desire to serve others, or merely for fame or for money, he seeks a public, naturally. According to his subject, those to whom he can appeal will be more or less numerous. The essayist must expect fewer readers than the novelist; and the philosopher fewer than the historian. The subject determines in part, not only the number, but also the character of the readers. To one set the novelist appeals; to another the philosopher. It is not, however, the subject alone that determines the character of one's readers. Much depends on the community to which a writer addresses himself; on its education, traditions, pursuits. To assume that in order to be "literary" one must write *urbi et orbi*, and as if the world were one man, or one woman,—the writer's friend and admirer,—is proof of inexperience or of egotism, but not necessarily of genius.

The ambition to exert a far-reaching influence is commendable, provided the writer be sure of himself; sure of his knowledge, sure of his motive, sure of his methods. Only a prudent man can be thus sure; and prudence is never congenital. Man acquires it laboriously. There are a hundred writers having "style," to the one who has prudence. The literary man who forgets his public absolutely, is bound to forget himself at an untimely moment; and so it will be with him who sees only a public.

How may a writer make sure that he is prudent? The answer is simple: By having at least one prudent adviser. Being facile in expressing himself, a youth—and a writer is young up to his eightieth year—will imagine that his ideas are judgments not second to Solomon's. In general the writer exaggerates the value of his ideas; and also forgets that, when Solomon tried to be wiser than those who preceded him, he made a famous fool of himself. A child has ideas; but fortunately, however precocious, cannot write, even on a slate, before his seventh or eighth year. If at five times seven years—or at six times eight—the growing

child-writer has acquired as many sound ideas as he has dollars in bank, he is a post-infantile phenomenon; but even then he should remember that sound ideas are practically sound only when correctly expressed, and that, a scientific test of ideas and of expression, while safeguarding the writer, does not diminish his originality, or preclude his expression from being perfection itself. Two heads are better than one, especially when one of the two heads tops a writer. The writer's best friend is a conscientious, competent, and friendly critic. To the youth, his advice will be as nourishing as milk from the one cow to an anæmic youngster. When a writer, whether on account of his age, or success, convinces himself that he no longer needs a critic, he should confine himself to the editing of his earlier work.

But a critic will not always be prudent! No; unless one is careful to choose none other than a prudent critic, or prudent critics. Choose more than one critic! Why not? The man who is competent to criticise one subject may not be fully competent to criticise another; and besides the critic of facts, ideas, arguments, may not be a judicious critic of style; and style should never be neglected. Must the critic of style be a master of style? Not at all; one may be a competent critic of vocal or instrumental music, and yet be unable to compose a song or a symphony; as one may competently criticise a painting or a statue, though a tyro with the brush, the modelling-tool, or the chisel. With natural taste, a sensitive ear, and patient study, many become acute judges of literary style, who, through over-sensitiveness or through a defect in expression, cannot or will not write a page. A prudent writer will trust in himself when those who know as much as he does, or more than he does, have approved his work.

The importance of the home critic, every intelligent reader of the short poems in our journals and magazines must have felt. Here we find a happy thought spoiled by one unhappy word. Here are pretty words, without any more thought than the pretty clothes of some pretty women, and of all pretty men, conceal. Here, after effort, we perceive a thought, beautiful, perhaps, if expressed; but the language is vague, cloudy, or clumsy. The self-sufficiency of the writer explains the defects, whatever they be. Regardless of a writer's training, it is often most difficult to ex-

press a thought precisely, and still more difficult to express it precisely and attractively. A most delicate instrument, the mind is also an uncertain instrument. Out of tune, as it is at times, even with a key and a tuning-fork we cannot make it respond to our will. Who does not test it frequently, will play false too often to be pardonable. Testing it duly, the performer should feel secure only when the judicious critic has passed judgment.

Is the critic more important than "the shelf?" He should be more helpful; for, in the end, the shelf is the writer; and however honest, however impersonal, the writer's criticism of self is apt to be less severe than judicious criticism should be. There are habits of thought and habits of expression to which the most careful writer becomes attached; and which are bettered by the breaking. Where the writer is pressed for time, the friendly critic is a friend indeed. Having leisure, try the critic first, and then the shelf! How long should a manuscript lie on the shelf? Until the writer feels disappointed because, reading a whole page, not a single correction has suggested itself; unless, at an earlier day, the considerate critic, or the writer, grown old and wise, concluded that the Mss. would be more serviceable to mankind if used as a palimpsest. It is better to be turned down than to be turned inside out.

But there have been, nay, there are, successful writers, whose work shows no sign of judicious criticism! Unquestionably; and other scribblers, of the same ilk, will be equally successful. What is success? The gaining of notoriety, or of cash, at the expense of art, of truth, of morals, and of self-respect? Pandering to men's weaknesses, prejudices, passions, or vices, a writer may become rich, or notorious, or even infamously famous. And the ignorant we have always with us; how often have not they been exploited by the designing! In every pursuit, and in every community, some there are who esteem "wits" more highly than right-doing. To use a fellow, for personal ends and regardless of the means, may be "smart," but is not honorable, and is un-Christian. The great ambition of every writer should be to be a good writer; good in the fullest sense of the word; an enemy of falsehood and of vice, and a servitor of truth and of virtue. If

money and fame come thereby, being deserved, they are most honorable.

But is not art independent of morals? No; though there have been "artists" who were immoral—too many, I regret to say—and all who were immoral were not born pagans. Being immoral, they were none the less artists! Thus the unreflecting argue. It is the nobility of the conception, first of all, that determines the standing of a work of art; and next, the perfection of the execution. Where there is a defect in any part, the execution is not perfect; and again, however perfect the execution, the meaner the conception, the lesser the art. If the conception be immoral, or if its development be immoral, however perfect the execution, the whole is not a work of art. It is artful, and no more. A writer may devote himself to subjects, may he not, which do not trench on morals? He may, and many do. They are literary "landscapists;" or perhaps portrait painters or painters of *genre*, lacking the color-sense. Applied to them, the epithet "great" is, by comparison, a super-superlative. But they are artists! They may be. In the palace of art there are 'squires and princes. The 'squires wear no coronets. Count the princes; you need but two hands.

Why speak of writers as artists? Because every writer should be an artist, formed on the best models, severely trained in his own art, and a student of all the arts. Do I include journalists? Positively. Why exclude those whose talents and training fit them for sure and rapid work. A sketch may be more artistic than the most finished drawing. In at least one of the New York dailies I have read editorials, as well as reports of current events, that, as models of good English and of skilful composition, might well replace those traditionally commended in the text-books on "rhetoric." A short editorial in a journal may be more "literary," and more thoughtful, than an epic in fifty-two cantos. Because art is long, it does not follow that only the long-winded are artists.

Perhaps it is because an able writer can earn a living, by doing good work for a "daily" or a "weekly," that certain theorists refuse to acknowledge that "journalism" can be "literature." Among the English, who have condemned so many literary art-

ists to starve, unless they consented to be clients, sycophants, or political hacks, such a theory is explicable. Ask an upholder of this theory whether a painter, a sculptor, a physician, a lawyer, a banker, a politician, or even a broker, may have knowledge, taste, a love of the belles-lettres, and with these rare qualities, natural and acquired, sound principles as well as a most delicate conscience, and nevertheless may support himself and a family, decently, without, of necessity, violating any law of God, or of man, or of nature, or any rule of art: and the answer will be affirmative. Why should a writer, no less gifted, be excommunicated, *ipso facto*, from the congregation of decent self-supporters? Here a rhetorician might well "pause for a reply." I am aware that native Catholic writers for Catholic journals, and even those who have been honored by the publishers of Catholic periodicals, will be astounded that one of their own faith should seem to hold an opinion which, considering their experience, appears to be audacious. And yet, on reflection, I am confident that, notwithstanding their experience, there is not a business-man theologian in the country who can adduce one sound business reason why a Catholic writer should not receive a fair compensation, and at the same time be entitled to be called "literary." Later on, all ~~our~~ Catholic publishers and editors will, like true Americans, cast off the English yoke; and then with what a zest will the Catholic writer develop anew the grandly suggestive "encyclical" of our glorious Pope, Leo XIII., on "Labor!" The interest which Catholic publishers have shown in this "encyclical" must have warmed the cockles of every Catholic writer's heart.

But, if "writing" be an art, and if "writers" be artists, should not "writers" write for love and not for money? How easy it is to ask puzzling questions! I wish you would change places with me. To write well is to be artistic; and all writers should be artists. Had not Adam consented,—and, consenting, sinned—the splendor of truth would have been less frequently dimmed. And, certainly, writing solely from a love for truth, one will be a true artist; provided, of course, that one has learned the art of writing. Zeal and art sometimes marry; and their offspring is always virile as well as charming. However, art is not always allied to zeal, and seldom to ambition. Changing the figure, zeal, like ambition, not in-

frequently kills art. Art is not a hothouse plant. When forced, it dies at the root. Without the inspiration of love, one need not hope to be a good writer. And the love that moves the writer should not be merely a love of beauty, but rather a love of truth, first; and then a love of beauty. Or to state the proposition more clearly: Through admiration of the beauty of truth should a writer be moved to seek beauty of expression. A fair conclusion from this proposition is: That no man should write unless he has a "vocation." How is one to know that one has a vocation? There is more than one way of determining a vocation. The writer who knows that, for the sake of truth, he is ready to sacrifice self, will not err in believing that to write is his calling. "Knows," I said, and not "feels." Every man, and woman, that tries to be literary, assumes a "calling." Read the work of the poorest scribbler, and you will find that he esteems himself a teacher, at least; if not a bard or a prophet. The world calls, the flesh calls, the devil calls, as experience teaches; then why not God?

Do I argue that one who thinks of being a writer should meditate, reflect, consider, before following one's bent? I do so argue; and I argue further, that, having a vocation, one should be careful not to lose it. Truth, beauty, are unchangeable; but men are at least as uncertain as women; and women, the Italians say, are no more to be counted on than a feather in the wind;—*qu' al piuma al vento*. The word "vocation," you do not like. Perhaps you agree with the "religious" who maintained that there were only two vocations; the vocation to a "religious" life, and the vocation to a life other than the religious.

Without religion and religiousness a writer cannot attain greatness. How is it, then, that we recognize certain pagans and infidels as models whom all writers may study with advantage? Intellectual gifts God has not denied to the unbelieving; nor light according to their deserts, at the least. Only by the light of faith can one see the things of faith as the true Christian sees. Truths purely rational, may, however, be acquired from the unbeliever, provided we are able rightly, exactly, to distinguish between reason and unreason. Nor is the artistic sense denied to the unbeliever. Therefore we are justified in studying the art and the

thought of the gifted pagan; provided, again, that our purpose be to perfect our reason and our art, so that we may the better serve the cause of truth.

Sound principles first; sound reasoning next; then art, style; such, in logical order, are the essentials for a writer. Style, I place last; and yet, practically, it is of the highest importance. Style, and not thought, carries the mass of mankind. If you would win men to the truth, exalt truth, assure the universal, everlasting reign of truth, you will labor patiently, long, watchfully, hoping to attain style. Having attained it, remain silent, unless you are sure of your principles, and of your reasoning powers.

But should we take no account of the imagination? This question may be answered with a question, thus: Can you imagine a writer without imagination, and yet having style? No literary work has life, unless vivified by the imagination. Without imagination, there can be neither beauty nor originality of form. Only the princes of art are supremely endowed with this most wonderful, admirable faculty. Fancy is not to be despised; but what are volumes of the prettiest fancies compared to one sublime conception worthily expressed! Imagination implies emotion. Without the one, the other cannot be. Reason controlling, restraining imagination and emotion,—this is art. Some men never know what exalted imagination is. Who shall define its limits! Exalted imagination is the twin of exalted emotion,—of passion. How many know what exalted passion is? The geniuses know both passion and emotion at their highest, you say. A couple make a plural, and so “geniuses” is grammatically correct; and yet two literary “geniuses” to the century would be a great many. And for each genius, living or dead, all Christians should pray constantly and devoutly. The man to whom the “creative” power is conceded, owes a weighty debt to the Creator.

IF our Guardian Angel mercifully attends us in every step we make, and never leaves us absolutely alone, what difficulty can there be in beseeching Mary never to leave us for a moment, and to show us more and more clearly on each occasion, the blessed fruit of her womb?—*Cardinal Vaughan.*

THE ROSARY AND THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

PART II.



HAIL, Precious Blood! that from Thy veins
 Doth drop, dear Christ, in agony,
 At sight of all Thy pain for man,
 And man's ingratitude to Thee.

CHORUS.

O Jesus, on Thy Mother's Beads
 We tell this blessed mystery,
 And for that Precious Saving Blood
 We breathe thanksgiving unto Thee!



Hail, Precious Blood! through sacred flesh
 That cruel scourges bruised and tore,
 Atoning for a sinful world,
 Thy saving tide in floods doth pour.



Hail, Precious Blood! rude soldier hands
The cruel thorns with blows press down;
Forth ooze Thy drops till brow divine,
With thorns, doth wear a gory crown.



Hail, Precious Blood! drawn forth anew
From open wounds by Calvary's load;
Trampled beneath the surging throng
Blaspheming Thee upon the road!



Hail, Precious Blood! upon the cross
Thy last, sweet drop for man is drained;
The power of hell doth vanquished lie,
And Heaven once lost is now regained!

THE GOLD PLAGUE.

GEN. HUGH EWING.

CHAPTER II.

INSIDIOUS TEMPTATIONS.

THE Sunbury party were grouped, one night, about a fire built on the bank of the Rio Grande. They had finished supper, and were smoking the cheap but good *puro* cigar of the country. Their number was reduced, one having died of the cholera the day before. The remaining four sat in gloomy silence, gazing into the dying embers before them, thinking of their homes in the quiet village; thinking of the pestilence that dogged their steps by day and night; thinking over the proposition of one of their number to turn back. Had it not been for the phantom of gold, that still beckoned them on, they would have all turned back. They had Mexico to cross, and an ocean to traverse, before reaching their destination,—the journey beset with perils by land and sea.

"I move we give it up," said one, rising to his feet, and knocking the ashes from his cigar; "we will all die of cholera before we reach the ocean, if we go on. Then the Indians, the Apaches we hear of along the route; if any of us escape the disease, they will take our scalps. It is no use; let us turn back in the morning. What do you say?"

"As to the Indians," replied Aubry, who was sedate and quiet, and had borne his troubles without complaint, "we saw the Padre in Matamoras, and he told us they were not to be feared, if we travelled in a large company, and that they were not found between this and Monterey. Now, I propose we push on to that city, and lay by for the party that is coming on behind us. The cholera may not have reached there yet."

"Did the Padre speak English?" enquired the first speaker.

"Yes; broken. But we understood each other."

"I suppose you two availed yourselves of the opportunity to go to Confession."

"That was what took us there."

"It will not save you from the cholera, Aubry; don't think it; you had best turn back."

"It may, or it may not," interposed Redway, with irritation; "but we are going on all the same."

"Let us take a vote on it," said Aubry; "and let the majority rule. Remember, though, you will not escape the cholera by turning back; it is up to Sunbury by this time; the last paper we saw, said it was raging on the river, and had reached Cincinnati."

"It seems as bad one way as the other," said the one who had not yet spoken; "and maybe it has not yet got to Monterey. I would hate to die on the back track."

"I would rather not die either way," replied Aubry, pleased to see the impression he had made; "but I will put the question. Those in favor of going on to Monterey, say yes. Three to one in the affirmative," he added, when the vote was taken; "and on we go."

"If you had stood by me," said the first speaker, angrily, to his comrade, who had vacillated, "it would have been a toss-up, and we all might have gone back home."

"I didn't think of that," replied the vacillator, humbly; "I was thinking of us two going back alone."

"Think before you vote, next time," retorted the first speaker, roughly, walking indignantly from the fire to the bank of the river, into the turbid waters of which he threw his unfinished cigar.

The following morning the little company took up their line of march for Monterey, driving before them the mule of their late companion, laden with their baggage. This was a great relief to them for the time, but it ended in disaster, for, in crossing the San Juan, a few days after, which had swollen to a torrent by heavy rains in the night, the animal, too heavily burdened to preserve his footing amid the slippery rocks at the bottom, was swept away.

Discouragement and discontent now became chronic; when they camped at night, a dispute was certain to arise: now on who should lead the mules to water, then on the gathering of fuel for the fire; on who should act as cook,—on anything and everything there was no peace. Even Redway and Aubry, who,

up to the loss of the baggage had been close allies, were now alienated, and exchanged reproaches.

The track they followed was desolate and uninhabited; only at long intervals they passed a hamlet of Indian huts. In front of these they found, lying on the ground by the road-side, men, three or four or five, sick with the pestilence, covered to the neck with ashes. The cholera, which they had hoped to outstrip, preceded them by a day, as it was said to have gone before the wandering Jew in his journey from the depths of Russia into France.

On reaching Monterey, a beautiful city, half encompassed by mountain peaks, they took lodgings, at a very moderate cost, and determined to await the arrival of a company with whom they could travel with safety along the Apache-infested trail that lay before them. These Indians came down from New Mexico when the moon was full, attacking villages, murdering men and women, and carrying back children, cattle, and mules; keeping the table land in a constant state of dread and anxiety.

The evening after their arrival, Redway proposed to Aubry, who was reading, to walk down the street and see the town by lamp-light; but he declined, saying that many of the lower class were incensed at the Americans on account of the storming of the city by General Taylor, in the late war, and it was dangerous to go out at night. Redway took up a Spanish paper from the table, and made an effort to get at the meaning of the head-lines, contracting his brows, and concentrating his attention, but in vain; it remained Spanish, and would not give up the thoughts its hieroglyphics concealed from the uninitiated.

Presently he threw down the uncommunicative sheet, and rising, took up his hat and left the house. Recalling the warning of Aubry, he kept a lookout as he passed down the street, and, seeing in advance a group of rough-looking men, who seemed to have been drinking, he availed himself of a restaurant that opened on his left, and entering, seated himself, and called for a cigar. Two of the men detached themselves from the crowd, and, loitering in, stood near the door, with their cloaks thrown over their shoulders, and watched him.

He was becoming uneasy and alarmed; his hand was stealing

to the pocket containing his pistol, when a tall, thin, well-dressed person rose from a seat lower down, walked briskly up to the men, and, with an imperious look and gesture, pointed to the door. They turned and left the room. Then the stranger approached the table at which Redway was seated, and saluted him. His features were irregular; his mouth large, with thin lips; eyes and hair light, and his head abnormally small for his height. His shoulders were narrow, but his frame was sinewy, and there was an expression of strength and resolution in his walk and bearing. When he spoke, his lips and eyes smiled; but his smile and his voice were satirical. His appearance at once proclaimed him a German; and, though he spoke English almost without fault, his foreign locution clung to him, and gave to his conversation an air of oddity.

"Those men," he said with a smile, "followed you in; did you have any words with them outside?"

"No" replied Redway, rising to his feet. "I saw them with others in front of me as I came down the street, and came in here to avoid passing them."

"You did wisely. You are an American; the roughs of the city hate the Americans since the storming of the town by General Taylor. It is illogical in the brutes, but the brute is illogical in all things; hate is the breath of his nostrils. Permit me to introduce myself: Egmont Von Tilly," with a bow, raising his hat. "And you?"

"My name is John Redway. I am obliged to you for driving the men off; it looked to me as though they meant mischief."

"They meant mischief, certainly," replied Von Tilly. "I saw it, and interposed. I will take the liberty to walk home with you, if you have no objection, when you are prepared to return. Those men are vindictive, and may way-lay you."

"I am obliged to you," responded Redway; "will you smoke a cigar?"

"With pleasure, if you will join me in a glass of brandy," replied Von Tilly; then turning his head, he gave an order in Spanish to the waiter, who placed two glasses of brandy and a bottle of water and a cup of sugar on the table.

Redway was very much embarrassed; he had never taken a

glass of liquor in his life; his mother had charged him never to touch it during his absence. He blushed and hesitated. Von Tilly raised his glass, and proposed his good health and their better acquaintance.

"Excuse me," replied Redway, pushing his glass from him, "but I never drink,—never have once done so in my life; please excuse me."

"But," responded Von Tilly, putting down his glass untasted, and raising his eyebrows in astonishment, "this is impossible! You are joking with me. This is not a polite return for my intervention, to decline the honor of drinking my health."

"There is no offense meant," replied Redway, coldly; a little irritated. "I promised before leaving home, and simply want to keep my word; besides, I have an aversion to the odor of brandy."

"Friend," said Von Tilly, leaning back in his chair with his thumbs in the pockets of his vest, "let us discuss this unhallowed oath you have taken."

"I took no oath," interposed Redway.

"It amounts to the same," resumed Von Tilly. "You have devoted yourself to death, and speedy death, at that. The doctors have pronounced brandy the sole preventive of the pestilence that you gentlemen did us the honor to bring with you from the coast. It tones the system, and sends the cholera, when it presents itself, about its business. You will surely fall a victim, exposed as you will be on the march, in case you keep your ill-advised and unhappy pledge. My friend, you will find water, from time to time, on the table land, and thirst will compel you to drink it; it will produce death in twelve hours, with the certainty of vitriol, unless you temper and render it innocuous by an infusion of brandy, the true water of life. Tell me, have you felt to-day any symptoms of the cholera; do you feel at this moment that your system is strong and fortified against it?"

"I feel about as usual," replied Redway.

"About," responded Von Tilly; "but not quite. It is plain to be seen in your face that your system needs a stimulant, and *that* without loss of time."

"Do I look as though I was getting the cholera?" enquired Redway, in alarm.

"You certainly do," replied Von Tilly, solemnly. "I had a friend who died this afternoon, who had on his face, when I met him this morning, the identical expression that is on yours at this moment. I did not know what it forboded then, but I know now. Had I known at the time, he would have been in this room with us this evening; I would have administered brandy, and plenty of it, and saved his life."

Redway moved uneasily in his seat. This was by no means the first time he had heard of brandy as a remedy. He disliked extremely to break his pledge. He had a premonition that should he once begin, he would thereafter be unable to restrain himself. But the fear of death took possession of him; he took up the glass, hesitated, and, raising it to his lips, drank it, saying:

"Here is to your health, Von Tilly; to the health of both of us."

The following morning after breakfast, Von Tilly called on Redway, and was introduced to his companions. He had been in the city a month, and had picked up the colloquial phrases of the language sufficiently to make himself understood. He piloted them about, and was useful to them in many ways. He had no difficulty in inducing Redway and two of his companions to adopt the precautionary remedy against the cholera, as Redway firmly believed in it, and the others needed no persuasion. But Aubry declined to join them, saying he would take the chances. He was quiet, but determined, and, after several unsuccessful attempts at persuasion, they left him undisturbed to follow his own course. He, on his part, attempted to reclaim Redway to his former abstinence, but failed. Redway was beginning to relish the remedy.

One morning, as they were out walking, Redway, who was becoming confidential with his new friend, related the scene on the river bank, where the vote was taken, and spoke of their loss of baggage in the San Juan, and the disaffection in his little company. Von Tilly listened with interest, and drew by adroit questions, a narration of the travels of the party since their departure from Sunbury, and even the status of the several members at their home.

"In return for your confidence," he said, "I will give you mine; it is but fair. I am a native of Saxony, and inherited the title of Baron. My brother inherited the title likewise, and a tumble-

down castle, with a small estate. On finishing my education, I came to the United States, leaving my title behind me, and carrying a small sum of money to establish myself in business. I made a stay in New York, another in Cincinnati, and finally brought up in New Orleans. I was there a year, and finding it difficult there, as everywhere, to get a satisfactory footing, set out, several months since, for California, with two comrades. On reaching this place I had a dispute with one of them at cards. He used insulting language, and refused to give me satisfaction, paying no attention to my challenge. Thereupon I changed my quarters, and severed my connection with them. At this moment the news of an Indian massacre of the inhabitants of a village on the route to Durango, reached the city, and my late comrades became discouraged, and returned to New Orleans. I remained to await the first train, intending to go on. That is all. Come, let us turn in here, and take a glass of anti-cholera."

Redway was much interested in this account, and impressed with the rank of his friend. He was the first man of secular title he had ever spoken to,—had ever had the honor to meet.

"The difficulty about the cards," said Von Tilly, as they sat at the table, stirring the sugar in their second glass of brandy, "annoyed me very much. It is astonishing that a company of friends should fall to quarreling among themselves, when travelling in a strange land, encompassed with dangers and difficulties. It is one of the unaccountable things in life."

"It is certainly very foolish conduct, to say the least of it," responded Redway.

"I have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that I was in the right," assumed Von Tilly. "It was this way: I will explain it to you. We were playing a game of brag. I held ace and two queens; he held a full. You understand the game?"

"Not I," replied Redway; "I have never touched a card in my life."

"Heavens! What verdancy!" exclaimed Von Tilly: "but I will enlighten you. Waiter," he called out in Spanish, "bring us a pack of cards."

The cards were brought, and the game explained. Redway,

who was quick at apprehension, caught the points at once, and pronounced his friend right in the dispute.

"He had no ground to stand on," he said; "not an inch."

"No," responded Von Tilly; "and being, as you see, clearly in the wrong, he resorted to insult. But let it pass; I dislike to think of it. You have caught the game with unusual quickness; it is an American invention, unknown in Europe. I learned it in New Orleans. It is quite interesting,—do you not think so?"

"Very interesting," responded Redway.

"Come," continued his friend, shuffling and dealing the cards; "let us play a game or two to pass away the time."

"Thank you; I believe I would rather not play."

"Why not?" said Von Tilly, laying his cards down, and looking at him in surprise across the table.

"I was taught to avoid them," he replied with embarrassment.

"To avoid cards," resumed Von Tilly, after a moment's thought, "is very well for men engaged in regular business; it interferes with their success in life. But how is it with us, my friend? We are here in a strange land; time hangs heavy with us; we have absolutely nothing to do. The game is an intellectual pastime. It is better than running the streets in low company; it is a gentlemanly amusement, nothing more."

"I do not say there is any great harm in it if no money is put up," replied Redway; "but who can say where it will end if one once begins?"

"That is to say," responded Von Tilly, "you lack confidence in your strength of will. Now I have confidence in mine. I can play at proper times, and in good company, and refrain when it approaches the boundary of evil. To play a simple game for amusement, when relaxation calls for it, is good; to play to excess is evil. Partake of the good and avoid the evil, that is my motto."

"Certainly, there is a good deal in what you say," replied Redway.

"Of course there is; it is simple truth and common sense. Come; take up your hand, and let us pass an hour in rational amusement."

At midnight, the waiter approached the table at which the

players sat, and with a bow and an apology, announced that the hour for closing the house had arrived.

"Bring us a night-cap,—an anti-cholera night-cap, and allow us to finish the game," replied Von Tilly, in Spanish; and the night-caps were served and the game finished. As they passed out into the street, Von Tilly said to his neophyte, in a tone of admiration:

"You have a genius for play, my friend; in a week you will leave me miles behind. I have never met your equal for natural ability."

CHAPTER III.

A STEP IN THE DARK.

The cholera had reached Sunbury, but it fell on the village with a light hand. The widow received a letter from her son at Monterey. It spoke of the death of their comrade on the Rio Grande; of the loss of their baggage, which troubled her; of his intimacy with the Baron Von Tilly, which gave her no pleasure, as she had a vague impression that Barons were lawless, and were rather to be avoided than cultivated; but that John had been faithful to his Rosary and had gone to his duties at Matemoras, gave her profound satisfaction. Nothing was said of the anti-cholera medicine, nor of the fascinating game of brag; it was not advisable to say anything that might cause his mother uncalled-for anxiety.

"John has lost his clothing," said the widow to her son Alonzo, that evening as they sat before the fire, discussing the letter; "he may arrive in California in great need. I think you had better go over to Fincastle and collect the Nixon note. We must have money in hand in case he writes for it."

"It is long overdue; it ought to be seen to, whether John needs it or not," responded Alonzo. "When shall I go over,—in the morning?"

"Yes, go over in the stage in the morning."

"I might ride Tom Corwin over."

"No," she replied, "Tom is needed here, and you may be detained; in case you are, your livery bill would exceed the stage fare. Mr. Nixon may not be able to pay in full; it no doubt cost him a heavy outlay, the moving and settling in a new town. But

get him to pay as much as he can; try to get a hundred, at least, and the other two, ask him to pay at an early day. Tell him I will soon need it all for John."

As Alonzo stood at the stage office the following morning, Aubry the shop-keeper, seeing him with a carpet-sack in his hand, stopped, as he was passing, and enquired his destination. On learning it, and the business on which he was going, he said:

"Nixon will not have the money in hand; you will have to give him some days to collect it, you may be sure of that. Have you any acquaintances in Fincastle?"

"No one but Nixon."

"I will give you an introduction to a friend of mine, at least, an acquaintance," resumed Aubry. "He may be of service to you: Faber, one of the head merchants of the town. Come up to the store; the coach will not be due for twenty minutes."

The family of Faber consisted of himself, his daughter Paula, Kitty Lawson, a niece of his deceased wife, and John Utter, addressed by everyone as "Jack," his confidential clerk. Faber was past middle age, tall, strongly built, and rather dignified in manner and appearance, a successful man of affairs. He had a stately residence on the hillside, and lived in luxury. Paula, his daughter, was a blonde of nineteen years, handsome, and domineering. Kitty was dark, slight, changeable; now flattering and pleasant, now reserved and distant. She had been disappointed, was beginning to be ranked as an old maid, and had no independent means of support. Out of the family, she was not liked. She had formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Utter, and shrouded it from the observation of everyone. Utter himself was sharp, efficient, and scheming.

This was the household at whose door Alonzo Redway rang, on the evening of his arrival in Fincastle. A servant showed him into the parlor, in which were assembled the merchant and the two ladies. His letter was read, and introductions followed. Though somewhat embarrassed, the hour he passed was made pleasant to him, and, as he took his leave, he accepted an invitation to accompany the family to a lecture on the following evening.

He returned to his room at the Swan Hotel, and sat before the fire, meditating on the events of the evening; he was profoundly

impressed. He thought the merchant must be immensely wealthy to maintain such state, such a lordly mansion, such costly furniture. The parlor was a wonder of elegance and taste; his feet sank in the rich carpet.

He wrote his mother that he would be detained a week, perhaps ten days; that Nixon had promised in the meantime to use every exertion to collect and pay over the entire amount of the note.

When he called, on the following evening, at Mr. Faber's house, he was surprised to see a carriage drawn up before the door. The evening was fine, and the walking dry. The distance to the lecture room could not be great. "It is a fashion of the rich," he thought, "to ride;" and he rang the door-bell. The ladies had not yet appeared, but the merchant laid down the paper he was reading, bade him good-evening as he entered the parlor, and said:

"I see by the paper that the cholera is decimating the California emigrants."

"So my brother writes us from Monterey."

"Ah! You have a brother on the route?"

"Yes, my younger brother; he was in Mr. Aubry's store,—very well placed, but the gold fever carried him off."

"Money can be made here," replied the merchant, "with more certainty than going abroad,—especially considering the dangers incurred in a new country. Sunbury, it is true, is too small, but if your brother had settled here, been industrious and prudent, put himself in accord with the majority of the people of the town and rich country that surrounds us, he would have prospered. Aubry is a man who would have grown rich here; he has all the qualifications, but his notions are antiquated, and there are few about us of his way of thinking. It is a pity to see such a man throw himself away through prejudice."

Alonzo failed, for the moment, to realize the meaning of this stricture on Aubry. The ladies came in, the party descended to the carriage, and drove to the lecture. Alighting, he passed up the path to the doorway, with Paula on his arm. He saw that the building was what they called in Sunbury, a meeting-house, but what the upper class in Fincastle had recently begun to style "the church." He had thought they were going to the town-

hall, and there came over him, as he crossed the threshold, a feeling of dismay. One summer evening, years before, he recollected standing near an open window of the meeting-house in Sunbury, with his companions, listening to the exhortations and shouts that issued from within; he recalled his mother's reproof when the fact chanced to come to her knowledge:

"You have taken the first step, Alonzo, to the loss of your faith."

The house was filled to overflowing, and, as they passed up the aisle to the seats reserved for the Fabers, he felt that every eye was fixed upon his blushing face. As they took their seats, the lecturer stepped out, and made his bow.

"Two years since," he said, "my brethren and fellow-citizens, I returned to my native land, from captivity on a Feejee island. With three companions I was cast on the inhospitable shore, by shipwreck on a coral reef in a storm. We were seized by the savage inhabitants, confined in a bamboo cage, and fattened for the table. I suspected the purpose of our captors, and refrained from eating, barely taking enough to keep my soul in my body. To this I am indebted for my life. My poor companions could not restrain their appetites, and, one by one, were taken to the shambles, and fell into the maws of our diabolical masters. For myself, I became so thin that they turned me out of my cage, in despair, and permitted me to roam the island, hoping, no doubt, that fresh air and exercise might bring me around. But I subsisted on one banana a day, determined to disappoint them, and wandered, for months, a living skeleton on the shores of the sea. Unhappily I had not yet experienced religion, and had naught to uphold me but the animal desire to live. My condition was truly deplorable.

"One morning, to my joy, I perceived a sail on the ocean; it entered the harbor, through a break in the coral reef that surrounded the island, cast anchor, and landed three missionaries, sent out from England by the 'Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.' I ran up to embrace them, but they fell back in horror at my appearance, and the islanders drove me into the bush with their clubs, threatening my life. Their fury was such that I dared not present myself for several days, and when

I again approached the village, the ship was gone, and the missionaries were cooped up in cages."

The lecturer paused, as he slowly imbibed a glass of water; a functionary appeared, with the collection-bag in hand, and announced that the speaker intended returning to the islands, in character of missionary, where he hoped to effect great good, as he had learned the language, and knew their ways; but help was needed, and, after a collection was made, he would resume his narrative, now hardly begun. As the bag was brought back to the platform, he cast at it an inquisitive glance, and resumed his lecture with great spirit, seemingly inspired by the result.

After an interesting talk of an hour and a half, the narrative was brought to a close, and, as the audience broke up, several enthusiasts ascended the platform and shook the future missionary by the hand, congratulating him upon his lecture, and his devotion to the heathen. In the mean time, the Faber party drove home, and discussed the lecture in their parlor.

"I think, Pa," said Paula, as the ladies entered the room, after depositing their bonnets and wraps, "that was the most harrowing story I ever listened to. To think of the treatment of those poor missionaries, by the wretched natives, after their coming so far to convert them; it made my blood run cold! To think of their lunching on them, the day after the grand dinner! I really think I will give up lunching in the future."

"It was certainly very distressing," replied her father.

"The one who fell the first victim," she resumed, "was fat when he arrived. How imprudent in him to have gone out in that condition! He might have known he would be a great temptation to the cannibals. He ought to have starved himself on the vessel going out; I would certainly have done so, had I been in his place."

"What surprised me," said Alonzo, "was that they permitted the last one to live a year."

"That was because he had the ague," she replied; "and they postponed his execution until he recovered. Besides, he read the Bible to them daily; maybe that had some effect."

"But they could not understand him, the lecturer said," returned Alonzo, "so there was no reason in that."

"Well, the sound of it, you know, is very affecting, especially

in the solemn parts; the sound might have held them in awe."

"My opinion is," said Kitty, "that the man was telling a made-up tale. I do not believe that he was ever in the Feejee Islands, or within a thousand miles of them."

"How can you say so!" exclaimed Paula. "You shock me, Kitty; you speak like an unbeliever."

"I am not a church member," she responded. "I have not been converted yet, you know. What do you think of it, Jack?"

"I would like to know on what you base your opinion, before I answer," replied Utter.

"Well, I base it upon the eager glance he shot at the money-bag, for one thing."

"I noticed that," he replied; "and I think you are right. He did not look to me like a man who had ever looked death in the face. I doubt if he ever appeared on the shore of an island in the character of a skeleton."

"This is too much," said Paula, with vexation. "What do you think, Mr Redway? I hope you too are not an infidel. You have experienced religion, have you not?"

"I presume I have."

"Oh! People know whether they have or not; it is borne in on them. Why do you say, 'presume?'"

"Because I go to Communion."

"Oh! An Episcopalian?"

"No."

"Not a Romanist, I hope?"

"If you mean by that, a Catholic, yes."

"Well," she resumed, breaking the profound silence that followed this admission, "this is a free country."

"Yes," broke in Kitty; "a country where we ostracize those who differ in opinion from us, in politics and religion; a nice country."

"Who speaks of ostracizing?" retorted Paula, indignantly. "Pa, you will not need the carriage to-morrow?"

"No; it is at your service."

"Then, Mr. Redway, I wish you would step around in the morning, at ten, and go out calling with me; I want to introduce you to our special friends. I have promised them. The young

ladies, especially, are anxious to make your acquaintance. I know you will enjoy it."

"With pleasure," he answered, as he rose to take his leave.

Chiefly with a view of putting down Kitty, and to prove the injustice of her base insinuation, Paula put herself out of her way to entertain and captivate the antiquated Alonzo. Every evening, during the remainder of his stay, he was in her company, either at little gatherings of her own, or at the houses of her special friends, whom she had requested to invite him. Alonzo began to live in dreamland; his past life seemed to him flat and unpoetical. He wondered to think how stale it now appeared, how devoid of all that made life worth living; wondered how he could have been content at Sunbury, with his daily round of soulless drudgery, unilluminated by the soft and glorious light in which he bathed in Fincastle. A new world opened up to him,—a world of wealth and fashion,—of fair women in costly attire, and shrewd men, in English broadcloth, conducting their affairs upon a scale that threw the little village far into the shade. If he could only remain here, what might he not accomplish! While plunged in these visions and pleasures, inexcusable fate, in the person of Nixon, called on him at the Swan Hotel, and paid the note, and he took the stage, with a heavy heart, for Sunbury.

Kitty and Utter were present when he took leave of Paula, and, after his departure, when alone, they discussed the situation.

"It looked to me," she said, "like the parting of lovers,—at least, a little that way. How did it strike you, Jack?"

"It struck me this way," he replied, "that the young man is over head and ears, and that the wings of the butterfly are a little scorched,—just a little."

"She began it to give me a putting down," she returned: "and it may end by giving her trouble. Of course it could never be; Uncle would never consent."

"Never," he replied. "At least, as things are at present. He is poor, and his creed is unpopular; it is ridiculous, this making such a fuss about creeds, especially as everyone is allowed to believe what he likes, and few men or women believe in anything,—except themselves."

"It is not necessary to believe in anything in particular," she responded; "the main thing is *to experience religion*."

"You have hit the nail on the head, Miss Kitty," he replied.
"If we *experience religion*, we are at liberty to believe as little or
as much as we like."

(*To be Continued.*)

A PRAYER DENIED.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

THE voice of my desire
Ascendeth night and day;
In dreams I plead my waking need,
And still God saith me nay.

Oh, still the pathway barred,
And still the heart unmoved;
And still my faith, thro' pain and scathe,
To uttermost is proved.

Good is the gift I crave,—
But have I craved amiss?
And is the word of grace unheard
For mine unworthiness?

Oh, Mother of fair love,
Mother of holy hope,
Ask it for me, for unto thee
All hearts and doors must ope.

The flame of my desire
Is grievous unto me;
For seldomest within my breast
Is hope in mastery.

The hopes of lowly hearts
Should match their low estate,—
When yon far light shineth most bright
Am I most desolate;

For then mine humbleness
Is plainest in my view.
Oh, who am I to dream so high,
And have my dream come true!

Yet, Mother of fair love,
Mother of holy hope,
Thy prayers prevail all heights to scale,
Thy touch all doors to ope.

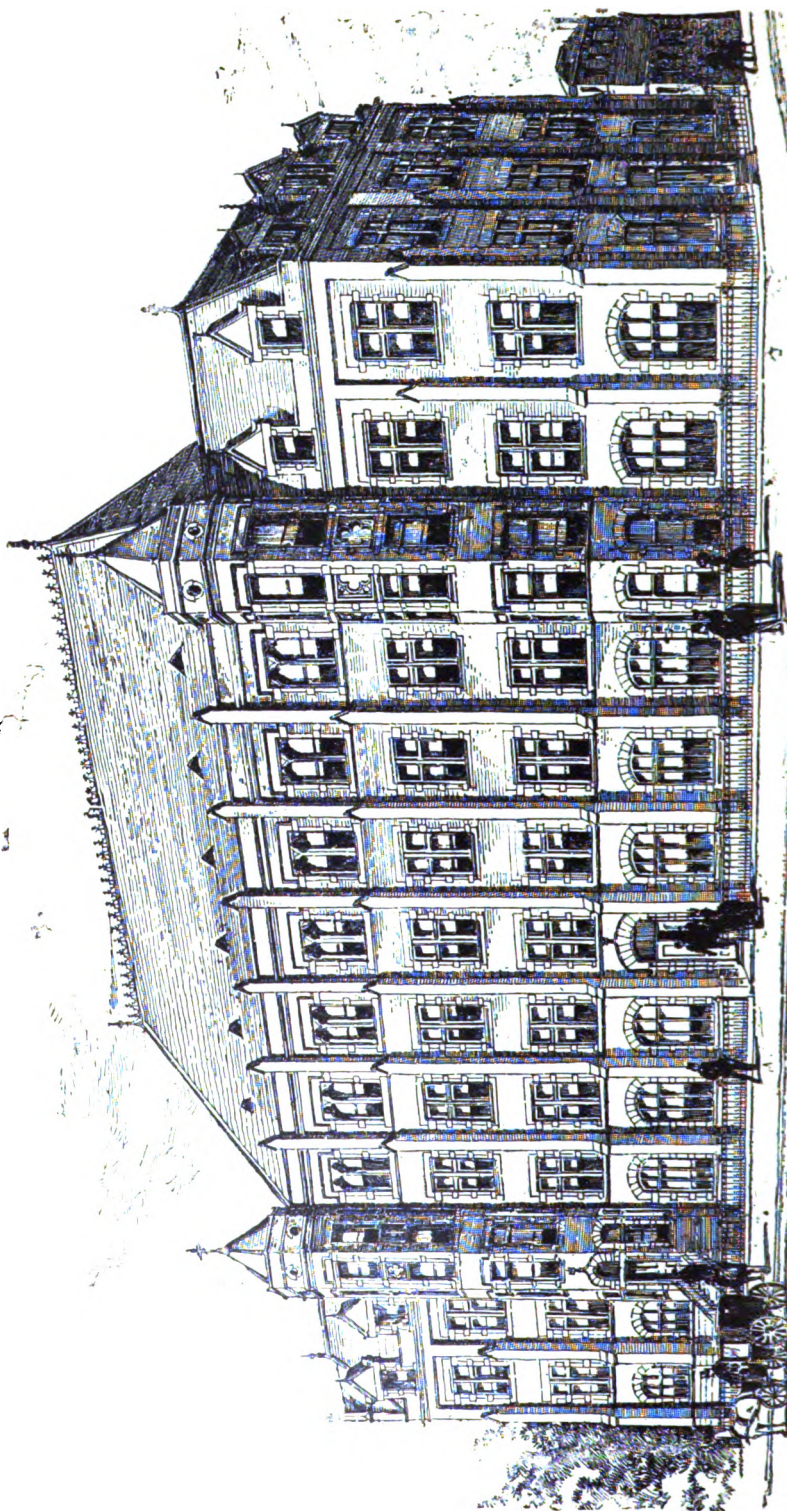
Ah, me! my heart's desire!
Yon little child to-night
Full eagerly would snatch from me
The lamp I bear alight.

And that I love the child,
My heart his cry withstands,
"I want the light! I want the light!
I want it in my hands!"

Oh, am I like the child?
Oh, what if this should be
Shown me in sign of Love Divine
'Twixt my desire and me!

Oh, Mother of fair love,
Mother of holy hope,
Another prayer! No more I dare
With Love Divine to cope.

OUR Lord found His glory and His Father's in hiding His splendors from all creatures here below, and revealing them to Mary only. He has glorified His independence and His majesty, in depending on that sweet Virgin, in His conception, in His birth, in His presentation in the temple, in His hidden life of thirty years, and even in His death, where she was present, in order that He might make with her but one same sacrifice, and be immolated to the Eternal Father by her consent; just as Isaac of old was offered by Abraham's consent to the will of God. It is she who has nursed Him, supported Him, brought Him up, and then sacrificed Him for us.—*Blessed Louis Mary Grignon de Montfort, O.P.*



THE BOLAND TRADE SCHOOL.

THE BOLAND TRADE SCHOOL.

REV. M. J. LAVELLE.

NEW YORK Catholics have good reason to be proud of their charitable institutions. Nowhere on earth, perhaps, can they be equalled, especially if viewed collectively. Foremost among them stand the Protectory, Foundling Asylum, the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, and the Orphan Asylums. To grade any one of these four against the other three would be a task as difficult as superfluous. They are excellent in all respects, perfectly abreast with the times, and as anxious to grasp every really practical new idea in management, as a manufacturer is to take advantage of the labor-saving appliances calculated to enlarge his income and decrease his expenses.

The Orphan Asylums, with which we have to deal in the present article, occupy the two blocks bounded by Fifth and Park Avenues, 51st and 52d Streets. The boys' Asylum fronts on Fifth Avenue, the girls' on Madison Avenue. Anyone who has not yet paid these institutions a visit should seize the first opportunity that presents itself. He will never regret it. The visit will be an experience resembling the Chicago Fair in this respect, that no matter how high the ideal be conceived, the reality is sure to surpass it. There are about a thousand children in all, pretty evenly divided between the boys and the girls. They range from the tottling prattler of three, to the sturdy youth or comely maiden of fourteen years of age.

The first thing that strikes one on meeting these children is that they have no appearance whatsoever of charity about them. The whole system of training is calculated to develop to the utmost extent the qualities of self-respect and self-support. The classes are perfectly graded, and taught by competent teachers. Promotions are made only for merit. And to be detained in a class beyond the usual time, is the greatest punishment that can be meted out to either a boy or a girl. The girls sing beautifully, and go through calisthenic exercises almost every day. The boys form the well-known chancel choir of the Cathedral. And

their military drill cannot be surpassed by any college or academy in the land.

All this is as it should be. The Church is the tenderest of mothers, and the spirit which animates the Sisters of Charity and the Managers of the Orphan Asylum is only a particular manifestation of the great soul of Christian kindness which pervades the whole earth. But the really remarkable feature of the Orphan Asylum is the new Boland Trade School. This building fronts on the West side of Madison Avenue, 200 feet long, 55 feet deep, and four stories high. It is very graceful architecturally, and perfectly adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. Its principal founder, Mr. Boland, a wealthy, estimable Catholic gentleman of this city, after whom it is named, left several years ago a considerable sum for the erection of a Trade School. The Board of Managers at first invested the money in a large farm a little North of Peekskill on the Hudson, and there erected a building to carry out the views of the charitable and generous donator. But Peekskill was found to be too far from the city. The children suffered at times from malaria; supplies were hard to be obtained, and expensive. It was finally decided to sell the farm and to erect a building on the Asylum property adjoining the Cathedral.

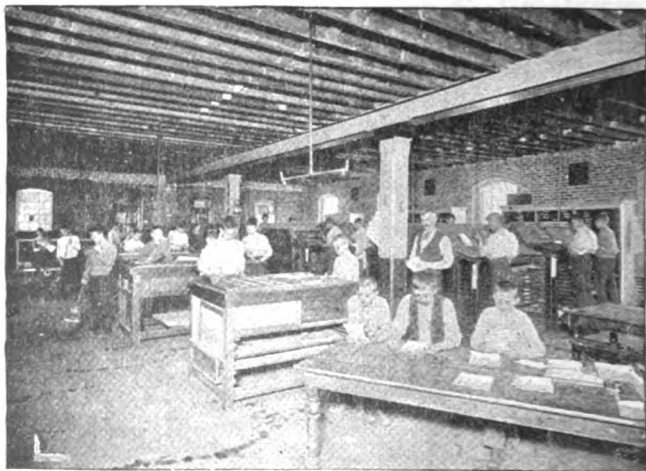
The object of the Trade School is to teach some one of the principal mechanical trades to every boy, before he leaves the Asylum. Classes will be established in brick-laying, plastering, carpentering, plumbing, etc. Our generous and noble-minded townsman, Mr. John D. Crimmins, has spontaneously promised to endow anyone of these trades that the Archbishop and the Board of Managers may elect. We doubt not that his example will be followed by others.

This new departure for the benefit of the orphan children does great credit to the intelligence and progressive spirit of our Catholic people. The same thing is done for the boys in the Protectory, and for those at the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. It is the practical application of an idea which is certain to dominate the education of the future. Hitherto there has been something wanting in our education. Many a thoughtful and charitable heart was puzzled, perplexed, and worried at the result.



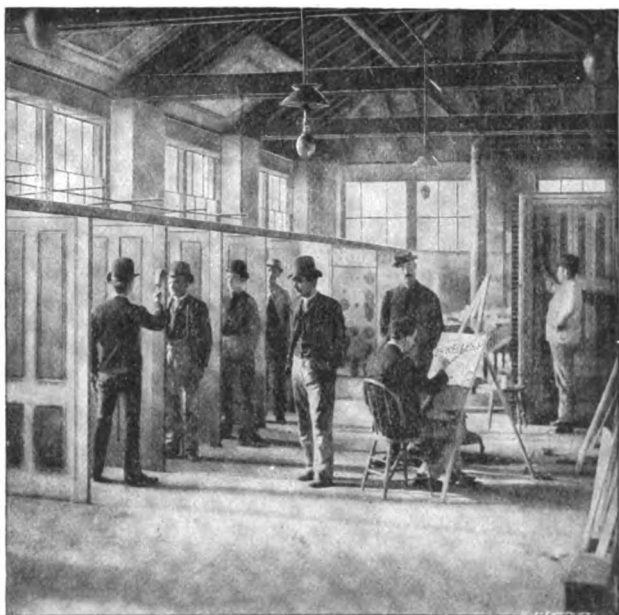
MR. JOHN D. CRIMMINS.

of our school training. Nobody ever doubted for a moment the utility of the fundamental branches,—reading, writing, and arithmetic. But beyond these, it often seemed that the longer the average boy or girl remained at school, the less chance that child had for success in after life. There is probably no one who has given the subject a moment's thought who has not felt this difficulty. The children who possessed more or less of genius were sure, of course, to succeed under any circumstances. Ordinary boys and girls taken from school at a tender age, say thirteen or fourteen, generally succeeded within a short time at getting employment, and, as a rule, were able, with proper care of themselves, to secure an independent livelihood. But those who remained at school until the age of sixteen, seventeen, or beyond that point, appeared to be hopelessly unfit for manual work, and capable only of joining the large army of applicants for clerkships, and other so-called genteel positions. How terribly the number of applicants for positions of this kind exceeds the places to be filled, can be conjectured from the fact that an advertisement inserted in one of the New York daily papers more than a year ago, before the hard times began at all, for a young man between eighteen and twenty-one years, of good education, to become a clerk in a railway office at \$30.00 a month, received 750 odd answers. In consequence of this glut in the



A PRINTING CLASS.

clerkship market, we have been building up a class of pretty well educated, but at the same time very poor and unindustrious people, who are to-day perhaps the most helpless in the community. And the comparative few of them who finally turn aside from the pursuit of clerkship are compelled to join that other *army* of unskilled laborers whose large numbers make the price of human toil so cheap.

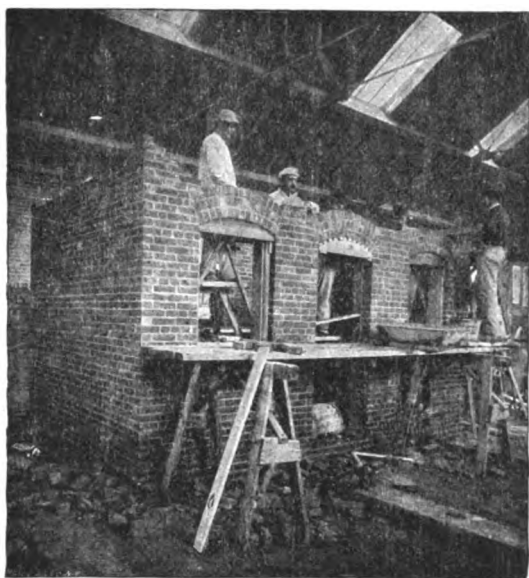


A CLASS IN PAINTING IN THE AUCHMUTY SCHOOL.

In these Trade Schools we have a sovereign remedy for this difficulty. Every boy who leaves our Orphan Asylum after the present year, will be *skilled* in some branch of honest labor. He will have trained his hands to practical and valuable work, as well as his intellect to noble ideas, and his heart to virtuous aims. The superior standing which such a boy will have in the community, is so evident that it scarcely needs to be mentioned. The success of those who have attended the Auchmuty schools in our own city, and also of those who have emanated from the Protectory, and the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, is ample proof.

of the practical value of the idea, were such demonstration required.

But there is another advantage in the idea of the Trade School, which is of probably greater importance still. Many a time has the question been asked, what becomes of the "honor" men of our schools and colleges? How often are they heard from in after life? How frequently they are engulfed in the waves of the practical world, and lost sight of forever? Then, on the other hand, every school suffers from the presence of blockheads, and the same blockheads suffer from their presence in the schools. It has been wisely said, that the teacher who addresses any child as stupid, is more stupid than that child. Nevertheless, the problem of problems with every teacher from time immemorial has been to devise plans for getting real knowledge into the heads of many of the pupils. Some of these children who appeared to be devoid of talent, have, indeed, blossomed into the greatest men the world has ever seen. St. Thomas Aquinas was known in school as the dumb ox. And General Grant graduated not far from the tail of his class at West Point. But the vast majority of them suffer from discouragement. They become possessed of the idea that they have no talent. They lose ambition and energy, and in their turn enter the ranks of the unskilled and poorly paid. In this Trade School idea, we have probably the best remedy that has ever been devised, both for the unpractical *genius*, and the so-called *stupid* child, whose mind is dull in acquiring the knowledge of mere abstractions, but very keen when applied to the concrete. The bright boy who stood always at the head of his class, who graduates with the highest honors and subsequently fails in life, meets this failure simply because he has over-developed his powers of abstraction to the more or less total neglect of other faculties. Put this boy into a Trade School. Let him learn by practical experience the application of the principles and the laws he has been learning. Train him to energy of body as well as of mind, and all the powers of earth arrayed against him cannot make him fail. On the other hand, the child of less talent or of little talent, who would be simply losing his time in vain effort to learn *ologies* of various kinds, can come early into his workshop, and set about developing the abilities which are latent in him.



LESSONS IN BRICKLAYING.

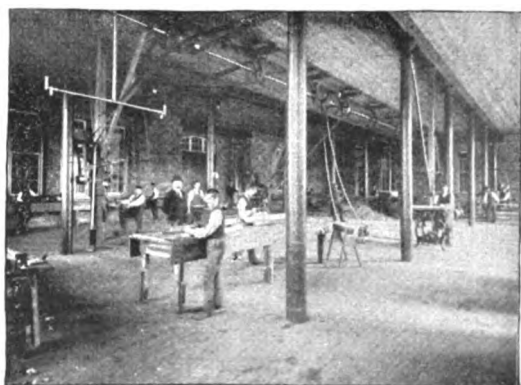
The moment he finds that he has talent of some kind, his case is won, his life is saved from wreck. There is no stimulus on earth more potent than the self-respect and self-confidence which follow from a consciousness of power in some line or other.

Strange to say, few *teachers* take kindly to this idea of manual and technical training. The writer has spoken to many of the best instructors, men and women, religious and lay; and he has frequently heard the idea either joked at, or characterized as a vision, a chimera, or an idea fraught with the false notion of paternalism in government. That it is neither a vision nor a chimera is evident from the fact that it has already succeeded here in our own city in the Protectors, and the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, in the Auchmuty Schools, and in many other institutions. The charge of paternalism is more serious, at least apparently. But what constitutes paternalism? The able young Jesuit novice, Mr. Finn, the author of that splendid series of books for boys which begins with "Tom Playfair" and ends with "Claude Lightfoot," gives a delicious piece of satire in this last book on the subject of "*American* ideas." He describes the father of Claude as a Cana-

dian gentleman who, having come to this country at an early age, and prospered in it to a great extent, had eventually fallen very much in love with our Republic and its institutions. He was very fond of dilating upon America, and "*American ideas.*" But, in the sizing up, it was found that every idea which coincided with Mr. Lightfoot's own sentiments, predjudices, and interests, was an "*American idea,*" and everything opposed to them, was immediately characterized as *un-American*. It is pretty much the same with this matter of paternalism. The true notion of paternalism is the treating of the people as children, and the enlarging of the discretionary powers of the government in such a way as to diminish the responsibility of the officials, to definite laws, and to courts with real jurisdiction over every member of the government. Surely the idea of the Trade Schools contains in it nothing of that kind. To treat the people as children means to not require of them self-support and self-control. But the very notion of the Trade School is to increase rather than to diminish the self-supporting qualities of all the people. On the other hand, the whole subject can easily be regulated by definite laws, so as to increase rather than to diminish the responsibility of officials.

It is very likely that the unwillingness of many teachers to accept the principle of these Trade Schools comes partly from a fear, that should it prevail and enter extensively into the curriculum of all the schools, "*Othello's occupation would then be gone.*" Besides, every teacher is conscious of the fact that all the time now allotted to the school course is more than sufficiently full. Consequently, it is impossible for many an overworked padagogue to see how time can be arranged for the introduction of these new studies. But the fact is that, as a rule, people do what they are compelled to do. And teachers at present engaged would soon be able to accommodate themselves to the new system. Indeed many of them would, before long, and without difficulty, master both the principles and the practices of the trades that would be taught to the children, and become, themselves, adepts in communicating their newly-acquired knowledge. For the teachers of the future there would be no difficulty, because in their training schools all these matters could be easily taught. The question of time is only apparently a difficult one. It might be necessary

to lengthen the ordinary school course by a year or two. But this is by no means certain; because it is quite likely, and we have more than a little evidence, that children learn the principles of all branches much more rapidly, when they see them practically applied, than when they have to get them off by rote without, in many cases, thoroughly understanding their meaning. Besides, some of the branches now taught theoretically in the schools, would be instilled almost unconsciously in the training of the children to the trades. Many a boy whose skull has been cracked and whose heart has been broken in a vain effort to learn mensuration and geometry, would imbibe them as a child drinks milk when brought face to face with their application in the handiwork of the mason, the carpenter, and the smith. It is not at all unlikely that before twenty years will have passed away, this technical training will be engrafted upon our whole school system, and not the orphan or destitute children alone, but every boy, yes, and every girl attending either our public or our private schools, will be taught some trade that will be useful and profitable for after life. We mention the girls in this connection, because thus



LEARNING CARPENTERING.

far they have been, perhaps, a little forgotten. It seems absurd to call any girl educated who does not know the two essentials of house management—sewing and cooking. If she be poor, she is fit to be no man's wife without these two qualifications. If she be wealthy, she is a slave in her own household, on account of her ignorance, to those who are called her servants.

It has been said that this question is liable to bring up some complications with the Trade Unions. This part of the subject it has not been in my power to study deeply or intelligently. But we have absolute confidence that this intelligent training of our children will in no way interfere with the interests of those noble organizations, which, while like everything human they will blunder



A CLASS IN PLUMBING.

from time to time, have accomplished so much for the real benefit of the workingman of our day. Truth can never be opposed to truth, nor right to right. Therefore, no matter what may eventually be the basis of accommodation and conciliation, we can be perfectly sure that such a basis exists and will be found at the proper time. Indeed, it looks at first sight as though technical education might give us in itself the very best form of Trade Unions that the world has ever seen, by training the children, and all the children, to that stage of intelligence which has been characterized as the noblest that people can reach, the position of people who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them.

The inauguration of the Boland Trade School will take place, it

is expected, shortly after Easter. Its date will be looked for with great interest by all the Catholics, and indeed by all the people of this city. The school and its workings will be open for the constant inspection of the public. Its utility to the children will be great. It will be a constant object lesson to our educators of the rest of our boys and girls. And it will be another added to the millions of proofs we find about us everywhere, that all that is good, all that is most useful on the earth, is traceable either directly or indirectly to the Catholic Church; and owes either its origin to the inspiration of her genius, or its development to her fostering care.

THE FIRST ANGELUS.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE leaves were green on the cedar boughs,
White was the almond tree,
And never a cloudlet crossed the sky
That day at Galilee;
And the song-birds chanted their sweetest strain,
And the sunbeams lingered on hill and plain.

And the scent of flowers was in the air,
And the brooklets murmured low
A glad refrain o'er their rocky beds
With rhythmical ebb and flow;
While the vocal reeds by the river's brim
Sang in faultless chorus a joyous hymn.

And Mary knelt in her lowly cot
When the Angel Gabriel came,
And the devils quailed, and angels smiled
As he spoke our Lady's name;
And the Angelus bell was heard on high
Through the Heavenly mansions at her reply.

OUR LADY AND ST. JOSEPH IN ART.

MARY M. MELINE.

IN establishing the feast of St. Joseph's Patronage during Paschal time, the Church calls upon us to consider, in the bright light of Easter-tide, the Foster-father of our Lord, the Eternal Father's representative upon earth. Let us, in a spirit of devotion, consider him as religious art presents him to our view while portraying the life of his Virgin Spouse.

Annabale Carracci gives us a little gem in the *Raboteur*. In it St. Joseph is using the plane, while the Child, a lovely boy, stands watching the work. The mother is seated on one side, sewing. Pinturucchio gives us a landscape in which Mary and Joseph are seated together; near them are the provisions for an *al fresco* meal. In the near foreground our Saviour and the little Precursor are walking arm-in-arm. The Holy Child holds a book, and St. John a pitcher; they have probably been sent to a well. Sal-embeni represents for us an interior, in which the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph are talking to, or listening to, the Child, St. Elizabeth is spinning, when enters St. John carrying two puppies in the lappet of his coat, while the mother-dog is leaping upon him. Again, Le Brun paints an interior where the Holy Three are seated at a table spread for a meal. St. Joseph is saying grace—hence the title, *The Benedicite*.

Some artists insist upon the trade of St. Joseph, which we all know was carpentering, and have drawn the Child as occupied in some way about the shop or bench. Thus:

I. While the Blessed Lady is preparing a meal, St. Joseph is chopping wood, while in the immediate foreground, the Child is sweeping together the chips, and two angels are gathering them up. II. Our Lady is winding thread; St. Joseph is squaring a plank, while our Saviour is picking up chips, assisted by two angels. III. The Blessed One is at her spinning-wheel; St. Joseph is sawing through a large beam, the Child assisting him, while two angels look on. IV. The mother is again spinning; St. Joseph is sawing a beam on which the Boy is standing, and two angels are lifting a plank. V. St. Joseph is raising the frame of a house; the

Child, assisted by an angel, is boring a hole, while the mother is winding thread. VI. The Boy is, with the assistance of the angels, carrying a beam of wood up a ladder to His Foster-father, who is roofing the house. Below, the Blessed Virgin is carding wool or flax. VII. This time St. Joseph is building a boat; the Child, who has a hammer and chisel in His hand, is fastening the palings together, two angels assisting Him; our Lady is weaving a garland of roses.

These imaginings of the sweet domesticity of the Holy Family are very charming, but the soul of the Catholic revolts when the artist presumes to depict our Lord learning to read, or going, like other children, to school. What could the Creator learn of His creatures? What could a finite mind impart to infinite wisdom? Very properly has the Church condemned all such representations. The Gospel of the Holy Childhood, condemned by some of the early Councils, and used by Gen. Wallace in his "Boyhood of Christ," says He did go to school. There is a beautiful Holy Family by Schidone: "The Infant Christ Learning to Read," but this may as readily be interpreted as the Divine Child imparting the secrets of heavenly science to His Mother and Foster-father.

Into this idyllic life came the human sorrow of the dear Foster-father's death. That the Virgin wife grieved for him who had been her protector, her support, and her constant companion for so many years, there is no reason to doubt. That the Son grieved for her grief, even as He did for that of Martha and Mary in after years, we may also believe. St. Joseph had fulfilled his mission; the Incarnate God was able now to guard His mother, and needed for Himself (seeming) guidance and care no longer before the little world of Judea. All things had been arranged by the Almighty so that no vain curiosity or impertinent suspicions should be directed against the Holy Three. And now it is meet that the devoted protector should go to his reward. There is an Arabian Mss. in the Library at Paris, which dates from the year 1299. But in its original form it is as old as the fourth century, and is entitled, "The History of Joseph the Carpenter." Here it is our Saviour Himself who tells His disciples all the pathetic and solemn details of St. Joseph's death. How they sat, the Son and

the mother, beside him; and Jesus held his hand and watched the last breath of life trembling on his lips; and Mary touched his feet, and they were cold; and the relatives of Joseph wept and sobbed around in their grief; and then, Jesus adds, tenderly, "I and My mother, Mary, wept with them."

As we all know, dear St. Joseph is the patron of the Christian's death-bed, and his own death is a favorite subject in the churches of the Augustinian canons and the monasteries of the Carmelites, who have chosen him as their patron. And also in chapels dedicated to the repose of the souls of all the dead, or of individuals. Carlo Maratti has a fine delineation of this subject in the Vienna gallery.

And now let us turn for awhile to those works which were the development of the artist's belief in and love for the sweetest Lady and Mother, in her various attributes, during those precious ages of faith. Besides her immaculate purity, her divine motherhood, or rather, because of them, she is called by various titles having no special reference to either of these, and under these various titles have artists loved to paint her. These attributes are collected in her beautiful litany. First, let us see her in her glory, the *Virgo Gloriosa*.

In the earliest delineations, those upon the sarcophagi, in the paintings of the Catacombs and in the Greek mosaics before the seventh century, she appears alone, a veiled figure, or standing beside her Son, with nothing to indicate her relationship—she might be there simply to show that salvation by Him included the whole human race.

When she stands before us without her Son, holding the highest place, with apostles or other saints below her, she is the second Eve, the mother of all humanity in a supernatural sense. She is the *Woman* of whom it was told to Eve in comforting, that she should crush the serpent's head; the Virgin foretold from the beginning who was to bear a Son; the Bride and Spouse of the canticles; the type of the Church of her Divine Son; the glorious Virgin of virgins, most prudent, most renowned, most faithful, most merciful, most venerable, most powerful—the cause of our joy. As Queen of Heaven, she is seated on a throne and receives the homage of the saints gathered below her. As Seat of Wisdom she

sits holding a book. As Queen of angels, she is surrounded by these adoring spirits. When she holds the crown of thorns, or weeps with bowed mantle-covered head, she is the Mother of Sorrows. As the Blessed Virgin simply, she stands veiled, with folded hands, and her face is the artist's dream of purity, beauty, and sweetness.

To us weak, sinning mortals, our Lady is most comforting in her character of Mother of Mercy, for she is our very present help in all our necessities.

" . . . even as children who have much offended
A too indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet not daring, unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding, wait
Till she goes in before and intercedes:
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet, not venturing to draw near
With their requests an angry father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them, in Heaven, makes intercession."

No Catholic could have given the belief of the Church in our Lady's intercession better than Longfellow in this passage. By some artists she is depicted as pleading with her Son in His character of Judge at the last day, for all humanity. Again, she stands with outstretched arms, either crowned or veiled, while her mantle, held out by angels, covers all ranks and ages, men and women. But the Mother of Mercy is best depicted with her Babe in her arms, since it is through Him that she is inspired to exercise the attribute, and through Him that she has the power. Our Lady of Victories is also a favorite with painters, whether it be as winning a victory over temptations, or over physical or material ills.

In many pictures the boy St. John is introduced. Sometimes he is there in response to a poetical idea, as when the two children are greeting each other, playing with a cross at the mother's feet, or with a bird or a lamb. But his presence has a symbolical meaning when the Precursor is taking a cross from the hand of the little Jesus. John is thus represented as a prophet receiving his instructions from God. When the boy John adores with folded hands, or kisses the Child's feet, we see the two in their re-

spective characters,—prophet and King. The differing treatment of the Holy Family groups presents varying interpretation. They are either domestic, as when the mother lays her finger on her lips to silence the little St. John, lest he disturb the Infant's slumbers; or as when the boy looks out of the picture and points to the Babe, the scene becomes historical, and it is the Precursor—"Behold the Lamb of God!"

THE CROWNING OF OUR LORD.

MARY IRWIN.

ALAS! O Christ! are such the throne and state,
Thou King of kings, that men prepare for Thee,
Throne of derision, robes of mockery,
A crown of thorns, a reed to indicate
Vain power? With cruel conceits elate
They bind Him, then before Him bend the knee
And buffet Him, and call in fiendish glee:
"Who strikes Thee, prophesy?" And He, All-Great,
He who could hurl them into nothingness,
Or armed hosts create for His defence,
Bears all their insults and the pain intense
With sweet humility, and ev'n doth bless
Them with His pardon. All the pride man owns,
The Blood that gems His thorny crown atones.

JESUS is obscured because Mary is kept in the background. Thousands of souls perish because Mary is withheld from them. It is the miserable unworthy shadow which we call our devotion to the Blessed Virgin that is the cause of all these wants and blights, these evils and omissions and declines.—*Father Faber.*

THE HEART OF CLOTILDE.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D.

II.

THE HEART THAT LOVED.

WHILE the young Vidame de Bretenil sailed in his slow-going packet, "L'Hirondelle," towards Sandy Hook, and the Count O'Connell went to see his nephews, and the Citizen Talleyrand disappeared from view, and Lafayette blundered and compromised, Clotilde suffered agonies of hope and fear. The cloud of blood lowered over Paris. It seemed, indeed, as if all the blood shed in previous years of heartless tyranny were vaporized above to fall upon the earth.

The examples of heartlessness, worldliness, pride, and luxury in the worst sense, shown to the people of France for so many years, were bearing fruit. Those ladies and gentlemen who thought it "smart" to declare admiration for the stucco philosophers of the school of Voltaire, and no shame to bandy trifling talk in their tribunes during the Sacrifice of the Mass, were now suffering the consequences. They were in exile or in prison, and many of them had paid for their sins and the sins of their ancestors with their heads.

As Pauline Bache saw a young nobleman of the court, Gaston de Florent, dragged past the house by a maddened mob singing the *Carmagnole*, she remembered the last day on which she had previously seen him. It was at Mass, in the tribune of the chapel at the country house of the Duchess of Orleans, whither she had accompanied her brother and Mr. Gouverneur Morris. M. de Florent had amused himself by putting lighted papers into the pockets of the guests who were saying their prayers in front of him. Pauline had frowned and shown her disgust, and, later, she had overheard one of the servants say that "Mademoiselle, the American, was a better Catholic than the Catholics themselves." And Chreval, servant to M. de Florent, had answered: "They expect us to believe what they do not reverence themselves." We shall see.

They had seen, and so had Pauline. She had turned, horror-

stricken, from the window, as the ragged mob had passed; she had seen young de Florent make the sign of the cross several times, to the derision of the savages, who were eager to tear him to pieces. The first and most ferocious was that same valet. De Florent had been condemned, and had died like a man; he had reaped as he had sown.

Clotilde de Bretenil was a beautiful girl, and heiress to a great fortune. She had been sent early in life to the convent of St. Dominic, and after a brief period spent in the world, had declared her intention of becoming a member of the Order. The good Bishop of Bretenil, now in prison for having refused to take the constitutional oath against the Pope, was her guardian; he had gladly consented to her wish. The alarm was sounded in all those *salons*, in which materialism and frivolity were rampant. Madame, the Countess Laborde de Seiglerie, was in despair; she was a politician, the friend of Mirabeau, and Talleyrand, and De la Fayette, and of some of the advanced Revolutionists; she hoped to purchase safety and advancement for friends by marrying Clotilde to a man who had risen high in the councils of the *sans-culottes*. At first she had desired only to make a better move in the political game of chess. Later, it was a question of saving life and property. Madame Laborde had dropped her title; she wore the tri-color on all occasions, and she had called Madame Roland a true patriot for demanding the death of the queen. She had left her apartments and moved to a less fashionable place; her *salon* no longer existed. People were afraid to be seen in the streets of Paris; she did not leave the city, for she had been promised safety and her estate on one condition,—that Clotilde should become the wife of a creature who had changed his name. He was now known as “Fraternity;” he disclaimed Chreval. Madame Laborde was determined to keep her promise; her life and the estates of her late husband depended upon it. Ordinarily, she was not without good qualities, but the fashionable irreligion of the time had helped to make her abominably selfish. She was willing to give up her title, her name itself, but she would not face poverty. She knew that she was sacrificing Clotilde. She had some scruples, but fear and avarice conquered them.

She had locked Clotilde in the farthest apartment of the suite she had hired. It was well furnished in the fashion of the time. Garlands of roses were painted on the walls, and the sofa and chairs were covered with white damask, on which little roses were embossed,— the monogram of Marie Antoinette on their backs. They had been taken from the Tuileries. An oriental rug, a few white hyacinths in a Chinese jar, and an open grate helped to make the room comfortable. Clotilde had her Rosary, and, hidden in the drawer of the press was her postulant's habit. She had no books, but she found in the drawer of the same press a little leaflet containing some axioms from the "Imitation." Her aunt informed her of her plans.

"When you are ready to come to terms, you shall be free. Citizen Fraternity is ready; he has seen you; you have never seen him. He will pass through the garden to-morrow. At noon you will see him enter the gate. You must make up your mind,—you must decide. I can leave France, you have said before. But I will not. If you marry the Citizen, you will save your own property and mine. That of your brother may be saved, too,—for he is abroad on the business of the nation. Still, he is an aristocrat. Times have changed since Mirabeau and Talleyrand hoped for a new monarchy,—we are a community of equals." Madame Laborde smiled bitterly. "I am willing to be anybody's equal, but I will not be poor."

"I am vowed to God," said Clotilde, a soft light coming into her deep violet-colored eyes.

"You have told me that before," said her aunt. "It is absurd; you are only a postulant."

"That is my cross. If I had only the Habit; if I were only professed!"

Madame Laborde gave a scream. "Oh, Heavens!" she said, "what a horror! Here is the monogram of the Citizeness Capet upon our sofa and chairs. I must have it effaced! You make me ill, child. The old superstitions have gone out. There are no more convents. The Republic has strangled the whole brood of priests and nuns. Be sensible! The only ideal we live for now is the aggrandizement of the people!"

Clotilde did not answer.

"Well," said her aunt, "I will leave you. I must dress for a grand concert to-night, at which I shall appear as the goddess of liberty in a choir which will sing the *Carmagnole*, with an appropriate dance. Shall I call again, that you may see me dressed?"

"No," said Clotilde, briefly. "I saw you the last time as the spirit of the Republic. I hope, aunt, that you will pardon me for saying that your dress ought to be less—"

"Less Greek," interrupted Madame Laborde, with a slight blush.

"We are very Greek in these days. The golden age has come. Look from your windows at noon to-morrow. You will see your destined husband. *Sans adieu!*"

Never had the room seemed more barren or desolate than after Madame Laborde had gone. Clotilde saw no hope of escape. She knew that, though the convent had been suppressed, there were little rooms in a quiet street, where some of the nuns of the Order lived as they had in the convent. If she only could be with them! If she were once out of this prison, she could find her way to them. A message, concealed in a basket of fruit, had reached her from another postulant, and she knew where they fasted and prayed. But Madame Laborde always locked the door; she even brought the food. Clotilde had been driven in a close carriage to this place.

She asked herself if God should allow her to become the wife of this man. Her heart was His. St. Agnes had always been her exemplar; she was in heart the spouse of Christ. Would He allow her to go through the most horrible of all ordeals, to be separated from Him by a marriage before an altar of liberty, at which the bloody Robespierre might officiate in mockery of a priest?

"I will kill myself!" she cried; "I will kill myself first! Oh, I must kill myself!"

Then conscience rebuked her. Would she be justified in taking her own life to avoid such a fate? She did not know. She recalled the examples of Lucretia and the story of Virginus; but these were of those classic and pagan times which the foolish Parisian people were endeavoring to revive. She remembered the words of her dear uncle, the Bishop, when he had once preached at the convent. No; she could not commit suicide. She must live for God's honor and glory; she must endure all

things for His sake. Her heart would still be His! She recalled the words of St. Theresa, "Even if Thou should'st condemn me to hell, I should love Thee."

But it was impossible that God could condemn to hell any heart that loves Him—impossible! And it was just as impossible that He could desert the heart vowed to Him. As the darkness came down, Clotilde knelt beside the gilded bed, on which was the tarnished monogram of the hapless queen of France, and prayed with all the fervor of her soul.

She awoke with some expectancy the next morning. The days had hitherto been monotonous; fear and hope had only made them different from one another. Once Madame Laborde had brought her a new gown of white, with a tri-color at the neck. This had seemed to prelude a change, but the change had not come.

"Citizen Fraternity will have no unwilling bride," her aunt had said; "when you grow tired of this room and you have seen him, you will say 'yes' quick enough, my little nun!"

Clotilde had grown tired of the room, but she was less lonely than most girls of her age would have been. If she could have heard Mass, or had the consolation of religion, she could have endured the confinement. She was never safe from intrusion, as her aunt kept the key of the room, and entered at all times without warning. This was an affliction; but, as a rule, Madame Laborde was not unpleasant in her manner to her young relative. Indeed, it would have been difficult to have been rude to her. Clotilde was a picture of youth and innocence. Her complexion had the real rose-leaf tint, which Madame Le Brun, the court painter, had admired so greatly. Her hair, abundant, and inclined to ripple over her forehead, was of soft, light gold color, with darker shades of gold in the ripples. Her eyes were almost violet in color, and her figure slight and graceful. She took exercise by jumping the rope occasionally, using a long golden cord taken from the canopy of the bed. Nobody would have imagined that the rose-flushed, gay, bright, young creature, lightly poising on her toes in her childish sport, had determined to give her life to God in a convent. Catching her at this one day, with the gilded ropes making quick circles around her head, Madame Laborde

had paused, astonished, on the threshold of the room. This sight dispelled her aunt's doubts. There could be no vocation here. Citizen Fraternity was handsome, and a girl who could enjoy such frivolous sport would be glad to be free at the risk of marriage with a young and comely gentleman, even if he were a *sans-culotte*. She laughed to herself, as she thought of the arrangement of the Vidame de Bretenil when he should hear that his "little nun" had married a man of the people.

Madame Laborde would have preferred not to have attempted this intrigue; but fear had made her a coward, and avarice deaf to all scruples. Chreval, who had forced her into this bargain, was one who put ambition before all things. He was willing to stoop to the lowest schemes and acts to gain the high place he coveted. He hoped that the fury of the Revolution once spent, he might guide the destinies of France. Without sincerity, he believed himself obliged to be more fanatical than the fanatics around him. He had no real belief in the Revolution. Like the late Mirabeau, he needed money, and he felt that, though an alliance with an aristocrat might be dangerous, his influence would condone it for the present, and that he might make it valuable in the future. He was handsome, but of a type which plainly showed his sensuality and vanity. Madame Laborde, however, fancied that she knew the human heart, and that Clotilde was too ignorant of the world to fathom at first the real character of the man.

About noon Madame Laborde entered with a tray containing wine and a covered dish. She set the luncheon upon a small table, and gently drew Clotilde to one of the windows.

"Look," she said, pointing into the garden, which deserved the name only because of its fantastic hedges of boxwood. Clotilde followed the directions of her finger. The gate at the end of the walk had been opened, and through the opening in the high stone wall a man came slowly between the hedges. The clock struck twelve, and he paused for a moment just where the best view of him could be obtained from the window. He was attired simply, in green cloth; there was no powder in his hair, and he wore neither lace ruffles nor a sword,—these things being marks of the dead aristocracy. His figure was well made, and, had he been treading a minuet in the drawing-rooms of the past, his walk

could not have been more stately or graceful. It was self-conscious,—Clotilde understood at once that he was posing. He raised his eyes to the window, and dropped them again. Clotilde drew back.

At this moment, the door of the room was thrown open, and Pauline Bache rushed in the room.

"Without ceremony!" she exclaimed: "Clotilde, my dear, I have found you at last!"

Madame Laborde turned upon her furiously.

"By what right do you intrude, Mademoiselle?" she asked. "I gave my servants orders to admit no one."

"I did not trouble them much," answered Pauline. "There was nobody in the *salon*, and I came here in search of Clotilde. What a time I had to find this place!"

"You might have spared yourself the trouble," Madame Laborde answered, coldly; "we are living in retirement."

"I would have spared myself the trouble very willingly," answered Pauline, looking calmly at Madame Laborde, "if my heart had not told me that Clotilde wanted to see me."

Clotilde had put her arms about the neck of her tall friend. Madame, impatiently shrugging her shoulders, turned her attention towards the window. Since Pauline Bache had discovered their hiding place, how could she be made useful? Madame was a diplomatist; and she rightly guessed that Pauline's keenness and energy might prove dangerous, if used against her plans.

"What are you looking at?" Pauline asked, "a man? Yes, and not a bad looking man. What clustering curls! and he has his hat off. What splendid eyes he has! and he evidently knows it. My dear Clotilde, how soulfully he gazes at this window! It can't be at you, Clotilde! and Madame Laborde is more matronly than the Dulcinea of such a gallant should be. He takes a rose from his button-hole and kisses it,—at *me*, of course! He shall have his reward!"

Pauline took a white rose, which lay on the tray Madame had brought in, and stepping upon the little iron balcony, threw it to the ground. She returned to the room hastily, but the light had died out of her eyes, and her laugh was stilled.

"That gentleman, Mademoiselle," said Madame Laborde, stiff-

ly, "is the Citizen Fraternity. He will regard himself from the moment that you dropped the rose, as the future husband of Clotilde. That was the signal agreed upon. He is too delicate to intrude, and—"

"Too delicate to intrude?" asked Pauline. Then she checked herself. "He is going away!"

"He kisses your rose," said Madame Laborde. "Mademoiselle, you are an ambassadress of love."

"But what does the principal person concerned say?" asked Pauline, losing her gravity for a moment, as she looked into Clotilde's face. "The man has gone,—doubtless very happy. I never saw anything so very comical, so very sentimental, so very French. Fancy arranging to dispose of Clotilde as one would of a bag of salt! Do you like him, Clotilde?"

"I should hate him, if I were forced to marry him!" said Clotilde.

"If I hated a man, I would marry him, I assure you!" Pauline answered, with determination. "That would bring him to terms. I would promise to make even the notorious Robespierre wish he were dead if he wanted to marry me. Cheer up, Clotilde," said Pauline, smiling again; "you don't know your own power. Marry him,—and afterwards!"

Madame Laborde only half understood Pauline. She was a type of the young woman not known in France. American freedom and American air had made her strong in body, as she was independent in mind. Madame felt that she might be a powerful friend to her project.

"Understand, Madame," Pauline said, "that you have two prisoners. I will remain as long as Clotilde does."

Madame groaned in spirit.

"Clotilde will be married to-night," said Madame Laborde. "You may stay and be one of the witnesses. The presence of a citizeness of your great republic will add new grace to the ceremony. The Citizen Fraternity will sup with us at five o'clock."

"Oh, aunt! aunt!" exclaimed Clotilde, outstretching supplicating hands.

"It is the fashion for these of the people to marry among the nobles," said Pauline. "I hear that even Robespierre raises his

eyes to the Princess Adelaide of Orleans. It would be like her brute of a father to ratify such a contract!"

Madame started.

"Walls have ears," she said.

"Ah, well," said Pauline, "Clotilde, here, will soon be out of danger, and it is well to have protection in these times. Have you a wedding gown?"

"I have provided one," said Madame.

"If you will send word to my brother's apartments by the servant who accompanied me, so that he will know where I am, I will stay with Clotilde. This Monsieur Fraternity,—fancy, marrying a man without a name! And, once married, Clotilde, you can make his life a burden, or change his manners."

Madame withdrew. She must trust Pauline. There was no way of getting rid of the girl, so she went to send the servant to young Bache, that his sister would return to him in the evening, safely escorted.

Clotilde sunk into the nearest chair; Pauline knelt beside her.

"Clotilde! Clotilde!" she said, "how happy I am to find you! I was 'wearying for you,' as the Scotch say."

"I knew that God would send some one," answered Clotilde. "I knew He would not desert me. Oh, Pauline, you do not know how I have suffered. The days have been leaden footed,—and the fears! almost the doubts!"

"They are at an end, now," said Pauline. "The Count O'Connell, who is back in disguise, spoke of Madame Laborde's address. Until last night I did not know where you were concealed. I determined to see Seth Graves, my brother's man, who has a supreme indifference to the antics of these Parisian monkeys; and he made no objection to accompanying me. Madame Laborde's servant did try to stop us, as we entered the hall, but Seth put his hand over his mouth, and crunched his bones a little," Pauline added, with a laugh, "and I, when he had seen the necessity of holding his tongue, gave him my last handful of francs. His name is Gaspard, and between fear of Seth and hope of reward from me, he is not unreasonable."

A knock was heard at the door, and Madame called out:

"Your man refuses to leave, Mademoiselle!"

"Let him stay; please give him something to eat, and set him to work," called Pauline in return. "I will not leave this room! If I did, she'd probably keep me out. Seth is just as well here," she added, in a low tone. "Your white dress will do very well," she said, aloud. "I shall be compelled to wear what I have on, unless you can lend me something.

Pauline pressed Clotilde's hand sharply. "Lend me something!"

"I will ask Madame for something," answered Clotilde, aloud.

Madame Laborde took her ear from the keyhole, and Pauline drew her friend into the embrasure of the window.

"Clotilde," she said, "you must not marry this man. I know who he is. I have seen him twice. He was of the mob that stopped the Count O'Connell's carriage on the last night I visited your aunt; and a vile, odious mob it was. He killed poor young De Florent almost under our windows, and he was one of the wretches that made poor Mademoiselle de Sombreuil drink a cup of human blood to save her father's life! I know him; he was the valet of De Florent. How he bowed and posed that day at the house of the Duchess of Orleans, where we were all visiting! I disliked the sight of his pensive eyes and curling locks, though the ladies declared that the man was as handsome as his master. You shall not marry him!"

"I will not," said Clotilde, "if I can help it. But, I may be dragged to the altar,—and such an altar!"

Pauline frowned.

"If I could get Seth to take a message to my brother—"

"And compromise your brother! You know, Pauline, that the tribunals would have his head off in an hour. And your Monsieur Washington might protest next month, when he heard of the execution of an American citizen,—but that would not bring your brother back."

Pauline shivered.

"We must depend on ourselves."

"On God first!" said Clotilde.

Pauline kissed her.

"My dear," she said, "you *live* the religion that I have heard preached! There is one thing I ought to know. What makes

you want to take the veil? Who has disappointed you? Whom have you loved? Ah! Clotilde, if you would give up this silly fancy, there is one heart—the best heart in the world,—that would protect you. At home in Philadelphia you would find peace, love, prosperity, and my brother would make you happy.”

Tears filled Pauline's eyes; she had been disappointed in François, whom she loved; the sister was most dear to her, and she had quietly cherished a dream that Clotilde might one day be her sister. How this sweet, graceful, spiritual creature would brighten the matter-of-fact Philadelphia life, and make her brother less practical, more poetic!

“You are kind, Pauline,” Clotilde said, “but even if I am not doomed to the horrible slavery confronting me, I cannot marry your brother. I long earnestly to be nearer to God—all Christians do, I know, Pauline,—but I have a special yearning to be absorbed in the Heart of our Lord. It fills my life! It is *vocation*,—I know it—I am sure of it. I have learned to love you more than any other earthly being, except François. Love, such as you speak of, is impossible to me. I do not think you can understand what I mean, for you have no nuns in your belief. Sometime, perhaps,” added Clotilde, with a slight blush, “you may become of our religion, and then you will understand. Vocation is a very precious thing.”

“I would make an admirable nun, wouldn't I?” said Pauline, showing her white teeth. “I think it's all nonsense, my child, — if you've a vocation, why haven't I?”

“You have, Pauline; François admires you.”

“I do not admire him,” said Pauline, decidedly, “though he is your brother. What is the use of a noble name, if the wearer is not noble? The Vidame de Bretenil goes off to leave his sister at the mercy of these savages!”

“He was deceived!” cried Clotilde; “I know he was deceived. How could he doubt my aunt?”

“How could he believe in a woman who had such a friend as the infamous Talleyrand?” demanded Pauline. “Come; we will not discuss the Vidame. You must be saved; in five hours the valet of the poor young De Florent will come to claim you.”

(*Conclusion next month.*)

The Children of the Rosary.

CONDUCTED BY AQUINAS.

THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

WELL, boys and girls, how goes the good warfare? So early does the printer want "copy" that Aquinas cannot wait for the letters that will surely come from North, East, South, and West in response to the earnest invitation that went out to you all in the March issue. However, we know how two young soldiers master temptations. Aquinas had a talk with one bright little lad, aged twelve. In answer to the question, "What do you do, Vincent, when you *feel* just like being a bad boy, and yet you really want to be a good one?" he replied, with a snap of the eye when he began, and a compression of the lips when he finished: "What do I do? why I—I just keep still till the bad goes away, you know." "Bravo!" Aquinas exclaimed; "what a lesson for big folks to learn from a teacher aged twelve—'just keep still till the bad goes away.'"

The other young soldier Aquinas learned about while listening to a Mission Father's sermon. The little fellow let his temper "get the best of him," and vented it in a genuine fight with one of his young playmates. His mother caught him. "Did you ever think, my son," she questioned seriously, sorrowfully, "that God was standing beside you all the time you were so wicked? Did you ever think that He saw it all, heard it all? *You can't see Him, but He can see you, my boy; God can see you NIGHT AND DAY, never forget it, child.*"

"God so near as all that, Mother?" he questioned; "I knew He was everywhere, but—so near as that!"

He made good resolutions right there, with his mother to help him.

Many a time after, when he wanted to do wrong, with all a boy's power of wanting to get into mischief, he couldn't do it,

just because memory kept saying to him his mother's words: "*God can see you night and day.*"

Here, boys and girls, are two good lessons in the Angelic Warfare. You can conquer yourselves by keeping still,—educated people would say: "by the exercise of self-restraint;" and you can conquer yourselves, too, by thinking that God sees you,—people educated in spiritual things would call this "a recollection of the presence of God."

I tell you, children, this kind of fighting will make good strong men and women of you. If every boy and girl entered the ranks for such a fight, we could truly call our country

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

Boys and girls, while you are fighting individual faults and sins, as grown people would call those that each one of you find in your own life, Aquinas thinks you can attack a few great big enemies, some enemies that, perhaps, are not hurting you, but *are* hurting ever so many other children and grown people, too, and are really powerful enough to hurt a whole country, great and beautiful as our country is. Aquinas knows what these terrible enemies are, a few of them, at least. Grown people are banding together to fight them, and boys and girls like to be just as "grown up" as they can be. Aquinas *knows* that you can all help fight these enemies.

You want to know what they are? One is enough for the boys and girls to hear about at one time, and the one for this talk is—bad reading. Do you know the way to fight this enemy? Aquinas will tell you. We must follow it up as at the point of the bayonet. We must crowd it out of our land. We must not leave it an inch to stand on. We must push on, step by step. I suppose you wonder what the bayonet is that each young soldier must use in this strange warfare? *It is good reading.* Crowd out the bad with the good. Look upon every Rosary Card that you fill as one inch gained from the enemy. Bad reading, oh, so much of it is *thrown* around, is *pressed into* the hands of the poor! While they are reading something good that you send them they cannot be reading anything bad that anybody else sends. And bye-

and-bye, with the help of God's grace, which is never wanting, they will love the good, and close hands and hearts against the bad.

Have our boys and girls of the Angelic Warfare ever wondered what became of the little white girdle with which the Angels girded St. Thomas? No doubt, if you thought of it at all, that your thoughts were one of these: "It wore out, and he made another like it;" or, "it was buried with him;" or, it was preserved by some holy Dominican, who gathered up its shreds, and thus treasured it as long as possible." Do you want to know *where* it is and what state of preservation it is in? and how it has been honored? For preserved it has indeed been by God, and treasured and honored by man.

Father O'Kane, who will give, next month, in the grown people's part of the magazine, the sketch of the glorious martyrs of China, has written something about the girdle of our beloved St. Thomas. He gives the sketch a pretty title, "A Reliquary for an Angelic Gift." He didn't write it for children, so there are some big words in it, but the Editor thought that it surely belonged to the young soldiers of the Angelic Warfare; and it is so prettily written that Aquinas does not want to change it even by putting easy words in place of the hard ones. But, boys and girls, the dictionary! where is our friend the dictionary? On a table or a shelf near at hand, I trust, because you know we are looking forward to the future, and every word looked up in the dictionary *now*, means one more stored away in the brain for *future* use. *Look up every word you do not fully understand.* And if you knew how Aquinas likes to get letters from the young people, every one of you would write, and tell just what words you had to look up, and just how you liked the stories and everything in your department.

Dear Angel, ever at my side!

How loving must thou be

To leave thy home in Heaven to guard

A little child like me!—*Father Faber.*

A RELIQUARY FOR AN ANGELIC GIFT.

REV. M. M. O'KANE, O. P.

THE feast of the Angelic Warfare was celebrated by the Dominicans in Chieri, Italy, with more than usual rejoicing. The girdle of St. Thomas Aquinas, which it is their special glory to possess, was placed in a new reliquary, specially made to receive the angelic treasure. It is now 665 years since the angels girded St. Thomas, in recognition of his singular triumph over the demon of impurity, and though he wore the girdle for a period of over thirty years, yet, when the writer saw it, three years ago, it had all the appearance of newness, and seemed to have just come from the angels' hands. No one has yet succeeded in discovering the material from which the girdle is made, although it has been examined by many experts. This precious treasure is faithfully guarded and honored by the good religious of Chieri. A special devotion has been established, and the pious donations of the faithful has enabled them to purchase a reliquary worthy of the artistic traditions of the Dominican Order. The reliquary is of polished bronze, designed and modelled by F. Pavoni, O.P. It is a masterpiece of symbolic and didactic art, as, I conceive, all good art should be. The reliquary has the form of an hexagonal temple, in Gothic, and, in height, measures over four feet. In the centre of the temple there is a graceful angel, who unfolds the girdle, as the reward of the constancy of the saint, an earnest of heavenly favor, the emblem and pledge of perpetual virginity. St. Thomas was destined from infancy for a noble purpose, and the wonderful sanctity of his early years foreshadowed the great works he was to perform in after life. The artist has, therefore, aptly chosen the remarkable scenes of his early youth, which are finely worked in enamel on the base of the reliquary. His Dominican vocation, which had cost the saint so many hard trials, is symbolized by St. Dominic, who, with five of his most illustrious sons, represents the Dominican Order, of which the greatest glory is the Angelic St. Thomas. In the ornamentation of the temple the artist displays beautiful conceptions, which must have been inspired by the "*Summa Theologica*," and other works of his angelic master. Who can read the immortal pages of St.

Thomas, and meditate upon the eternal truths which they unfold and not be imbued with sublime thoughts? The artist has studied his subject thoroughly, and leaves us in admiration of the masterly way in which he has grasped it. Six statuettes, full of grace and loveliness, placed externally at the base of the outer columns, and symbolizing six chosen virtues, figure as guards of angelic purity, which flourishes only under their fostering care. On the capitals of the columns are six angels who celebrate, on musical instruments, the unfading beauty of the chaste soul. Supported by a cluster of pretty obelisks, is a little chapel, which symbolizes the doctrinal supremacy of the Angel of the Schools. The crowning piece is a graceful statue of the Angelical, with a lily in his hand, and a sun upon his breast, his eyes raised in contemplation of the eternal principles which send their bright rays into the darkness of future ages, dispelling the gloom of error, and flooding the human mind with the splendor of divine truth. The artist has so conceived his noble work, blending the parts of his grand idea into one harmonious whole, that it is difficult to say what is most worthy of admiration,—the spontaneous harmony of the lines, the easy and graceful ornamentation, or the exquisite finish in execution. The reliquary is a masterpiece of esthetic beauty, and worthy of the angelic treasure for which it was designed. All who look upon this work of the clever Dominican will be convinced that art is beautiful, not when it sinks into the base materialism of the veristic school, but only when it rises to the sublime ideals inspired by Christian faith.

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.
2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.
3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.
4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.
5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

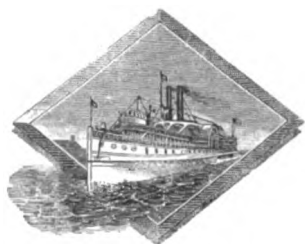
SHIPS AT SEA.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

ONCE I knew a bright-eyed laddie,
 People called him "Lazy
 Tim."

Ma she coaxed, and Pa he scolded,
 Teachers frowned, and feruled
 him.

Not a use for books had he,
 Save to send them "out to sea,"—
 Every leaf he made a boat
 In an upturned hat to float!



By-and-by a great sea-captain
 Fell in love with bright-eyed Tim,
 Said he thought folks were mis-
 taken—

He saw lots of good in him.
 Sailed the laddie one fine day
 In the captain's ship away.

* * * *

"Made his mark" did "Lazy Tim:"
 People now are proud of him!

SHIPS AT SEA.



RAPS.

E. C. SCHAYER.

It was a sultry day in July. I had placed Bennie in a wicker rocking chair by the open window, and sat fanning him, while I read aloud an interesting story, hoping to make him forget that he was still an invalid.

My three children had been ill with scarlet fever, but while the girls had only a slight attack of the dreaded disease, and recovered rapidly, Bennie had hovered for days between life and death, and rose up only a shadow of our sturdy boy.

Through the failure of a firm that owed my husband several thousand dollars, his business had been crippled, so that it became necessary to practise the strictest economy in our home.

Early in the season we let our cottage at Nahant, determined to content ourselves with short trips to the country in the open cars, with an occasional day spent at Castle Island.

The sacrifice seemed easy, till Bennie's slow convalescence proved how much he needed change of air. So while I read, my heart was rebellious, having forgotten that God is a loving Father, who never tries us beyond our strength.

"A letter, ma'am," and handing it to me, my kind-hearted maid-of-all-work turned to say a pleasant word to Bennie, while I tore open the envelope, and read:

BEVERLY FARMS,
July 10th, 189-

DEAR FRIEND:

Having learned from our mutual friend, Dr. Foote, of the children's illness, and how your strength has been overtaxed in nursing them, we determined to hasten home, that we might have you with us for a month at least.

We have been here for a week; everything is in perfect order, and your coming will give us a veritable house-warming.

Pack up as soon as you receive this; give Ellen a vacation, and be with us on Saturday.

Mr. Henshaw can get to business every morning by nine o'clock, and he and my husband may smoke and talk politics till midnight on the piazza, if they choose.

I long to hear the children's merry voices, and feel sure that Bennie will improve rapidly.

I have much to tell you of our delightful trip, and feel happy in the thought that at last, I can return in some measure, the kindness you have lavished for years, on

Your devoted friend,

EMMA JENNINGS.

"What is the matter, mamma?" Bennie questioned, as covering my face with my hands, I allowed my tears to flow unrestrained.

"I am shedding tears of joy, my child; this letter contains an invitation to spend a month at Beverly Farms. Help me to thank God that we can enjoy this delightful outing."

Bennie was wild with joy, and begged to be the first to tell Effie and Kitty the good news.

Mrs. Jennings had come to us some years previously in the capacity of nurse; her first husband having left her with small means, she had been advised by Dr. Foote to enter the City Hospital, and prepare herself for this work. She won our hearts at once, and we persuaded her to make her home with us, during her short periods of rest.

She had met, at our house, my husband's bachelor uncle, who for years had lived in Chicago, and to my great joy and that of my husband, they were married. They had returned once or twice to visit us, and had at last determined to settle at Beverly Farms.

Who, that has ever visited the place, can forget the delightful variety of sea and woods, or the strength and refreshment that the strong, bracing air imparts!

For the first few days, Bennie lay in the hammock, inhaling the odorous pine air, but strength returned rapidly, and before the second week had passed, he was able to walk long distances with Mr. Jennings. The month was prolonged to six weeks, and even then we found it difficult to leave the charming spot.

The day before we left, a neighbor called who was much interested in spiritualism; a friend whose husband had died, assured her that she held daily converse with him through a celebrated medium. We questioned closely, and found that the medium was well paid for the consolation imparted.

"I had one spiritual manifestation," Mrs. Jennings said, "that may interest you. I was nursing for the first time out of the

hospital, and my nerves were not in very good condition. The house was surrounded by trees, and approached by a long avenue, which made it a lonely spot at night. In doors the sound of cheerful voices made everything joyous, for my patient was the eldest of a large and happy family. I was always invited to join them in the evening, when my patient slept, and I became much attached to them.

One stormy evening in September, we had all assembled in the cosy sitting-room where a fire in the grate sent out warmth that was most acceptable, as we listened to the sougning of the wind. Some one remarked that it sounded as if all the lost spirits were abroad, and then the subject turned to spiritualism. Each in turn recounted some wonderful story that they had heard or read, and when we separated for the night, it was with a feeling of nervous dread, that did not promise sleep.

My patient's chamber was the only one on the first floor, and I had praised her thoughtfulness in having chosen this room to save my steps. Now I longed to go up-stairs with the rest, and as I entered the chamber, where only a night taper was burning, the shadows frightened me. How heartily I wished that the baby would cry lustily, to break the stillness, but he slumbered peacefully, so there was nothing for me to do but to seek repose.

Suddenly I heard three distinct raps on the door. Startled, I crossed the room, turned the key in the lock, and asked: "Who is there?" but received no answer. I tried to believe that it might have been the branches of trees, striking the window, but again came the three raps on the door near which I stood, and again I asked: "Who is there?"

My patient, disturbed by my loud voice, moved restlessly, and afraid of alarming her, I stood perfectly still. The cold sweat covered my face, my hands and feet became like ice, and I found it difficult to keep my teeth from chattering. I had said during the evening, that I would be glad to have the loved and lost come back to me, if only for one brief moment; now the thought of entertaining the ghost of even the dearest dead one, filled me with terror. You see, I had not learned the value of the sign of the cross, and a generous sprinkling of holy-water.

For the third time, the raps were repeated, and summoning all

my courage, I lit the gas, unlocked the door, opened it, and saw, —our pet kitten, with the cream pitcher hanging from her head. It had been carelessly left on the kitchen table, and in trying to lap the cream, her head was caught, and she had come to me for help."

We laughed merrily, as Mrs. Jennings finished the story, and our visitor said that we might be right after all, and that all the *manifestations* might be as easily explained.

The children, too, laughed merrily when Mrs. Jennings added that kitty, nameless till then, ever after answered to the name of Raps.

KNOCKING AT GOD'S DOOR.

MORTIMER E. TWOMEY.

AN humble priest, across the fields
His journey turned one day,
And where the plain to forests yields,
He saw the children play.

With yearning heart, quite nigh he drew,
And spoke in kindly tone,
Of One whose love a way well knew,
To make them all His own.

For He, though God, a child became,
All souls on earth to save;
And in rich payment for the same,
His Precious Blood He gave.

Yet when He died He left us not,
But still with us to stay
A miracle of love He wrought,
Which is renewed each day.

Within the Church sweet Jesus dwells,
And hears the children pray;

And listens to what each one tells,
And does what each may say.

Straightway from out that children-group
One hastened to the church;
And passing where the arches droop,
He entered by the porch.

Now kneeling on the altar high,
To which, by stool he rose,
The tabernacle door so nigh
He beat with gentle blows.

Then bending close the curl-robed ear,
"Good Jesus, art Thou there?"
He asked, and paused a word to hear,
But no sound broke the air.

And then again, the innocent
Tapped softly at the door,
And once again with head low bent,
He listened as before.

No answer came! "He's fast asleep,
Dear Jesus is; and so
Beside Him very still I'll keep:
He'll waken soon, I know."

Then from within a voice was heard:
"What wouldst thou, little one?"
The child by this to gladness stirred
Felt now his mission done.

"My father is not good to Thee,
And does not go to Mass.
Dear Jesus, grant this now to me:
That sin from him may pass."

"It shall be so." What joy to know
His father's soul should live!
Like grace on us will richly flow
If we let Jesus give.

PEPITA.

AMELIE MIGNEREZ.

"STRAWBERRIES! strawberries!" sang out the pretty little strawberry girl in the great *plaza* under the shadow of the Cathedral. She had just returned from church,—she went to Mass every day—and had purchased her luscious wares from Magdalena, the wholesale strawberry vender. Pretty Pepita! every one loved her for her sweet little face and gentle manner. One knew instinctively from her well-bred air that she did not belong to the class of people she mingled with. There must be a mystery about that pretty child, mused more than one tourist in Mexico, as he bought a basket of strawberries from Pepita.

On the morning of the opening of this story, it was still very early when Pepita commenced to decorate her baskets of fruit with fresh green leaves, and there were but few persons on the *plaza*, and these were all hastening to *Padre Vandra's* Mass, for the eight o'clock bell was striking. The child then would have ample time to do all her little work before customers came, and help poor old Tomasa besides, who had another bad turn with her rheumatism, and could barely arrange her wares. The sweet work of charity finished, the child looked around for customers. These were usually the pretty *Americanas* who bestowed so many extra *centavos* and smiles on the lovely Mexican child. But to-day she seemed to look in vain for the foreigners. "Then the dear Mother Mary has not heard my prayer," said Pepita to herself, in her pretty Spanish; "no, she could not have been listening, because I can't see any of them coming, and if I do not bring home twenty *reales* to the *Madrina* to-night, the doctor will not come any more. He will not come if he is not paid, and then she will die; oh! dearest Mother, help me to sell my strawberries, and bring home a great deal of money."

As if in direct answer to her simple prayer, a well-dressed American gentleman came up to the little stand, and asked in very bad Spanish for a basket of strawberries. The child, in an ecstasy of gratitude to the Blessed Mother for sending her a customer, chose the fullest basket she could find for the gentleman, and

gracefully handed it to him. He gave her the accustomed *real*, and was about turning away, when a second thought came to him, and looking very intently at the child, he asked her her name.

"Pepita, *servidor de usted*" (your servant) she politely answered.

"But your other name," asked he, again.

"Corona y Bennett, *Señor*," said she.

"Corona y Bennett," he repeated, in a dazed sort of way. "Can it be possible," he asked himself, "that this is Helen's child? the little niece that I have neglected all these years?" He then asked her where she lived, and noting down the street and number of Pepita's humble dwelling, he took leave of her, telling her he would buy more strawberries on the morrow.

The next day, at about the same hour, George Bennett, accompanied by a Mexican friend, came to the *plaza*, seeking Pepita. The little maid was decorating her baskets when they came up, and smiled pleasantly as she recognized her customer of the day before. "Buenas dias chula," (good day, my pretty one) said the Mexican to her. She replied to the salutation in her winning little way, and the ice being fairly broken, Bennett, through the interpretation of his friend, asked Pepita many questions about herself. She was then in her twelfth year, she said, and had lived with her *Madrina* (godmother) ever since her dear Mamma died, and that was, oh! so long ago. She scarcely remembered the poor, young mother who put a rosary about the baby Pepita's neck, and bade her with her dying breath always to have recourse to the Blessed Mother. Of her handsome Papa she had a more distinct recollection, as he lingered on until Pepita's fourth year, when, broken-hearted, they laid him at rest beside his pretty American wife. These details Bennett learned later on from the *Madrina*'s own lips, for, being now convinced that the little strawberry girl was no other than his sister's own child, he hastened to the street written down in his note book.

The little *adobe* hut denoted great poverty, but was scrupulously clean, and the *Madrina*, a kindly-faced Mexican woman past middle age, wept with joy when she discovered that Bennett was the child's uncle. She and Pepita's father were cousins, and she was the first to welcome the young bride to her new home in the land of the Montezumas. The *Madrina* made her home with the

young couple, and when the little Pepita was born, held her at the baptismal font, and gave her her own name. A true second mother she proved to the child, for after the parents' death, she was her all in all, devoted her little funds to clothe and feed her, and when these were gone, toiled night and day to keep the wolf from the door. Poor, handsome Juan Corona, spendthrift that he was, could not save for the rainy day, and at his death his child Pepita was little more than a beggar. Happily for her however, she had a wealth of love in the Madrina, who worked for her until she literally dropped. About a month before Bennett met Pepita, the Madrina was stricken down from overwork, and the brave child made her way to the *plaza*, bought a few baskets of strawberries at wholesale, and stationed herself at the side of the Cathedral, to be near the Blessed Mother's altar, as she afterwards explained. Little by little she made friends of those about her, and soon had a number of customers among the Americans, who all singled out the pretty little strawberry girl. On the pearl rosary that hung around her neck she said her prayers every morning at the Mother of Mercy's altar. It was there, too. Pepita heard Mass before the work of the day commenced.

But, to return to Bennett and the Madrina. He reproached himself bitterly in her presence for having cast off and ignored his orphaned sister all these years, simply because her conversion and marriage with a Catholic displeased him, bigot and heretic that he was. "Poor Helen," said he to the Madrina, "God forgive me for neglecting her. I will try to repair to Pepita the cruel wrong I did her mother, for, as I sent *her* homeless and penniless from me to a strange country, I shall now give a home to Pepita, and be a father to her." He agreed with the Madrina that as soon as she would be well enough to be moved, all three would spend a few weeks at the sulphur springs previously to their departure to the United States.

That night, when Pepita came home with the little Indian maid who always accompanied her to and from the *plaza*, and did the housework, the child was told of the change that had come into her life by the advent of her American uncle. She did not know whether to laugh or cry, for, on one hand, it was a Godsend to have found some one to provide luxuries for her dear sick Mad-

rina, but, on the other, it seemed a very dreadful thing to leave her Mexican home. Poor as it was, it was the only and the happiest spot she had ever known; and the *plaza*, how could she leave that! and who would give a helping hand to poor old Tomasa when the rheumatic twinges would come? and above all, how could she ever leave the altar of the Mother of Mercy, that pretty little altar that had become part of her very life? All this was wept over and talked over until long past the hour of Pepita's bed-time.

(*Conclusion next month.*)

HIDDEN AUTHORS.

A BOOK by one of these authors will be given to the boy or girl who is the first to send the names of the four hidden in the following states:

- | | | | |
|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Maine. | 6. N. Carolina. | 11. Maryland. | 16. Washingt'n |
| 2. Iowa. | 7. Rhode Is'd. | 12. Connecticut | 17. Kansas. |
| 3. Ma'sachus'ts. | 8. Florida. | 13. Louisiana. | 18. Virginia. |
| 4. Missouri. | 9. Arkansas. | 14. N. H'pshire | 19. Vermont. |
| 5. Indiana. | 10. Alabama. | 15. Nebraska. | 20. New Jersey. |

I.

Take a letter from each of the above states, the number of which is here given:

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, and find a well-known Catholic author in prose and verse.

II.

Take a letter from each of the following:

1, 17, 6, 2, 3, 8, 5, 9, 4, 13, 11, 19, 14, 15, 12, 20, and find a well-known author of Catholic fiction.

III.

Take a letter from each of the following:

3, 2, 4, 5, 6, 9, 20, 10, 14, 12, 15, 19, 16, 1, and find a successful Catholic writer of children's stories.

IV.

Take a letter from each of the following:

2, 5, 1, 6, 9, 8, 7, 20, 13, 14, 15, 4, 3, 19, 12, 18, and find a favorite Catholic poet.



Mamma finks, and so does Papa,
That we are the bestest two
'Ttle girls on earth. I wonder
If the Angels looking thro'
God's big sky see gooder children?
Fink they're all in Heaven, don't you ?

Notes for the Children.

Already the letters have begun to come, and some are so very interesting that Aquinas has decided to publish them: but the printer could not wait this month till we had a good lot of letters, and so those that have come are stored away in Aquinas' desk in a till marked "Young Soldiers' letters," and in the May number of *THE ROSARY*, boys and girls, we shall surely print a batch. Be on the lookout for May.

And orders for Rosary Cards have come also. Many have been sent out, and we know the good work is going on; that many young people, and older folks, too, are pleading with their friends for the poor sick people in hospitals, and the poor, lonely ones in alms-houses, and for the poor prisoners who, perhaps, would be better than you are if they had the helps to be good that you have.

It's an old story, boys and girls, but it's very true, and Aquinas loves to tell it: it was reading one sentence in a good book that changed Augustine the sinner into Augustine the saint, and changed Ignatius the soldier of an earthly king into Ignatius, founder of the Jesuits,—one of the greatest saints and soldiers of God.

It is true that St. Monica's prayers were what obtained the grace of conversion for her son, Augustine,—she prayed for him during twenty-one years, you know,—but the real grace came to him while he was reading one good sentence in a book. Now, would you not like to be God's messenger to some soul? There are mothers all over the world, praying for their erring sons and daughters, and their prayers may be answered through one sentence they may read in a good book. Would you not like to be the one that God will use when He wants to give the good book to one of these souls?

We have many good things for the coming year for our boys and girls. A New Year of *THE ROSARY* commences every May, you know, because it was in our Blessed Mother's month of May that the first issue of the magazine of her Beads came out. Aquinas does not intend to tell you of everything that is stored away in the part of the safe that belongs to you. Only one thing you will hear of just now: what do you say to a story about "Tony Redpath's Educated Pig?" Did you ever read a story about a pig? and did you ever know of an *educated* pig? Poor pig and poor Tony! They had lots of mishaps—but

they had lots of pleasant adventures, too. Aquinas knows that everyone of you will follow with interest the adventures of Tony and his pig when they appear in the pages of the magazine in May.

With great pleasure we greet the young soldiers who are rallying around the standard of Holy Purity. Companies are forming in many places. We are glad, too, to see that older folks are enrolling themselves in the Angelic Warfare. Our Immaculate Mother, Queen of the Holy Rosary, and the Angel's Queen, she with whom no creature can compare, looks down, we may be sure, with special love upon those who are imitating her in her dearest virtue. She was St. Thomas' model, his protectress; she is ours. We always need her help. We are not imitating our Divine Lord if we are not loving and honoring His Blessed Mother. Who honored Mary so much as Jesus did?

We want the little folks, and "the children of older growth," too, to find the pages where we offer prizes for new subscribers, and to read them with all attention. We not only give you a list of prizes for a stated number of subscriptions obtained, but also, we give you a chance to purchase your own gifts, for we shall send you an order on any firm you may select among those who advertise in *THE ROSARY*.

Aquinas knows children pretty well; they have many desires that papa and mamma would gratify if they could, and that Aquinas cannot gratify, not knowing you personally. If you wanted a book-strap, or a school-bag, or a jackknife, or a football, or a croquet set, or a hammock, very much, you would be more pleased to receive one of them than anything else for a prize for your work for the magazine; and if you wanted one of Father Finn's story books you would be more pleased to get it than you would to get one of Professor Egan's, especially if you have already all of Professor Egan's in your library. We hope you have. Get father and mother, big brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, and all the dear relatives and friends to help you in the good work; and pray, too, for the work, it is a great one, that of increasing the knowledge and love of our Lady, and of placing good, pure literature in the reach of all. It is for this double object that we offer our prizes.

With Other Young Folks.

Several papers that reach us have secured a devoted friend for their Young Folks.

The *Church News*, Washington, D.C., has an "Aunt Agnes" who reads children's letters in a cozy "Chimney Corner." There she gathers the boys and girls around her, entertaining them with "Cheerful Chips," as she calls the pleasant sayings contributed by the many cousins.

The *Michigan Catholic*, Detroit, has secured an "Aunt Rowena," who calls her many nieces and nephews "The Merry Band." To be merry in the true sense of the word one must be good, and we feel sure that Aunt Rowena's nephews and nieces are good sons and daughters, and that each helps to make a happy home as well as a merry newspaper department.

The "Uncles," too, are taking an earnest part in the good work. In *The Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo, N. Y., "Uncle Robert" has made a cheery "corner" for "Our Boys and Girls." As a means of self improvement, this good Uncle has invited his nephews and nieces to engage in an original story contest, and he holds in store a generous prize for the author of the best.

"Uncle Raymond" has taken a seat in "The Playground" of *The Catholic Columbian*, Columbus, Ohio, and the little folks who gather around him are entertained with anecdotes and poems that both instruct and amuse. Uncle Raymond's letter-bag, full of happy home missives from boys and girls, shows how eagerly his words are greeted each week.

"Uncle Leonard" takes care of all the young people in the *Catholic Telegraph*, Cincinnati, Ohio. He affectionately calls them "Our Boys and Girls." A pretty illustration draws attention to his department, which is well stocked with children's letters and their contributions, selected or original. The Uncle's comments are, no doubt, eagerly watched for by the little ones.

We find "Uncle Ned" furnishing "Entertainment for Good Listeners" in the *Catholic Citizen*, Milwaukee, Wis. "Our Young Folks," he calls his depart-

ment. There are letters here about all sorts of home affairs, and sketches and stories instructive and amusing.

The children's department of the *Pilot*, Boston, Mass., is perhaps, of all our juvenile departments, the one that is the most helpful to "children of a larger growth." Though there is very often a store of pretty things for the run-a-rounds, and the ten-or-twelve-year-olds, yet more often is it brimful of suggestions for boys and girls in the teens, for whom really, the least is done. "Our Tender" deserves the gratitude of the young people.

The *Catholic Youth*, that pretty juvenile paper, founded by Father McCabe of Brooklyn, holds a place in the hearts of a wide circle of readers. Its reading matter, whether selected or original, is of the right sort. It is pleasingly illustrated. Among its contributors we find Edwin Angeloe, a writer who holds some good things in store for the children of THE ROSARY.

The *Working Boy*, Boston, Mass., comes monthly filled with good things. There is always something in its carefully printed pages that one has not met with elsewhere. The last issue presents bright illustrations, showing the boys at work in the new industrial school, Newton, Mass. The *Working Boy's Home*, for which this little journal pleads in its silent, happy way, is well worthy of generous help; it is truly a home for the brave lads who are fighting life's difficulties in a great city. Father Ford, director of the home, is editor and publisher of this paper.

The "Little Schoolma'am" presides over "The Children's Corner" of the *Kansas City Catholic*, and a very enjoyable corner she makes. "Little Schoolma'am" knows how to throw in a good bit of common sense advice amidst the interesting things she gives her group of little ones. The "Observation Club," proposed to the boys and girls, is a very good thing. Children see so much, but the power of retaining what is helpful in memory for future use really needs to be developed. The future will repay the present work.

Notes.

Rosarians will find this present April rich in devotional days. We refer them to the Calendar, with a special commendation of our Lady's day of the Annunciation, of the feast of her Espousals, and of the two festivals in honor of St. Joseph. The Rosary mystery of our Blessed Lord's crowning is commemorated in an effective sonnet. The celebration of the feasts of our Dominican saints adds to the significance of the month as a season of special devotion for Rosarians.

In closing the third volume of THE ROSARY, we desire to acknowledge our indebtedness to the goodness of God, who has sustained this magazine during times that are trying to all such publications. In the hope of continued divine favor, and relying on the co-operation of generous friends to whom our warmest thanks are due, we look calmly to the future. The cause is our Lady's; in her keeping we place it, confident that her many servants who have hitherto labored for THE ROSARY will continue to support it, and that their efforts will win others to their assistance.

We trust that our readers will enter into the spirit of the poem, "The Rosary and the Precious Blood," the second part of which we publish in this issue. The glorious mysteries will be given in May. The wonderful range of devotions covered by the Rosary will be better appreciated by those who will study this tribute in devout verse, and other similar contributions that will follow, in illustration of the *universality* of the Rosary grace and spirit and power in lessons of the Christian life.

Professor Egan having given fuller treatment to his beautiful "Heart of Clotilde" than was originally contemplated, we are pleased to be able to announce a third instalment, which will close this fine sketch in May.

The Association of Priest Adorers of the Blessed Sacrament, established by Pere Evmar, Founder of the Congregation of the Most Blessed Sacrament, which is blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII., and commended by more than 110 Archbishops and Bishops of all parts

of the world, is exclusively composed of members of the clergy. It was canonically erected at Rome on the 16th of June, 1887, by His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar-General of His Holiness. More than 27,000 priests of all countries have been inscribed upon its rolls, besides 60 Bishops and 3 Cardinals.

The Benedictine, Father Bede, of St. Meinrad's Abbey, Indiana, Editor of *St. Benedict's Panier*, is preparing for a Eucharistic Conference for the members of this Association. THE ROSARY joins in the loving spirit of reparation and thanksgiving fostered by this union of priests. We trust that the good Benedictine will meet with much success.

In harmony with this most excellent work is the *Confraternity of the Divine Expiation*, established in 1886 by Reverend Kenelm Vaughan. In 1893, our Holy Father raised it to the rank of an Arch-confraternity, with Cardinal Mocenni as Protector. A branch was recently organized in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

The only obligation assumed by members is to perform every day, *one act of expiation* in union with our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, as an atonement for the insults and blasphemies, of which men are daily guilty, against the majesty of God. Our Blessed Lady, Immaculate Mother of Sorrows, and St. Joseph, Model of the interior life, are the principal Protectors. Among the seven Patrons we note St. Thomas Aquinas, whose aid is sought for the grace of a lively faith in the Blessed Sacrament, and for an understanding of the Scriptures. We join in the prayer of Archbishop Corrigan: "May our Lord bless abundantly the Confraternity of the Divine Expiation, and give to all who share in it that spirit of true sorrow for sin which leads to self-chastisement." THE ROSARY, true to the spirit of the Dominican Order, rejoices in such evidences of the development of the work of reparation and thanksgiving for the ungrateful that has been promoted in the Order from its earliest days.

A series of short stories by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop will be published during the current year. We intended to

introduce the first of the series in this present number of THE ROSARY, but we have decided to hold it till July, when it will positively appear.

A significant proof of the devotion to our Lady of the Rosary, fostered by the Italian people, is found in the fact that the little book published a few years ago by the Dominican Father Moreau, on Meditation of the Rosary, has passed through thirty-three editions, each consisting of thirty thousand copies. The learned author has translated his work into English, French, German, Spanish, Flemish, and Portuguese. It has received the special blessing of our Holy Father, who hails with delight every new manifestation of devotion to the Beads.

It is a pleasant feature of the recent address to the Holy Father, signed by Catholic editors in this country, that the transcribing and ornamentation of the letter were the work of the Dominican Nuns of Hunt's Point, New York. These accomplished women maintain a *scriptorium* that rivals the establishments made famous by the artist monks of the Middle Ages.

Readers of THE ROSARY, you may not fully realize the importance of the work that our magazine proposes to do, and, therefore, your encouragement may not be so prompt as we are anxious to secure. Be assured that the question of reading is vital. Interests of time and eternity are involved. It is your duty to promote the cause of good, wholesome reading; it is your duty to oppose, courageously, intelligently, zealously, the propaganda of bad books, scurrilous journals, sensational sheets. Our Catholic people, who are the inheritors of all that is greatest and best in the intellectual and spiritual life, should be foremost in the crusade for a pure and refining literature. A strong influence should radiate from Catholic homes, and every Catholic should be a source of light and encouragement to others, by the force and attraction of edifying example—the result of a devout, intelligent, Catholic life. In this great work, the power of good reading is considerable. Every Catholic should know and discharge his duty, by an honest effort, according to his means, to encourage and strengthen a sound Catholic press. THE ROSARY presents its credentials, with the conviction that they are worthy. Will you who read this paragraph, allow its meaning to go unheeded? Or will you enlist your

sympathy and your influence in behalf of the work in which THE ROSARY is engaged? We need fellow-laborers who will not rest satisfied with enjoying the magazine, but who will make known its merits to others, and endeavor to extend the sphere of its usefulness. Speak of THE ROSARY; obtain subscribers for it; pray that God may bless its efforts, that it may be worthy of our Lady's name.

The shrine of our Lady of the Rosary of Pompeii has grown to be very popular among Italians throughout the peninsula. The Holy Father has especially encouraged this devotion, expressing on different occasions, his desire that it would be propagated in every parish in Italy. We hope that we shall soon be able to lay before the readers of THE ROSARY a full account of this interesting shrine of Pompeii.—*Roman Correspondence.*

With deepfelt gratitude THE ROSARY acknowledges the many complimentary notices given to our work by the Catholic press. Such cordial greetings are not only gratifying, but of strong encouragement in our efforts. THE ROSARY extends hearty good wishes to all its fellow-laborers.

The devotion of the Angelic Warfare, which we shall endeavor to propagate among the children of THE ROSARY, we warmly commend to our older readers. We believe that they will find under this head, interesting and edifying matter. We ask the help, especially of parents and teachers, in such ways as may be opportune, to enlist others in the army of the Angelic Warfare. It is a beautiful devotion, and we are anxious to make it known to all our children. Priests desiring faculties to establish the Sodality of the Angelic Warfare, may apply to the Editor of THE ROSARY, who will request diplomas from the proper authorities.

The S. Congregation of Rites has published three decrees, in the cause of the solemn beatification of the Ven. Ignatius Delgado and companions, Hyacinth Castaneda, Vincent Liem, Francis Gil of Frederick, and Matthew Alonzo Leziniana, all Dominicans martyred in China, in the last century. Their beatification is now only a matter of time.

The cause of the beatification of Blessed Raymond of Capua, confessor of S. Catherine of Siena, and twenty-third Master-General of the Dominican Order, is advancing favorably. The

documents, proving the *cult*, which has been continued uninterruptedly, since his death, are about to be presented to the Congregation. We are informed that a life of the saintly Dominican will appear at an early date.—*Roman Correspondence*.

"It is plain from the sparkling pages of this magazine that the Dominican friars of our age can do other good things besides preaching, and that they have taken to printing as well. It requires much tact to make a religious magazine interesting to the general public. The editor of the *Rosary* has managed to secure a group of clever contributors, who understand that a religious magazine need not be dull. Gen. Hugh Ewing's "The Gold Plague" is the serial of honor. This magazine shows vitality; the March number is one of the best examples we have seen of a periodical devoted specially to religion."—*The Sun*, March 8, 1894.

Not only is there no apology necessary for introducing this extract from *The Sun*, generally acknowledged to be one of the most scholarly of our dailies, but THE ROSARY is justly proud of praise bestowed by Mr. Charles A. Dana.

The Dominicans of Belgium, as we learn from the February number of *La Propagateur du Rosaire*, solemnly commemorated on the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, the thirtieth anniversary of the re-establishment of the Perpetual Rosary. It was a day of great rejoicing. The founder of *La Propagateur*, Father Vermeersch, O. P., was also the restorer of the Perpetual Rosary. As an evidence of the progress made by this little periodical, it is sufficient to say that from its first issue, in 1875, of 600 copies, it has increased year by year, till its circulation is now nearly 8,000 a month.

To our many aspiring correspondents who are anxious to write for THE ROSARY, or for some other publication, we commend a careful study of Mr. Mooney's fine paper.

The article on the Boland Trade School, by Father Lavelle, is an admirable paper. THE ROSARY agrees with the views of the writer, on this important question of education, and bespeaks the careful consideration of parents and others who have the responsibility of training children.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

We feel assured that our readers who have enjoyed the scholarly papers of Eliza Allen Starr, will be pleased to know that the author, who deserves so well of the Catholic public, is also her own publisher. Her various works THE ROSARY warmly commends, and in calling attention to the following volumes, reminds our friends that they can be procured directly from Miss Starr, by addressing her at 299 Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

1. PATRON SAINTS, one volume, \$2; two volumes, illustrated, \$8.
2. PILGRIMS AND SHRINES, in various styles of binding, with illustrations, or without, from \$2 to \$8.
3. SONGS OF A LIFE TIME, with portrait of the author, \$2.50.
4. ISABELLA OF CASTILE, illustrated, \$1.50.
5. CHRISTMAS-TIDE, 50c.
6. CHRISTIAN ART IN OUR OWN AGE, 30c.
7. WHAT WE SEE—an illustrated book for the young, \$1.00.

All these volumes will be sent, postage free, on receipt of price. The approval that we gladly express, of these writings, prose and poetry, is in line with the general verdict of cultured readers.

We have received from Fr. Pustet and Co., New York, "VISITS TO ST. JOSEPH FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH," by a spiritual daughter of St. Teresa. This is a pretty little compilation of 102 pages. A good work in honor of St. Joseph is timely at any season.

From Hoffman Bros., Milwaukee, we have received the CATHOLIC DIRECTORY for 1894. A feature of this issue worthy of special mention is a well-executed map of the dioceses of the United States.

One of the brightest and most interesting of our magazine friends is *The Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, published by the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, N. Y. In matter and form it is well presented, and as it is

chiefly devoted to the work of the missions and Apostolic College conducted by these Fathers, it appeals in a literary and religious way, for support. On both grounds it deserves encouragement. We commend *The Annals* to our Rosarians.

"It is a startling and mournful fact that both crimes and suicides have been steadily increasing in France during the very years in which education has been advancing with such rapid strides." In these words, *The Tablet*, London, February 17, 1894, prefaces a strong extract from *The School Guardian*, on the fruits of secularism in education as observed in France. "From the Universities down to the humblest communal schools, everything has been done to afford suitable instruction for all sections of the community;" but religion has been banished from the schools. With the spread of such training there has been a great increase in crime, especially among the young, 17 per cent. of those arraigned in one year, on criminal charges, being under twenty-one years of age. The number of suicides increased from 6,741 in 1881, to 8,451 in 1888, and of these unhappy creatures, 10 per cent. have been under twenty-one years of age. As the population of France is almost stationary, if not on the decline, these figures are startling. Alas for the Eldest Daughter of the Church, and for her children, robbed of the blessings of Christian education!

The leading article of the March *Ladies' Home Journal* is written by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Under the title, "My Father's Literary Methods," she gives a very interesting account of her father, the distinguished novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The Notre Dame Scholastic, the college publication of the students of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, is always bright, but we have laid aside several issues for more careful reading. Some articles of special merit have recently appeared in this little magazine.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart is greeted with affection, each month. THE ROSARY welcomes it with peculiar satisfaction, and rejoices at the many evidences of its increasing prosperity, which means its greater power for accomplishing its noble work.

In *The American Catholic Quarterly* for January, the series of papers by Brother Azarias, on "University Colleges: Their Origin and Their Methods," closes with a warm commendation of the Mendicant Orders as early and prominent in the work of pedagogy. The Dominicans, William Pèrault and Bartolommeo da San Concordio, receive special mention, a considerable portion of the paper being devoted to an analysis of Pèrault's "De Eruditione Principum."

The beautiful *Threnody*, to the memory of the lamented Brother Azarias, written by Father Hugh T. Henry, and published in connection with "University Colleges," is a touching tribute to the splendid genius and noble spirit of the master we all mourn.

Among the other papers we would specially note, "The Church and the Empire, A. D., 250-312," by Rev. Dr. Shahan; and "Honorius and Liberius, Pontiffs," by Arthur F. Marshall.

Father Freeman's plea for a single money standard, and that neither gold nor silver, but aluminum, is a very clever article, well worthy the study of some of our "gold bugs" and "silver kings" in Congress.

The Niagara Index, for February 20th, also honors the memory of Brother Azarias, in a well-written article, evidently by one of the students. The *Index* is among the lively college magazines.

The Catholic Times, of Philadelphia, in a recent issue, gave space to a complaining correspondent, who protests against such a character as Katherine O'Connor, in *A Marriage of Reason*, alleging that her goodness is of the impossible sort. *Impossible* is a big word; probably the writer did not catch its full meaning. As we have known some convent-bred girls like Katherine O'Connor, and as our good friend, Professor Egan, "knew whereof" he wrote we may be allowed to say that Katherine is one of many trained in excellent convent schools, and we take much pleasure in the saying. We would suggest, therefore, to the *Times* correspondent, that it is unwise to rush into print about "unreal monsters of alleged piety" without having facts in support of such protest.

In the February *Seminary*, Eliza Allen Starr defends the memory of a maligned

woman, Beatrix Enriquez, the second wife of Columbus. The venom that marked the anti-Catholic spirit that was aroused, in some quarters, by the splendid commemoration of Columbus in 1892, was also directed, as befitted its cowardly origin, against a noble woman, in the vain hope of defaming the immortal Discoverer. Miss Starr's tribute is worthy of her just cause.

The Pilot, of March 10th, publishes Katharine E. Conway's excellent paper, "The Catholic Summer School and the Reading Circles." It is brimful of interest. We are glad to see it in print. Thousands will thus be able to read it, who had not the pleasure of hearing the gifted author at the Catholic Congress, in Chicago.

The work of our Rosary contemporaries, in different parts of the world, is marked by many signs of progress and success. Our English namesake, *The Rosary*, is publishing very interesting sketches of celebrated Tertiaries; *La Couronne de Marie*, of Lyons, maintains its usual high standard; and *L'Annee Dominicaine* for March gives a timely article on Joan of Arc and the Dominicans, a translation of which we shall offer to our readers in May. The Spanish Rosary Magazine, our Belgian friend, and those of Italy, Germany, and Holland, continue to do excellent work in behalf of our Lady's Beads.

We learn from *L'Annee Dominicaine*, for February, that the Dominicans of the Province of France, whose headquarters are at Paris, occupied, during Lent, fourteen cathedral pulpits, fifteen churches in Paris, besides twenty-four churches in other parts of France. These figures do

not include special sermons, such as panegyrics, retreats, or missions. We have not the record for the Provinces of Lyons and Toulouse, but we know that the Fathers in those districts were busily engaged. All honor to the Dominicans of France! They deserve well of their Order.

With much pleasure we read in *The Standard*, Philadelphia, March 3d, a graceful and appreciative estimate of our dear, good friend, Eliza Allen Starr, from the pen of Sara Trainer Smith, whom THE ROSARY also holds in kindly memory. Miss Smith justly commends Miss Starr's excellent works, and praises the zeal and loyalty of their honored author.

The Kansas City Catholic, of March 8, publishes an interesting sketch entitled "Europe's Debt to Ireland." It deals with the story of the Irish missionaries and martyrs whose labors planted Christianity in northern Europe.

In the March number of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, Professor Egan and Condé B. Pallen write on "Style." Their essays are brief, but pithy and to the point. In connection with this we announce that Editor Mosher will honor the advertisement of his magazine that appears in this issue of THE ROSARY as a coupon worth one dollar. Send to him this advertising page, and one dollar, and you will receive the *Review* for one year. It is a good offer.

We say the same regarding *Donahoe's Magazine*. This publication has made great strides under the energetic management of its present editor and publisher. It is a decidedly progressive magazine.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A contributor asks: 1st. "*Do the prayers I say on the Crosier Beads profit me, as this particular rosary that I use was sent to my mother with a number of other rosaries?*"

Answer. Yes; you may gain both the indulgence and other spiritual merit of your prayers, since you have lawfully received the blessed beads.

2d Question. "*Are the prayers I say on these beads for myself, or for my mother?*"

Answer. You can decide that yourself. You will always receive a reward

from God for every prayer you say, no matter for whom offered. Many persons are under the impression that if one uses another's beads, that the latter, that is, the person whose beads are used, receives all the benefit. Any person may use another's beads without the indulgence being lost, provided the beads are not loaned for the purpose of the other gaining the indulgence. The beads are blessed for one specially, and if no one is specified, then for the first person who takes them as personal property.

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